



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
GEOFFREY CHAUCER,

Compared with the

Former EDITIONS, and many valuable MSS.

Out of which, Three TALES are added which were never before Printed;

By JOHN URRY.

Student of *Christ-Church, Oxon.* Deceased : March, 17. 171  $\frac{4}{5}$ .

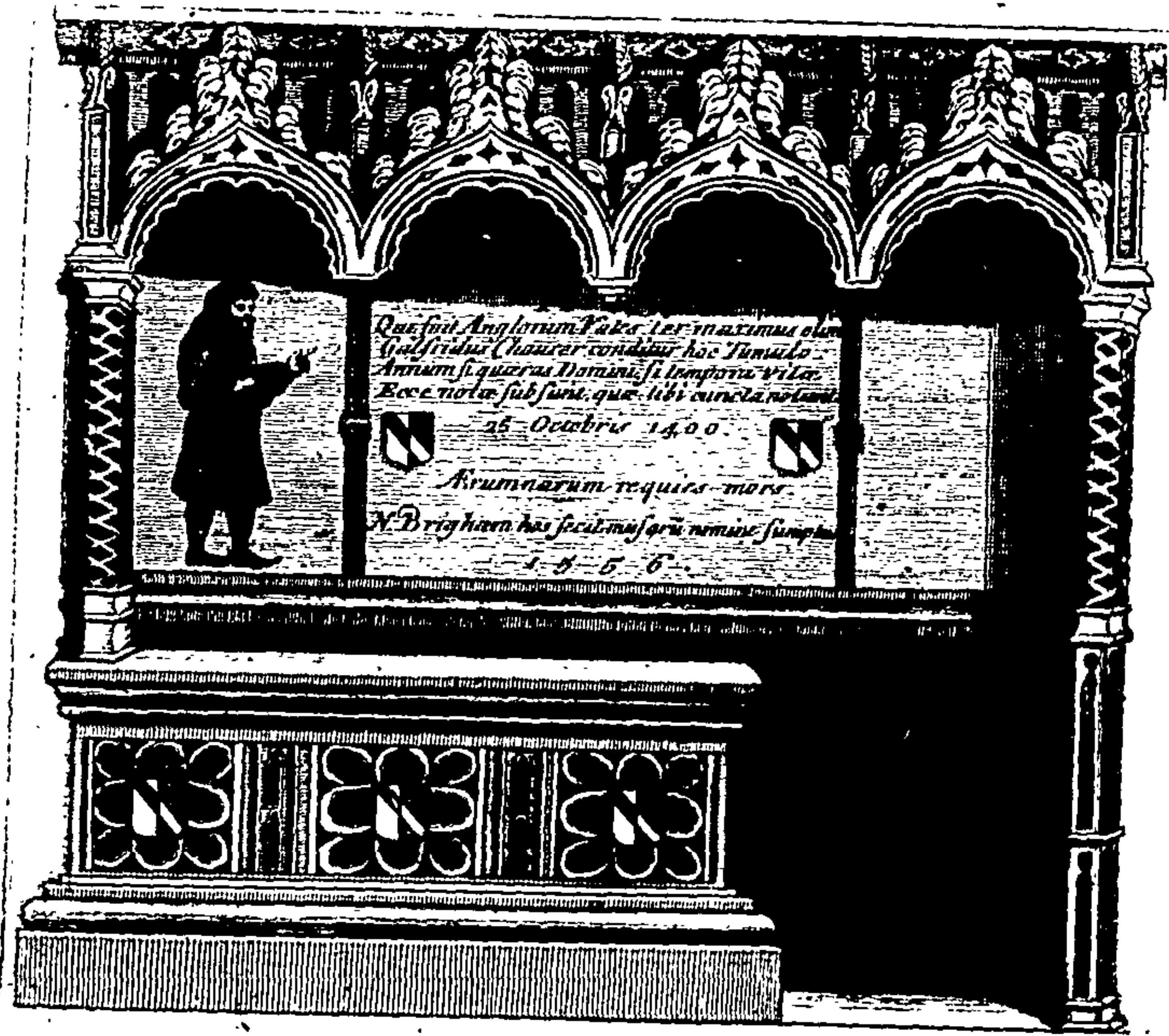
Together with a

GLOSSARY,

By a Student of the same College. *Jim. Thomas.*

To the Whole is prefixed

The Author's LIFE, newly written, and a PREFACE, giving an Account  
of this Edition.



LONDON,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, between the Temple Gates. MDCCXI.





*Anglia Chaucerum vocatur nostra Poetam  
Cui venerari debet patria lingua suas*

*The English Chaucer. A manuscript given to Chaucer at his death. Geo. Peckinpole. 1717.*



To the Trustees of the British Museum.

This Book (bound in 2 Volumes) was put into my hands by the  
Rt Honble Edward Earl of Oxford, &c. not long before his  
Death, in order to my transcribing into it some of the most material  
Readings I had collected out of Mss. & old printed Editions of this  
Author; which I performed as far as my Time & Leisure would then  
permit: And as it may, on acct of those Notes be properly reputed  
to belong to the Hatleyan Mss. Library, purchased for the use  
of the Publick, it is thither returned accordingly.

I cannot now pretend to proceed further in that Work; but to  
make some amends for that Deficiency, I take the liberty to offer  
my own Copy of the same Author (in 2 Volumes) in which the  
various Readings were originally Entered, together with such  
Remarks as occurred to me (particularly in the Glossary) if it be  
judged worthy to be admitted into that most valuable Collection.

x an. at. 88.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 19. 1764.

W. Thomas



*x Digested into this order, from various Collections of Mr. Hart, &c;  
by my Br. William Thomas. T. T.*





THE  
L I F E  
O F  
GEOFFREY CHAUCER. x



It is observable that great Men, remarkable for the same Excellencies in different Ages, have generally several Circumstances in their Lives which bear a near resemblance to each other. *Homer* and the Father of our *English* Poetry are not more like in their Perfections of writing, than in the particulars of their Birth, and the uncertainty of their Parents and of the place of their Nativity. That Parallel which is drawn between the former and *Virgil* doth not square near so well as this; nor does the *Roman* Imitator come up to the resemblance of the *Britain*. The Parents of both were uncertain; the first having (as usual in such cases) his Genealogy drawn from Heroes, Dæmons, and River Deities; the other, on the contrary, boasting no other extraction than what is deduced by conjecture from mean persons. Different places contend for the honour of their Birth; a number of Cities for the one, and several Provinces the other. The near similitude of their Genius's and Excellencies is easily discovered by their Readers. They differ in nothing so much as in their Fortunes; the first being generally press'd with necessity, and disregarded; the latter favoured and rewarded by Princes, and for the most part abounding in wealth.

Many particulars relating to our Author having, through the negligence of our fore-fathers, been suffered to sink in oblivion, it is the more necessary to preserve what remains of him, and to attempt the recovery of some parts of his History: I shall therefore digest the confused common places left concerning him in as regular a method as I can, and with such additions as have been rescued from Time endeavour to clear up his Birth, and by the assistance of such particular *Æra's* as are on Record concerning him, trace him through the most remarkable Passages of his Life.

*Leland*, of all those who professedly write his Life, came nearest to his time, but at too long a distance to make any certain discoveries concerning his Birth, though he had the best opportunities of doing it, being commissioned by King *Henry VIII.* to search all the Libraries of Religious Houses in *England*, when those sacred Archives were preserved, before the Flood of Destruction, which soon after broke in upon them, and swept them away with their Buildings; even before *Polydore Virgil* had destroyed such curious pieces, as would have contradicted his fram'd and fabulous History. He for some reasons believed *Oxfordshire* or *Berkshire* to have produced this great Man: What those reasons were he has not informed us; there appears at present no other, but that the Seats of his Family were in those Counties.

\* Quibusdam argumentis adducor ut credam, Iliacam, vel Berochensem provinciam illius natale solum fuisse. Lel. in vitâ Chauceri.



## The LIFE of

If we fix upon *Berkshire*, *Dunnington* must be the place, which Mr. Camden<sup>b</sup> says was a Seat of *Chaucer's*; but he himself seems to have been the first of that name that possess'd it, and that not till the latter part of his Life. For in the Reign of *Edw. II.* it was in the possession of *Walter Abberbury*, Son and Heir of *Thomas Abberbury* (who gave the King C. s. for the same) and it continued in the possession of that Family till the latter part of the Reign of *Rich. II.* in whose time it was in the possession of Sir *Richard Adderbury*, or *Abberbury*, who had a grant from that Prince for rebuilding the Castle<sup>c</sup>, and another for building a Religious House<sup>d</sup>, which he endowed with two acres of Land, and the Manor of *Tistly*. This was part of the Honour of *Wallingford*, of which *Thomas Chaucer* was Constable, and was probably bought by *Geoffrey Chaucer*, not many years before his death, of Sir *Richard Adderbury* the younger.

If this be all the Plea for *Berkshire*, there seems to be no farther room to insist upon it. *Oxfordshire* indeed has upon this account a better claim; there being no less than three Seats in that County belonging to his Family, *Ewelme*, *Hocknorton* and *Woodstock*. *Leland* does not expressly point at any of these, but *Pits* positively asserts (without giving any reasons) that *Woodstock* was the Place, which opinion Mr. Camden<sup>e</sup> seems to hint at, where he speaks of that Town. *Pits's* authority is not so well established as to deserve credit on his bare word; but on the contrary, he and his Collegue *Bale* (who are poor Copiers from *Leland*) abound with such numerous falsities, that it is not safe even to quote them in some particulars. I suspect *Pits* had no other grounds for his assertion than *Chaucer's* House at *Woodstock*, and his mentioning the Park in his Works; and therefore with a turn too frequent with Biographers, raises an assertion upon a very slender supposition, and thought the darkness of the times would conceal the deceit, and leave no footsteps to trace the contrary. *Ewelme*<sup>h</sup> and *Hocknorton* have an equal right with *Woodstock*, both belonging to *Chaucer's* family, and the first is said by *Leland* to be the inheritance of the *Chaucers*<sup>i</sup>, though others think it was given him by *Rich. II.*<sup>k</sup> But after all these different pretensions, he himself seems to point out the place of his Nativity to be the City of *London*<sup>l</sup>. And Mr. Camden, though he mentions the claim of *Woodstock*, evidently gives no credit to it; for speaking of *Spenser* (whom all allow to be born in *London*) he calls him Fellow-Citizen to *Chaucer*<sup>m</sup>.

The name of *Chaucer* [or *Chaucier*, *Chaucieris*, *Chaussier*, *Chausir*, &c.] is originally *French*, signifying a Shoemaker: But the family which he descended from had long enjoyed an honourable name in *England*; the Founder being a Chief attending the Duke of *Nor-mandy* in his Expedition to *England*, as appears by the Roll of *Battle Abby*. And as the Original seems to have been a Person of Honour, so several of the Name<sup>n</sup>, who may reasonably be supposed to be descended from him, are mention'd in Records; but the descent of our Author is no where particularly described.

Mr. *Speght* thinks that one *Richard Chaucer* was his Father, and that one *Elizabeth Chaucer*, a Nun of *St. Helen's*, in the second year of *Rich. II.* might have been his sister, or of his kindred. But this conjecture seems very improbable; for this *Richard* was a Vintner<sup>o</sup> living at the corner of *Kirton Lane*, and at his death left his House, Tavern and Stock to the Church of *St. Mary Aldermary*, and was there buried in the year of our Lord 1348. At which time our Poet being a young Student in the University, this supposed Father must have been an unnatural Bigot to give all he had to the Church, and leave his Son unprovided for, unless he designed to dedicate him to Religion, as well as his supposed Sister. It is more probable that this Vintner had neither Children, nor near Relations; which frequently happens among Citizens, who leave bulky estates to charitable uses, for want of kindred: Nor is it likely that he should be possessed of the Family-Estates, mentioned by *Leland*, in *Oxfordshire*, and at the same time follow such an Occupation; and therefore passing by this conjecture, and the merry jokes which Dr. *Fuller* (according to his custom) makes upon his Arms,

<sup>b</sup> Chauceri quondam & postea Delapolorum castellum existimant. Brit.

<sup>c</sup> This appears by a MS. in the Cotton Library.

<sup>d</sup> This Sir Richard Adderbury, or Abberbury, or Atterbury, was a great Favourite of Rich. II. and was immediately after his Coronation sent with a Message to the Citizens of London. He was likewise made Constable of the Castle of *Brest*; and was in the year 1387. expelled the King's Household by the seditious Lords. There was one Adderbury returned for *Dunnington* in a List of Gentry, in the Reign of Hen. VI.

<sup>e</sup> Records collected by Mr. Rymér, now in the House of Lords.

<sup>f</sup> Dugdale's Mon. Ang.

<sup>g</sup> Oppidum ipsum, cum nihil habeat quod ostendet, Home-rum nostrum Anglicanum Galfridum Chaucerum alumnum suum fuisse gloriatur.

<sup>h</sup> Ewelme olim Chauceri aedus. Camd. Brit.

<sup>i</sup> Lel. Itin. Vol. II. p. 5. & Vol. VII. p. 62, 63.

<sup>k</sup> Peacham's Compl. Gent. p. 82. Perhaps he took it from the Author of the *Arte of English Poesie*, printed in 1598. who says, it was supposed that Rich. II. gave to Chaucer the

Manor of New Holme in Oxfordshire. p. 12.

<sup>l</sup> In the Test. of Love, p. 486, a. Also the Cytie of London that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth grown, and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth; as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly ingendrure, and to wilne rest and pece in that stede to abyde; thilke pece should thus there have ben broken, and of all wise it is [al. which — is] commanded and desired.

<sup>m</sup> Edmundus Spenserus, patriâ Londinensis, Musis admodum ardentibus natus, ut omnes Anglicos superioris ævi Poetas, ne Chaucero quidem concive excepto, superaret. Camd. Eliz. Edit. Hearn. p. 783. in An. 1598.

<sup>n</sup> In the Reign of King John there was one le Chausir, as appears by the Records in the Tower; and in the Reign of Henry III. one Elias Chaucefir, who in the Reign following (viz. Edw. I.) had a Grant of Ten Shillings from the Treasury. There was also one John Chaucer, of whom King Edw. I. heard a Complaint for a 1000 l. &c.

<sup>o</sup> See Stow's Survey of London.



## GEOF. CHAUCER.

as if they alluded to his Father's profession of dashing white and red Wine <sup>p</sup>, we shall endeavour to find out a Father more worthy of such a Son; and though I cannot implicitly believe with *Pits* that his Father was a Knight, yet it is likely his Parents were something superiour to a common Employ. We find one *John Chaucer* attending upon *Edw. III.* and Queen *Philippa* in their Expedition to *Flanders* and *Cologne*, who had the King's Protection <sup>q</sup> to go over Sea, in the twelfth year of his Reign. It is highly probable that this Gentleman was the Father of our *Geoffrey*, which I am the more inclined to believe, because *Chaucer's* first application, after leaving the University and Inns of Law, was to the Court; nor is it unlikely the services of the Father should recommend the Son. As this is proposed with submission to better Judgments, so I lay no greater stress upon it than the reasons suggested will bear.

I proceed to a Particular less controverted, that is, the time of his Birth, which was in the second year of the Reign of King *Edw. III.* *A. D.* 1328. His first studies were in the University of *Cambridge*; where he was in the eighteenth year of his Age, when he wrote his *Court of Love* <sup>r</sup>, and was at those early years no indifferent Poet, having before written several pieces <sup>s</sup>: But of what College he was is uncertain, there being no foot-steps of him in the Records of that University. It is not unlikely that he was of that Hall, where he lays the Story of the Miller of *Trompington*, so exactly describing the place, and the humours and Northern dialect of his Fellow-Collegians <sup>t</sup>. How long he continued there is not known: It is certain he removed from thence to compleat his Studies at *Oxford*; but in what College is as uncertain as the former. The Writer of his Life fixes upon *Canterbury*, or *Merton* College. *Canterbury* College, now part of *Christ-Church* College (which *Polydore Vergil* calls the most celebrated of his time) is unlikely to be the place, not being founded till the year 1363, at which time *Chaucer* must be Five and Thirty years of age, and had been for some time launched into the world of business. *Merton* College is the more likely; for tho' his name does not appear among the celebrated Members of it at that time, yet we find most of his Contemporaries, as *Strode*, *Occleve*, &c. were of that College, where one of his Sons was likewise educated. After a considerable stay here, and a strict application to the Publick Lectures of the University, he became (says *Leland*) a ready Logician, a smooth Rhetorician, a pleasant Poet, a grave Philosopher, an ingenious Mathematician, and a holy Divine <sup>u</sup>. That he was a great Master in Astronomy (tho' he modestly pleads "ignorance in it") is plain by his Discourse of the *Astrolabe*: That he was versed in the *Hermes-tick* Philosophy (which prevailed much at that time) appears by his *Tale of the Chanon's Yeoman*: His knowledge in Divinity is evident from his *Parson's Tale*, and his Philosophy from the *Testament of Love*.

Thus qualify'd for that considerable Figure he afterwards made, he began his approaches by degrees into the world; and leaving that learned Retirement, he travell'd into *France*, *Holland*, and other Countries, where *Leland* says he spent part of his younger days, and returning home, enter'd himself in the Inner Temple <sup>x</sup>, where he studied the Municipal Laws of this Land. *Leland* intimates that he prosecuted those studies towards the latter part of his Life; which is improbable for the following reasons: *Leland* owns that at the Inns of Court he became acquainted with *John Gower*, at that time an eminent Lawyer; that this acquaintance was long before the latter end of the Reign of *Rich. II.* (as *Leland* places it) appears by the Poem of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*, which is inscribed to *Gower* <sup>y</sup>, and mentioned in his *Legend of good Women* <sup>z</sup>, which was written before the Death of the first Queen of *Rich. II.* he being directed to carry it to the Queen at *Eltham*, or at *Shene* <sup>a</sup>: Now *Rich. II.* demolished the Palace of *Shene* upon her Death, nor was it repaired during his Reign. The places which *Chaucer* held would not allow him at that time to apply himself to those studies; nor is it likely that at such an advanced age, when he was near Seventy, and (as *Leland* confesses) found age burthensome, he had either will or strength to prosecute a hard, intricate, and to him at that age an useless study. It is therefore more probable that he acquired the

<sup>p</sup> Fuller's Church. Hist. p. 152.

<sup>q</sup> Johannes Chaucer qui cum Rege in obsequium Regis, per preceptum Regis ad partes transmarinas profecturus est, habet Literas Regis de protectione, cum clausula Volumus usque ad festum Natalis Domini proximo futurum duratur. Teste Rege apud Walton duodecimo die Junii 1338. Aleman. 12 Edw. 3. p. 1. m. 8. Rymer's Fœd. Vol. V. p. 51.

<sup>r</sup> See CL. 43. & 911, &c. where being asked his name, he makes this answer;

My name —————  
Philogenet I cal'd am ferre and nere,  
Of Cambrige Clerke —————

<sup>s</sup> Ib. 897, &c.

In art of love I write, and songis make  
That maie be song in honour of the Kyng

And Quene of Love —————

<sup>t</sup> See the Gloss. in Solere Hall.

<sup>u</sup> Hinc acutus Dialecticus, hinc dulcis Rhetor, hinc lepidus Poeta, hinc gravis Philosophus, hinc ingeniosus Mathematicus, hinc denique sanctus Theologus evasit. Lel. in vitâ Chauceri.

<sup>w</sup> See the House of Fame. L. 1.

<sup>x</sup> To prove this Mr. Speght mentions a Record seen by Mr. Buckley in that House, where Geoffrey Chaucer was fined Two Shillings for beating a Franciscan Fryer in Fleetstreet.

<sup>y</sup> L. 5. 1855.

<sup>z</sup> Y. 332 & 441.

<sup>a</sup> The Countess of Pembroke is there introduced directing Chaucer to recover the favour of the Ladies by writing this Book; and thus goes on, Y. 496, &c.

And when this boke is made yeve it the Quene,  
On my behalfe, at Eltham or at Shene.



## The LIFE of

knowledge of our Laws in his youth, in order to qualify himself for publick Affairs, in which he afterwards was concerned.

But he had not long followed those studies, before his singular accomplishments were discovered by some persons at Court, whither he next made his approaches. A glorious and successful Reign, as it affords subjects for the praises of the Learned, so it gives them encouragement to employ their abilities on such occasions; and *Edw. III.* who was a discerning Prince to judge of, and generous to reward Learning, invited Men of Letters to him, and by his example induced his Court to encourage them: So that in his Reign Valour was not more esteemed than Learning, and Cowardice and Ignorance were equally despised. The Court at that time consisted of all that was great and splendid, and every thing that could be desired contributed to make it the most glorious in *Europe*. A long and happy Reign, successful in Victories abroad, filled it with Heroes, and a just Administration at home supply'd it with Men of Learning. These are so inseparably linked together for the encouragement of each other, that where there are men of Valour, there can be no Slavery and Oppression, and where there is Slavery and Oppression, there can be no Men of Learning. They equally flourished in this Reign, being encouraged by a Prince who was Master of both, and applauded by a Court of Ladies remarkable for Beauty, Wit and gaiety. In short, there was nothing going forward in that Court but perpetual Mirth, Tilts and Tournaments, and Romantick Gallantry, which has been only parallel'd by the late Reign of *K. Charles the Second*. And how well qualify'd our Poet was to be a Member of such an Assembly, we may judge by his learning, wit, amorous disposition, gay humour and gallantry: To which his Person gave no small addition, being about the age of Thirty (as appears by a Picture<sup>b</sup> of him about that age) of a fair, beautiful complexion, his lips red and full, his size of a just *medium*, and his port and air graceful and majestick. So that every Ornament that could claim the approbation of the Great and Fair, his Abilities to record the Valour of the one, and celebrate the Beauty of the other, and his wit and gentle behaviour to converse with both, conspired to make him a compleat Courtier.

His first station, 'tis very probable, was that of Page to the King, a place of honour and esteem, and so much regarded by Princes at that time, that *Rich. II.* leaves particular Legacies in his Will to his Pages, when few others are taken notice of. But this was only the first step to preferment; as the King himself intimates; and therefore by his Letters Patents dated in the Forty first year of his Reign, he grants to him for his good Services, by the Title of *dilectus Valettus noster*<sup>c</sup>; an Annuity of Twenty Marks *per Annum* payable out of the Exchequer, till he could otherwise provide for him. How mean soever such a Pension may seem now, it was then very considerable, and in *Chaucer's* case was still the more valuable as being an earnest of future Favours: For not long after we find him Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and by that Title the King granted to him by Letters Patents dated in the Forty fifth year of his Reign, the further Sum of Twenty Marks *per Annum* during life. In this station he did not long continue, being next year made Shield-bearer to the King<sup>d</sup>, a Title at that time (tho' now extinct) of great honour; such persons being always next the King's person, and generally upon signal Victories rewarded with military Honours.

Our Poet being thus placed near the King, found respect and encouragement from all the chief persons of the Court: *Queen Philippa*, a Princess of extraordinary merit, esteemed him; *John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster* had a singular value for him<sup>e</sup>, as had likewise his Dutchesse *Blanch*, at whose request he made the Poem called *La Priere de notre Dame*. The Lady *Margaret*, the King's Daughter and Countess of *Pembroke*, was the chief of his Patronesses, and would frequently complement him upon his Poems. But this is not to be meant of his *Canterbury Tales*, they being written in the latter part of his Life, when the Courtier and the fine Gentleman gave way to solid Sense and plain Descriptions. In his Love-pieces he was obliged to have the strictest regard to Modesty and Decency; the Ladies at that time insisting so much upon the nicest punctilio's of honour, that it was highly criminal to depreciate their Sex, or do any thing that might offend Virtue: The first of these *Chaucer* had been guilty of, which he afterwards attoned by the *Legend of Good Women*; a Task enjoined him by the Lady *Margaret*<sup>f</sup>, whom he veils under the name of the Daisy, as he does in several

*Oxfordshire*

<sup>b</sup> Now in the possession of George Greenwood of Chastleton in *Oxfordshire*, Esq; ✓

<sup>c</sup> Rex omnibus ad quos, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod de gratia nostra speciali, & pro bono servicio quod dilectus Valettus noster Galtridus Chaucer nobis impendit & impendet in futurum concessimus ei viginti marcas percipiendas singulis annis ad Scaccarium nostrum — per aequales portiones, ad totam vitam ipsius Galtridi, vel quousque pro statu suo aliter duxerimus ordinandum, &c. — Teste Rege apud Castrum de Queneburgh vicesimo die Junii, &c. 41 Ed. 3. pat. 41. p. 1. m. 13. This Poet of *Valettus* or *Valectus*, says Mr. Selden in his Titles of Honour, Part. II. ch. 5. §. 47. was conferr'd upon young Heirs designed to be Knighted, or young Gentlemen of great De-

seent or Quality. Mr. Camden takes *Valectus hospitii*, to signify a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber; and by this name of *Valectus* the King before had entitled the Lord *Abergavenny*. Sp.

<sup>d</sup> The King in the 49th year of his Reign granted him the Lands and Body of Sir *Edmund Staplegate*, by the Title of *Scutifer Regis*, and he is so called in the King's Commission to treat with *Genoa*. Sp.

<sup>e</sup> Upon whose account he made the *Book of the Dutchesse*, or the *Dreme of Chaucer*, the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, and the *Dream*.

<sup>f</sup> See the *Legend of Good Women*.

other

b. but it is by no means to be taken for granted,  
that this is a picture of him: when I was shown it.  
for such, I was of opinion, that it was not a picture  
of Chaucer. G. J.



## G E O F. C H A U C E R.

other pieces<sup>s</sup>. The Poems which gave offence were *The Romaunt of the Rose* and *Troilus and Creseide*<sup>h</sup>; tho' he seems to hint at a particular offence he had given by preferring the Flower to the Leaf, which he gayly turns off<sup>i</sup>.

Thus beloved, esteemed and honoured, he spent his younger years in a constant attendance upon the Court, and for the most part living near it, when residing at *Woodstock*, in a square stone house near the Park Gate, still called *Chaucer's House*<sup>k</sup>. That this was the chief place of his abode, appears by his frequent descriptions of the Park; as particularly a *Park*<sup>l</sup> walled with green stone, that being the first Park walled in *England*, and not many years before his time. In most of his pieces, where he designs an imaginary Scene, he certainly copies it from a real Land scape: So in his *Cuckow* and *Nightingale*, the *Morning walk* he takes was such as at this day may be traced from his House through part of the Park, and down by the Brook into the Vale under *Blenheim* Castle<sup>m</sup>, as certainly as we may assert that Maples<sup>n</sup> instead of *Phylireas*, were the ornaments round the Bower; which place he likewise describes in his *Dream*, as a white Castle standing upon a hill<sup>o</sup>; the Scene in that Poem being laid in *Woodstock* Park.

But to return; Queen *Philippa* being a native of *Hainault*, and bringing over with her several persons of that Country, there was a frequent intercourse between *England* and that Province, which was increased by a fresh Alliance with the Duke of *Bavaria*, Earl of *Hainault*, *Zeland* and *Holland*, who married *Maud*, Daughter and Coheir of *Henry Plantagenet* Earl of *Lancaster*, whose sister *Blanch* was married to *John of Gaunt*, afterwards Duke of *Lancaster*. The Dutchess *Blanch* (whether by the recommendation of her sister, or by what other means is not material) entertained in her service one *Katherine Rouet*, daughter of Sir *Payne* or *Pagan Rouet* a Native of *Hainault* and *Guien* King at Arms for that Country, who was afterwards married to Sir *Hugh Swynford*<sup>p</sup> a Knight at *Lincoln*. He dying not long after their marriage, the Duke and Dutchess continued her as Guardianess to their children. This Lady had a younger Sister, whom the Duke and Dutchess recommended to our *Chaucer* for a Wife; and he married her about the Thirty second year of his age. *Brooks* calls her *Anne*, but her name was *Philippa* (as shall be made appear hereafter) a name much used at that time in *Hainault*, in regard of it's being the Queen's name.

Our Poet being thus fixed by marriage, the King began to employ him in more publick and advantageous Posts; for in the Forty sixth year of his Reign we find him in Commission with others to treat with the Doge and Senate of *Genoa*<sup>q</sup>; but for what purpose, or with what success doth not appear. And now he began every day to rise in greatness, having the Duke of *Lancaster* for his Patron, who indefatigably espoused his interest, and that for several reasons: One was the application of the Lady *Katharine Swynford*, his wife's sister, who was a woman of singular<sup>r</sup> Beauty, and not only an attendant on the Dutchess, but Mistress to the Duke, and extremely in his favour, as appears by the Grants made to her in the Fifty first year of K. *Edw. III.* of the Lordships of *Gringly* and *Wheatly*<sup>s</sup>, which were confirmed by the King. Nor was this the only reason of the Dukes favour: His ambition requiring all the assistance of Learned men, to give it a plausible appearance, induced him to do *Chaucer* many good offices, in order to engage him in his Interest.

About this time (perhaps for his services at *Genoa*) the King granted to him by Letters Patents dated at *Windfor* in the Forty eighth year of his Reign, by the Title of *Armiger noster*<sup>t</sup>, one *Pycher* of Wine daily, in the Port of *London*; and soon after made him *Comptroller of the Customs* in that Port of Wool, Woollfells and Hides, with a particular Proviso, that he

<sup>s</sup> See the Flower and the Leaf, and the Ballad beginning *In Feverere*, &c. p. 556.

<sup>h</sup> See *LW.* 329, &c.

<sup>i</sup> See *Ib.* 188, &c.

<sup>k</sup> *Speght* observes that it was passed by Q. *Eliz.* by that name to the Tenant who then dwelt in it. There is now chained in the Parlour of that House a printed Copy of *Chaucer's Works*, with the following Inscription written at the beginning of it;

Ædium harum  
Quas olim vivus incoluit,  
Ut per hæc ingenii monumenta,  
In quibus æternum vivet  
Una cum antiquæ prosapiz, fidei, fortitudinis Viro  
*Nicolao Bayntun*  
rursus incoleret,  
GALFRIDO CHAUCER,  
Poetarum sui temporis facile Principi,  
Principum Poeta, amico, adfini,  
A priori hospite vi dejecto,  
Lato lubentii, lato lubens  
Possessionem restituit  
CAROLUS PERROT LL. D.  
MDCLXXVIII.

<sup>l</sup> *Bl. Kn.* 42.

<sup>m</sup> See *Ib.* 273, &c.

<sup>n</sup> See *CN.* 56, &c.

<sup>o</sup> *Dr. Ch.* 1318, &c.

<sup>p</sup> Mr. *Sandford* calls him Sir *Otes Swynford*, and Mr. *Tyrel*, Sir *Robert*.

<sup>q</sup> Rex, &c. salutem. Noveritis, quod nos de fidelitate & circumspessione provida dilectorum & fidelium nostrorum Jacobi Pronan, Johannis de Mari civis Januensis, & Galfridi Chaucer Scutiferi nostri plenam fiduciam reportantes, ipsos Jacobum, Johannem & Galfridum, & duos ipsorum (quorum prefatum Johannem unum esse volumus) nuncios & procuratores nostros facimus & constituimus speciales, dantes & committentes eis plenam tenore presentium potestatem & mandatum speciale tractandi pro nobis & nomine nostro cum nobili viro Dominico de Campo Fergoso, Duce Januensi, & ejus consilio, nec non civibus, probis hominibus, & communitate civitatis Januæ, &c.

<sup>r</sup> *Eximia pulchritudinis summa.* Upon the Duke of *Lancaster's* Tomb in *St. Paul's* Church before the Fire.

<sup>s</sup> *Pat.* 51. *Edw.* 3. m. 33. *Dugdale's* Baron.

<sup>t</sup> Rex, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod de gratia nostra speciali concessimus dilecto Armigero nostro Galfrido Chaucer unum pycher vini, percipiend. quolibet die in portu civitatis nostre London. per manus Pincerne nostri vel heredum nostrorum pro tempore existentis — ad totam vitam ipsius Galfridi, &c. Teste Rege apud *Windfor* vicesimo tertio die Aprilis, &c. A. D. 1374. 48 *Ed.* 3. p. 1. m. 20.

should



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should personally execute that office, and write the Accounts relating to it with his own hand<sup>u</sup>. This Post he filled with honour and integrity, as himself declares that *no wight of of his administracyon coude non yvels<sup>w</sup>*, and that *he never defouled his conscience for no manner dede<sup>x</sup>*: Nor do we find, that at that time when the Customs were farmed and the People imposed upon, the King in his dotage and misled, *Chaucer* was ever concerned in the Impositions with *Lyon*, *Ellis* and others prosecuted for those crimes. *Leland* observes that there were at *Exwell* Woolfacks painted in token of Merchandize, and that it was said *Thomas* the Son of *Geoffrey Chaucer* was a Merchant: To which *Speght* adds, that it was for this reason believed that *Chaucer's* Ancestors were Merchants of the Staple, but contradicts it by asserting, that the Merchants of the Staple had no Arms granted them till the Reign of *Hen. VI.* It is more probable that the Woolfacks were Devices of *Chaucer* (in frequent use at that time) alluding to the Office he held relating to the Customs of Wool, Woolfells, &c. The King, in the Forty ninth year of his Reign, and the Forty seventh of *Chaucer's* age, granted to him the Lands and Body of Sir *Edmond Staplegate*, Son of Sir *Edmond Staplegate* in the County of *Kent*, in Ward, who afterwards paid him One hundred and four Pounds for the same<sup>y</sup>: And the year following he granted to him, by the Title of *dilectus Armiger noster*, the sum of Seventy one Pounds four Shillings and six pence, arising from a certain quantity of Wool therein mentioned, which was forfeited by one *John Kent* of *London*, for Non-payment of Customs<sup>z</sup>. By these means, and the repeated favours heaped upon him, he grew exceeding rich, having (as *Speght*<sup>a</sup> says) at one time, almost a Thousand Pounds *per Annum*; a very large Estate for those times, and scarce credible to have been acquired by a person in his station: But that he grew wealthy in the Employments he enjoyed, he himself confesses; *I had comfort* (says he) *to be in that plight that both profit were to me and my friends<sup>b</sup>*: He also confesses, that *in dignity of office he made gathering of thilk godes, and had a faire parcel for the tyme, in forthering of his sustenance, richesse sufficiently to weve nede, dignity to be reverenced in worship, power to kepe fro his enemies*; so that he seemed to shine in glory of renome, as manhode asketh in men<sup>c</sup>. These and the like passages in the *Testament of Love* are proofs of the favour of that Prince to him, and of the advantages which attended it.

But as he was thus advanced to higher places of Trust, so he became more entangled in the Affairs of State, the consequence of which proved of the utmost prejudice to him. The Duke of *Launcester* having been the chief Instrument of raising him to Dignity, expected the fruits of those Favours in a ready compliance with him in all his Designs. That Prince was certainly one of the proudest men of his time; nor could he patiently bear the name of a Subject, even to his Father. Nothing but Absolute Power, and the Title of King could satisfy his Ambition; and therefore took up with a Foreign Title, and the ruins of a scatter'd Family, marrying *Constance*, Daughter of *Peter the Cruel*, King of *Castile* and *Leon*, which Title he assumed. But this was not sufficient, for upon the Death of his elder Brother *Edward* the Black Prince, he fixed a longing eye upon the *English* Crown, and seemed to stretch out an impatient hand to reach it. This was plainly intimated by his Device of an Eagle endeavouring with his Bill to undo a Foot-lock.

In this view he sought by all means possible to secure his Interest against the Decease of the old King; and being sensible that the chief obstacles in his way were the Clergy (who would be most strenuous in opposing an irregular Succession) he omitted nothing that might lessen their power and esteem with the People. For this purpose a fair opportunity now offered by *Wickliffe's* first appearing at *Oxford*; who being a Man of singular Learning and Esteem, not only in that University, but also at Court (having been employed as Ambassador by the King) found no small number of Followers. The Common People, always fond of Novelty, readily followed him, being pleased with a new Scheme which discharged them from the heavy Impositions of the Clergy of those times. The University of *Oxford* it self favoured him for this reason: The Fryers of *Osney* and *S. Frideswide* enticed most of the young Students of that University to enter into Orders, insomuch that Parents were fearful of sending their Sons to study, whereby the number of Students in that University diminished; which being complained of in Parliament, there was an Act made that none should be admitted into Orders under the age of eighteen years. The Nobility and Courtiers supported him, out of an

<sup>u</sup> Rex omnibus, &c. salutem. Sciatis: quod concessimus dilecto nobis Galfrido Chaucer officium Contrarotulatoris custume & subsidii lanarum, coriorum & pellium lanutarum in portu London. habendum quamdiu nobis placuerit, percipiend. &c. Ita quod idem Galfridus Rotulos suos dictum officium tangentes manu sua proprie scribat, & continue moretur ibidem, & omnia qua ad officium illud pertinent in propria persona sua, & non per substitutum suum, faciat & exequatur, & quod altera pars sigilli, quod dicitur coket, in custodia ipsius Galfridi remaneat, quamdiu officium habuerit supra dictum, &c. Teste meipso apud Westmonasterium octavo die Junii. Pat. 48 E. 3. p. 1. m. 7.

<sup>w</sup> Test. p. 502, a.

<sup>x</sup> Ib. p. 488, b.

<sup>y</sup> Records collected by Mr. Rymer, in the House of Lords.  
<sup>z</sup> Dilecto Armigero nostro Galfrido Chaucer LXXI lib. iv fol. lid. & vi denarios de pretio vii. sacc. & dimidii trium petrarum & vi librarum lanae nobis forisfactarum pro eo quod Johannes Kent de London lanas illas usque Durdraught absque Custuma, seu subsidio nobis inde solutis, seu licentia inde a nobis habita duxit, habend. de dono nostro, &c. F. R. apud Westm. xii. die Jul. Per ipsum Regem nunciantem Rogero de Bellocampo Cancellario Reg. Pat. 50 Ed. 3. p. 1. m. 5.

<sup>a</sup> In the Life of Chaucer.

<sup>b</sup> Test. p. 486, a.

<sup>c</sup> Ib. p. 502, a.



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inveterate hatred to the Clergy, who had all the Places of Trust and Honour <sup>d</sup> in their Possession. Most of those about the King countenanced *Wickliffe* in a particular manner, as the Lord *Latimer*, Sir *Richard Sturry*, Sir *Lewis Clifford*, &c. And *Capgrave* asserts that the King himself was a Favourer of his Opinions.

And now the Parliament intermeddling with the Affairs of the Church, Pope *Gregory IX.* thought it high time to put a stop to those Proceedings, and therefore issued out a Bull directed to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and the Bishop of *London*, for apprehending *Wickliffe*; whereupon the Bishop convened a Synod at *St. Paul's*, where, upon citation *Wickliffe* appeared, and with him his Patron the Duke of *Lancaster*, and *Piercy* Lord Marshal. A Quarrel happening between the Duke of *Lancaster* and the Bishop of *London* about *Wickliffe's* sitting down, the Duke told the Bishop he would pull down his pride, and that of all the Prelacy in *England*, with other opprobrious words; upon which the *Londoners* rose, and plunder'd his Palace of the *Savoy*, and reversed his Arms, the Duke himself hardly escaping their fury.

Our *Chaucer* had no small hand in furthering these Proceedings, both by his publick Interest, and his Writings; tho' I cannot go so far as to suppose he scurrilously reviled the Established Religion of those times, and therefore cannot think that either the *Plowman's Tale* or *Jack Upland* were written by him, as shall be further discussed in the Account of his Works: But that he was a Favourer of the *Lollards* (as were likewise most of his friends, and particularly *Occleve*) is evident from several places in his Writings, where he bitterly inveighs against the Priests and Fryers: Not that he disliked all of that Order; for he mentions Fryer *John Some* and Fryer *Nicholas Lenne*, or *Lynne*, with respect, calling them *Reverent Clerkes*, and expresses his regard for the secular Clergy who lived up to their Profession, in his Description of the Parson. Nor was he disesteemed by the Clergy of those times; *Lidgate*, who was a Monk of *St. Edmondsbury*, and several others entertaining a great reverence for him, and speaking of him with the utmost respect: Nor was he less esteemed by *Gower*, tho' a violent Bigot to the Church of *Rome*, and a perpetual exclaimer against *Wickliffe* and his Followers.

The King perceiving the aims of the Duke of *Lancaster*, presently put a check to his hopes by declaring *Richard* of *Bourdeaux*, Son of *Edward* the Black Prince, Heir to the Crown, which was no small mortification to the Duke; and from that time he was never easy, nor contented in any station, nor ever without uneasinesses from the jealousies and suspicions of the Prince upon the Throne, in which his friends bore a share.

In the last year of the King's Reign, the *French* (notwithstanding a Truce which had been made with them) got out to Sea and disturbed the Coast, whereupon the King endeavoured to prolong the Truce; in order to which he sent *Chaucer* and other Commissioners to treat with those appointed by the *French* King, before the Pope's Legates; but nothing being concluded, the Legates proposed a Match between the Lady *Mary*, Daughter to the King of *France*, and *Richard* Prince of *Wales*. Whereupon the King sent Sir *Guiscard Dangle* <sup>f</sup> Knight of the Garter and afterwards Earl of *Huntington*, Sir *Richard Sturry* a noted *Wickliffe*, and our *Chaucer*, Embassadors to *Monstreuil*; but this Embassy had no other effect, than the prolonging of the Truce with *France* till the first of *May* following <sup>g</sup>. This is the last publick Embassy that we find *Chaucer* employed in, tho' he was afterwards in *France*, and several other Countries, as shall hereafter be observed. What other Posts he held during this Prince's Reign is uncertain, there being no further account (that I can discover) upon Record of his publick Stations: But doubtless he passed through many honourable Employments, as appears from several passages of the *Testament of Love*; and in that Picture of him in *Gloucestershire* (which hath been mentioned before) he hath a double Chain round his neck, and hanging to the middle of his breast, which seems to be a mark of distinction then used in regard of some publick Offices he bore.

*Oxfordshire*

Nor was he less concerned in the close intrigues of the Court-Party at that time. For the King being superannuated, all Affairs were managed by Sir *Thomas Latimer*, Sir *Richard Sturry* (both *Chaucer's* Friends) and the Lady *Alice Pierce* <sup>h</sup> whom the King entirely loved, not as a Mistress (as some have maliciously asserted) but because she had been Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the Queen, and a great Favourite with her. This Lady managed every thing

<sup>d</sup> The Archbishop of *Canterbury*, was Lord Chancellor; the Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells*, Lord Treasurer; the Archdeacon of *Lincoln*, Privy Seal; *David Weller*, Parson of *Summersham*, Master of the Rolls; Ten Beneficed Priests, Civilians, Masters in Chancery; *William Mulse* Dean of *St. Martin's le Grand*, Chamberlain of the Exchequer, Privy Purse and Master of the Jewel-House; *William Ashby* Archdeacon of *Northampton*, Chancellor of the Exchequer; *William Dighton* Prebendary of *St. Martin's*, Clerk of the Privy Seal; *John de Troy* Priest, Treasurer of *Ireland*; *Snatch* Parson of *Oundle*, Master of the Wardrobe; *John Newham* Parson of *Fenny Stanson*, one of the Chamberlains of the

Exchequer; *John Rousbie* Parson of *Harwick*, Comptroller and Surveyor of the King's Buildings, and *Thomas Brunningham* Parson of *Ashby*, Treasurer for *Guien*, and Marshal of *Calais*.

<sup>e</sup> *Astr.* p. 440.

<sup>f</sup> This Sir *Guiscard Dangle* was remarkable for his Valour in *France*, and a great Favourite of the King.

<sup>g</sup> *Hollinshead*, *Barnes*, &c.

<sup>h</sup> This Lady was afterwards married to Sir *William* of *Windsor*, a Favourite at that time, and Lieutenant of *Ireland*, in whose Grave, at *Westminster* Abby, the late Rebel *Ireton* was buried.



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in a very indirect manner; influencing the Courts of Judicature, causing Sir *Peter Delamare* the Speaker of the Commons to be imprisoned, and for bribes persuading the King to pervert the course of Justice: In all which matters, *Speed* says the Duke of *Lancaster* was concerned; but it is not likely that Prince should appear publickly at the head of that Party, he himself having not long after no small hand in punishing several of the Actors in that Corruption. *Chaucer* was so nearly engaged in friendship with them, that there is reason to suspect he was not altogether unconcerned.

The old King being dead, *Richard* his Grandson succeeded him, being under the Governance of the Duke of *Lancaster*, who now endeavoured all he could to compose the Differences which had been long fomented; and being reconciled to the *Londoners*, he proceeded to prepare every thing for the most splendid Coronation that *England* had ever seen; insomuch that there are several Volumes in the *Cotton Library* written upon that affair: In one of which, there is a Petition of *Chaucer* to be admitted to serve as Chief Butler, in right of his Ward Sir *Edmond Staplegate*, for the Manor of *Billington* in *Kent*, which was held of the King by that service; but the Earl of *Arundel* put in another Petition, wherein he shews, that Honour to have been formerly possessed by his Ancestors, and that *Staplegate* had never till now claimed it, and being a Minor was unqualified for it; which Petition was granted, reserving to *Staplegate* the right of making his Claim afterwards.

*Chaucer* was in some degree of favour at the beginning of this King's Reign. In the first year of it, by Letters Patents under the Great Seal bearing date the Twenty third day of *March*, the King confirmed to him, by the Title of *Dilectus Armiger noster*, the Grant made by the late King of Twenty Marks *per Annum*; and by other Letters Patents, bearing date the Eighteenth day of *April* in the same year, he confirmed the other Grant of the late King for a *Pycher* of Wine to be delivered him daily in the Port of *London*.

King *Rich. II.* in the second year of his Reign took *Chaucer* and his Lands into his Protection, which Mr. *Speght*<sup>i</sup> believes was occasioned by some trouble into which he was fallen, by siding with the common people. But he doth not seem to have been involved in that trouble till some time after, and therefore it is more likely this Protection was to secure him from his Creditors; as was likewise another Protection granted by the same Prince. It doth not appear by what means he was reduced to such low Circumstances, unless it was by the loss of his interest at Court, and of Advantages he enjoyed under his Master and Patron the late King. The Writer of his Life supposes he expended most of his wealth in Foreign Embassies, but it should rather seem that they were the means whereby he acquired it, he being generally well rewarded, as is before observed.

This King in the fourth year of his Reign confirmed the Grants made to *Chaucer* and *Philippa* his Wife of the several Annuities granted to them<sup>k</sup>. And now this Lady being mentioned, for whose name we have this authentick Record, it will not be improper to cast an eye upon the Domestick affairs of our Poet. By her (for we find no other Wife mentioned) he had two Sons, *Thomas*<sup>l</sup>, and *Lewis*. *Thomas* was about this time married to one of the greatest Fortunes in *England*, *Maud*, Daughter and Heir of Sir *John Burghershe*, Brother to Sir *Bartholomew Burghershe* Knight of the Garter, and Dr. *Henry Burghershe* Bishop of *Lincoln*, Chancellor and Treasurer of *England*. Mr. *Speght* says, this Lady was given him in marriage by King *Edw. III.* at his Father's request, in return for his great services done in his Embassies in *France*; but it is very much to be doubted whether at the Death of that Prince, *Thomas Chaucer* was of age to be disposed of in marriage.

His second Son *Lewis* was born in the year 1381. for he was ten years old<sup>m</sup> when his Father wrote the Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, which was in 1391<sup>n</sup>. He was then a Student in *Merton College* in *Oxford*, and Pupil to the famous *Nicholas Strode*; but we have no farther account of him. It has been observed, that in the latter part of the late King's Reign, the Duke of *Lancaster* (for several reasons) encouraged the Opinions of *Wickliffe*, as did likewise *Chaucer*, the consequence of which began now to appear; for every ignorant fellow, who could neither read nor write, set up for a Teacher and Instructor in new Opinions, and particularly one *Smith*, who was followed by the Populace, and carried about by Great Men, as Sir *Lodowick Clifford*, Sir *Thomas Latimer*, Sir *John Trussel*, Sir *Richard Sturmy* and others, who appeared armed where he preached; and therefore, says *Knighton*, the modestest Writer of that time, What they could not convince by Reason they terrified into Opinion.

The common people thus encouraged to shake off the yoke of the Clergy, began to feel that of the Government too heavy; and being now ripe for Insurrection (upon laying on some new Taxes) rose under *Straw*, *Tyler*, and *Littester*; which had like to have entirely overturned the Constitution. Their spite was chiefly directed against the Clergy, as appears by their

<sup>i</sup> In the Life of *Chaucer*.

<sup>k</sup> Records collected by Mr. *Rymer*, in the House of Lords.

<sup>l</sup> Some hold (says *Speght*) that *Thomas Chaucer* was not the Son of *Gosfrey Chaucer*, but rather some Kinsman of his,

whom he brought up; but he rejects that opinion upon the authority of Mr. *Glover*, alias *Somerſes*, who in the Pedigree makes him his Son.

<sup>m</sup> *Astr.* p. 439, a.

<sup>n</sup> *Ib.* p. 442, b. & p. 433, a.

behead-



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beheading the Archbishop of *Canterbury* and the Prior of *St. John's* by *Smithfield*, who was Lord Treasurer, and by their burning that stately Priory, and plundering the Abbies of *St. Albans*, *Bury* and several others. As soon as this Rebellion was somewhat abated, the Parliament began to enquire into the cause of it; nor were there wanting Enemies of *Wickliffe*, who charged him and his Followers with being the Encouragers of it: But that is unlikely to be true; for had the Rebels been *Wickliffe's* friends, they would never have burnt the *Savoy*, the Palace of his Patron the Duke of *Lancaster*. However, some of his Followers gave too much cause for such a surmise; as Dr. *Hereford*, who asserted that Archbishop *Sudbury* deserved that Death he found; and the King the year following empowered the Bishops to arrest *Wickliffe*, and forbid his Subjects to encourage any of that Persuasion. *Wickliffe* appeared, and seemed partly to satisfy the Bishops with his Opinion.

The Duke of *Lancaster* finding his hopes of greatness check'd and his Life in perpetual danger from the King, began to grow more cautious of intermeddling in these matters; and therefore when Dr. *Hereford* and Dr. *Rapynodon* came to him, he in a passion told them their Doctrine was a Doctrine of Devils, and that he had hitherto been imposed upon in the representations made to him of *Wickliffe's* Doctrine, and bad them go and submit themselves to the Archbishop.

*Chaucer* how much soever he had espoused those Opinions, thought it prudence to conceal them more than he had done, seeing the inconveniences and danger they had occasioned; so that after the Prosecution by *Rich. II.* and the Duke of *Lancaster's* changing his mind, he thought it proper to be more circumpect. Nor doth it appear that at any time he ran all the lengths of that Opinion. His resentments were chiefly against the personal Vices of the Clergy, not their Doctrines; for the Pilgrimage to *Canterbury* is spoken of with reverence; and he calls *Becket* the *holy blissful Martyr*: And the Parson, tho' he would not run to *St. Powles* to procure Livings, makes one in the Expedition to *Canterbury*. This I say, not as if that Journey was real; but *Chaucer* would never have been guilty of so great an impropriety as to make Persons act contrary to their Opinions. Nor did even the Leaders of that Party scruple the Ceremonies then used: They opposed them in opinion, but seldom differed from them in practice. Even *Wickliffe* himself always conformed, and held his Living of *Lutterworth* without interruption, and died in it of a Fit of the Palsy; which seized him while he was saying Mass. But *Chaucer* differed much from them even in Opinion; for in his *Testament of Love*, he confesses the Real Presence; which passage, because it exposes the neglect of Religion in his time, and shews his regard for Divine Worthip, shall be here set down at large. *Lo! it accordeth, for soche there ben that voluntarie lustes haunten in courte with ribaudrie, that til midnight and more wol playe and wake, but in the church at matins he is behinde, for evil disposicion of his stomake. — His auter is broke, and lowe lithe in pointe to gone to the yerthe, but his horse must ben esy and hie, to here him over grete waters. His chalice pore, but he hath riche cuppes. No towaile but a shete, there God shall ben handelid. And on his mete bord ther shall been bordeclothes and towelles many paire. At masse serveth but a clergion: five Squiers in hall. Pare chauncell, open holes in every side: Beddes of silk, with tapites going al about his chambre. Pore masse-boke and leude chapelaine, and broken surplice with many an hole: gods boundes, and manye, to hunte after harte and hare, to fede in ther festes.* In the *House of Fame* we find him again going on Pilgrimage. We may gather his opinion of the Invocation of Saints, from his *Priere de nôtre Dame*, his Ballad in commendation of our Lady, and several other Pieces. But however *Chaucer* might despise some extravagancies of the Church of *Rome*, yet that he died a Member of it, seems plain by his Retraction.

The King, taking the Government upon himself, and giving way to the advice of a set of young profligate Courtiers, began to hate and despise most of the late King's friends; and particularly he endeavoured by all possible means to take off the Duke of *Lancaster*, whose Interest was now at a very low ebb. In order to which, one *Latimer*, an *Irish* Fryer, Bachelor of Divinity, accused him of an attempt to kill the King. Whether there was truth in the accusation, or whether it proceeded from the malice and revenge of that Order, is doubtful; but the Fryer was privately murdered, before he could make out the charge, by the Lord *John Holland* and others, to whose custody he was committed; and that in a shameful and barbarous manner. This Lord *John Holland*, called Lord of *Huntington*, and Duke of *Exeter*, was half brother to the King, and had married *Elizabeth*, Daughter of the Duke of *Lancaster*. He was a great Patron of *Chaucer*, and was much respected by him.

The Duke having escaped that storm, was not yet secure; for if Evidence failed, the King had an entire confidence in the Compliance of the Lord Chief Justice *Tresilian*, before whom it was attempted to have him tried. But the Duke stood upon his guard at his Castle of *Pontefract*, till by the King's Mother matters were brought to some temperament. With the

\* Prol. 17.

P Ib. 511.

9 P. 492, b.

Mon. 1684. Vol. II. p. 42.

\* Mr. Fox seems to be of a contrary opinion. Acts and

\* In the Beginning of the First Book.

\* P. 214.

Duke's



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Duke's Interest, that of *Chaucer's* entirely sunk: His Patron being now incapable of serving or supporting him, he found the want of a hand able to lead him safely through the difficulties of Publick Stations.

The Duke passing over Sea, his Friends felt all the malice of the opposite Party, which had long waited for revenge, and in order to it; sought all possible means of oppressing them. This put the others upon calling in a number of the Populace to their assistance, which is the general refuge of an oppressed Party. By these means several popular Commotions ensued, and particularly that in the City of *London*. As in this affair our Poet was no unartful Prompter behind the Curtain, so he felt the consequences of it in his downfall and ruin. One *John of Northampton*, a Creature of the Duke of *Lancaster*, was at the head of those Disturbances, who having been Lord Mayor the year before, made strong interest to be again chosen<sup>u</sup>, and therefore opposed the following Election, securing to his party most of the Citizens, and crying out upon the extravagant mismanagement of the City, suggesting that there was no possible way of securing them from ruin but by re-electing him. This occasioned Insurrections; and our Poet being then Comptroller of the Customs in that Port, and joined in Party with *Northampton*, as being both in the Duke's Interest, encouraged them: But this Disorder did not continue long; for upon Sir *Robert Knolles's* beheading one of the Rioters it was quell'd, and *Northampton* taken into Custody. Strict search was made for *Chaucer*, but he made his escape into *Hainault*, and afterwards into *France*, and finding the King resolved to get him if possible into his hands, (as the fittest person to discover the Abettors of those Commotions) he fled thence into *Zealand*, with this intent chiefly (as he says) *their privitie to concele*<sup>w</sup>.

Several of the Accomplices in this affair were with him, whom he supported<sup>x</sup> in their Exile, while the chief Ringleaders (except *Northampton*, who was condemned at *Reading*, upon the evidence of his Clerk) had here at *London* made their peace, by acknowledging their Crime, and making Submission, and had now forgot the Honour and Integrity of *Chaucer*, who suffered Exile to secure their Secrets. Nay, to such a base height of Ingratitude were they arrived, that they wished his death, and endeavoured it, by keeping all supplies<sup>y</sup> of Money from him: And while he expended his Fortune in removing from place to place, and in assisting his Fellow-exiles, he was so far from receiving any assistance at home, that his Apartments were let, and the Money received for Rent was never accounted for to him; nor could he recover any from those who owed it him, they being fully perswaded it was impossible for him ever to return into *England*. The Government still pursuing their Resentment against him and his friends, they were constrained to leave *Zealand*; and *Chaucer* having no possible means left of struggling longer with the difficulties of Exile and Poverty, and finding no security wherever he fled, chusing to submit his Life to the Laws of his Country, rather than lose it through hunger and want in foreign parts, returned into *England*.

He had not been long here before he was arrested<sup>z</sup> by order from the King, and imprisoned (as it is probable) in the Tower of *London*. And now the Government thought they had it in their power to make a full Discovery of the late Rebellion, and sending for him, told him that in order to obtain Mercy of the King, his only way was to confess the secrets of his Treason, and discover the Confederates in it; desiring him to propose in what manner those differences might be composed<sup>a</sup>. But he a long while evaded all the arts used to make him confess, and was very unwilling to bring the malice of so powerful a Party upon him by betraying their secrets, which he says he conceal'd longer<sup>b</sup> than he ought; but *the King and his Princes* (to use his words) having obliged him upon Oath to declare what he knew, and *with huge words and grete*<sup>c</sup> urged him to confess, and watching his words strictly and narrowly to catch him, if they could, varying in his Confession, he very freely disclosed all he knew, and impeached the Persons concerned with him; and not only so, but (according to the custom of Trials at that time) offered to prove the truth of his Confession by Combat<sup>d</sup>.

<sup>u</sup> The Records are silent as to the reason of *Chaucer's* falling under the displeasure of the Government; but this seems to be the occasion; for in his *Testament of Love*, he every where alludes to the Commotions of the City; and says; that he was drawe to be assentaunt, and in his mightes helping to certain conjurations, and other grete matters of rulyng of citizens, p. 485; b. and seems to have an eye particularly to the design of this man, by these words; But than shilke Governor sayninge toforne his undoinge for misrule in his time, shope to have letted thilke election, and have made anewe himselfe to have been chosen, and undir that moky l rore have arered. p. 486. b. And again he expresses his offence to be against the Government of the City, and says; He rough lytel of any bare of the mighty Senatours in thilke cite, ne of communes malice. p. 485, and 486, b.

<sup>w</sup> Test. p. 488, a.

<sup>x</sup> Owen not some of hem money for his [i. ther] comons? Paidest not thou for some of ther dispences, till they were turned out of Seland? Test. p. 487, b.

<sup>y</sup> Loke now what peple haste thou served, whiche of hem all in tyme of thine exile ever The refreshed by the value of the lest coigned plate, that walketh in money? Test. p. 487, b.

<sup>z</sup> When thou wer arested and first-time enprisoned, thou wer loth to change thy waie. Test. p. 495, b.

<sup>a</sup> And ever I was sought, if me lyst to have grace of my lyse and frenesse of that prison, I shulde openly confesse howe pece might be endused to enden at the firste rancours. It was fullie supposed my knowing to be ful in tho matters. Ib. p. 486, a.

<sup>b</sup> I wene thou fleddest, as long as thou might, ther privitie to concele, whiche thyng thou helesse lenger then shouldest. Ib. p. 488, a.

<sup>c</sup> Ib. p. 495, b.

<sup>d</sup> It is well wist both amongst the gretest and other of the relme, that I profered my body so largely into provinge of tho thinges, that Mars shuld have judged th'end; but for forbnesse of my wordes they durst not to shilke Judge trust. Ib. p. 487, a.

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What the consequence of this Discovery was with respect to his Accomplices doth not appear. It brought upon him the ill will of most people, who (as he says) called him *false, lyer, base, ingratefull, &c.* But the King regarding him as a person beloved by his Grandfather, and a faithful servant to himself<sup>c</sup>, pardoned him.

This miserable condition, so different from his former prosperity, as it is a proof of the uncertainty of human Happiness, so it gave occasion to his writing that excellent Treatise called *The Testament of Love*: In the beginning of which he thus reflects upon his former glory and his present misery; *Alas! Fortune, alas! I that some tyme in delicious houres was wont to enjoy blisfull stoundes, am now dryve by unhappy hevyness to bewaile my sondrie yvils in tene. Mirth is chaunged into tene, &c.* Thus witleffe, thoughtfull, sightlesse lokinge, I endure my penaunce in this derke prisoune, caitified fro frendshippe, and acquaintaunce, and forsaken of all that any worde dare speke. And a little further; *O! where art thou now frendship, that some tyme with langhande chere madest bothe face and countenance to me wardes?* And in another place<sup>d</sup>; *How am I now cast out of all sweteness of blisse, and mischevously stongen by passed joye! Sorrowfully must I bewaile and live as a wretch. Every of tho joyes is turned into his contrary: for riches now I have povertie, for dignitie now am I enprisoned, instede of power, wretchednesse I suffre, and for glory of renome I am now dispised, and fouliche hated; thus hath farne fortune, that sodainly am I overthromen, and out of all welth dispoiled, &c.* Nor did he for some time recover the shock this gave him, having lost his best friends at Court for meddling in those affairs, and brought the clamours and malice of the Commons upon him by betraying their Designs: And his continual expences in encouraging and maintaining those Parties having exhausted most of his substance, he was reduced to the lowest degree of poverty, inso-much that when he was restored to his liberty, he was so incumbered with debts, that he durst not appear for fear of arrests. And to compleat his misery, he not only lost his interest with the King, by the disgrace of his Patron the Duke of *Launcester*, but also his influence on the Duke by the means of *Katherine Swynford* his Wife's Sister was now much lessened. For the Duke, being dejected at the troubles in which he was involved, began to reflect on his vicious course of life, and particularly his keeping that Lady as his Concubine (whom, says *Knighton*<sup>e</sup>, he had kept long in his house, neither fearing God, nor blushing at Man) and therefore he now resolved to put her out of his house, and made a Vow to that purpose. Our Poet thus reduced, knew not which way to turn himself for support; he was therefore constrained to dispose of the Pensions granted him by the late King, by a surrender in Chancery, to the use of one *John Scalby*, as appears by the King's Grant of the same<sup>h</sup>.

Thus dispossessed of places, power and wealth, through a misapplication of them and an unguarded conduct, he retired to *Woodstock*; and weary of a long series of hurry, noise, danger and confusion, he shifted it for quiet and the calm pleasures of a studious safety, which produced his excellent Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, which is calculated for the Latitude of *Woodstock*, being a small matter different (as he says) from that of *Oxford*<sup>i</sup>. It appears from that piece, that the severe treatment which *Chaucer* received from the Government did not make him a firm Malecontent; for he strictly enjoins his Son to pray for the King<sup>k</sup>.

It may not be improper to observe, that during *Chaucer's* troubles, in the Tenth year of *Rich. II.* there was a dispute in a Case of Chivalry depending between Sir *Richard Grosvenour* and Sir *Richard le Scrope*, concerning their Arms; which the King directed *John Staple* and *Walter Leycester* Heralds, to examine. They accordingly met at the *Preaching Fryers* in *London*, on Monday the last day of *May*, where appeared as Witnesses most of the chief Nobility in *England*, and other persons of distinction; among whom was our *Chaucer*, who gave in evidence "That he saw *Scrope* armed at *Rottes* in *France*, *Azure* with a bend *d'or*,

<sup>c</sup> And I made thou haddest grace of thy King in foryevenesse of mikel misdede: to the gracious King art thou mikil holden, &c. lb. p. 495, b.

<sup>d</sup> lb. p. 502, a.

<sup>e</sup> Habebat namque Dominam Katherinam de Swynforde alienigenam in familiâ cum uxore suâ, unde suspicio sinistra maxime de eo oriebatur; et votum vovit Deo, quod cum citius posset dictam dominam à familiâ suâ amoveret cum effectu ulterius non offensurus. *Knighton* 2642. n. 40. *Walsingham*. 368. n. 10.

<sup>h</sup> Ricardus, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod cum nos vicesimo tercio Martii, Anno Regni nostri 1mo. literas nostras patentes sub magno sigillo nostro aprobavimus et confirmavimus concessionem factam dilecto Armigero nostro Galfrido Chaucer per Dominum E. nuperum Regem Angliæ Avum nostrum, de viginti marcis percipiend singulis annis ad Scaccarium — ad totam vitam ipsius Galfridi, vel quousque idem Avus noster pro statu suo aliter duceret ordinand. ac postmodum decimo

octavo Aprilis anno predicto per quâdam literas nostras patentes sub magno sigillo nostro concessimus eidem Galfrido in recompensationem unius Pycher. [vini] per diem per presatum Avum nostrum eidem Galfrido alias concessi percipiend. in portu civitatis nostre London. — ad totam vitam ipsius Galfridi, et — viginti marcas percipiend. singulis annis ad Scaccarium nostrum ad totam vitam predicti Galfridi, &c. Nos ad supplicationem presati Galfridi pro eo quod ipse dictas literas nostras nobis in Cancellariâ nostrâ restituit Cancellario, de gratiâ nostrâ speciali, et pro bono servicio quod dilectus Johannes Scalby nobis impendit in futuro concessimus eidem Johanni dictas quadraginta marcas percipiend. — ad totam vitam ipsius Johannis, vel quousque pro statu suo aliter duximus ordinandum, &c. Teste me ipso apud Westm. 1. die Maii A. R. nostri xi. Burton.

<sup>i</sup> Astr. p. 447, a.

<sup>k</sup> lb. p. 439, b.



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“ and that Coat was by publick voice and fame taken for *Scrope's Coat* <sup>17</sup>. By this it should seem that *Chaucer* was some time in the Wars in *France*, the Scene of War being at one time near that place; to which we may add the Character given him, that he was *famous in arms as well as Letters* <sup>m</sup>.

The Duke of *Lancaster* surmounting his troubles, his Party gathered new life; particularly the Sentence against *Northampton* was repealed, and he himself cleared by a Certificate under the hands of the Mayor and Aldermen of *London*. Nor were the Dukes Resolutions of long continuance in regard to *Katherine Swynford*, for soon after his Vow before mentioned, he received her into more favour than ever, and granted her (by the Title of most dear and well-beloved) the Wardship of *Bertran de Sanby's* Heir, for being Guardianess to his Two Daughters *Philippa* and *Elizabeth*; and by the same appellation, and upon the same consideration, he granted her likewise an Annuity of Two hundred Marks *per Annum*, payable out of his Honour of *Tickhill*. These Pensions were exceeding large at that time, and it may seem profuse in the Duke to bestow so many favours upon this Lady; but it is to be considered that they were not only Rewards for her being Mistress to his Daughters, but were intended for the maintainance of five Children he had by her, who were born at *Belfort* (or *Beaufort*) Castle in *Anjou*, which came to the house of *Lancaster* by *Blaunch of Artois* Queen of *Navarre*. She was delivered there probably for privacy, for she lived at *Lincoln* after the Death of Queen *Philippa*, in whose Life-time she was in the house with the Duke, but not publicly known to be his Mistress, much less that he had Children by her; therefore *Knigh-ton* says, there was only a strong suspicion of their intimacy. But the Duke, about the Twentieth year of this King, resolved to make amends at once for his former course of life, and when she had now no charms left to recommend her, married her at *Lincoln*; a Match which gave great offence to the Dutcheß of *Glocester*, the Countess of *Derby* and *Arundel*, and other Ladies of the Blood Royal, because hereby she took place of them. She was however much esteemed by King *Richard*, who appointed her to receive his Queen *Anne*, and attend her at her landing in *England*. Nor did the Duke think it sufficient to repair her Honour only, but likewise that of her Children: Accordingly the next year he procured them to be legitimated in Parliament <sup>o</sup>. The Children the Duke had by this Lady were, *John Beaufort* Earl of *Somerset*, *Henry Beaufort* Cardinal of *St. Eusebius*, first Bishop of *Lincoln* and afterwards of *Winchester*, and several times Chancellor of *England*, *Thomas Beaufort* Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of *Dorset*, and *Joan* Countess of *Westmorland*: So that by this Marriage *Thomas Chaucer* became allied to most of the Nobility, and to several of the Kings of *England*.

And now the Sun began to shine upon *Chaucer* with an Evening ray after a stormy Afternoon; for at the Sixty fourth or Sixty fifth year of his age, the King granted to him, by the Title of *dilectus Armiger noster*, an Annuity of Twenty Marks *per Annum* during Life, as a Compensation for the former Pension granted to him by *Edw. III.* which by his ill conduct he was obliged to part with. But that (how sufficient soever it might be for a present support) could not discharge the many Debts in which *Chaucer* was engaged; and the King willing to screen him till he should recover himself, granted him his Protection<sup>p</sup> dated at *Westminster* the fourth day of *May* in the Twenty first year of his Reign; setting forth that the King had occasion to employ him in several affairs of moment. And the year following he granted to him by the Title of *Armiger noster*, by Letters Patents dated at *Westminster* the thirteenth day of *October*, in compensation of the *Pycher* of Wine daily, one Pipe of Wine annually in the Port of *London*, to be delivered to him by his Chief Butler<sup>q</sup>; which Office was that year granted to his Son *Thomas*, who now growing in great favour, it will not be improper in this place to relate what we have concerning him.

It was before observed that *Thomas Chaucer*, by his marriage with *Maud* Daughter of Sir *John Burghershe*, attained to great wealth. The Office of Chief Butler to the King, granted to him this year, was afterwards given him for Life by Letters Patents from King *Henry IV.* and confirmed by *Henry VI.* In the second year of *Henry IV.* we find him Speaker of the House of Commons, Sheriff of *Oxfordshire* and of *Berkshire*, and Constable of *Wallingford* Castle and of *Knaresborough* Castle during Life. In the fourth year of the same Reign, the King

<sup>1</sup> Roll in a Cause of Chivalry between *Scrope* and *Grosvenour*, 10 R. 2. communicated to Mr. Urry by *John Anstis* Esq; Garter Principal King at Arms. Sir *Richard Grosvenor* of *Eaton* in *Cheshire* has a Folio Book in Velum, wherein all the Proceedings in this Dispute are copied from the Records in the Tower; and *Chaucer's* Evidence is amongst other things there set down. This was communicated by *Richard Moshyn* Esq; of *Penbedw*, to Mr. T. Hearne of *Edmund-Hall*, Oxon.

<sup>m</sup> *Vir belli pacisque artibus mirè florens. Pits. in vitâ Chauceri.*

<sup>n</sup> *Pour le bon & greable service que nostre treschier & bien aimee Dame Katherine Swynford Maistresse de noz tresames filz ad fait a noz dites filles lui avoir grauntes, &c. Ex libro nigro in Cam Duc. Lanc. fol. 96.*

<sup>o</sup> Lord Coke 4 Instit. Chap. 1.

<sup>p</sup> Rex, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod cum dilectum Armigerum nostrum *Galf. Chaucer* ad quamplura ardua & urgentia negotia

*nostra tam in absentia quam in presentia nostris in diversis partibus infra regnum nostrum Angliæ facienda & expedienda ordinaverimus; idemque Galfrid. timeat se, per quosdam amulos suos, per quamplures querelas sive sectas, dum sic negotiis nostris intenderit, inquietari, molestari sive implacitari, & nobis supplicaverit ut sibi in hac parte subvenire velimus: Nos volentes pro securitate ipsius Galfridi prospicere graciosè suscepimus ipsum Galfridum ac homines, terras, res, redditus, & omnes possessiones suas in protectionem & defensionem nostras speciales, nolentes quod ipse à data presentium per duos annos integros ad cujuscumque persona sectam nullatenus arrestetur, seu aliquid qualiter implacitetur, &c.—In cujus, &c. per biennium duratur. Teste Rege apud Westm. quarto die Maii, &c. Pat. 21 R. 2. p. 3. m. 26.*

<sup>q</sup> Pat. 22 Ric. 2. p. 1. m. 5.



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directed an Order to him as Chief Butler to deliver 100 Tuns of Wine to the Duke of *Burgundy*. In the sixth year of the same Prince, he was sent Embassadour into *France*; and the year following he went over Sea, joined in Commission with the King's Brother and G. Chaucer's Nephew, *Henry Beaufort* Bishop of *Winchester*. In the ninth year of the same Reign, on Tuesday the Twenty fifth of *October*, the Commons presented him their Speaker; as they did likewise in the eleventh year, on Wednesday the Twenty eighth of *January*. In the twelfth year of that Reign, Queen *Jane* granted to him for his good service, the Manor of *Woodstock*, *Hannebrough*, *Wotton* and *Stuntesfield* during Life; and in the thirteenth year, on the fifth of *November*, he was again presented Speaker, as he was in the second of *Henry V.* on Wednesday the second day of Parliament. And in the same year he was sent by the King, in joint Commission with *Hugh Mortimer*, to treat of a Marriage with *Katherine* Daughter to the Duke of *Burgundy*. He was likewise Embassador in the fifth and sixth years of the same Reign with *Walter Hungerford*, Steward of the Household, in the same affair: And again, in the sixth year of the same Reign he was Embassador for Peace with *France*; and he passed through several other publick Stations, as appears by Records.

Mr. *Stebbing* intimates that he was Knighted, and calls him Sir *Thomas Chaucer*, but no such Title is given him in any Record: And if he received that Honour at the latter part of his Life, it would have been applyed to him after his death, which no where appears; but on the contrary, in an Entry of Lands held *in Capite* by his Daughter, and in the Epitaph on his Tomb he is only written *Armiger*.

The chief place of his Residence was at *Ewelme* in *Oxfordshire*, where he dyed in the year 1434, and lies buried in that Parish Church, under a Black Marble Tomb, in a fair Chapel the South side of the Quire, with the Effigies of him and his Wife upon the Tomb in brass plates, and round the verge of the Stone is this Inscription; *Hic jacet Thomas Chaucer Armiger, quondam Dominus istius villæ & patronus istius ecclesiæ, qui obiit 18. die Mensis Novembris Anno D. 1434. & Matildis uxor ejus, quæ obiit 28. die Mensis Aprilis Anno D. 1436.*

By his Wife *Maud*, or *Matilda*, who survived him two years, he had one Daughter named *Alice*, who was thrice married; first to Sir *John Philips* Knight, and afterwards to *Thomas Montacute* Earl of *Salisbury*, who dying left her very rich: Her third Husband was the famous *William de la Pole*, Earl and afterwards Duke of *Suffolk*, who was first secretly married to the Countess of *Hainault*, by whom he had one Daughter; but procuring a Divorce from her he married this *Alice*, by whom he had one Son, *John* Duke of *Suffolk*. Duke *William* lived chiefly at *Dunnington* and *Ewelme*; at the first of which *Stow* says he built an Hospital, but he seems to mistake it for that founded by *Adderbury*, as before-mentioned, for *Dugdale* takes no notice of any other; but at *Ewelme* he founded one called *God's House*. He was an instance of the danger of a Prince's Favour, and the envy that attends it: For influencing the Notions and the Will of his Master *Henry VI.* too much, and abusing the Power he had over that easy Prince, he enraged the Commons to that degree, that nothing less than his Banishment could appease them; which being agreed to, the *Yorkists* fearful of his return, seized him in his passage in *Dover* Road, and cut off his head upon the side of a Cock-boat; and his Body was buried at the Charterhouse at *Hull*. The Dutchess survived him several years, and after an honourable Life dyed at *Ewelme* in the year 1475<sup>1</sup>.

Their Son *John* had issue (according to *Leland* \*) *John* Earl of *Lincoln*, *Edmond*, after Duke of *Suffolk*, *Richard*, *William*, and ..... who was a Scholar in *Gunvil-Hall* in *Cambridge*. *Edmund de la Pole*, the last of that name Duke of *Suffolk*, for being in Treason against *Henry VII.* (for which he had been once pardoned) forfeited his Life to the Crown, and was beheaded in the seventh year of that King's Reign; whereby the Estates which *Chaucer's* Family was possessed of came to the Crown; and particularly the Hospital of *Ewelme*, which was by King *James* the First annexed to the Physick Professor of *Oxford*, who is always Master thereof.

But to return to our *Chaucer*: The King, about the Twenty second year of his Reign, confirmed again to him the Grant for the Pipe of Wine annually; and by means of these Grants and the Influence he recovered by the Duke of *Lancaster's* Marriage, he again grew to a considerable share of wealth. But being now near Seventy years of age, and tired with a tedious view of hurried greatness, he thought it high time to withdraw from the Court Stage, where he had acted so considerable a part and with such various success, to consider and at distant leisure reflect upon what he had been doing. In order to which, he retired to *Dunnington* Castle near *Newbury*, where he spent the two or three last years of his Life; which

\* *Lel. Itin.* Vol. VIII. p. 12 and 131.

<sup>1</sup> *Lel.* says, that for love of her and the commodite of her Landes, he fell much to dwelle in *Oxfordshire*, and *Berkshire*. *Itin.* Vol. II. p. 6.

<sup>2</sup> She lies buried in the Parish Church of *Ewelme*, on the South side of the High Altar in a Tomb of Alabaster, with an Image in the Habit of a Vowess crowned lying on the

same, and (as *Spregh* says) another Image under the Tomb, so near as may be like unto her at the time of her death, with this Epitaph; *Orate pro animâ serenissima Principissa Aliciæ Ducissæ Suffolciæ hujus Ecclesiæ patrona, & prima fundatoris hujus Eleemosinaria, quæ obiit 20 die mensis Maii, Anno Domini 1475. Litera Dominicali A.* *Lel. Itin.* Vol. II. p. 6.

<sup>3</sup> lb.

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being the last place of his Retirement; some account of it may not be unacceptable. It was in Mr. *Camden's* time (when in it's Glory) "a small but neat Castle, situate upon the brow of a rising Hill, having an agreeable prospect, very light with Windows on all sides, said to be built by Sir *Richard Adderbury* Knight, who likewise founded an Hospital beneath it, called *God's House*: it was afterwards the Seat of *Chaucer*, then of the *De la Pole's*, and in our Father's memory the dwelling of *Charles Brandon*, Duke of *Suffolk*". At the beginning of the Rebellion in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, it was a Garrison for the King under the valiant Sir *John Boys*, which commanded the Western Road and Town of *Newbury*, and was therefore of considerable advantage to the Royal Party, as a safe Retreat; and the Cannons playing from it, much annoyed the Parliament Forces. This place his Majesty honoured by lying one night in it; but after a rough assault, and as bold a resistance (during which several of the Towers were battered down) it was surrendered upon honourable conditions. This was the ancient state, and the occasion of the late ruin of that pleasant Structure. At present there is nothing to be seen of it, but what raises horror and concern; a battered Gateway with two Towers, and some small part of the shattered Walls being all that remains thereof. The ground about it and the Ruins of it are choaked with Brambles, and overrun with Ivy; but lest even the place of it's situation should in a few years more be forgot, I shall as plainly as I can describe it. It lies half a mile to the right of *Spinhamstead* (the ancient *Spina* of *Antoninus*) and a mile beyond *Newbury*, on the same side; as you go from *London*, you pass over the River *Kennet* to the Village of *Dunnington*, from which there is a pretty steep but pleasant Ascent through a Lane to a Hill under the Castle, where stands a Seat (as I remember) of the Countess of *Sandwich*. From hence rises the Castle-Hill very steep, and not unlike that whereon the Observatory stands at *Greenwich*; and from this Hill there is a very fine Prospect of several Counties. On the back of the Castle are level Grounds, Woodlands and Enclosures. It stands in a pleasant Park, and is at present the Estate of *Robert Packer* Esq; in right of his Wife, one of the Daughters and Coheirs of Sir *Humphrey Winchcombe* of *Bucklebury*. In this Park stood an Oak called *Chaucer's Oak*, under which he is said to have written several of his Poems. Mr. *Evelin* gives a particular account of this Tree, and says there were three of them planted by *Chaucer*; the King's Oak, the Queen's Oak, and *Chaucer's Oak*. In this pleasant Retirement *Chaucer* spent the few last years of his Life, living in honour, and esteemed by all, famous for his Learning, not only in *England*, but in foreign Countries.

He was universally beloved, and even Party-Zeal could not raise him Enemies. Of Friendships he selected the best, being familiar with, and received by all the Men of Learning at that time. Of these *Gower* was the chief, who was of an honourable family, and by some counted a Knight: He studied the Laws, and seems by a Collar of SS. upon the Statue on his Tomb, to have been in some considerable Station at that time. He wrote several Pieces, in which he makes honourable mention of our Poet, and addresses him as a Judge of his Works. He was a Man of singular Learning, and great Piety; but much given to change with the turns of State: He lived to a great age, and survived *Chaucer* two years, and was \* stone blind before his death. He lies buried in St. *Mary Overies* Church in *Southwark* <sup>1</sup>.

With *Gower* he joins another of his friends in the Inscription of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*, whom he calls the *Philosophical Strode*; whose Christian name, according to *Leland* and *Bale*, was *Ralph*; but according to others, *Nicholas*. He was a celebrated Philosopher at that time of *Merton* College, and Tutor to *Chaucer's* Son *Lewis*, as appears by a Note at the end of a MS. Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, amongst the Books of the late Bishop of *Ely* <sup>2</sup>. *Bale* says, he wrote several pieces of Poetry, and particularly four Books of Elegiacs. He was a great Follower of *Wickliffe*.

There can be no doubt of *Chaucer's* intimacy with *Wickliffe*; being probably of the same College with him, a Follower of his Opinions, and both Retainers to the Duke of *Lancaster*.

*Thomas Occleve*, or *Hocklife*, was a particular favourite of our Poet, and is said to be his Scholar; but it may be doubted whether strictly speaking he was his Pupil: It is more probable that *Chaucer* might be his Master (as *Lidgate* and others call him theirs) because *Occleve* took his Works for his pattern in writing, or submitted his Writings to his correction;

<sup>1</sup> Castellum exiguum sed elegans, memorosi collis supercilio prospectu ameno positum, & quod interius omne fere lumen admittit, conditum vero ferunt à Ricardo Adderbury Equite Aurato, qui etiam sub eo Domum Dei pauperulis fundavit; postea fuit Chauceri, inde Delapolorum; & patrum memoria Caroli Brandon Ducis Suffolciæ habitatio. *Camd. Brit.*

\* As appears by his own words;

Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus,  
Quo mihi defecit visus ad acta mea, &c.

<sup>2</sup> In the Chapel of St. *John Baptist* in St. *Mary Overies* Church in *Southwark*, to the Rebuilding of which Church *Gower* had been a considerable Benefactor, there is a fine Monument in the Wall of the North Isle, where his Statue lies in a Gown flowered with greenish Damask, with a Crown of Roses, and a Collar of SS. his three Books lying under his Head. See *Stow's Survey*.

<sup>3</sup> The words in the MS. are these; *Explicit Tractatus de conclusionibus Astrolabii compilat. per Galsfredum Chauciers ad filium suum Ludewicum scholarem tunc temporis Oxoniæ, ac sub tutela illius nobilissimi Philosophi Magistri N. Strode.*



## GEOF. CHAUCER.

and perhaps he might receive some particular Instructions <sup>a</sup> from him, and upon that account might shew him such respect as Mr. *Pope* does to the Memory of the late Mr. *Walsh* <sup>b</sup>. This Gentleman (who next *Chaucer* was one of the politest Wits in *England*) was of the Office of the Privy Seal. He wrote a Book called *Cupid's Letter*, printed with *Chaucer's Works*, which is a curious Defence of, and at the same time an artful Satyr upon Women: This piece is by some ascribed to *Chaucer*, but by mistake; it being written in the year 1402 (as appears by the Date at the end of it) which was two years after *Chaucer's* Death. He was (as *Bale* says) a strict Follower of the Opinions of *Wickliffe*, and *Berengarius*, which he had imbibed at *Merton College*, of which he was some time Student. To this Person we are particularly obliged for *Chaucer's* Picture, which he caused to be drawn in his Book *De regimine Principis* dedicated to King *Henry V.*

It is highly probable that *Lidgate* was intimately acquainted with our Poet, he being about Thirty years of age at *Chaucer's* Death. He is a close Imitator of our Poet in his Works, and frequently uses his very Expressions, copying whole lines together in some places. In his Story of the *Siege of Thebes* (which *Pits* says was written by *Chaucer*, and turned into English Verse by *Lidgate*) he shoves himself into the Company of *Chaucer* and his Pilgrims, laying the Scene at *Canterbury*, where that Story is told. He was no small Refiner of our Language; and his Pieces seem much more modern, than several of those of his Contemporaries. He had by Travel acquired all parts of Learning, and lived and died a Monk of *Bury* <sup>c</sup>. We have as much reason to believe that *Scogan* had a share in *Chaucer's* friendship, being (as *Leland* says) an admirer and imitator of him.

*Chaucer* had in the former part of his Life been acquainted with *Francis Petrarch*, the famous *Italian* Poet and Refiner of that Language. This acquaintance is supposed to have commenced at *Milan* in 1368. the Forty third year of King *Edward III.* and about the Fortieth of *Chaucer's* age, when *Lionel Duke of Clarence* married with *Violante*, or *Iolantis*, Daughter of *Galeazzo Prince of Milan*, and Sister of *John Galeazzo* first Duke of *Milan*. The Duke of *Clarence* went over attended with the chief Persons of the Court, and at *Milan* he gave them one of the most splendid Entertainments we meet with in History. *Petrarch* was present <sup>d</sup> at this Marriage; and some write that *Chaucer* was there <sup>e</sup>: But whether this was the place or time of their interview, I cannot determine; there can be no doubt but they were known to each other; and *Chaucer* in the Prologue to the *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale* seems to hint at himself in that Character (as he does very often on the like occasions) where the Clerk says, he learned the Story of *Grifild* at *Padua* from *Petrarch*. Mr. *Dryden* in the Preface to his Tales says it was the Invention of *Petrarch*, by him sent to *Boccace*, from whom it came to *Chaucer*; but *Petrarch* only translated it from *Boccace* into Latin, and dedicated it to him. Nor is there any reason to doubt of our Poet's acquaintance, or at least friendship, with *Boccace* (from whom he borrowed many things) who at that time bestowed a great deal of pains in refining the *Italian Tongue*, as *Chaucer* did the *English*, and *Alan Chartier* the *French*.

*Chaucer* had not long enjoyed this Retirement before he lost his Patron and Brother, the Duke of *Lancaster*, who dyed in the year 1399. and was buried at *St. Paul's* in *London*, where his Tomb stood until the late Fire; and upon it an Inscription, wherein his last Marriage was mentioned <sup>f</sup>. His Wife survived him four years, and dying at *Lincoln*, was there buried <sup>g</sup>.

Not long after the Death of this Prince that Revolution happened in *England* wherein *Rich. II.* was deposed, and *Henry IV.* assumed the Crown. Whether *Chaucer* was concerned in this doth not appear; but doubtless as he was a Follower of the Fortunes of the House of *Lancaster*, it could not be disagreeable to him to see the Son of his old Patron and Brother, the late Duke of *Lancaster*, obtain that Crown which his Father reached at in vain. But the respect he retained for his former Master *Richard*, and Gratitude for the Favours he had received from him, kept him from trampling upon his Memory, and basely flattering the new King; as most of his Contemporaries did, and particular *Gower*, who, notwithstanding the obligations he had to *Rich. II.* <sup>h</sup> yet when old, blind, and past any hopes of honour or advan-

<sup>a</sup> Occleve, in his Book *De regimine Principis*;

*My dere maister. (God his soule quite)  
And fader Chaucer fain would have me taught,  
But I was yong and lered lise or naught.*

<sup>b</sup> In his Essay on Criticism.

<sup>c</sup> *Prob.* to History of *Thebes*.

<sup>d</sup> *Paulus Jovius* in vitâ *Galeaf.* II. p. 152.

<sup>e</sup> Speght in his Life.

<sup>f</sup> *Tertiam uxorem duxit Catherinam ex Equestri familia & eximia pulchritudine feminam, ex qua numerosam suscepit prolem, unde genus ex matre duxit Henricus Septimus Rex Angliæ prudentissimus.* This Inscription was fixed in the Reign of *Henry VII.* Sandford.

<sup>g</sup> She lieth in the Cathedral Church of *Lincoln*, on the South side of the Quire, under a Marble Monument, built Altar-wise, inlaid with her Effigies in brass; and on a Fillet of the same is this Epitaph; *Ici gist dame Katherine Duchesse de Lancastre, filz a tresnoble Roy Edward le tierce, la quelle Katherine moreult le x jour de May l'an de grace Mil cccc tierz, de quelle alme Dieu eyt mercy & pitie. Amen.* Sandford.

<sup>h</sup> In the Prologue to his *Confessio Amantis* he tells how kindly King *Richard* called him on the *Thames* to come out of a Boat into the Royal Barge, where he commanded him to write that Book. This is omitted in the printed Editions, but supplied in an Advertisement to the Reader in the Edition of 1554.



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rage, unless the view of keeping what he enjoyed, basely insulted the Memory of his murdered Master, and as ignominiously flattered his Murderer.

Tho' *Chaucer* no where mentions the name of *Hen. IV.* no doubt he was very well with that Prince, whose precarious Title wanted the assistance of the learned Men of those times to support it: And we find that in the first year of his Reign he confirmed to *Chaucer* the Grants of the Pipe of Wine and of the Annuity (which had been accidentally lost) by an Exemplification of the former Patents of *Rich. II.* Nor did he think this sufficient to shew the value he had for his Father's Friend and Brother; but in the same year he granted to him an Annuity of Forty Marks *per Annum* during Life.

Mr. *Dryden* says that *Chaucer* was employed abroad and favoured by *Edward the Third*, *Richard the Second*, and *Henry the Fourth*, and was Poet (as he supposed) to all Three of them<sup>k</sup>. But with submission to that great Man, I find no grounds to believe he was Poet Laureat to any of them; and there is this reason for the contrary opinion, that there is not one Court Poem in all his Works. The words *Anglorum Vates ter maximus* upon his Tomb imply no such thing; the like being said of other Poets, who never had the Title of Laureat. The same may be said of the Title given him by *Lidgate* of *chiefe Poete of Brytayne*; which perhaps might induce others to think he was Poet Laureat. But Mr. *Selden* could find no Poet honoured with that Title in *England* before the time of *Edward the Fourth*, to whom one *John Kay* dedicated *The Siege of Rhodes* in prose, by the Title of his humble Poet Laureat<sup>l</sup>. If any Poet bore that Title then, it is more likely to be *Gower*, though Dr. *Fuller* floutingly says, he was neither Laureated nor Hederated, but Rosated, alluding to what *Pits* says concerning him<sup>m</sup>; yet it hath the head bound with a Fillet, in allusion to the ancient Custom: To which may be added what *Gower* says of the King's commanding him to write upon several Subjects, as is observed before. And *Chaucer* was so far from being employed by *Henry IV.* that he had scarce time to receive any marks of Favour from him, dying in the second year of his Reign; tho' Mr. *Collier* and others fix the time of his Death in 1400, which was the nineteenth year of *Henry VI.* If so, he could be but ten years old at the death of *Edw. III.* and therefore unfit to be employed by him, or to hold the Offices he enjoyed under him.

But how pleasing soever the change of Government might be to him at first, he afterwards found no small inconveniencies attending it. The Measures and Grants of the late King were annulled, the Acts of Parliament for a whole year (*i. e.* the Twenty first of his Reign) totally repealed; and Affairs were in so dangerous a posture, that no man thought himself secure, who had been concerned in the late Administration. *Chaucer* thought it high time to secure his Affairs, and get fresh Grants of his Pensions. In order to which, he left his Retirement and applied to Court; where tho' he gained a Confirmation of some Grants, as is before mentioned, yet the fatigue of attendance and his great age prevented him by Death from enjoying them: Not that he had any view of further honour, or desire of publick Employments; for *Leland* says he found age burthensome, and while he followed his Causes at *London* he fell sick, and with a truly Roman Courage, and at the same time with a calm and Christian resignation, ended his days in the Seventy second year of his age, and left the World as tho' he despised it, shewing a scorn of worldly affairs in the Song of *Flie fro the prese*, &c.<sup>n</sup> which he wrote in his last hours<sup>o</sup>. He dyed the Twenty fifth of *October* in the year of our Lord 1400. in the second year of the Reign of *Henry IV.* and was buried in *Westminster Abby*, in the great South cross Isle. Some Writers have affirmed that he was first buried in the Cloysters<sup>p</sup>; and lay there till some years after; but this is a mistake, for *Caxton* in his Edition of *Chaucer* (which was long before the time of his removal, as they place it) says that he was buried in the Abby Church of *Westminster* before the Chapel of *St. Bennet*: And it is very probable he lay beneath a large Stone of grey Marble in the Pavement where the Monument of Mr. *Dryden* now stands, which is in the Front of that Chapel; upon the erecting of which, this Stone was taken up and sawed in pieces to make good the Pavement. This seems best to answer *Caxton's* description of the place. *Speght* and others say the old Verses written upon his Grave were these<sup>q</sup>;

<sup>i</sup> Rex, &c. salutem. Constat nobis per inspectionem Rotulorum Cancellarie Domini Ricardi nuper Regis Angliæ secundi post conquestum, quod idem nuper Literas suas patentes fieri fecit in hæc verba, &c. [Reciting the Patent for the Wine] Constat etiam nobis per inspectionem Rotulorum Cancellarie ejusdem nuper Regis, quod idem nuper Rex alias Literas suas patentes fieri fecit in hæc verba, &c. [Reciting the Patent for the Annuity] Nos pro eo quod idem Galfridus coram nobis in Cancellaria nostra personaliter constitutus sacramentum prestavit corporale quod litera predicta casualiter sunt amissa, tenorem rotulamenti earundem literarum duximus exemplificandum per presentes. In cujus, &c. Teste Rege apud Westm. 18. die Octobris, &c. Pat. 1 H 4. p. 1. m. 18.

<sup>k</sup> In the Preface to his Fables.

<sup>l</sup> *Selden's* Titles of Honour. Part II. Ch. 1. §. 43.

<sup>m</sup> *Eique* [Gowero] erecta est statua, que duplicia gerit ornamenta, torquem videlicet auream, insigne militis & Equitis aurati: ex Hedera rosis interstinctam coronam, honorarium Poete laureati ornamentum. In vita Goweri.

<sup>n</sup> See Page 548.

<sup>o</sup> In a MS. in the Cotton Library (O THO. A. XVIII. these words are inserted before that Ballad; *A Balade made by Geoffrey Chaucyer upon his dede bedde lying in his grete Anguysse*.

<sup>p</sup> Fox's Acts and Mon. 1684. Vol. II. p. 42.

<sup>q</sup> *Leland* says they were put upon his Tomb by *Caxton* the Printer, at whose request *Steph. Surigennus* of *Milan* made that Copy of Verses upon *Chaucer's* Death, inserted among the Testimonies, out of which these two Verses are taken.



# GEOFF. CHAUCER.

*Galfridus Chaucer, vates, & fama Poesis  
Maternæ, hæc sacri sum tumulatus humo.*

But about the 1555. Mr. Nicholas Brigham a Gentleman of Oxford, who exercised his Muse much in Poetry, and took great delight in Chaucer's Works, and honoured his memory, at his own charge erected a handsome Monument for him not far from the said Chapel; for in the same place he could not then conveniently erect it, by reason of the Cancelli, which the late Duke of Buckingham obtained leave to remove to make room for Mr. Dryden's Tomb. Upon that Monument Mr. Brigham caused Chaucer's Picture to be painted, from that which was in Occleve's Book before mentioned, together with the following Inscription which still remains:

M. S.

*Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim*

*Galfridus Chaucer conditur hoc tumulo:*

*Annum si quæras Domini, si tempora vitæ,*

*Ecce notæ subsunt quæ tibi cuncta notant.*

25. Octobris. 1400.

*Ærunnarum requies mors.*

*N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptis.*

1556.

About the Ledge of the Tomb were these Verses now quite worn out:

*Si rogites quis eram, forsan te Fama docebit;  
Quod si Fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,  
Hæc monumenta lege.*

He was, as before observed, of a middle stature<sup>r</sup>, the latter part of his Life inclinable to be fat and corpulent, as appears by the Host's bantering him in the Journey to Canterbury, and comparing shapes with him<sup>w</sup>. His face was fleshy, his features just and regular, his complexion fair, and somewhat pale, his hair of a dusky yellow, short and thin; the hair of his beard in two forked tufts, of a wheat colour; his forehead broad and smooth; his eyes inclining usually to the ground, which is intimated by the Host's words<sup>x</sup>; his whole face full of liveliness, a calm easy sweetness, and a studious venerable aspect. As in the Characters of his Pilgrims he so naturally described them, that the nicest pencil could not possibly give us so full an Idea of them as his words; so likewise he has given us as just a Picture of himself: And as Mr. Dryden observes, he saw all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress as distinctly as if he had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark<sup>y</sup>; so one may from the Testament of Love conceive as perfect an Idea of Chaucer's behaviour and actions in conversation, as if one were sitting in the Prison with him, while he discoursed with Philosophy. The down-cast look, the strict attention, the labouring thought, the hand waving for silence, the manner of address in speaking, the smooth familiar way of arguing, the respectful way of starting his objections, and in short every expression in that dispute figures a lively Image of him in the mind of the Reader.

As to his Temper, he had a mixture of the gay, the modest, and the grave. The spright-

<sup>r</sup> So says Weaver, Fun. Mon. p. 489. who adds that Brigham buried his Daughter Rachel near to Chaucer's Tomb the 21. of June 1557. But A. Wood says that Brigham removed Chaucer's Bones into the South cross Isle or Transept of St. Peter's Church in Westminster, in the year 1556.

<sup>s</sup> See a Plate of the Monument in the Title Page.

<sup>t</sup> So say Speght and Weaver. These Verses were probably written upon a Ledge of Brass, which may have been fixed upon the Marble Table, but is now taken away, and not upon the Stone it self, there being no footsteps of any writing upon the edge of it.

<sup>u</sup> In Greene's Vision, written by Robert Greene Master of Arts in Cambridge, there is a lively Description of Chaucer, who is introduced as appearing to the Author in this form;

*His stature was not very tall,  
Leant he was, his legs were small,  
Hos'd within a stock of red;  
A button'd bonnet on his head,  
From under which did hang 1 weene,  
Silver haires both bright and sheene,  
His beard was white, trimmed round,  
His countenance blithe and merry found;*

*A steevle'st Jacket large and wide,  
With many pleights and skirtes side,  
Of water Chamlet did he wear;  
A whistel by his belt he beare;  
His shoes were corned broad before;  
His Inckhorne at his side he wore;  
And in his hand he bore a booke:  
Thus did this ancient Poet look.*

<sup>w</sup> The words of the Host to Chaucer. p. 144.

*Now ware you, Sirs, and let this man have place;  
He in the wast is shapen as wel as I,  
This were a popet in armes to embrace, &c.*

<sup>x</sup> lb. — What man art thou? (quoth he)  
Thou lookist as thou wouldist find an hare,  
For evir on the ground I se The flure.

<sup>y</sup> In the Preface to his Fables.



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lineſs of his humour was more diſtinguiſhed by his Writings, than by his Appearance; which gave occaſion to *Margaret Counteſs of Pembroke* often to rally him upon his ſilent Modeſty in company, telling him, that his abſence was more agreeable to her than his converſation<sup>a</sup>, ſince the firſt was productive of agreeable Pieces of Wit in his Writings, but the latter was filled with a modeſt deference, and a too diſtant reſpect. We ſee nothing merry or joſe in his behaviour with his Pilgrims, but a ſilent attention to their mirth, rather than any mixture of his own; and when he is called upon by *Harry Baily* the Hoſt, and rouzed out of his thoughtful Lethargy to tell a Tale, he endeavours to put it off by ſinging an old Ballad; but that not ſatisfying the Company, the Tale he tells is grave, moral and inſtructive.

In his early years his Temper and Inclination were ſomewhat too gay and looſe; nor did even Marriage confine his amorous humour, as appears by the Banter which paſſed between him and his Man in ſome Verſes written by them with a Diamond in the glaſs Window where he lived<sup>a</sup>; and he himſelf ſpeaks with a<sup>b</sup> penitent concern of the many wanton Songs he had writ in his younger years. Towards the latter part of his Life, the gay Gentleman gave way to the grave Philoſopher and pious Divine.

When diſengaged from publick Affairs, his time was entirely ſpent in ſtudy and reading: So agreeable to him was this exerciſe, that he ſays, he preferred it to all other ſports and diverſions<sup>c</sup>. He lived within himſelf, neither deſirous to hear nor buſy to concern himſelf with the affairs of his Neighbours<sup>d</sup>. His courſe of living was temperate and regular; he went to reſt with the Sun, and roſe before it<sup>e</sup>, and by that means enjoyed the pleaſures of the better part of the day, his morning walk and freſh contemplations. This gave him the advantage of deſcribing the Morning in ſo lively a manner as he does every where in his Works: The ſpringing Sun glows warm in his lines, and the fragrant Air blows cool in his deſcriptions; we ſmell the ſweets of the bloomy Haws, and hear the Muſick of the feathered Choir, when ever we take a Forreſt walk with him. The hour of the day is not eaſier to be diſcovered from the Reflexion of the Sun in *Titian's* Paintings, than in *Chaucer's* Morning Landſcapes. 'Tis true, thoſe Deſcriptions are ſometimes too long, and (as it is before obſerved) when he takes thoſe early rambles, he almoſt tires his Reader with following him, and ſeldom knows how to get out of a Forreſt, when once entered into it: But how advantageous this beautiful extravagance is, moſt of his Succeſſors well know, who have very plentifully lopt off his exuberant Beauties, and placed them as the chief Ornaments of their own Writings.

His Reading was deep, and extenſive, his Judgment ſound, and diſcerning; but yet (a thing rarely found in Men of great Learning and poignant Wit) he was communicative of his Knowledge, and ready to correct or paſs over the Faults of his Cotemporary Writers<sup>f</sup>. He knew how to judge of, and to excuſe the ſlips of weaker Capacities, and pitied rather than expoſed the Ignorance of that Age.

In one word, he was a great Scholar, a pleaſant Wit, a candid Critick, a ſociable Companion, a ſtedfaſt Friend, a grave Philoſopher, a temperate OEconomist and a pious Chriſtian. He was not unacquainted with the ancient Rules of Poetry, nor did he diſdain to follow them, tho' he thought it the leaſt part of a Poet's perfections. As he had a diſcerning Eye, he diſcovered Nature in all her appearances, and ſtrip'd off every diſguiſe with which the *Gothick* Writers had cloathed her: He knew that thoſe Drefſes would change as Times altered; but that ſhe her ſelf would always be the ſame, and that ſhe could never fail to pleaſe in her ſimple attire, nor that Writer who drew her ſo; and therefore deſpiſing the mean aſſiſtances of Art, he copied her cloſe. He knew what it was to be *nimis Poeta*, and avoided it as the moſt dangerous extreme. His Strokes are bold, and his Colours lively; but the firſt not too much laboured, nor the other too ſhowy or glaring. There is a wild Beauty in his Works, which comes nearer the Deſcriptions of *Homer*, than any other that followed him: And though his Pieces have not that regular diſpoſition as thoſe of the *Grecians*, yet the ſeveral Parts ſeparately compared, bear an equal value with theirs; and Mr. *Dryden*, than whom there was no better Judge of the Beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, poſitively aſſerts that he exceeded the latter, and ſtands in competition with the former<sup>g</sup>. Whoever reads the *Knight's Tale*, which is the beſt of his Performances, being a finiſhed Epick Poem, and examines the Characters, the Sentiments, the Diction, Diſpoſition and Time, will find that he was not unacquainted with the Rules of that way of Writing; but this requires an abler hand, and longer time to enlarge upon it.

That he was a true Maſter of Satyr, none will deny. It is true the Perſons levelled againſt, and the Crimes expoſed, would not allow of the ſevere Scourge *Juvenal* made uſe of, nor was there ſuch a variety of Follies as *Horace* facetiouſly exploded: Not but that *Chaucer* had

<sup>a</sup> See the godely Balade. p. 358.

<sup>a</sup> *I am a married man, and yet — quoth Chaucer.*  
*Thou art a merry man, quoth Wat.*

<sup>b</sup> In his Retraction. p. 214.

<sup>c</sup> In the beginning of the Dreame of *Chaucer*, and Leg. of

gode Women. y. 29, &c.

<sup>d</sup> So he deſcribes himſelf in the ſecond Book of Fame. y. 140, &c.

<sup>e</sup> Leg. of gode Women. y. 45, &c.

<sup>f</sup> *Occleve* and *Lidgate* bewail the loſs of him on this account. See the *Teſtimonies*.

<sup>g</sup> In the Preface to his Fables.



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a Scene of Vice in the Court of that time, capable of supplying him with matter sufficient for the sharpest strokes of Satyr; but he was wise enough not to exasperate a Court by which he was supported, and in which he had interest little enough to screen himself from malice, without provoking it: He knew he had a fair Province for the exercise of that Talent without exposing himself to it's resentment; and having a Court to back him, he has shewn by severely lashing an ignorant and corrupt Clergy, that he could (had it been safe) have applied as severe a lash to a vicious irreligious Laity. Yet there are some strokes which shew he was not incapable of writing in the *Horatian* way; of which the Physician whose *studie was but litle in the Bible*<sup>b</sup>, the Lawyer who *semed besier than he was*<sup>c</sup>, the libidinous Wife of *Bath*<sup>d</sup>, and the testy cholerick Reve<sup>e</sup>, and several other Characters are sufficient Instances.

That in the Elegiac kind of Poetry he was a compleat Master, appears plainly by his *Complaint of the Black Knight*, the Poem called *La belle Dame sans mercy*, and several of his Songs. He was an excellent Master of Love-Poetry, having studied that Passion in all it's turns and appearances; and Mr. *Dryden* prefers him upon that account to *Ovid*. His *Troilus* and *Creseide* is one of the most beautiful Poems of that kind; in which Love is curiously and naturally described in it's early appearance, it's hopes and fears, it's application, fruition, and despair in disappointment.

It is thought by some that his Verses every where consist of an equal number of feet, and that if read with a right accent, are no where deficient; but those nice discerning Persons would find it difficult, with all their straining and working, to spin out some of his Verses into a measure of ten Syllables<sup>m</sup>. He was not altogether regardless of his Numbers; but his thoughts were more intent upon solid sense than gingle, and he tells us plainly that we must not expect regularity in all his Verses<sup>n</sup>.

His Language, how unintelligible soever it may seem, is more modern than that of any of his Contemporaries, or of those that followed him at the distance of Fifty or Sixty years, as *Harding*, *Skelton*, and others; and in some places it is to this day so smooth, concise and beautiful, that even Mr. *Dryden* would not attempt to alter it, but has copied some of his Verses almost *literatim*: And *Chaucer* was the first that adorned and amplified the *English* Tongue from the *Provençal*<sup>o</sup>, which was the most polished of all the Languages used at that time<sup>p</sup>. It would require a just Dissertation to trace the old *French* Idiom through all his Works; but some notice being occasionally taken of it in the Glossary, the Reader must be referred thither.

I proceed to give some account of his Works, in the order wherein they were written, so far as it can be collected from them.

Mr. *Phillips* supposes a great part of his Works to be lost, above what we have extant of him<sup>q</sup>; of that number may be, *manye a Song, and many a lecherous lay*<sup>r</sup>, which might perhaps have been written by him while he was a Student at *Cambridge*. *Bale* and *Pits* give (after their manner) a very long Catalogue of his Works, by repeating the same Pieces under different Titles, which has lead others into the like mistakes.

The *Court of Love* was written while he resided at *Cambridge*, in the eighteenth year of his age<sup>s</sup>.

The *Craft of Lovers* was written in the year of our Lord 1348. which was the twentieth year of his age<sup>t</sup>; and it is probable the *Remedy of Love* was written about that time, or not long after<sup>u</sup>.

The *Lamentation of Mary Magdalen*, taken from *Origen*, was written by him in his early years<sup>w</sup>. And perhaps *Boetius de Consolatione Philosophiæ* was translated by him about the same time<sup>x</sup>.

The *Romaunt of the Rose*, is a Translation from the *French*. This Poem was begun by *William de Lorris*, and continued by *John de Meun*, both famous *French* Poets in their time<sup>y</sup>. It seems to have been translated by *Chaucer* while he was at Court, and about the time of the Rise of *Wickliffe's* Opinions, it consisting of violent Invectives against the Religious Orders. It is left imperfect at the end, and there are some *Lacuna's* in other places of it.

The *Complaint of the Black Knight*, was written (as some do conjecture) during *John's*

<sup>b</sup> Prol. 324.

<sup>c</sup> Ib. 440.

<sup>d</sup> Ib. 460, &c.

<sup>e</sup> Ib. 589.

<sup>m</sup> See Mr. *Dryden's* Preface to his Fables, p. S. quoted in the *Testimonies*.

<sup>n</sup> In the third Book of the House of Fame, N. 9, &c. See *Misse-metre* in the Gloss.

<sup>o</sup> See the Testimony of Mr. *Rymer*, and Mr. *Dryden's* Pref. to his Fables.

<sup>p</sup> *Winstanley* says, that herein he followed the Example of *Dante* and *Peirarch*, who had done the same for the *Italian* Tongue, *Alanus* for the *French*, and *Johannes Meus* for

the *Spanish*. *England's Worthies* p. 119.

<sup>q</sup> *Theatrum Pœt.* Part II. p. 51.

<sup>r</sup> See his *Retraction*. p. 214, b. and the Leg. of good Women. N. 422, 423.

<sup>s</sup> Court of Love. N. 43, 911, &c.

<sup>t</sup> Page 552, 553.

<sup>u</sup> See the Prol. to the Rem. of Love. p. 526.

<sup>w</sup> See the Leg. of good Wom. N. 427, 428.

<sup>x</sup> Ib. 425.

<sup>y</sup> *Recueil l'Origine de la Langue & Poësie Française.* A Paris. 1581. Menagiana, Tome 3. p. 67.



## The LIFE of

of Gaunt's Courtship with *Blanch*; and *Chaucer's Dreame* is supposed to be written upon account of the Duke of *Lancaster's* Marriage.

The Poem of *Troilus and Creseide* was written in the former part of his Life, and translated (as he says) from *Lollins*, an Historiographer of *Urbane* in *Italy*; it is called *Trophe* in the *Lombard* Tongue. He has not contented himself with a bare Translation of his Author, but hath added several things of his own, and borrowed from others what he thought proper for the Embellishment of this Work; and particularly the Song of *Troilus* in the First Book is a Translation of that Song in *Petrarch*, which begins, *S'amor non è, che dunqu' è quel ch'io sento*? And that Discourse of Predestination in the Fourth Book is an addition of his own; in which Controversy, he seems by this Passage and that in the Priest's Nonne's Tale beginning at *Y.* 1349. to be so well versed, that Sir *Henry Savil* thinks he had perused Archbishop *Bradwardine's* learned Book *De Causâ Dei* published at that time<sup>b</sup>. Sir *Francis Knahton*, who translated this Poem into Latin Rhimes, in his MSS. Notes upon it, says that it was not improbably conjectured that *Chaucer*, in writing the Lives and Loves of *Troilus* and *Creseide*, glanced at some private persons in the Court of King *Edw. III.* and did not follow *Homer*, *Dares*, *Diety*, or any Historian of those times. However (says he) *Chaucer* has taken the liberty of his own inventions; he hath made an admirable and inimitable Epick Poem, describing in *Troilus* a compleat Knight in Arms and Courtship, and a faithful constant Lover, and in *Creseide* a most beautiful and coy Lady, which being once overcome yields to the Frailty of her Sex.

The *House of Fame*. From this Poem Mr. *Pope* took part of the Design of his *Temple of Fame*.

The Book of *Blanch the Duchesse*, commonly called the *Dreame* of *Chaucer*, was written upon the Death of that Lady. It is called *The death of Blanche the Duchesse* in the *Leg. of gode Women*, *Y.* 418. and by *Lidg.* in his Prol. to the *Fall of Princes*.

The *Assembly of Fowls* (or *Parlement of Briddis*<sup>c</sup>, as he calls it in his Retraction) was written before the Death of Queen *Philippa*.

The *Life of St. Cecilia* seems to have been first a single Poem<sup>d</sup>, afterwards made one of his *Canterbury Tales*, which is told by the second Nonne; And so perhaps was that of the *Wife of Bath*, which he advises *John of Gaunt* to read<sup>e</sup>, and was afterwards inserted in his *Canterbury Tales*.

The *Canterbury Tales* were written about the year 1383. It is certain the Tale of the *Nonne's Priest* was written after the Insurrection of *Jack Straw* and *Wat Tyler*, which was in the year 1381. it being mentioned in that Tale<sup>f</sup>. It is probable that most of the Tales were written as so many distinct Poems at different times (as it has been before observed of the *Second Nonne's Tale*, and that of the *Wife of Bath*) and afterwards collected into one Body in Imitation of *Boccace's Decameron*, whence the Arguments of some of them were taken.

The *Flower and the Leaf*, was written by him; as appears by his own words in the Prologue to the *Legend of gode Women*. This is judged by Mr. *Dryden* to be of our Author's own invention, after the manner of the *Provençals*<sup>g</sup>; and he was so particularly pleased with it both for the Invention and Moral, that he recommends it to the Reader in a modern Dress.

*Chaucer's A. B. C.* called *La Priere de nostre Dame*, was written for the use of the *Duchess Blanch*.

The Book of the *Lion* is mentioned in his Retraction, and by *Lidg.* in the Prologue to the *Fall of Princes*; but it is now lost, as is that

*De Vulcani veru*, i. e. Of the Broche of *Vulcan*, which is likewise mentioned by *Lidgate*<sup>h</sup>.

*La belle Dame sans mercy*, was translated from the French of *Alain Chartier*, Secretary to *Lewis* the Eleventh, King of *France*.

The *Complaint of Mars and Venus* was translated from the French of Sir *Otes de Grantson* a French Poet. This Poem is supposed to have been written upon the account of the Lord *John Holland* before mentioned, who married the Lady *Elizabeth* (Daughter of the Duke of *Lancaster*) and that Lord is thought to be meant by *Mars*, and by *Venus* the Lady of *York*, Daughter to the King of *Spain*.

The *Complaint of Annelida* to false *Arcite*.

The *Legend of gode Women* (called *The Assembly of Ladies*, and by some *The Ninetene Ladies*) was written to oblige the Queen, at the request of *Margaret Countess of Pembroke*.

The Treatise of the *Conclusions of the Astrolabie* was written in the year 1391<sup>i</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Tr. I. i. v. 305.

<sup>b</sup> See the Gloss. in *Agre*.

<sup>c</sup> See the Passage among the *Testimonies*.

<sup>d</sup> It is called *The Parliament of Fowles* in the *Leg. of gode Wom.* *Y.* 419. and by *Lidg.* in the Prol. to *The Fall of Princes*.

<sup>e</sup> See the *Leg. of gode Wom.* *Y.* 426.

<sup>f</sup> See the Envoy to the Duke of *Lancaster* after the Loss of *Blanch*. *Y.* 29. p. 413.

<sup>g</sup> See p. 173. *Y.* 1509.

<sup>h</sup> In the Pref. to his Fables.

<sup>i</sup> In the Prol. to the *Fall of Princes*.

<sup>j</sup> See p. 442, b. and p. 443. a.



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## G E O F. C H A U C E R.

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*Of the Cuckow and Nightingale.* This seems by the Descriptions to have been writ at *Woodstock*.

The Ballade beginning *In Feverere, &c.* was a Compliment to the Lady *Margaret* Countess of *Pembroke*<sup>k</sup>.

Verles beginning, *The long nyghtis, &c.*

Several other Ballads are ascribed to him; some of which are justly suspected not to have been written by him; as that beginning, *O massie Quince*<sup>l</sup>, &c. and that beginning *I have a Ladie*<sup>m</sup>, &c. which must needs be written long after his time; for the Marriage of Queen *Jane* with King *Henry IV.* which is therein mentioned, did not happen till after *Chaucer's* Death.

The Comedies ascribed to him, seem to be nothing else but his *Canterbury Tales*, and the Tragedies were those his Monk tells in his Tale<sup>n</sup>; and they are so called in the Title of that Tale in some MSS.

The *Testament of Love* was written in his Troubles, in the latter part of his Life.

The Song beginning *Fly fro the presẽ, &c.* was written on his Death-bed, as it is before observed.

The *Testament and Complaint of Creseide*, are by *Bale* and *Pits* (after *Leland*) ascribed to *Chaucer*<sup>o</sup>: But as to the Author of them, the Reader may be referred to the Note prefixed to them.

*Leland* says, that by the consent of the Learned in his time, the *Plowman's Tale* was attributed to *Chaucer*, but was suppressed in the Editions then extant, because the Vices of the Clergy were therein exposed. *Fox* is of the same Opinion<sup>p</sup>, who also ascribes the little Piece called *Jack Upland* to him; as some have that Poem called *Piers Plowman's Visions*, confounding it with the *Plowman's Tale*.

Mr. *Speght* in his *Life of Chaucer* printed in 1602. mentions a Tale in Mr. *William Thynne's* first printed Book of *Chaucer's Works*, more odious to the Clergy than the Speech of the *Plowman*, which began thus;

*In Lincolnshire fast by a Fenne  
Standeth a religious house, who doth it kenne, &c.*

The Argument of which Tale, as also the occasion thereof, and the cause why it was left out of *Chaucer's Works*, he promised should be shewed in Mr. *Francis Thynne's* Comment upon *Chaucer*<sup>q</sup>; but neither the one nor the other have been since published.

One thing more is to be observed of his Works; that they were so universally valued, that we do not find them in the Catalogues of Books prohibited by the Bishop of *London*, in the year 1526. nor of those prohibited by the King, at the Instigation of the Bishops, by Proclamation in 1529<sup>r</sup>. But on the contrary, in an Act of Parliament in the 34 *Hen. VIII. Cap. I.* *For the advancement of true Religion, and for the abolishment of the contrary*, the *Canterbury Tales*, *Chaucer's Works*, are excepted from the Prohibition of that Act.

As to the Tales added in this Edition; an Account of them comes within the Design of the Preface, to which the Reader is referr'd; as he is to the following Testimonies for a fuller account of the Judgment of Learned Men, both in *Chaucer's* time and since, concerning Him and his Works.

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<sup>k</sup> Page 556.

<sup>l</sup> Page 558.

<sup>m</sup> Page 557.

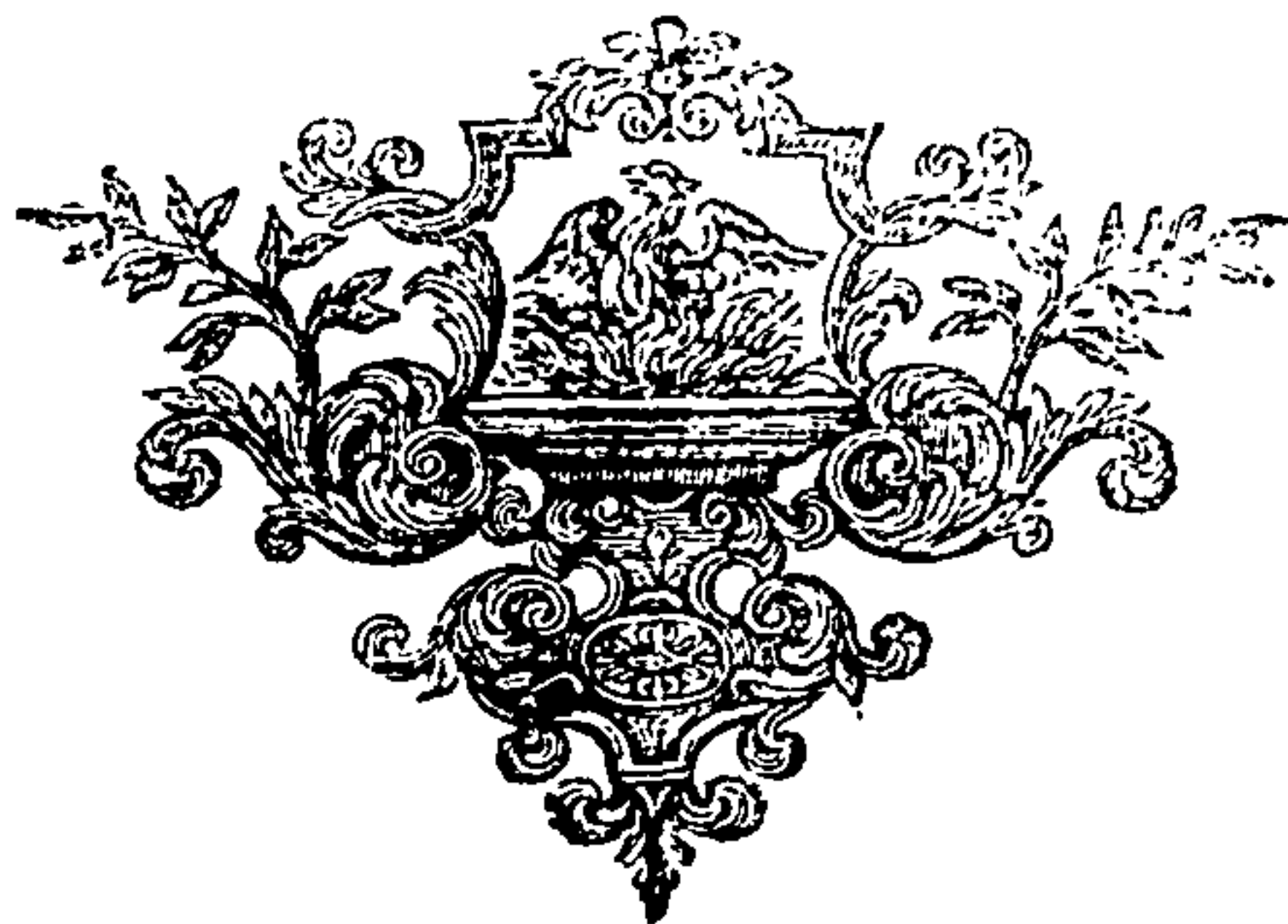
<sup>n</sup> See the Prol. to the *Monke's Tale*, N. 85, &c.

<sup>p</sup> Acts and Mon. Vol. II. p.

<sup>q</sup> See *Wood's Athenæ* in *Francis Thynne*.

<sup>o</sup> Dr. *Hicks* calls the *Testament of Creseide*, *Carmen Chauceri*. Gram. AS. p. 65. in marg.

<sup>r</sup> *Fox's Acts and Mon.* 1684. Vol. II. p. 233, &c.







# TESTIMONIES

Of Learned Men concerning

*CHAUCER* and his *WORKS*.

Jo. Gower *De Confessione Amantis*,  
Printed by *Thomas Berthelette*, 1554.  
Fol. CXC. a. where *Venus* speaks  
to *Gower*;

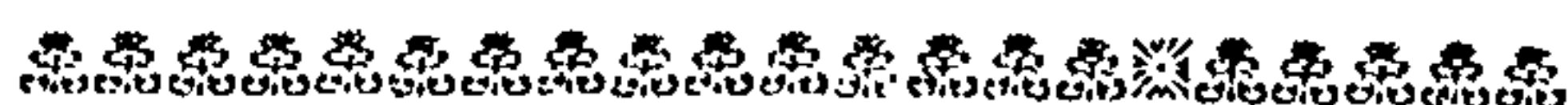
— **G** Rete well *Chaucer*, whan ye mete,  
As my disciple and my poete,  
For in the floures of his youth,  
In fondrie wife, as he well couth  
Of ditees, and of songes glade,  
The which he for my sake made,  
The londe fulfilled is over all;  
Whereof to hym in speciall  
Above all other I am most holde.  
Forthy nowe in his daies olde  
Thou shalt hym tell this message,  
That he upon his later age,  
To sette an ende of all his werke,  
As he whiche is myn owne clerke,  
Do make his *Testament of love*,  
As thou hast done thy shrifte above,  
So that my courte it may recorde.  
Madame, I can me well accorde,  
(Quod I) to telle as ye me bid.



*John Lidgate* in his Prologue to the  
Story of *Thebes*, speaking of the  
*Canterbury Tales*;

**A**S openly the Story can you lere  
Word by word, with every circumstance  
Echone iwrit and put in remembrance  
By him that was, if [that] I shall not faine,  
Floure of Poetes, throughout all Britaine,  
Which forthely had moste of excellence  
In Rhetorike and in eloquence.  
Rede his making who liste the trouthe find,  
Which never shall appallen in my mind,  
But alwaie freshe been in myne memorie,  
To whom be yove prife, honour and glorie

Of well seyng first in our language;  
Cheefe Registrer in this pilgrimage,  
All that was told foryeting nought at all,  
Feined tales, nor thing historiall,  
With many Proverbs, divers and uncouth,  
By reherfaile of his sugred mouthe,  
Of eche thyng kepyng in substance  
The sentence hole withoutin variaunce,  
Voidyng the chaffe, sothely for to seine,  
Enlumining the true piked greine,  
By craftie writyng of his sawes swete,  
Fro the tyme that they did mete.



The same Author in the Prologue to  
his Translation of *Boccace* of the  
*Fall of Princes*.

**M**Y Maister *Chaucer* with his fresh comedies  
Is dede, alas! chiefe Poete of Britayne,  
That whilom made ful piteous tragedies,  
The *Fall of Princes* he did also complayne,  
As he that was of making soverayne:  
Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre;  
Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre.

And semblably as I have told tofore  
My Maister *Chaucer* did his besynesse,  
And in his dayes hath so well him borne  
Out of our tong t'avoyden all rudenesse,  
And to reforme it with colors of swetenesse:  
Wherfore let us yeve him laude and glorye,  
And put his name with Poetes in memorye.

Of whose labour to make mencion,  
Wherethurgh of right he shulde commendid be,  
In youthe he made a translacioun  
Of a boke which called is *Trophe*  
In Lumbard tong, as men may rede and se,  
And in our vulgare, long or that he deyde,  
Gave it the name of *Troilus and Cresseide*.

Which



## TESTIMONIES; &c.

Which for to rede lovers them delite,  
They have therein so grete devocioun;  
And this Poete also himselfe to quite,  
Of *Boecius* boke the consolacioun;  
Made in his tyme an hole translatioun;  
And to his Sonne that called was *Louis*  
He made a tretise, ful noble and of great prife/

Upon th' *Astrolabour* in full noble forme  
Set them in ordre with ther divisions,  
Mennys wittes t'applien and conforme,  
To understond by full expert retons,  
By domifieng of sundrie mansions,  
The rote out sought at the Ascendent,  
Toforne or he gaf any jugement.

He wrote also ful many a day agone  
*Dante* in English, himself so doth expresse;  
The piteous Story of *Ceix and Alcion*,  
And the *deshe* eke of *Blaunche* the *Duchesse*;  
And notably did his besinesse,  
By grete avyse his wittes to dispose,  
To translate the *Romans of the Rose*:

Thus in vertue he set all his entent  
Ydelnes and vices for to fle:  
Of *fowles* alle he wrote the *Parliament*,  
Therin remembring of royall Egles thre,  
Howe in their choysse they felte adversite,  
Tofore nature profered the batayle  
Eche for his partie, if it would awayle.

He did also his diligencé and payne,  
In our vulgare to translate and endite  
*Origene* upon the *Maudelayne*;  
And of the *Lyon* a boke he did write;  
Of *Annelida* and of *false Arcite*  
He made a complaynt doleful and piteous;  
And of the *broche* which that *Vulcanus*

At *Thebes* wrought full divers of nature;  
*Ovide* writeth who therof had a sight  
For high defyre he shuld not endure  
But he it had never be glade ne light;  
And if he had it onys in his might,  
Like as my maister saith and writeth in dede,  
It to conserve, he shuld aye live in drede.

This poete wrote, at the request of the quene,  
A *legende* of perfite holynesse,  
Of *good women* to synd out nynetene  
That did excell in bounte and fayrenes;  
But for his labour and besinesse  
Was importable his wittes to encombre,  
In all this world to synd so grete a nombre.

He made the boke of *Caunterbury Tales*,  
Whan the pylgryms rode on pylgrymage  
Throughout *Kent*, by hylles and by dales,  
And all the stories told in their passage,  
Endited them full well in our langage;  
Some of knighthode, some of gentilnesse,  
And some of love, and some of perfitenes.

And some also of grete moralite  
Some of disporte including grete sentence:  
In prose he wrote the tale of *Melibe*  
And of his wife, that called was *Prudence*;  
And of *Grifildes* perfite pacience;  
And how the *Monke* of *Stories* new and olde  
Pitous tragedies by the weye tolde.

This sayed Poete my maister in his dayes  
Made and compiled ful many a fresh dite;

Complaintes, ballades, roundeles, virelaies,  
Ful delectable to heren and to se;  
For which men shulde of right and equite,  
Sith he of English in making was the best;  
Pray unto god to yeve his soule good rest.



The same Author, *ibid.* L. i. C. 6.

**B**UT if ye list have clere inspeccion  
Of this story upon every side,  
Reade the *Legende of Cupide*,  
Which that *Chaucer* in order as they stode,  
Compyled of *women* that were called *gode*.

Touchyng the Story of Kyng *Paridion*  
And of his godely fayre doughters twayne,  
How *Thereus* false of condicion  
Them to deceive did his besy payne:  
They bothe named of beauty soverayne,  
*Godely Progne*, and yonge *Philomene*,  
Bothe *Innocentis* of intent full clene.

Their pitous fate in open to expresse,  
It were to me but a presumption,  
Syth that *Chaucer* did his besinesse  
In his *Legende* as made is mencion,  
Their martyrdome, and their passion  
For to reherse them did his besy payne;  
As chiefe Poete called of *Brytayne*.

Of *good women* a boke he did write,  
The number uncomplete fully of nynetene;  
And there the story plainely he did endite  
Of *Thereus*, *Progne* and *Philomene*,  
Where ye may se their legende; thus I mene,  
Do them worshyp, and forth their life do shewe  
For a clere myrror, because there be but fewe!



The same, On the Praise of the Vir-  
gin *Mary*, Printed by *Wylliam*  
*Caxton*, Cap. xxxiii. A commendation  
of *Chauceres*.

**A**ND eke my master *Chauceris* now is grave,  
The noble rethor poete of *brytayne*,  
That worthy was the lawrer to have,  
Of poetrye, and the palme attayne,  
That made first to dystylle and rayne  
The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence  
Into our tunge through his excellence.

And fonde the flouris first of rethoryke  
Our rude speche only to enlumyne,  
That in our tunge was never none hym lyke;  
For as the sonne doth in heven shyne  
In mydday spere down to us by lyne,  
In whos presence no sterre may appere;  
Right so his ditees withouten ony pere

Every making with his light distayne,  
In sothfastnes whoso takyth hede;  
Wherfore no wonder though myn herte playne  
Upon his deth, and for sorow bledde,  
For want of hym now in my grete nede,



## TESTIMONIES *concerning*

That shold alas! conveye and directe,  
And with his supporte amende and correcte

The wronge traces of my rude penne,  
There as I erre and goo not lync right;  
But for that he ne may me not kenne,  
I can nomore but with al my myght,  
With al myn herte and myn inward sight,  
Prayeth for hym that now lyeth in cheste,  
To God above to yeve his sowlc good restc.

And as I can forthe I wyl procede,  
Sithen of his helpe ther may no socour be, &c.

~~~~~

*Occleve in the Prologue to his Book  
De Regimine Principis;*

**B**UT welaweie so is myn herte wo  
That the honour of English tong is dede,  
Of which I wont was han counsaill and rede.

O mayster dere and fadir reverent,  
My mayster *Chaucer*, flourc of Eloquence,  
Mirroure of fructuous entendement,  
O universel fadir in science,  
Alas that thou thyn excellent prudence  
In thy bed mortel mightest nought bequethe!  
What eyld deth? Alas! why would he sle the?

O deth, that didist nought harm singulere  
In slaughtre' of him, but all the lond it smertith:  
But nathelesse yit hastow no powere  
His name to sle; his hie vertue asserthith  
Unslayn fro the, which ay us lifely hertith  
With bokis of his ornat enditing,  
That is to al this lond enlumyning.

~~~~~

The same Author, *ibid.*

**M**Y dere mayster (God his soule quite)  
And fadir *Chaucer* faine wold han me taught;  
But I was a yong and lerned lyte or naught.

Alas my worthy maister honorable,  
This londis verray tresour and richeffe,  
Deth by thy deth hath harme irreparable  
Unto us done; <sup>b</sup> hir vengeable duresse  
Dispoiled hath this lond of the swetenesse  
Of Rethoryke; for unto Tullius  
Was never man so like amonges us:

Also who was heyre in philosophy  
To *Aristotle*, in our tonge, but thow?  
The steppis of Virgil in Poetrie  
Thou sudest eke; men know well inow  
That combre-world, that thee my mayster slow.  
Wolde I slain were! Deth was too hastife  
To renne on thee, and reve thee thy life;

She might have carryed her vengeaunce a while,  
To that some man had egal to the be:  
Nay let be that; she knew well that this Isle  
May never man forth bryng like unto the;  
And her ~~of~~ office nedis do more she;

God bad her so, I trust all for the best:  
O mayster, mayster, God thy soule rest.

~~~~~

The same in the Title *De consilio habendo in omnibus factis.*

**T**HE firste fynder of our fayre langage  
Hath seyde in caas semblable and othir mo  
So hyly well, that it is my dorage  
For to expresse or touche any of tho.  
Alas my fader fro the world is go!  
My worthy mayster *Chaucer*, hym I mene;  
Be thou advocate for hym, hevenes quene.

Astow wel knowist, O blessid virgyne,  
With lovyng herte and hye devocioun  
In thyn honour he wroot full many a lync;  
O now thyn help and thy promocioun;  
To god thy sone make a mocioun,  
How he thy servaunt was, mayden Marie,  
And late his love floure and fructifie.

Although his life be queynt, the ressemblaunce  
Of hym hath in me so fresh lissynesse,  
That to put other men in remembraunce  
Of his persone, I have heere his lykenesse  
Do make, to this end in fothfastnesse,  
That they, that have of hym lost thought and  
mynde,  
By this peynture, may ageyn hym fynde.

~~~~~

Anonymous Verses taken by Mr. *Speght*  
out of a Book of Mr. *Stow's.*

**O** Fathers and founders of enornat eloquence,  
That enlumined have our grete Britaine,  
To sone we have lost our lauriat science.  
O iustie licour of that fullsome fountaine,  
O cursed death, why hast thou those poets slaine?  
I mene *Gower*, *Chaucer*, and <sup>c</sup> *Gaulfride*;  
Alas the time that ever they fro us dide!

~~~~~

*Gawin Douglas* Bishop of *Dunkeld*, in  
the Preface to his Translation of  
*Virgil's Æneis*, Printed at *Edinb.*  
1710. p. 9.

**T**Hoch venerabill *Chaucere*, principall poete but  
pere,  
Hevinly trumpet, orlege and regulere,  
In eloquence balme, condict and dialis,  
Myky fountane, clere strand, and rois riall,  
Of fresche endite throw *Albioun* Iland braid,  
In his legend of notabillis ladyis said,  
That he couth follow word by word *Virgill*, &c.

<sup>a</sup> *Al. dul.*

<sup>b</sup> *Al. his.*

<sup>c</sup> *Geoffrey Vinevalve. See the Gloss. in Gaulfride.*



# GEOF. CHAUCER.

~~~~~

*Leland* in his *Encomia illustrium Virorum*, Coll. Vol. V. p. 141.

In laudem *Gallofridi Chaucer, Isiaci*.

**D**UM juga montis aper, frondes dum lata volucris,  
Squamiger & liquidas piscis amabit aquas,  
Maonides Græcæ linguæ clarissimus auctor  
Aonio primus carmine semper erit;  
Alcisonusque lyra, Phæbo applaudente, Latina  
Gloria Virgilius maxima semper erit:  
Nec minus & noster Galfridus summa Britannæ  
Chaucerus musæ gratia semper erit.  
Illos quis nescit felicia secla tulisse?  
Hunc ætas tantum protulit illa rudis.  
Tempora vidisset quod si florentia Musis,  
Æquasset celebres, vel superasset avos.

~~~~~

Idem ibid. p. 141.

**P**Radicat *Aligerum* merito *Florentia* Dantem,  
*Italia* & numeros tota (*Petrarcha*) tuos:  
*Anglia* Chaucerum veneratur nostra Poetam,  
Cui veneres debet patria lingua suas.

~~~~~

Idem ibid. p. 152. This was written by *Leland*, at the request of *Thomas Bertbelet*, a diligent and learned Printer, who first printed *Chaucer's* Works, put out by Mr. *Thynne*<sup>d</sup>.

**Q**UUM ° vivum teres *Atticus* leporem  
Invenisset, & undecunque Græcam  
Linguam perpoliisset, insolenter  
Audebat reliquos, rudes vocare;  
Cujus & judicium impiger *Quirinus*  
Intenso studio sequens Latinum  
Sermonem<sup>i</sup> quoque reddidit venustum,  
Et cum Græco alios rudes vocavit.  
At quanto mihi rectius videtur  
Fecisse officium suum disertus  
Chaucerus, brevitate primus apta  
Linguam qui patriam redegit illam  
In formam, ut venere & lepore multo,  
Ut multo sale, gratiaque multa  
Luceret, velut *Hesperus* minora  
Inter sidera; nec tamen<sup>k</sup> superbus  
Lingua barbariem exprobravit ulli  
Genti: tam facilis fuit benignusque.  
Ergo, vos juvenes, manu *Britanni*  
Lætâ spargite nunc rosas<sup>n</sup> siliave  
Spirantes, violasque molliores;  
Et vestro date candido poeta  
Formosam ex hederâ citi coronam.

~~~~~

Mr. *William Thynne's* Epistle Dedicatory to King *Henry* the Eighth before *Chaucer's* Works.

To the Kinges Highnesse, my most gracious soveraigne Lord, *Henry* the Eight, by the grace of God, King of *England*, and of *France*, Defensor of the Faith, and Lord of *Ireland*, &c.

**A**Monges all other excellencies, most gracious soveraigne lord, wherewith almighty God hath endowed mankind, above the residue of earthly creatures, as an outward declaration of reason or reasonableness, wherein consisteth the similitude of man unto angels, and the difference between the same and brute beasts, I verayly suppose, that speech or language is not to be reputed amonges the smallest or inferiours. For thereby is expressed the conceit of one to another, in open and plaine sentence, which in the residue of lively creatures lacketh and is not shewed amonges them, but by certaine covert and derke signes, and that in few thyngs, having course and operation onely of nature. This speech or language, after the confusion of tongues sent by God's punishment for pride and arrogancie of people, hath been by a certaine instinct and disposition naturall devised and invented in fundrie parts of the world, as fellowships or companyings of folks one with another chaunced, much to the outward expressing of the thing in word or sound, according to that whereof it had meaning or signification. But in proccesse of time, by diligence or policie of people, after divers formes, figures and impressions in metall, barks of trees and other matter used for memorie and knowledge of thyngs then present or passed, sundry letters or caracteres were first amonges the *Phenices* devised and found, with such knittings and joynings of one to another, by a marvellous subtiltie and craft, as countervailed was and is equivalent to the same languages. So as the conceit of man's mind, which at the beginning was used to be declared by mouth only, came to such point, that it was as sensibly and vively expressed in writing. Hereupon ensued a great occasion and courage unto them that should write, to compone and adorne the rudenesse and barbarietie of speech, and to forme it to an eloquent and ordinate perfection; whereunto many, and many great Poets and Oratours have highly employed their studies and courages, leaving thereby notable renoume of themselves, and example perpetuell to their posteritie.

Amonges other, the *Greekes* in all kinds of sciences seemed so to prevaile, and so to ornate their tongue, as yet by other of right noble languages cannat be perfirely imitated or followed. The *Latines*, by example of the *Greekes*, have gotten or wonne to them no small glorie in the forming, or-

<sup>d</sup> *Leland* in *Chaucer's* Life.

<sup>e</sup> *Al.* vestigia.

<sup>f</sup> Deest hic versus.

<sup>g</sup> *Lel.* in vita *Chauceri.* *al.* novum brevis.

<sup>h</sup> *Al.* Ter certo pede persequens.

<sup>i</sup> *Al.* bene.

<sup>j</sup> Quare.

<sup>k</sup> *Al.* Suave-Spirantes.

<sup>l</sup> *Al.* Barbaros reliquos vocare cœpit.

<sup>m</sup> Superbè.



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der and uttering of that tongue. Out of the which two, if it be well searched, that is to say, *Greek* and *Latin* (though by corruption of speech it should seem much otherwise) have been derived the residue of the languages, that be written with the letters or characters of either of them both. But of all speeches, those which most approach to the *Latine* be the *Italian* and *Spanish* tongues; of whome the one by the corruption of the *Goths* and *Longobardes* had her beginning, as *Latine* spoken by strangers of a barbare understanding: The other, being also *Latine*, was by *Vandales*, *Goths*, *Moors*, *Saracens* and other so many times blemished, as marveile it is to see now unto what perfection these two formed out of the *Latine* and *Barbares* speeches be reduced. Next unto them in similitude to the *Latin* is the *French* tongue, which by diligence of people of the same is in few years passed so amended, as well in pronunciation as in writing, that an *Englishman*, by a small time exercised in that tongue, hath not lacked ground to make a Grammere or rule ordinarie thereof. Though of trouth (which some shall scarcely believe) the *Germanes* have so formed the order of their language, that in the same is both as much plentie and as nere concordance to the phrase of the *Latin*, as the *French* tongue hath. And veraily like as all these and the rest have ben thus vigilant and studious to meliorate or amend their languages; so hath there nat lacked amonges us *Englishmen*, which have right well and notably endeavored and employed themselves to the beautifying and bettering of the *English* tongue.

Amonges whome most excellent Prince, my most redoubted and gracious soveraigne lord, I your most humble vassal, subject and servaunt *William Thynne*, cheef clerke of your kechyn, mooved by a certaine inclination and zeale, which I have to heare of any thing sounding to the laude and honour of this your noble realme, have taken great delectation, as the tymes and layfers might suffer, to rede and heare the bokes of that noble and famous clerke *Geoffray Chaucer*, in whose workes is so manifest comprobation of his excellent learning in all kindes of doctrines and sciences, such fruitfulness in wordes, well accordynge to the matter and purpose, so swete and plesant sentences, such perfection in metre, the composition so adapted, such freshness of invention, compendiousnesse in narration, suche sensible and open style, lacking neither majestie ne mediocritie covenable in disposition, and such sharpnesse or quicknesse in conclusyon, that it is much to be marvailed how in hys tyme (when doubtlesse all good letters were laide aslepe throughout the world, as the thinge whiche either by the disposition and influence of the bodies above, or by other ordinaunce of God, seemed like and was in daunger to have utterly perished) such an excellent poet in our tong shuld (as it were nature repugning) spring and arise. For though it had been in *Demosthenes* or *Homerus* times, when all learning and excellencie of sciences flourished amonges the *Greeks*, or in the season that *Cicero* prince of eloquence amonges *Latines* lived, yet had it ben a thinge right rare and straunge and worthe perpetuall laude, that any clerke by learninge or witte coude then have framed a tonge, before so rude and imperfect, to such a swete ornaturne and composition; likely, if he had lived in these dayes, beinge good letters so restored and revived as they be (if he were not empeched by the envie of such as may tolerate nothing, whyche to understande their capacite doth not extend) to have brought it unto a full and finall perfection.

Wherefore, gracious soveraigne lord, taking such

delight and pleasure in the workes of this noble clerke (as is afore mentioned) I have of a long season much used to rede and visite the same, and as bookes of divers imprints came unto my hands, I easily and without great studie might and have comprehended in them many errorrs, falsities and depravations, which evidently appeared by the contrarieties and alterations found by collation of the one with the other, whereby I was moved and stirred to make diligent serch where I might find or recover any true copies or exemplaries of the said bookes; whereunto in processe of time, nat without cost and pain, I attained, and nat onely unto such as seeme to be very true copies of those workes of *Geffrey Chaucer*, which before had beene put in print, but also to divers others never till nowe imprinted, but remaining almost unknown and in oblivion: Whereupon lamenting with my selfe the negligence of the people that have been in this realme, who doubtlesse were very remisse in the setting forth or avauncement either of the histories thereof, to the great hinderance of the renoume of such noble princes and valiant conquerours and captaines as have been in the same, or also of the workes of memory of the famous and excellent clerks in all kinds of sciences, that have flourished therein (of which both sorts it hath pleased God as highly to nobilitate this Isle, as any other region of Christendome) I thought it in matere appertenant unto my dutie, and that of very honestie and love to my country I ought no lesse to doe, than to put my helping hand to the restauration and bringing againe to light of the said workes, after the true copies and exemplaries aforesaid. And devising with my self who of al other were most worthy, to whom a thing so excellent and notable should be dedicat, which to my conceit semeth for the admiration, noveltie and straungenesse, that it might be reputed to be of in the time of the author (in comparison as a pure and fine tried precious or polished jewel out of a rude or indigest masse or matere) none could to my thinking occur that, since or in the time of *Chaucer*, was or is sufficient, but only your Majesty Roiall, which by discretion and judgement, as most absolute in wisdom and all kinds of doctrine, could and of his innate clemencie and goodnesse would adde or give any authoritie hereunto.

For this cause, most excellent, and in al vertues most prestante Prince, I as humbly prostrate before your Kingly estate, lowly supplie and beseech the same, that it woll vouchsafe to take in good part my poore studie and desirous minde, in reducing unto light this so precious and necessarie an ornament of the tongue of this your realme, overpitous to have been in any point lost, falsified or neglected: So that, under the shield of your most royal protection and defence, it may goe forth in publick, and prevaile over those that would blemish, deface, and in many things clearly abolish the laud, renoume, and glorie heretofore compared and meritoriously acquired by divers princes, and other of this said most noble Isle, whereunto nat onely straungers under pretext of high learning and knowledge, of their malicious and perverse mindes, but also some of your owne subjects, blinded in follie and ignorance, doe with great studie contend.

Most gracious, victorious, and of God most elect and worthe prince, my most dread soveraigne lord, in whom of very merite, dutie, and succession is renewed the glorious title of *Defensor* of the *Chrysten* faith, which by your noble progenitour, the great *Constantine*, sometime king of this Realme and Emperour of *Rome*, was next God and his



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his Apostles cheefly maintained, corroborate and defended. Almighty Jesu send to your Highnesse the continuall and everlasting habundaunce of his infinite grace. Amen.

Thus endeth the Preface.

The Publisher of *John Lidgate's History and Chronicle of the Trojan War*, Printed MDLV. in the Pistle to the Reader.

As the verye perfect disciple [speaking of *Lidgate*] and imitator of the great *Chaucer*, the onely glorye and beauty of the fame. Nevertheles, lykewyse as it hapned the same *Chaucer* to lease the prayse of that tyme wherein he wrote, beyng then when indeede al good letters were almost aslepe, so farre was the grosenesse and barbarousnesse of that age from the understandinge of so devyne a wryter. That if it had not bene in this our time, wherein all kindes of learnyng (thancked be god) have as much floryshed as ever they did by anye former dayes within this realme, and namely by the dyligence of one *Wylliam Thynne* a gentelman, who laudably studyouse to the polysing of so great a Jewell, with right good judgment, travail, and great paynes causing the same to be perfected, and stamped as it is now read, the sayde *Chaucer's* works had utterly perished, or at the lest bin so depraved by corruption of copies, that at the laste there shoulde no parte of hys meaning have ben founde in any of them.

*Roger Ascham* in his *Schole-Master*, Printed 1571. Fol. 60, b.

Some that make *Chaucer* in English and *Petrarch* in Italian their Gods in verses, and yet be not able to make trew difference, what is a fault and what is a just prayse in those two worthie wittes, will much mislike this my writyng [against *Riming*.] But such men be even like followers of *Chaucer* and *Petrarke*, as one here in *England* did folow *Syr Tho. More*, who, being most unlike unto him in wit and learnyng, nevertheles in wearing his gowne awrye upon the one shoulder, as *Syr Tho. More* was wont to do, would needs be counted like unto him.

The same Author in his *Toxophilus*, Printed 1571. Fol. 13, b.

Whose horriblenes [speaking of *Gaming*] is so large that it passed the eloquence of our *Englishe Homer* [*Chaucer*] to compass it: — I ever thoughte his sayinges to have as much authoritye as eyther *Sophocles* or *Euripides* in Greke.

The same Author in his Book of the State of *Germany*. Written about 1552. Fol. 1.

Diligence also must be used [by an Historian] in keeping truly the order of tyme, and describyng lyvely both the site of places and nature of persons not only for the outward shape of the body, but also for the inwarde disposition of the minde, as *Thucydides* doth in many places very trimly, and *Homer* every where, and that always most excellently, which observation is chiefly to be marked in hym: And our *Chaucer* doth the same very praise worthely; mark hym well and conferre hym with any other that writeth in our tyme in their proudest tounge, whosoever lyst.

Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his *Defence of Poesie*, Printed 1598. p. 492.

In the Italian language, the first that made it to aspire to be a Treasure-house of Science were the Poets *Dante*, *Boccace* and *Petrarch*. So in our English wer *Gower* and *Chaucer*; after whom encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautifie our mother Tongue, as well in the same kind as other Artes.

*Ibid.* p. 513.

*Chaucer* undoubtedly did excellently well in his *Troilus* and *Cresseid*; of whom truly I know not whether to marvell more, either that he in that mystic time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age go so stumblingly after him. Yet has he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverent an Antiquitie.

The *Arte of English Poesie*, Printed 1589. p. 48. supposed to be written by one *Puttenham*, a Gentleman Pensioner to *Q. Eliz.* See *Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 184. in *Sidney*.

I Will not reach above the time of King *Edward* the Third, and *Richard* the Second, for any that wrote in English meeter; because before their times, by reason of the late Normane Conquest, which had brought into this Realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and therewithall a certain martiall barbarousnes, whereby the study of all good learning was so much decayed, as long time after no man or very few entended to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time



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time there is little or nothing worth commendation to be founde writren in this arte. And those of the first age were *Chaucer* and *Gower*, both of them as I suppose *Knights*. After whom followed *John Lidgate* the Monke of *Bury*, and that nameles, who wrote the Satyre called *Piers Plowman*.

*Ibid.* p. 187.

SIR *Geffrey Chaucer*, father of our English Poets.

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Mr. *Fox* in his *Acts and Mon.* Lond. 1684. Vol. II. p. 42.

I Marvel to consider this, how that the Bishops condemning and abolishing all manner of English Books and Treatises which might bring the people to any light of knowledge, did yet authorise the Works of *Chaucer* to remain still, and to be occupied; who (no doubt) saw in Religion as much almost as ever we do now, and uttereth in his Works no less, and seemeth to be a right *Wicklevian*, or else there was never any, and that all his Works almost, if they be thoroughly advised, will testifie (albeit it be done in mirth and covertly) and especially the later end of his third Book of the Testament of Love: for there purely he toucheth the highest matter, that is, the Communion; wherein, except a man be altogether blind, he may espie him at the full. Although in the same Book (as in all other he useth to do) under shadows covertly, as under a Vizour, he suborneth Truth in such sort, as both privily she may profit the godly-minded, and yet not be espied of the crafty Adversary. And therefore the Bishops, belike, taking his Works but for Jestes and Toys, in condemning other Books, yet permitted his Books to be read.

So it pleased God then to blind the Eyes of them, for the more commodity of his people, to the intent that through the reading of his Treatises, some fruit might redound thereof to his Church, as no doubt it did to many. As also I am partly informed, of certain which knew the Parties, which to them reported, that by reading of *Chaucer's* Works, they were brought to the true knowledge of Religion: And not unlike to be true; for to omit the other parts of his Volume, whereof some are more fabulous than other, what Tale can be more plainly told than the *Tale of the Ploughman*? Or what finger can point out more directly the Pope with his Prelates to be Antichrist, than doth the poor Pellican reasoning against the greedy Griffon? Under which *Hypotyposis*, or Poesie, who is so blind that seeth not by the Pellican, the Doctrine of Christ and of the Lollards to be defended against the Church of Rome? Or who is so impudent that can deny that to be true which the Pellican there affirmeth, in describing the presumptuous Pride of that pretended Church? Again, what Egg can be more like, or Fig, unto another, than the words, properties and conditions of that ravenous Gryphon resembleth the true Image, that is the Nature and Qualities of that which we call

the Church of Rome, in every point and degree? And therefore no great marvel, if that Narration was exempted out of the Copies of *Chaucer's* Works; which notwithstanding now is restored again, and is extant for every man to read that is disposed.

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*Stephanus Surigonus* Poet Laureat of Milan, wrote the following Epitaph upon *Chaucer* at the desire of *William Caxton*, which anciently was hung up upon a Pillar over against the place where he was buried. See *Leland* in the Life of *Chaucer*, and *Stow's* Survey. Edit. 1720. B. 6. P. 31.

*P*erides Musa, si possunt numina fletus  
Fundere, divinus atque rigare genas,  
Galfridi Chaucer vatis crudelia fata  
Plangite; sit lacrymis abstinuisse nefas.  
Vos coluit vivens, at vos celebrate sepulchrum:  
Reddatur merito gratia digna viro.  
Grande decus nobis est docti musa Maronis,  
Qua didicit melius lingua Latina loqui:  
Grande novumque decus Chaucer famamque paravit,  
Heu quantum fuerat prisca Britannia rudis!  
Reddidit insignem maternis versibus, ut jam  
Aurea splendescat, ferrea facta prius.  
Hunc latuisse virum nil, si tot opuscula vertes,  
Dixeris, egregiis quæ decorata modis.  
Socratis ingenium, vel fontes philosophiæ,  
Quicquid & arcani dogmata sacra ferunt;  
Et quascunque velis tenuit doctissimus artes  
Hic vates, parvo conditus in tumulo.  
Ah! laudis quantum præclara Britannia perdis,  
Dum rapuit tantum mors odiosa virum.  
Crudeles Parca, crudelia fila sororum;  
Non tamen extincto corpore fama perit:  
Vivet in aeternum, vivent dum scripta poeta,  
Vivant aeterno tot monumenta die,  
Si qua bonos tangit pietas, si carmine dignus,  
Carmina qui cecinit tot cumulata modis;  
Hæc sibi marmoreo scribantur verba sepulchro,  
Hæc maneat laudis sarcina summa sua:  
GALFRIDUS CHAUCEI vates, & fama poësis  
Maternæ, hæc sacra sum tumulatus humo.  
Post obitum Caxton voluit te vivere cura  
Guilhelmi, CHAUCER, clare poeta, tui:  
Nam tua non solum compressit opuscula formis,  
Has quoque sed laudes jussit hic esse tuas.

~~~~~

*Camden* in his *Britannia*; in *Dobunis*.

*O*ppidum ipsum [Woodstock] cum nil habeat quod ostentet, Homerum nostrum Anglicum Galfredum CHAUCERUM alumnum suum fuisse gloriatur. De quo & nostris Poetis Anglicis illud vere asseram quod de Homero & Græcis eruditus ille Italus dixit;

— Hic ille est, cujus de gurgite sacro  
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores.

Ille enim extra omnem ingenii aleam positus, & poetastros nostros longo post se intervallo relinquens,  
— jam



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—jam mente potitus  
Rider anhelantem dura ad fastigia turbam.

Idem in *Trinobantibus*.

*Quique minime tacendus Poetarum Anglorum princeps*  
Galfredus CHAUCER.

*Edmund Spenser in his Fairy Queen,*  
L. 4. Canto 2. St. 31, &c.

Courageous *Cambel*, and stout *Triamond*  
With *Canace* and *Cambine* link'd in lovely bond.

XXXI.

Whilom as antique Stories tellen us,  
Those two were focs the fellonest on ground,  
And battle made, the draddest dangerous,  
That ever shrilling trumpet did refound:  
Though now their A&s be no where to be found,  
As that renowned Poet them compil'd,  
With warlike numbers, and heroick sound,  
Dan *Chaucer* (well of English undefil'd)  
On Fame's eternal Bead-roll worthy to be fil'd.

XXXII.

(waste,  
But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth  
And works of noblest Wits to nought out-wear,  
That famous Monument hath quite defac'd,  
And robb'd the world of treasure endless dear,  
The which might have enriched all us here.  
O cursed Eld! the Canker-worm of Wits;  
How may these Rhymes (so rude as doth appear)  
Hope to endure, fith works of heavenly Wits  
Are quite devour'd, and brought to nought by little  
(bits.

XXXIII.

Then pardon, O most sacred happy Spirit,  
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,  
And steal from thee the meed of thy due merit,  
That none durst ever while thou wast alive,  
And being dead, in vain yet many strive;  
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet  
Of thine own spirit (which doth in me survive)  
I follow here the footing of thy feet,  
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

*Ibid.* L. 7. Canto 7. St. 9.

SO hard it is for any living wight  
All her array and vestiments to tell,  
That old Dan *Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright  
The pure well-head of Poetry did dwell)  
In his *Fowles Parley* durst not with it mell;  
But it transfer'd to *Alane*, who he thought  
Had in his *Plaint of Kinds* describ'd it well;  
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,  
Go seek he out that *Alane*, where he may be sought.

~~~~~

The same Author in the *Shepherd's*  
*Calendar*, in *February*.

*Thenot.* BUT shall I tell thee a Tale of Truth,  
Which I con'd of \**Tityrus* in my youth,  
Keeping his Sheep on the hills of *Kent*?

*Cuddy.* To nought more, *Thenot*, my mind is bent,  
Than to hear Novels of his devise:  
They been so well chewed, and so wise,  
Whatever that good old Man bespake.

*Thenot.* Many meet Tales of Youth did he make,  
And some of Love, and some of Chivalry;  
But none fitter than this to apply:  
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.  
There grew an aged Tree on the Green, &c †.

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*Ibid.* in *June*.

THE God of Shepherds \**Tityrus* is dead,  
Who taught me homely as I can to make:  
He whilst he lived was the soveraigne head  
Of Shepheards all, that bene with love ytake;  
Well couth he waile his woes, and lightly slake  
The flames, which love within his heart had bredde,  
And tell us mery tales to keep us wake,  
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

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*Ibid.* in *December*.

THat *Colin* hight, which well could pipe and sing,  
For he of \**Tityrus* his Songs did lere.

~~~~~

The same in the Poem called, *Colin*  
*Clout's come home agen*.

The Shepherd's Boy (best known by that name)  
That after \**Tityrus* first sung his Lay,  
Lays of sweet Love, without rebuke or blame.

~~~~~

*Verflegan's* Restitution of decayed In-  
telligence. Chap. vii.

SOME few ages after came the Poet *Geffery Chaucer*,  
who writing his Poesies in English, is of some  
called the first Illuminator of the English tongue:  
Of their opinion I am not, though I reverence  
*Chaucer*, as an excellent Poet for his time. He was  
indeed a great mingler of English with French, un-  
to which language (by like for that he was descen-  
ded of French, or rather Wallon race) he carried a  
great affection.

\* *Chaucer* is meant by *Tityrus*; and by *Colin* the Poet means himself.

† In this Eclogue *Spenser* seems to imitate *Chaucer's* style and numbers, which are often unequal.



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Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Mr. Speght, pressing him to print his Observations upon Chaucer, dated the last of June 1597. From the Edition of Chaucer 1602.

Touching the incivilitie Chaucer is charged withall; what *Romane* Poet hath less offended this way than he? *Virgil* in his *Priapus* is worse by a thousand degrees, and *Ovid* in *de Arte Amandi*, and *Horace* in manie places as deep as the rest: but *Catullus* and *Tibullus* in uncleane wantonesse beyond measure passe them all. Neither is *Plautus* nor *Terence* free in this behalfe: But these two last are excused above the rest, by their due observation of *Decorum*, in giving to their comicall persons such manner of speeches as did best fit their dispositions. And may not the same be said for Chaucer? How much had he swarved from *Decorum*, if he had made his Miller, his Cook, and his Carpenter, tell such honest and good tales, as he made his Knight, his Squire, his Lawyer, and his Scholler? But shewing the disposition of the baser sort of men, he declareth in their Prologues and Tales, that their chief delight was in undecent speeches of their owne, and in their false defamations of others. — No man can imagine in his so large compasse, purposing to describe all Englishmen's humours living in those daies, how it had been possible for him to have left untouched their filthy delights; or in discovering their desires, how to have exprest them without some of their words.

And now to compare him with other Poets: His *Canterbury Tales* containe in them almost the same Argument, that is handled in Comedies: his *Stile* therein for the most part is lowe and open, like unto theirs; but herein they differ: The Comedie writers doe all follow and borrowe one from another; as *Terence* from *Plautus* and *Menander*; *Plautus* from *Menander* and *Demophilus*; *Stattius* and *Cacilius* from *Diphilus*, *Apollodorus* and *Philemon*; and almost all the last Comedians from that which was called *antiqua Comœdia*. Chaucer's devise of his *Canterbury Pilgrimage* is meere his owne: His drift is to touch all sorts of men, and to discover all vices of that Age, and that he doth so feelingly, and with so true an ayme, as he never failes to hit whatsoever marke he levels at.

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Sir Henry Savil in the Preface to his Edition of *Bradwardine De Causâ Dei*. Lond. 1617.

DE Galfrido Chaucero illorum fere temporum aquali, poetarum nostrorum principe, acris judicii, non lepidi tantum ingenii, viro, qui de Thoma hoc nostrate non tacuit, nobis nefas sit hic tacere. Is, cum esset philosophicis Theologicisque haud mediocriter imbutus, ac hæc Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi lucubrationes jam tum recens emissas, ut videtur, pervolvisset, pro more suo joci serâ intertexens, in fabella quadam Cantuariensi arduam de Dei præscientia, rerumque contingentia questionem obiter attingit; ac Augustino Bradwardini annumerat, ex iis unum scilicet. [qui in difficili hac controversia exagitanda farinam usque ad furtutes (sic enim familiariter eleganterque ille noster) excusserunt, hoc est, veritatem in profundo demersam elicuerunt. Ipsum, si placet (placet autem antiqua Anglicana etiam styli simplicitas) focco suo indutum in medium deducamus.

But what that god afore wote, must needs bee, After the opinion of certain clerkis. Witnesse of him that any clerk is, That in schoole is great altercation In this matter, and great disputation, And hath been of an hundred thousand men, But I ne cannot bould it to the bren, As can the holy doctour S. Austin, Or Boece, or the Bishop Bradwardin, Whether that God's worthy foreweting Straineth me needly to do a thing, (Needly clepe I simple necessite) Or if the free choice be granted me To do the same thing, or do it nought, Tho God forewot it or it was wrought. Or if his weting straineth never a dele, But by necessite conditionele, I woll not have to done of such matere.

Which he thus renders into Latin;

Non evenire non potest quicquid Deus Præcivit; ita fert crebra Doctorum cohors. Hic literatum quemlibet testem voco Quantis utrinque fluctibus lis hæc Scholas Trivit, teritque, pene inextricabili Ingenia nodo centies mille implicans. Excutere nudos hæc ad usque furfures, (Quod ab Augustino præstitum, & Boethio, Ac BRADWARDINO Episcopo) non sum potis. Utrumne me divina præscientia Ad aliquid unum, ut exequar, necessitet; (Necessitatem hic absolutam intelligo) An mihi stet hujus sive agendi seu minus Electionis salva libertas, licet Præcierit ipsum hoc, antequam fieret, Deus. An præscientis obliget necessitas Illa una, quam supposita conditio struit, In tam profundum baud ego insiliam mare.

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Mr. Selden in his Preface to *Drayton's Polyolbion*. See the Glossary in *Dulcarnon*.

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Sir John Denham on Mr. Abraham Cowley; in his Works printed 1709. p. 84.

OLD Chaucer, like the Morning Star, To us discovers Day from far, His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd, Which our dark Nation long involv'd; But he descending to the Shades, Darknes again the Age invades. Next (like Aurora) Spencer rose, Whose purple Blush the Day foreshews.

Milton



G E O F. C H A U C E R.

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Milton in his Poem entituled *Il Penseroso*.

BUT, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise *Musans* from his bower,  
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* sing—  
Or call up him that left half told  
The Story of *Cambuscan* bold,  
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarisse*,  
And who had *Canace* to wife,  
That own the vertuous Ring and Glafs,  
And of the wond'rous Horse of Brafs,  
On which the Tartar King did ride—

~~~~~

Dr. *Sprat* (late Bishop of *Rocheſter*)  
in his History of the Royal Society,  
Printed 1668. p. 41, 42.

THE Truth is, it [the English Language] has  
been hitherto too careleſly handled; and I  
think has had leſs labour ſpent about it's poliſhing,  
than it deſerves. Till the time of King *Henry* the  
Eighth, there was ſcarce any man regarded it, but  
*Chaucer*; and nothing was written in it, which one  
would be willing to read twice, but ſome of his  
Poetry. But then it began to raiſe it ſelf a little,  
and to ſound tolerably well.

~~~~~

Dr. *Skinner* in the Preface to his *Ety-  
mologicon Linguae Anglicanae*. p. 5.

*Chaucerus poeta, peſſimo exemplo, integris vocum  
plauſtris ex eadem Gallia in noſtram Linguam  
inveſtis, eam, nimis antea à Normannorum victoria a-  
dulteratam, omni fere nativa gratia & nitore ſpoliarvit,  
pro genuinis coloribus fucum illinens, pro vera facie lar-  
vam induens.*

~~~~~

Sir *Richard Baker* in the History of  
*England*, Printed 1684. p. 134.

SIR *Geoffrey Chaucer* the *Homer* of our Nation;  
ſound as ſweet a Muſe in the Groves of *Wood-  
ſtock*, as the Ancients did upon the banks of *Heli-  
con*. And p. 167. The next place is juſtly due to  
*Geoffrey Chaucer*, and *John Gower*, two famous Poets  
in this time [of *Hen. IV.*] and the Fathers of Eng-  
liſh Poets in all the times after.

~~~~~

*Peacham's Compleat Gentleman* Prin-  
ted 1661. Chap. x. Of Poetry. p. 94.

OF English Poets of our own Nation, eſteem Sir  
*Geoffrey Chaucer* the Father; altho' the ſtyle for

the antiquity may diſtaſte you, yet as under a bit-  
ter and rough rinde, there lieth a delicate kernell of  
conceit and ſweet invention. What Examples, Si-  
militudes, Times, Places, and above all, Perſons  
with their ſpeeches and attributes do (as in his  
*Canterbury Tales*, like the threads of Gold, the rich  
*Arras*) beautify his work quite through? And albeit  
divers of his works are but meerly tranſlations out  
of Latin and French; yet he hath handled them ſo  
artificially, that thereby he hath made them his  
own. In brief, account him among the beſt of  
your English Books in your Library.

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*Will. Winiſtanley* in his *England's Wor-  
rhies*, Printed 1684. p. 117. [Ta-  
ken out of Mr. *Beaumont's* Letter  
to Mr. *Speght*.]

OF whom [*Chaucer*] for the ſweetneſs of  
his Poetry, may be ſaid that which is  
reported of *Stefichorus*; and as *Cethegus* was tearmed  
*Suada Medulla*, ſo may *Chaucer* be rightly called  
the pith and ſinews of Eloquence, and the very  
life it ſelf of all mirth and pleaſant writing: Be-  
ſides, one gift he had above all other Authors,  
and that is, by the excellencies of his deſcriptions  
to poſſeſs his Readers with a ſtronger imagination  
of ſeeing that done before their eyes, which they  
read, than any other that ever writ in any Tongue.

~~~~~

*Edw. Phillips* in the Preface to his  
*Theatrum Poetarum*. p. 13, 14.

TRUE it is that the ſtyle of Poetry till *Henry* the  
Eighth's time, and partly alſo within his  
Reign, may very well appear uncouth, ſtrange and  
unpleaſant to thoſe that are affected only with what  
is familiar, and accuſtom'd to them; not but there  
were even before thoſe times ſome that had their  
Poetical excellencies if well examin'd, and chiefly  
among the reſt *Chaucer*, who through all the ne-  
glect of former-aged Poets, ſtill keeps a name, be-  
ing by ſome few admired for his real worth, to o-  
thers not unpleaſing for his facetious way, &c.

~~~~~

The ſame Author in the Second Part  
of that Book. p. 50, 51.

SIR *Geoffrey Chaucer*, the Prince and *Corypheus*  
(generally ſo reputed till this Age) of our Eng-  
liſh Poets, and as much as we triumph over his old  
faſhion'd phraſe, and obſolete words, one of the  
firſt refiners of the English Language, &c.

~~~~~

Sir *Tho. Pope Blount* in his Characters  
and Cenſures of the moſt considera-  
ble Poets. 1694. p. 41.

THIS is agreed upon by all hands that he [*Chaucer*]  
was counted the chief of the English Poets,  
not only of his time, but continued to be ſo eſteem-  
ed till this Age, &c.

Mr. Ry-



## TESTIMONIES concerning

### Mr. Rymer's Short View of Tragedy. 1693. p. 78.

They who attempted Verse in English, down till *Chaucer's* time, made an heavy pudder, and are always miserably put to't for a word to clink; which commonly fall so awkward, and unexpectedly as dropping from the Clouds by some Machine or Miracle. *Chaucer* found an Herculean labour on his hands; and did perform to admiration. He seizes all Provençal, French or Latin that came in his way, gives them a new garb and livery, and mingles them amongst our English: turns out English gowty, or superannuated, to place in their room the foreigners, fit for service, train'd and accustomed to Poetical Discipline.

And a little further;

*Chaucer* threw in Latin, French, Provençal, and other Languages, like new Stum to raise a Fermentation: In Queen *Elizabeth's* time it grew fine, but came not to an Head and Spirit, did not shine and sparkle till Mr. *Waller* set it a running,

### Mr. Dryden in the Preface to his Fables.

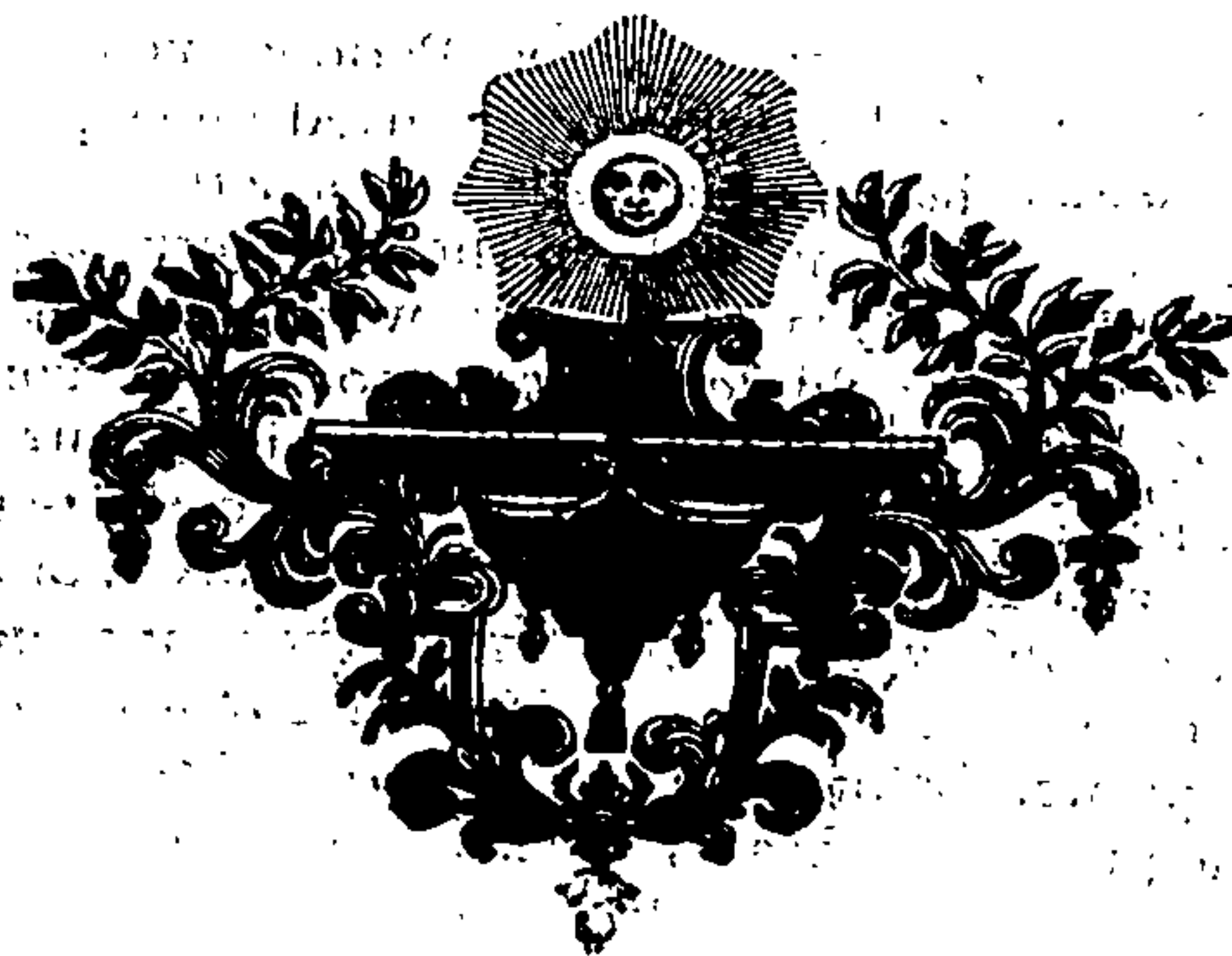
As he [*Chaucer*] is the Father of *English* Poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of Veneration as the *Grecians* held *Homer*, or the *Romans*, *Virgil*: He is a perpetual Fountain of good Sense; learn'd in all Sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all Subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off.

*Chaucer* followed Nature every where, but was never so bold to go beyond her. — The Verse of *Chaucer*, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the Eloquence of one whom *Tacitus* commends, it was, *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: They who liv'd with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our

Judgment, if compared with the Numbers of *Lidgate* and *Gower* his Contemporaries: There is the rude sweetness of a *Scotch* Tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last Edition of him; for he would make us believe the Fault is in our Ears, and that there were really Ten Syllables in a Verse, where we find but Nine: But this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common Sense must convince the Reader that Equality of Numbers in every Verse which we call *Heroick*, was either not known, or not always practised in *Chaucer's* Age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his Verses, which are lame for want of half a Foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no Pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the Infancy of our Poetry, and that nothing is brought to Perfection at the first.

And further;

He [*Chaucer*] must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive Nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the Compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the *English* Nation in his Age. Not a single Character has escap'd him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguish'd from each other; and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Physiognomies and Persons. *Baptista Porta* could not have described their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poet gives them. The matter and manner of their Tales, and of their Telling, are so suited to their different Educations, Humours, and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other Mouth. Even the grave and serious Characters are distinguished by their several sorts of Gravity: Their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are Vicious, and some Vertuous; some are unlearned, or (as *Chaucer* calls them) *Lewd*, and some are Learn'd. Even the Ribaldry of the Low Characters is different: The *Reeve*, the *Miller*, and the *Cook*, are several Men, and distinguish'd from each other, as much as the mincing *Lady Priores*, and the broad-speaking, gap-tooth'd *Wife of Bath*.





a. I mean more particularly William Broms Esq<sup>r</sup> of  
Ewthington in Hertfordshire, a most intimate friend  
of Mr Werry while alive, and left Executor at his Death.  
T. T.

b. Dr Smalridge, B<sup>p</sup> of Bristol, and Dean of Christ.  
Church. T. T.

c. chiefly B<sup>p</sup> Atterbury, then Dean of Christ Church, who  
did by no means judge rightly of Mr Werry's talents in this  
case, who though in many respects a most worthy person,  
was not qualified for a work of this nature. T. T.





# T H E P R E F A C E.

*(By Timothy Thomas, then Student of Christ Church, Oxon.)*

**T**HE Reader will meet with no more interruption here, than will be necessary to acquaint him in some measure with Mr. Urry's Design in this Edition, and the Methods he took for the accomplishment of it. This might have been better performed by others; of themselves inclined to this sort of Study, who upon that account, as well as their particular intimacy with Mr. Urry, were thought to have been made acquainted with his whole Scheme, and to have been consulted by him upon every part of it. It were to be wished that such Persons could have been prevailed upon to give the World an Account of this Work, and at the same time to do Justice to the Merit and Memory of their Friend, who was taken away in the midst of it.

As for my self, I was equally a stranger to Mr. Urry and his Undertaking, till some time after his Death; when a Person, whose Commands I was in all Duty bound to obey, put the Works of *Chaucer* into my hands, with his Instructions to assist in carrying on this Edition, and to prepare Matter for a *Glossary* to it. Mr. Thomas Ainsworth of *Christ Church* had been employed by Mr. Urry in transcribing part of the Work for the Press, and was therefore thought qualified to proceed in preparing the rest for my perusal. This Gentleman likewise dyed in *August 1719*. soon after the whole Text of *Chaucer* was printed off. Had he lived, he could have given a fuller account of this Work than is to be expected here, which I am perswaded he would not have declined; but as he always had the greatest veneration for the Memory of Mr. Urry, would have readily embraced such an opportunity of expressing it. What I have to say on this Subject is chiefly owing to his Information; but as I did not expect to have this Task enjoined me, I took no Notes of what I heard from him from time to time relating to this matter: I shall therefore acquaint the Reader with every thing just as it occurs to my memory upon a Recollection; adding such particulars as I find noted in those Papers of Mr. Urry which have come to my hands. *who imagined themselves*

About the latter end of the Year 1711. some Persons, well acquainted with Mr. Urry's Qualifications (who, he thought, had a right to command him) proposed to him to put out a new Edition of *Chaucer*; which he was perswaded to undertake, though much against his inclination: "For, though (as he says) his skill in the Northern Language spoken in the Low-lands of *Scotland* qualified him to read this Poet with more ease and pleasure than one altogether bred be-South *Trent* could do without more than common Application, yet he assures us, he had not the least thought of publishing his private Diversions.

Having thus undertaken the Work, he proposed to proceed in this Method, *viz.* to correct the Text of *Chaucer*, and add what he could find of his Works in MSS. which had not been printed; to make some Observations upon the Author, and among other things to shew where he had imitated or borrowed from the *Greek* or *Latin* Poets; to add a more copious *Glossary* than had been printed before; to write a fuller Account of his Life than had been yet published; and to acquaint the Reader in a Preface what he should have performed in this Edition.

Having not lived to finish the Work, it was not to be expected that he should leave Materials for a Preface: Nor was there any thing found for that purpose amongst his Papers, but a very short Sketch couched in very general words, not at all entering into the main Subject which was proposed to be explained in it; and an Account of such MSS. of *Chaucer's* Works



## The PREFACE.

as he had seen and perused, which shall be taken notice of hereafter. He left some Extracts out of Records, which were intended for *Chaucer's* Life; but as they were very few, and those for the most part relating to *Thomas Chaucer*, who is supposed to be his Son, it was judged necessary to employ a Gentleman who had made some Collections that way, to draw up the account of our Author's Life, which is prefixed to this Edition. But I could never find that Mr. *Urry* had made any progress in the Notes or Observations which he intended, nor have I seen any Comparisons with, or References to the ancient Poets; except a Reference to *Ausonius* against the *Eight godely Questions with their answers*; which makes it probable that he never proceeded further in that matter. Nor had he done any more towards a *Glossary*, than collecting a few words, which was done in such a manner that it could be of very little service to any body but himself.

His chief business was to make the Text more correct and compleat than before. He found it was the opinion of some learned Men that *Chaucer's* Verses originally consisted of an equal number of Feet; and he himself was persuaded that *Chaucer* made them exact Metre, and therefore he proposed in this Edition to restore him (to use his own Expression) *to his feet again*, which he thought might be performed by a careful Collation of the best printed Editions and good MSS.

He had observed that several Initial and Final Syllables in use in *Chaucer's* time, and since, had been omitted or added at pleasure in the MSS. by unskilful Transcribers, from whence the same Errors crept into the Printed Editions, whereby many Verses were rendered unjust in their Measure; so that the lameness of many of them might easily be remedied by the discreet Addition or Omission of such Syllables.

The Initial Syllables were chiefly *a*, *i*, and *y*, which were to be prefixed to Verbs (for the most part in the Preter Tenses) and Participles: as *Ago* for *Gone*, *Ilast* for *Last* or *Left*, *Yrunn* for *Run*, &c. And *a* was sometimes to be put before Adverbs, as *Abak* for *Back*; and *i*, or *y*, were often to be put before Nouns; as *Iliche*, or *Tliche*, for *Like*: And sometimes they were to be omitted as the measure of the Verse required.

The Final Syllables were for the most part such as might be said rather to be added in the Pronunciation, than by Writing: The chiefest of which, and the most frequently made use of to help out a Verse otherwise deficient, was the Final *e*, which he always marked with an accent when he judged it necessary to pronounce it; as *sweetè*, *halvè*, *smalè*, Prol. 5, 8, 9. for *sweet*, *halve* or *half*, *small*; of which there are many Instances in every page. Whether the assistance of this Final *e* be not here too frequently, and sometimes unnecessarily, called in, is not my business at present to enquire into: But it seems beyond contradiction that it was anciently pronounced; and I have seen a Note of Mr. *Urry's*, wherein he affirms that in some parts of *England* it is still used, and instances in the words *pipè*, *buttonè*, *don't finè*, &c. wherein the Final *e* is pronounced in *Dorsetshire* at this day.

The next thing to be taken notice of as used for lengthening of words, is the distinct pronouncing of the Termination *ed* or *id* in the Preter Tenses of Verbs, and in Participles; as *Percid*, *Bathid*, *Harnisid*, for *Pierc'd*, *Bath'd*, *Harness'd*: Not that Mr. *Urry* thought this Termination was always to be pronounced as a distinct Syllable, but only as the measure of the Verse required; and therefore he contrived this Distinction to run through the whole Text, that it should be written *ed*, when it is not to be taken as a distinct Syllable, and *id* when it was to be pronounced as such. The same thing, under the proper restrictions, is to be observed of *est* and *ist*, *eth* and *ith*, the Terminations of the second and third Persons Singular in the Indicative Mood, and the latter also very often a Termination of the Imperative Mood from the *AS.* as, *Holdith*, *Drawith*, for *Hold*, *Draw*.

Another help he saw might be gained by making a discreet use of *en*, or *in*, a Termination of Verbs, Nouns and Adverbs; but most frequently of Verbs; as *Servin*, *Wendin*, *Wouldin*, *Iwerin*, &c. for *Serve*, *Wende*, *Would*, *Were*, &c. *Selfin* for *Self*, and *Selvin* in the Plural Number for *Selves*, *Withoutin* for *Without*, *Aboutin* for *About*, *Abovin* for *Above*.

And again the pronouncing of *es* or *is*, the Plural Termination of Substantives, and sometimes of Adverbs, and also of *is* the Termination of the Genitive Case Singular has contributed no small assistance towards the supply of a Foot to many Verses, which must otherwise have halted; as *Croppis*, *Bootis*, instead of *Crops*, *Boots*; *Oftimis*, *Sometimis*, *Thryis*, for *Oftimes*, *Sometimes*, *Thrice*; *Shir'is end*, *Godd'is name*, *Mann'is wit*, for *Shire's end*, *God's name*, *Man's wit*. And here likewise it must be observed, that these Terminations are not always to be pronounced, but only where the Metre is deficient without it; and whenever the Plural Termination is to be quiescent it is printed *es*; as *Londes*, *Stroundes*, *Sleves*, in one Syllable, not *Londis*, *Stroundis*, *Slevis*, as they are in other places, where they are to be pronounced as distinct Syllables. The same thing must be understood of the Genitive Case Singular, and the Adverbs. And here it may be proper to acquaint the Reader that the Genitive Case Singular is throughout the whole Book distinguished from the other Terminations in *is* by an Apostrophe thus [*'is*] which perhaps might proceed from an opinion that *is* in such cases is a Contraction of *his* (as some write it) and not a proper English Termination of the Genitive Case derived to us from the *Saxon*. The same Mistake has induced some Learned men to write



## The PREFACE.

write *her* instead of the Termination 's, after a Feminine Noun, as *The Wife her Prologue*, or *Tale*, &c. instead of *The Wife's Prologue*, or *Tale*, &c.

There are also some Syllables in the middle of words, which though not founded at this time, were thought anciently to have been left in Poetry to the discretion of the Reader to pronounce, or not, as it should be most agreeable to the Measure of the Verse; as *Semely*, *Daiësey*, *Juggement*, *Commaundement*, &c. for *Seemly*, *Daisy*, *Judgment*, *Commandment*, &c.

Mr. Urry had observed particularly, that the word *which* was sometimes written *whiche*, and very frequently followed by *that*, and that without the one or the other, or sometimes both, the Verse was lame, but that with one or both it would have it's just number of Feet; and therefore he added them accordingly as he found it requisite. And in short I find it acknowledged by him, "That whenever he could by no other way help a Verse to a Foot, which he was perswaded it had when it came from the Maker's hands, but lost by the Ignorance of Transcribers, or Negligence of Printers, he made no scruple to supply it with some Word or Syllable that serv'd for an Expletive": But I find at the same time that he had once a design of enclosing such words in hooks thus [ ] to distinguish them from what he found justified by the authority of MSS. but how it came to pass that so just, useful and necessary a Design was not executed, I cannot satisfy the curious Reader.

Besides all those Methods for lengthening out Verses, which was the thing generally wanted, he had occasion sometimes to shorten them; and for that purpose he frequently makes use of an Apostrophe where he would have a Syllable dropt in the pronouncing of a word, as, *Sove'rane prize*, *Carry'a morsel*, Prol. 67, 130. for, *Soverane prize*, *Carry a morsel*. And oftentimes he contracts two words after the modern fashion, by throwing out a Letter or two; as *That's*, *He's*, *Th'art*, Prol. 180, 182, 856. for, *That is*, *He is*, *Thou art*: But besides this method of reducing to it's proper measure a Verse which had a redundancy of Syllables, it must be remembered that he reserved to himself a discretionary power of retaining or omitting the Initial, Middle or Final Syllables before mentioned for the lengthening or shortening of a Verse.

But that the use of all these helps for compleating the measure of Verses might be made with more Judgment and Authority, and for the correcting and improving a great number of places, where the Text had been corrupted in the common Editions, and so made unintelligible, and sometimes downright Nonsense; and that such Pieces as were judged to be *Chaucer's*, which had not been before printed, might be recovered and appear in this Edition; and in short to make the Book in all respects more correct and compleat, it was thought necessary to collect not only all the printed Editions of value, but also all the MSS. that could be procured. I find no account of the printed Copies which Mr. Urry had perused; but he has left a Catalogue of the MSS. made use of in this Edition, which is very particular, both with respect to the Contents and Condition of them, and also the names of the Persons from whom they were borrowed, or by whose means they were procured: An Abstract of which is thought proper to be here inserted, not only to inform the Reader of the Advantages of this Edition above the former ones, but also to inform any person that may hereafter undertake a new Edition of this Author, where to make his Enquiries in order to a further Improvement of him.

I. In the first place he mentions Two MSS. belonging to the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford. One of them is a large Folio, written on Velom in a fair hand, marked 93. B. 2. and in the *Glossary*, H. 1. containing the *Canterbury Tales*, but it is imperfect in several places. It has the Tale of *Gamelyn* (which wants the beginning) as spoken by the *Coke*; and the *Coke's Tale* is the running Title of it. The MS. begins thus; *Here beginneth the book of the tales of Caunterburie compiled by Geffraie Chauciers of Brytayu chef poete*. It hath the *Retraction* after the *Parson's Tale*; and at the end of it this Note; *Here endeth the book of the tales of Caunterburie. Compyled by Geffraie Chaucers. Of whos soule Jhu Crist have mercye. Amen quod Cornhyll*, which seems to be the Transcriber's Name. This Book has some particularities in the Orthography; as *sch* for *sh* (so *sch* for *she*) *w* sometimes for *u* or *v*; *y* very frequently for *i*. The first Letters of such Tales as are perfect at the beginning, are beautifully illuminated in this MS. and it is probable that the Pictures of the Pilgrims were intended to be inserted before their Tales, there being a void space left capable of containing them: But none of them were finished, unless we may suppose that of the *Knight* to be done, which might be the occasion of cutting out the first Leaf of that Tale.

II. The other *Harleyan MS.* is likewise written on Velom in a long Folio, marked 67. C. 3. and contains, besides the Poem of *Troilus* and *Creseide*, part of the *Knight's Tale*, and the Tales of the *Man of Law*, the *Wife of Bath*, the *Clerk of Oxenford*, and the *Frankelein*, which last differs in the beginning from the Printed Editions. In the first Letters of *Troilus* and *Creseide* (which begins the Book) are the Arms of *Speke* and *Shepey* impaled, and at the end of the Tales, which are written in another hand is this Note, which seems to be added by the Writer of the latter part of it; *Vestre magnifice & generosissime dominacionis*



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*nis humilimus serviens & orat. heremita de Grenewych, mundo qui totaliter segregatus ac mentibus suorum fortune amicorum & hominum peroblitus.*

III. In the next place he describes two MSS. which he had borrowed of the worthy and learned Dr. *Sloan*, now Sir *Hans Sloan*; one of them written on Velom, the other on Paper. The former is imperfect at the beginning, and ends with the Tale of the *Nonne's Priest*; it hath the *Legend of Gamelyn*, but imperfect, as it is in other places.

IV. Sir *Hans Sloan's* Paper MS. besides other imperfections, wants all the *Parson's Tale*, but the *Legend of Gamelyn* is there told by the *Coke*.

V. He then acknowledges the favour of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Carnarvon*, now Duke of *Chandos*, in allowing him the perusal of a very fair MS. on Velom, well preserved, containing all the Tales, and ending with the *Retraction*. It may be proper here once for all to advertise the Reader, that the *Plowman's Tale* is not in any of the MSS. which Mr. *Urry* describes, nor in any other that I have seen or been informed of.

VI. He borrowed from the Honourable Colonel *Hen. Worsely* a Paper MS. imperfect at the beginning and end, containing all the Tales, but in a different order.

VII. He saw two MSS. in the Royal Library, one on Velom, N<sup>o</sup>. 1541. *Lumley*. which contains all the Tales with the *Retraction*. The Story of *Gamelyn* is thus introduced (as it is in several other MSS.) after that of the *unbriсты Prentice*;

*But hereof woll I passe as now,  
And of yong Gamelyn I wol tell you.*

The *Shipman's Tale*, by the Transcriber's mistake is in this MS. entitled the *Marchand's Tale*; the *Marchaunt's* being before written in it's proper place.

VIII. The other MS. in the Royal Library is on Paper, and contains the Tales as in the other, but is much torn in the *Manciple's* and *Parson's* Tales. Before *Gamelyn* it has this Rubrick; *Here endeth the Tale of the Cook, and here followeth another Tale of the same Cook. a long Legend of yong Gamelyn.*

IX. He borrowed, by the means of the Reverend Mr. *Harbin* and Mr. *Tarborough*, of Mr. *Edmond Canbey* of *Thorn* in *Yorkshire*, another fair MS. well preserved: This Book wants the *Coke's Tale* and *Gamelyn*, and also the *Squire's* and the *Marchaunt's* Tales, and is imperfect in the end.

X. He borrowed of Mr. *Norton* of *Sutbwic* in *Hampshire*, by the favour of *John Chicheley* Esq; a MS. which he guesses to have been written in the time of *Rich. II.* the Writing being very like that in the Patent of that King to *Chaucer* for a *Pycher* of Wine daily: But it is most miserably mangled, a great many leaves being cut out, in every part of it; so that there is scarce one Tale or Prologue entire; and particularly the *Parson's Tale* has neither beginning nor end. The Legend of *Gamelyn* is introduced in this Book by the same Verses which have been before set down out of the Velom Book in the Royal Library.

XI. The Reverend and Learned Dr. *Jenkins* Master of St. *John's* College in *Cambridge*, and *Margaret* Professor in that University, procured from the Publick Library there, a very fine MS. for his perusal; in which are many leaves wanting, which are supplied by a Modern hand (as he thinks) out of the printed Books. It hath before the Tales *Chaucer's A. B. C. Littera de Scogan, Balad de bon conseil, A Poem* beginning,

*In them when any hert is light,  
And flouris freshly spred and spring;*

*De amico ad amicum responsio, V Bookis of Troilus and Creside.* Then follow the Tales in their order: But Mr. *Urry* does not take notice of the Tale of *Gamelyn*, nor the *Retraction* in this Book. After the Tales are the following Poems; The Legend of Good Women, *Legenda Cleopatre Regine*, The Legend of *Pyramis* and *Thisbe*, The Legend of *Dido Q. of Carthage*, The Legend of *Hipsiphile* and *Medea*, The Legend of *Lucrece* of *Rome*, The Legend of *Philomene*, The Legend of *Phyllis*, The Legend of *Hypermetre*, The Parlement of Foulis in die *Sancti Valentini tent*. The Temple of Glass (but this is *Dan Lidgate's Supplicatio Amantis*) *La Compleyn*. There are in this Book Figures of some of the Pilgrims on horseback illuminated, which Mr. *Urry* had not seen in any other MS. of this Author, and he doubts not, but this Book originally had them all. Before it is the Picture of *Chaucer* drawn by Sir *Thomas Occleve* on a leaf of his Book *De Regimine Principis*; and Mr. *Urry* had been informed of another upon the Margin of one of the same Books; and there is a third in the *Cotton Library* at the end of *OTHO. A. XVIII.* From which Mr. *Urry* very justly infers that *Occleve*, to preserve his Master *Chaucer's* memory, caused his Picture to be limn'd in every Book that was presented by him to his friends; of the number of which, seems to be that beautiful Copy of it in the Royal Society's Library [N<sup>o</sup> 38.] which, besides a Picture of *Occleve* presenting a Book to *Henry V.* had doubtless *Chaucer's* Picture on a Leaf, where that honourable mention is made of him, which has been cut out, perhaps to adorn



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adorn some MS. of *Chaucer*, such as that here described in the Publick Library at *Cambridge*, or that in the *Cotton Library*, which last contains no more of *Chaucer* than those Poems beginning, *Flie fro the prese*, &c. and *Sometyme the worlde so stedfast was and stable* (which is there entituled *Balade Ryalle made by Poeticall Chaucer*) *Chaucer's Song to his empty purse*, and the first Stanza of *Troilus's Song*, in the first Book of that Poem.

XII. Mr. *Urry* gives an account of a MS. of the late Bishop of *Ely* which he had collated, containing all the Tales with *Gamelyn*, and the *Retraction* thus introduced at the end of the *Parson's Tale*, *Here takith the maker of this book his leave*; and after it this Rubrick, *Here endith the Canterbury tales compiled by Geoffrey Chaucer, of whose soule Jhu Crist have mercy. Amen.*

XIII. The Honourable Mrs. *Thynne*, Widow of the Honourable *Henry Thynne Esq*; Son to the late Lord Viscount *Weymouth*, was pleased to lend him a MS. purchased by her, which had belonged to Mr. *Long* a Prebendary of the Church of *Exeter*. It is a fair Book, but is imperfect at the beginning and end, and wants the *Coke's Tale*, and that of *Gamelyn*: But this Defect is sufficiently compensated by the addition of two new Pieces, not extant in any of the other MSS. which are there inserted between the Tale of the *Chanon's Yeman* and *Chaucer's Tale of Melibencus*, viz. *The Adventure of the Pardoner and the Tapster at the Inn in Canterbury*, and the *Merchant's Tale* in the Pilgrim's Return from thence, of which more hereafter.

XIV. The last MS. mentioned by Mr. *Urry* is a fair and perfect one, borrowed from Sir *Nicholas L'Estrange*. This he says was the best preserved of any he had seen, and not deficient in any leaves that he had observed. He supposes it had been Sir *Henry Spelman's*, by the Characters of *S<sup>r</sup> H. S.* on the outside of the Cover, the Book having been newly bound in 1623. He gives no further account of it, but that it contains the following Tales, which being not set down as in his Description of the other MSS. it should seem he did not live to go through it.

With these helps Mr. *Urry* had made several Corrections throughout the greatest part of *Chaucer's Works*, and had prepared a fair Copy for the Press, written partly in his own hand and partly by Mr. *Ainsworth*, to the end of the *Frankelins Tale*. He also printed Proposals for Subscriptions some time before his Death, which happened in *March 1714*.

In the Proposals it was published that Three new Tales of this Author, never yet printed, were recovered, and would be added to this Edition: By which were certainly meant *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, *The Merchant's Second Tale*, or *The History of Beryn*, and *The Adventure of the Pardoner and Tapster at the Inn at Canterbury*. Though the latter is not properly a Tale, but an Account of the Behaviour of the Pilgrims, and particularly of the *Pardoner*, at their Journey's end, and a kind of Prologue to a set of Tales to be told in their Return; it was not judged proper to make any Alteration in that part of the Title Page, lest it should be thought that any thing is omitted in this Edition, which was intended by Mr. *Urry*.

As to the Tale of *Gamelyn*, Mr. *Urry's* Sentiments concerning it may be seen in the Note before it. Mr. *Selden* was of opinion that what is called the *Tale of the unthrifty Prentice*, was only a kind of Prelude, and not the Tale it self which the *Coke* intended to tell; and that those two Verses which immediately precede it, viz.

*And therewithall he lough and made [<sup>b</sup>glad] chere,  
And seid his Tale, as you shall after here,*

are misplaced, and should have come after it, as an Introduction to the Tale of *Gamelyn*; and he says they were so placed in a very fair MS. which he had, and in some others.

It were to be wished that this Tale had been more carefully collated with the several MSS. wherein it is found. It may be made much more perfect and correct from the two MSS. which I have had an opportunity of collating, viz. the *Harleyan MS. H. 1.* and Mr. *Cholmondley's MS.* which shall be described in it's proper place. I shall not take notice here of the minute Variations; some of them which affect the sense being noted in the Glossary as occasion offered: I shall only make a few Remarks out of them in this place.

The Reader will observe a *Lacuna* after Verse 477. which may be made up out of those MSS. thus;

*Thanne seyde yong Gamelyn  
Unto the Champioun:  
Thou art faste aboute  
For to brynge me adoun.*

And *Y. 530, 531.* are thus read in *MS. Ch.*

<sup>a</sup> De Synedriis Ebræorum. Amst. 1679. L. II. C. 2. §. 3. p. 36c.

<sup>b</sup> So it is in *MS. Ch.*



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*There weren two gentellmen,  
God yeve hem gode grace,  
That comen to Gamelyn,  
Were keperis of the place.*

Y. 540, 541.

*Thanne seyde the Champioun,  
So browke I my swere.*

After Y. 555. MS. Ch. proceed thus ;

*And seyde have Gamelyn, thee ring and the ram  
For thee beste wrastelere, that evere here cam.  
And thus wan, &c.*

which may be made very good Metre, with very little Alteration.

Instcad of *beste* Y. 647. should be read *cheste*, i.e. Quarrel, debate, &c. See Gower's *Conf. Amantis*. L. 2. fol. 49. b. Edit. 1554.

Y. 706. may be read,

*Of fiftene plowis land the prowte.* See Y. 713.

Instcad of *bonde* Y. 865. H. 1. hath *bound*; but MS. Ch. hath it *handefast*. In Y. 972. both MSS. want *be*, which is only an Explanation of *worthe*. After *rout*, Y. 1192. should follow,

*Adam seyde Gamelyn,  
What ben now thy redis?  
Here comith the Shiregereve,  
And wolde have our bedis.  
Adam seyde to Gamelyn  
My rede is now this, &c.*

Instcad of *say*, Y. 1226. the MSS. have *see*; and Y. 1413. *Both husbande and wif*; and Y. 1629. *And with the Justice speke*. And Y. 1692 and the following Verses may out of them be thus read ;

*Gamelyn sette hym adoun  
In the Justic's fete,  
And Adam and Ote his brother  
Settyn at his fete.  
Whanne Gamelyn was sette  
In the Justic's stede,  
Will ye herin of a bourde,  
That Gamelyn [tho] dede?  
He lete<sup>a</sup> fetre the Justice, &c.*

These are some of the most material Amendments that may be made out of these MSS. I doubt not but many more as considerable may be made by an exact Collation of all the MSS. wherein this Tale is to be found.

There is very little to be added to what has been said before concerning the other Two Pieces added in this Edition. As they are printed from the single MS. of Mrs. Thynne, the Reader is to expect no more than an exact Transcript from it, which Mr. Ainsworth assured me he had made. It may (perhaps with some shew of reason) be suspected that Chaucer was not the Author of them, but a later Writer, who may have taken the hint from what is suggested in Y. 796. of the *Prologues*, that the Pilgrims were to tell Tales in their Return homewards; but as to that the Reader must be left to his own Judgment. But supposing they

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<sup>a</sup> H. 1. hath these Verses thus ;

<sup>d</sup> So it is in MS. Ch.

*And Sir Ote his brother by hym, and Adam at his fete.*



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were not writ by our Author, we are however obliged to Mr. Urry's diligence for finding out and publishing Two ancient Poems, not unworthy our perusal: And they have as good a right to appear at the end of this Edition, as *Lidgate's Story of Thebes* had to be printed in former ones.

When the greatest part of the Tales were printed off, there came to my hands another MS. of the *Canterbury Tales*, which Mr. Urry had not seen. It belongs to *Charles Cholmondley Esq;* of *Vale-Royal* in *Cheshire*, whose Name should be mentioned with particular respect for his readiness in communicating this MS. without any previous application, as soon as he understood where a new Edition of *Chaucer's Works* was preparing. It is imperfect at the beginning and in most of the Tales; but those of the *Frere* and *Sompnour* are entirely lost. This MS. hath the *Retraction* at the end of the *Parson's Tale*. Though this was the first Copy of it which I had seen, yet I had an opportunity of collating it with other Copies before it went to the Press; and therefore the Reader may expect to find it more compleat and correct than any single MS. represents it. The valuableness of it will appear by the use which has been made of it in the *Glossary*. It was indeed designed that some of the different Readings of it should have been set down at the bottom of the Page in those Tales, which were not printed off when I received it; but my direction being misunderstood at the Press, some of them were inserted in the Text: But this is more particularly taken notice of in the *Glossary*, where other material differences are also observed as occasion offers. This MS. is quoted by the Abbreviation [*MS. Ch.*]

The Reader will observe *MS. Sp.* often quoted in the *Glossary*, by which is meant a MS. in Octavo partly written on Velum and partly on Paper, containing the Five Books of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*. This I found amongst Books and Papers left by Mr. Urry; but I could not perceive that he had made any use of it. It came not to my hands till a long time after that Poem was printed off: But where upon collating I found any material variations in the Reading, I have inserted them in the *Glossary*. When I made this use of it, I did not know to whom it belonged, and therefore quoted it in the manner mentioned above; because it seemed to have once belonged to that Learned Antiquary Sir *Henry Spelman*, his name [*Henrici Spelman*] being written in fair hand on the first leaf of it, and at the beginning of other Tracts contained in that Volume. But I have been since informed that it belonged to the late Lord Viscount *Weymouth*, from whom it is probable Mr. Urry borrowed it not long before his Death; which might be the reason that no notice is taken of it in that Catalogue he left of the MSS. which he had seen and perused.

There is another MS. of this Poem in the Lord *Harley's* Library, which has been occasionally consulted when any difficulty occurred in revising the *Glossary*, and is there meant by *H. 3.*

It may be of use in this place to give the Reader notice of another MS. in the *Harleyan* Library [34. B. 18.] which, though it contains but Two small Pieces of our Author's, *viz.* *How pyte is dede*, &c. p. 421. and that beginning, *The longe nyghtis*, &c. p. 558. it may be worth an Editor's while to collate for the many Improvements and Corrections that may be made from it, especially in the former Poem; one of which is observed under *Herennus* in the *Glossary*, wherein this Book is designed by *H. 4.*

And it may be equally useful to a future Editor to be advertised, that *Chaucer's* Tale of *Melibeus* and his Wife *Prudence* may receive considerable Improvements from a Fragment of it at the end of a Paper MS. [N<sup>o</sup>. 140.] in the *Arundelian* Collection belonging to the Royal Society; which is the only MS. there that contains any of our Author's Works. This is mentioned here to prevent any future Loss of time in searching amongst those MSS. for the Continuation of the *Squier's* Tale, which some have pretended to have been compleat in *Arundel-House* Library: Nor is it likely the curious Enquirer should be more successful in his Researches elsewhere for the Remainder of that Tale, which no doubt was left imperfect by the Author, as it is mentioned in some MSS. and in that MS. of Mr. *Selden* in the *Bodleian* Library [Archiv. B. 30. 3360.] after the two Verses which we have of the third part of that Tale, these Eight Verses follow;

*But I here now wol maken a knotte,  
To the tyme it come next to my lotte;  
For here ben felawes behynde an hepe truly,  
That wolden talke full besily,  
And have here sport as well as I;  
And the day passith certaynly:  
Therefore, Oste, taketh now good hede  
Who shall nexte telle, and late him spede.*



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And certainly *Spenser* was of opinion that *Chaucer* never finished it, when he undertook to carry on that Story, so far at least as it made for his purpose, in his *Fairy Queen*<sup>f</sup>; which gave occasion to others to fancy he wrote a Continuation of it. That indeed was attempted by one *John Lane* in *Q. Elizabeth's* time: How well he succeeded in his performance is left to the Judgment of such as have leisure to peruse it in the *Ashmolean Museum*, N<sup>o</sup>. 6937.

I had also an opportunity by the favour of an ingenious Friend, of collating a MS. of *Jack Upland*, on Vellum in a very small Volume, which was of use to explain some, and correct other Passages in it; but the Text is generally so different there from that which is exhibited in this, as well as former Editions of *Chaucer*, that it may deserve to be printed entire as it is in that MS. which is now in the possession of that indefatigable Collector, *Thomas Rawlinson Esq.*

I had likewise the assistance of my friends in collating most of the old, and all the valuable Editions; some of which the Reader will find often mention'd in the *Glossary*, especially those of *Caxton* and *Pynson*, which are designed by *Ca.* 1. 2. and *Py.* 1. 2. And here it may not be unacceptable to give a short account of such Editions of *Chaucer* as have come to my hands, or have been collated for me by my friends, not omitting in their proper places such as I find mentioned by others, and particularly by the late industrious Mr. *John Bagford* in his Collections towards the History of Printing, in the *Lord Harley's Library*.

Mr. *William Thynne* in his Dedication of *Chaucer's Works* to King *Henry VIII.* says that divers Imprints of them came to his hands, in which he apprehended many errors, falsities, and depravations: But when his Edition came out, which was much more compleat as well as more correct than the former ones, they were totally neglected, and therefore it is very rare to meet with any Copies of them but what are imperfect, especially at the beginning and end; so that the Reader is not to expect here an exact account of the Dates of the first Impressions.

We are told by Mr. *Stow* in his Survey of *London*, that the Works of *Chaucer* were first printed by *William Caxton* in a thin Folio in 1466. but this is a mistake, for (as Mr. *Bagford* well observes) *Caxton* did not print so early. But I have seen Two Editions of the *Canterbury Tales* published by that Printer, both in a small Folio, in single Columns: The first in a fair large Character, without Cuts, Running Title, or distinction of Stanza's: But the Copy<sup>g</sup> which I perused being imperfect both at the beginning and end, the Date of it no where appears. The other hath rude wooden Cuts of most of the Pilgrims, and of the Supper at the *Tabbard Inn*, and is printed in a smaller Letter, which is the same with that used in *Caxton's* Edition of *Troilus and Creseide*<sup>h</sup>, at the end of which he put his name thus; *Explicit per Caxton*. But the Copy<sup>i</sup> which I saw of this Edition being likewise imperfect, there appears no Date. But that this was not the first Edition of *Chaucer*; cannot be doubted; many omissions in the former being supplied in this, and several Corrections made where that was very erroneous.

*William Caxton*, or rather *Wynkin de Werde* (as Mr. *Bagford* thought) printed in 4<sup>o</sup>. amongst other things, several small pieces of *Chaucer's*, as *The Counsel to* [f. of] *Chaucer*, *His Envoy to Scogan*, *Little John* called the *Book of Courtesy*, *Annelida and false Arcyte*, *The Complaynt of Chaucer to his empty purse*, &c. This seems to have been intended as a Supplement to his Editions of the Tales, and is supposed by Mr. *Bagford* to have been printed in 149... &c.

Mr. *Stow*<sup>k</sup> also mentions the English Translation of *Boethius* set forth by *Caxton* with *Surigonus's Verses*.

*Richard Pynson* was the next that printed *Chaucer's Works*, of which he published Two Editions. The first is in a small Folio, containing only the *Canterbury Tales*, printed in a large and fair Letter, in one Column, except the Tale of *Melibeus* and that of the *Parson*, which are printed in a smaller Character and in two Columns. This seems to have been printed from *Caxton's* Second Edition; and he acknowledges in the *Prohemye* to this Edition that it was printed by a Copy of his Master *William Caxton*<sup>l</sup>. But the Copy of it which I per-

<sup>f</sup> See the Passage in the Testimonies.

<sup>g</sup> In Lord Harley's Library. <sup>h</sup> Ibid.

<sup>i</sup> Amongst Mr. *Aston's* Books in the Royal Society's Library. B. II. 19. <sup>k</sup> Survey of London.

<sup>l</sup> The *Prohemye* is as follows;

Grete thankes, laude and honoure ought to be yevyn unto the clerkes, poets and historiagraphs that have writen many noble boke of wisdom, of the lyves, passions and miracles of holy seyntes, of histories of noble and famous ailles and faittes, and of the cronicles sithen the begynnyng of the creacioun of the worlde unto this present tyme; by whiche we ben daily enfourmed and have knowlege of manye thynges, of whom we shuld nat have knowen yf they had nat left to us theire monuments writen. Emong whom and in especial tofore alle other we ought to gyve a singaler laude unto that noble and gret

philosopher Geoffrey Chaucer, the whiche for his ornate writing in our tonge may wel have the name of a laureate poete. For tofore that he by his laboure enbelisshid, ornated and made faire our englishe, in this Realme was hadde rude speche and incongrue, as yet it apperithe by olde boke; whiche at this daie oughte nat to have place ne be compared emong his beauteuous volumes and ornate writings: Of whom he made manye a noble historye as wele in metre as ryme and prose, and theym so craftely made, that he comprehended his maters in short, quicke and high sentences, eschewing prolixite, and casting away the chaf and superfluite, and shewing the pyked grayne of sentence, uttered by crafty and sugred eloquence. Of whom I, among alle other of his boke, the boke of the tales of *Canterburie* (in whiche ben manye a noble historie of wisdom, policie, mirth and gentilnes, and also of verue and holynes) which boke di-

used



a. the Retraction<sup>pt</sup> was printed once more, as appears  
from the 4<sup>th</sup> paragraph of this page.



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used <sup>m</sup> wanting the Title Page, I cannot determine the year wherein it was published, but Mr. Bagford says it was in 1520, or 1522. This is adorned with wooden Cuts of most of the Pilgrims and of the Supper, differing from those in Caxton's Second Edition, but not much improved.

Pynson's Second Edition came out in 1526. and is printed in two Columns, and contains, besides the *Canterbury Tales*, and the *Retraction* at the end of the Parson's Tale (which was the first, and I believe the only time it was printed before the present Edition of it) the Poems following;

*The Boke of Troylus and Cresseyde*, *The Boke of Fame*<sup>n</sup>, *The Assemble of Foules*, otherwise called *saynt Valentine's day*, *La bele Dame sauns mercy translate out of Freuche into Englyshe* by Geffray Chaucer, *flour of poetes*, &c. *Bonum consilium Galfredi Chaucer*, contra fortunam; *Flye fro the preace*, &c. *Morall proverbes of Christine*, beginning, *The great vertues of our elders notable*, and ending, *Wo may be be that to God endeth mys*, *The Complaynt of Mary Magdaleyne*, *The Letter of Dido to Eneas*, *Proverbes of Lydgate*: What other pieces it may contain I know not, the Copy which I had the use of <sup>o</sup> being imperfect at the end.

The Cuts in this are generally the same in the Tales with those in the former Edition of Pynson, and some of them are a little improved. There are also Cuts before most of the other Poems contained in this Edition, which have some relation to the subject matter of them. It has this Note after the *Retraction*; *Thus endeth the boke of Caunterbury tales. Imprinted at London in fletestrete, by me Rycharde Pynson, printer unto the kynges noble grace: and fynished the yere of our lord god a. M. CCCCC. and xvi. the fourth day of June.* This Edition was printed from a Copy of one of Caxton's, which he had corrected for the Press; and the *Prohemye* to this Edition differs in that part from that to his first Edition<sup>r</sup>.

The next to these in Antiquity is a large Folio in two Columns. This has for the most part the same Cuts which were used in Caxton's second Edition, but worn and much damaged, and therefore most of the Borders of them are cut off; the Cuts of the *Knight and Parson* are new. Besides the Tales and other Works of Chaucer mentioned in the foregoing Article, it contains the *Retraction*, (which is in none of the subsequent Editions that I know of) *The Romaunt of the Rose*, *The Complaynt and Testament of Crescide*, *The Legend of good Women*, *The Translacion of Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, *The Dreame of Chaucer*, *The flour of Curtesy*, *How pite is ded*, &c. *Of quene Annelida and false Arcite*, *The Assemble of ladies*, *The Conclusions of the Astrolabe*, *The Complaynt of the Black knyght*, *A Prayse of Women*, and *The Testament of Love*, which is imperfect in the Copy <sup>1</sup> I perused, both the beginning and end of the Book being lost; so that I cannot determine whether this be the first Edition put out by William Thynne, printed (as Leland says) by Berthelet, to which Brian Tucca added an elaborate and elegant Preface<sup>r</sup>; or the second, increased by Mr. Stow; and printed by Thomas Godfray in 1532. *Cum privilegio à Rege indulto*<sup>s</sup>.

In 1542. William Bonham dwellynge at the sygne of the Kinges Armes in Paul's Church-yarde put out *The Workes of Geffray Chaucer, wyth dyvers workes whych were never in print before*, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. This has Mr. Thynne's Preface to King Henry VIII. and is the first printed Book that I have seen with the *Plowman's Tale*, which

ligerly oversen and duely examined by the polittike reason and over sight of my worshipful master William Caxton, accordinge to the entent and effecte of the seid Geffrey Chaucer, and by a copy of the seid master Caxton, purpos to imprint, by ye grace, ayde and supporte of almighty god; whom I humbly beseeche, that he of his grete and habundant grace wil so dispose that I may it fynishe to his plesure, laude and glorie: And that alle we that shalle therein se or rede may so take and understande the gode and vertuous tales, that it may so profite to the helth of oure soules, and in especial of the soule of the seid Geffrey Chaucer, first autour and maker of this forseid boke, that after this short and transitorye lyfe we may comme to the everlastyng lys in hevynne. Amen.

By Richard Pynson.

<sup>m</sup> It belongs to the Royal Society. C. III. 24.

<sup>n</sup> At the end of the *Boke of Fame* there is this Note;

There is no more of this foresaid worke, for as it may be uelle understande, this noble man Geffray Chaucer, fynished it at the said conclusyon of the meryng of leysyng and sothfawne: where (as yet) they ben checked and may nat departe. Whiche worke as me semeth, is craftely made, and digne to be written and knownen: for he toucheth in it right great wysedome and subrell understandyng, and so in all his workes he excelleth in myn opinyon all other writers in Englyshe, for he writeth no voyde wordes, but all his mater is full of hys and quicke sentence, to whom ought to be gyven laude and praise, for his noble makynz and writyng: And I humbly beseeche and pray

you among your prayers, to remembre his soule, on whiche, and on all christen soules, I beseeche Iesu have mercy. Amen.

<sup>o</sup> In the Harl. Library. 31. A. 5.

<sup>p</sup> The principal difference is in the latter part, which is as follows;

I purpose to emprinte by the grace of Iesu, the boke of the tales of Canterbury, in whiche I fynde many a noble historie, of every astate and degre. Fyrst reberfing the condicions and the aray of eche of them, as properly as possible is to be said, and after their tales, which ben of noblesse, wysdome, gentlesse, myrthe, and also of very holynesse and vertue, wherin he fynysbeth this sayde boke; whiche boke is diligently and trewly corrected, by a copy of William Caxton's imprintyng, acordyng to the true makinge of the sayd Geffray Chaucer, as hereafter shall followe all along by the helpe of almighty god: to whom I humbly beseeche, that I maye it so archyve and accomplyshe, that it be to his laude, honour and glory; and that all ye that shall in this boke rede or here, wyll of your charite amonge your dedes of mercy, remembre the soule of the sayd Geffrey Chaucer fyrste autour and maker of this boke; and also, all we that shall se and rede therein, maye so take and understande the good and vertuous tales, that it may so profite unto the helth of our soules, that after this shorte and transytorye lyfe, we may come to everlastyng joye in heven. Amen.

<sup>q</sup> In Lord Harley's Library.

<sup>r</sup> In *vitâ* Chauceri.

<sup>s</sup> Mr. Bagford in his Collections.



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in this follows that of the *Parson*, whereas in other Editions it immediately precedes that Tale. The Cuts in this are the same with those in the Edition last mentioned, except one which represents the Knight and the Squier attending him.

In this Edition the following Poems are added;

*The Remedy of Love*, *The Complaynt of Mars and Venus*, *The Letter of Cupyde*, *A balade in commendation of our Lady*, John Gower unto the worthy and noble kynge Henry the fourth, *Of the Cuckow and the Nightyngale*, A Poem beginning, *O leude boke with thy foule rudenesse*, &c. Scogan unto the lordes, &c. The Poem beginning, *Sometyme the worlde so stedfast was*, &c. *Balade of the vyllage wythout payntyng*, Chaucer unto his empty purse, Chaucer unto the kynge, The Poem beginning, *Consyder wel every circumstance*, &c. and Chaucer's *Epitaph* by Surigonus.

Mr. Bagford mentions another Edition in 1542. by John Reyne at the signe of the St. George in Paul's Churchyard; and says that about this time Chaucer's Works were printed by Thomas Petit living in Paul's Churchyard without Date, with Mr. Thynne's Preface to Henry VIII. at the beginning, and Surigonus's Verses at the end, without Cuts.

In 1555. *The Works of Geffray Chaucer newly printed, with divers works which never were printed before*, were printed by Richard Kele in Lombard street, Cum privilegio. This Edition has only a Cut of the Knight. The great Initials are finely cut in Wood, and the A hath I. R. in it.

There is another Edition printed by Robert Toye dwelling in Poule's Churchyard at the sign of the Bell, very like this, having I. R. in the A, as the former; but it has no Date. It has the *Plowman's Tale* before the *Parson's*; and the Contents are the same with those of Bonham's Edition 1542. and seems to be the same with that of 1561. at the end of which is printed the Story of *Thebes* by Lidgate, after which is this Note; *Imprinted at London by Jhon Kyngstone for Jhon Wight dwelling in Poules Churchyard. Anno 1561. which was the Edition which Mr. Stow says was increased by his labour*. It is thought he received great helps in this Work from the Collections of John Shirley Esq; who was a great Traveller in divers Countries, and among other labours, had painfully collected the Works of Geffrey Chaucer, and John Lidgate and other learned Writers, in sundry Volumes, which Mr. Stow owns he saw, and partly possessed. This Gentleman dyed the twenty first of October 1456. and was buried in the Parish Church of St. Bartholomew the Less, London. Mr. Bagford says, Chaucer's Works were printed by John Kingstone, and George Bishop in 1561. and the year following by Adam Islip.

Mr. Stow tells us, that they were the Third time put forth with Notes by him collected out of divers Records and Monuments, which he delivered to his loving and learned friend Mr. Thomas Speght, who having drawn them into a good form and method, printed them in 1597. Mr. Stow's additions begin at Fol. CCCXL. and are as follows;

*A Balad of gentilnesse*, *A Proverb against Covetise and Negligence*, *Against unconstant women*, *In the praise (or rather dispraise) of women for their doubleness*, *The Craft of Lovers*, A Poem beginning, *Of their nature they greatly them delite*, *The X Commaundments of Love*, *The IX Ladies worthie*, The Poems beginning, *Alone walkyng*, &c. *In the season of Feverere*, &c. *O mercifull and o merciabie*. *How Mercury with Pallas, Venus, and Minerva appered to Paris of Troie*, &c. *I have a Ladie*, &c. *O mossie Quince*, &c. *Loke well aboute*, &c. A Poem beginning, *The long nyghtes when every creature*, and that beginning, *In womanhede as auſtours all write*, *The Court of Love*. There were also added in this Edition Chaucer's *Dream*, beginning, *When Flora the Queene*, &c. and *The Floure and the Leaf*.

This was printed by Adam Islip, at the charges of Thomas Wight, and was begun in 1597, but not published till the year following. It was dedicated by Mr. Speght to Sir Robert Cecil afterwards Earl of Salisbury; after which follows Mr. Beaumont's Letter to Mr. Speght (pressing him to hasten this Edition with his Notes) and the Life of Chaucer drawn up by Mr. Speght from Mr. Stow's Collections, together with a Print of Chaucer from his Picture in Oecleve's Book: And at the end is added an Explanation of old and obscure Words, a Translation of the French in Chaucer, a Declaration of the Authors cited by him, together with some Corrections and Annotations; and after the Story of *Thebes* there is a Catalogue of Lidgate's Works. This was reprinted in the same year by Richard Kele, and (as Mr. Bagford says) by George Bishop towards the end of the year.

There is a Copy of the Edition 1597. with MS. Notes of Junius in the Bodleyan Library amongst his MSS. [N<sup>o</sup>. 5121. 9.] but neither did those Notes nor his other Papers there of that nature (which I likewise consulted) afford that assistance which might be expected from so

<sup>r</sup> Mr. Bagford in his Collections.

<sup>u</sup> In his Survey of London and Westminster. Last Edit. B. 6. p. 15, 18.

<sup>w</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>x</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4. p. 232, 233.



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great a Name; most of them being very imperfect, or drawn up rather for his own use than for the information of others.

In 1602. Mr. *Speght* put out another Edition with some Improvements; in which was first printed the Treatise intituled *Jack Upland*. He also inserted the Notes of the former Edition amongst the old and obscure words, and added a Translation of the *Latin* in *Chaucer*.

Mr. *Francis Thynne*, Lancaster Herald, Son to Mr. *William Thynne*, intended to have put out an Edition of *Chaucer* with Notes, as the *Italians* had *Petrarch*, and others, in their Language; having, besides the helps left him by his Father, made Collections of his own for that purpose: But whether Mr. *Speght* had the use of them for this Edition, or what became of them doth not appear. Mr. *A. Wood* says Mr. *Thynne* assisted Mr. *Speght* with his Notes and Directions, as also with considerable Materials for writing of *Chaucer's* Life: But that is very improbable, since Mr. *Speght* doth not acknowledge any such assistance where he mentions Mr. *Thynne's* intention of undertaking a new Edition of *Chaucer*.

The last Edition in 1687. scarce deserves a mention here, having all the defects of the former ones, with many additional Errors of it's own. It is furnished with a pompous Title Page only for Sale, pretending that it was compared with the best MSS. and that several things were added never before in print, which are only Two Advertisements; one at the beginning, that the *Pilgrim's* Tale could not be found; the other at the end, pretending to have found the Conclusion of the *Coke's* and *Squier's* Tales. To the former he directs these Lines to be added;

*What thorow himself and his felaw that fought,  
Unto a mischief both they were brought,  
The one ydamned to prison perpetually,  
The tother to deth, for he cou not of clergy,  
And therefore yong men learne while ye may,  
That with many drivers thoughts both pricked all the day,  
Remembre you what mischief cometh of misgovernance,  
Thus mowe ye learne worschip and come to substaunce;  
Think how grace and governaunce hath brought aboune  
Many a poore man's Son chese state of the Town.  
Ever rule thee after the best man of name,  
And God may grace thee to come to the same.*

At the end of the *Squier's* Tale, after the two Verses of the third part which are extant, he directs to add the Lines before set down out of Mr. *Selden's* MS. with the addition of the two following Lines between the sixth and seventh Verses;

*So on this matter I may no lenger dwell,  
But stint my clack, and let the other tell,  
Therefore oft [l. oft] taketh, &c.*

Besides these Editions of *Chaucer's* Works together, several of his Poems have been printed separately, at several times.

The Description of the *Plowman* and his Tale, were printed in 1606. in 4°. with Notes which are thought by some to be Mr. *Francis Thynne's*.

In 1635. Sir *Francis Kinaston* of *Otely* in *Shropshire* published the First and Second Books of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*, with an elegant *Latin* Version of them in Rhime, dedicated to *Pat. Junius*, Library Keeper to the King: And in the Epistle to the Reader, he promises to translate the remaining Books in the same manner; and in case that Essay met with the Approbation of the Learned to publish the whole, with a Comment or Notes for the fuller Illustration of that Poem. And it seems he lived to finish this Work, though not to publish it; for I have been informed that there was a MS. of it in the hands of the late Dr. *Henry Aldriche*, Dean of *Christ-Church, Oxon.* (whose Name is never to be mentioned by a Member of that Society without the utmost Respect and Gratitude) out of which Mr. *Urry* procured some of the Notes to be transcribed, which have been made use of in the *Glossary*. I could never learn what became of that MS. but I am perswaded if it falls into the hands of a person capable to judge of it, he will not grudge the Learned World the use of so valuable a Piece by suppressing it, or delaying it's Publication.

An Anonymous Writer published a Comment on the *Miller's* Tale, and on the Prologue and Tale of the *Wife of Bath* in 1665. at the instance (as he says) of several Persons of Qua-

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<sup>1</sup> *Speght* to the Reader, before this Edition.  
<sup>2</sup> Ath. Oxon. Vol. I. col. 319. in *Francis Thynne*.

<sup>3</sup> In his Epistle to the Reader, as before.



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lity, who importuned him to go on with the rest; but the Author excuses himself, on account of his Age, from proceeding any further in that Work.

Mr. *Asbmo* printed the *Chaucer's Teme's Tale* with some Notes, in his *Theatrum Chemicum* in 1652.

Mr. *Dryden* turned into modern language the *Knight's Tale*, the *Wife of Bath her Tale*, and the *Nonne's Priest's Tale*, and also the Poem *Of the Floure and the Leafe*, which are printed amongst his Fables in 1700. and at the end of that Book, those Poems are printed as they were written by *Chaucer*. He also wrote the *Character of a Good Parson*, in Imitation of *Chaucer's* Description of the *Parson* in his *Prologues*, with some Enlargements, which is printed in the same Volume.

Mr. *Pope* also modernized two of the *Canterbury Tales*, viz. *The Merchant's Tale* of *January* and *May*, and the *Wife of Bath her Prologue*, which are among his Works printed in 1717. And some other of our Author's Poems have been attempted by other ingenious Persons in the same manner.

I shall not trouble the Reader in this place with a particular Enumeration of the other Books which I had occasion to make use of in compiling the *Glossary*, many of them being mentioned in the *Explanation of the Abbreviations*, &c. before it, and the rest quoted at length where they are referr'd to in the Body of it. He will easily observe how much this Work, such as it is, owes to the *Harleyan* Libraries: But I must not omit making my particular Acknowledgments to the Right Honourable the Lord HARLEY, not only for his readiness in communicating such MSS. and printed Books as were necessary to be consulted in the progress of it (a Quality which he enjoys in common with other learned Collectors of Books) but for his personal Directions in very many Particulars relating to it, without which the use of his numerous and valuable Collection could not have been so available to my Design. Had I consulted his Lordship's Inclinations more than the Advantages which the Learned may receive from his Communicative Disposition, I should have concealed this, as I do many other uncommon Favours I have received from him: But it may be of no small service to such as may be hereafter engaged in a Task of the like nature, to be informed where they may receive the best Instructions, as well as Materials, for the accomplishment of it.

Before I proceed to make an Apology for the Defects of the *Glossary*, I should acquaint the Reader, that many of the Ancient English Poets have been read over in order to make it the more perfect, many words occurring frequently in them, which we read but once, or very seldom, in our Author; and therefore the sense could not be well determined without looking into other Writers of the same Age. Amongst these *Gower* and *Lidgate* were of most use, the latter being a close Imitator of *Chaucer's* Language, as He was of that of the former; and as they borrow Thoughts and Expressions from one another, so they give light to the mutual Illustration of one another. What is said of *Lidgate* holds true in a great measure of *Occleve*: And had there been time allowed for more Reading in this way, the *Glossary* might have been made more universal; but as it is, it will be found useful for the understanding of most of the Old English Poets as well as *Chaucer*.

Some will no doubt account it a Defect in this *Glossary*, that I have not entered further into the Etymologies of Words: To which I shall only answer, that I was at first enjoined to be as short as possible in the Explanation of them; which has been scrupulously observed, where it was not necessary to give the Origine of a Word in order to determine it's signification. But to make amends for the Compendiousness of it, in this respect, I have very frequently referred to the Authors where a fuller Explanation may be found.

It was once intended to have prefixed to the *Glossary* some general Rules for the better understanding of *Chaucer's* Language: But as there was not time allowed for drawing them up in a proper Method, the Reader must be content to take them as he finds them occasionally dispersed through it. For the same reason another Design was laid aside, which would in some degree have compensated the want of Notes upon *Chaucer*; and that was to give a short History of Persons and Places so far as they were referred or alluded to in his Works: But that would have taken up more time to do it to the learned Reader's Satisfaction, as well as my own, than has been spent in putting out this Edition, as long as it has been in hand: For besides the hints out of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, there are frequent Allusions to Romances and Legends in several Languages well known in *Chaucer's* time; so that to make that Work tolerable, the Undertaker must be Master of all that sort of Learning and Knowledge which was peculiar to that Age. The Reader must therefore be contented with the few Notions of that kind which he will find interspersed in the *Glossary*, and the Account of Authors subjoined to it, printed out of the former Editions with some Improvements.

The Reader will find at the end of the *Glossary* a compleat Collection of the *French* and *Latin* Expressions used in *Chaucer*, which are not only translated, but more fully explained than in the former Editions: And some Corrections are also attempted where there are manifest Corruptions.

I must



a. The Rev. Mr. Anth: Hall, Fellow of Linn's Coll: Oxford.



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I must not leave this Subject without doing justice to that <sup>a</sup>worthy Gentleman, whose Name was mentioned in the last Proposals for this Edition, as having undertaken a *more useful and copious Glossary for the better understanding of this Poet*. Such a Work performed by a Person of his extensive Learning and uncommon Knowledge in this particular Study, would have fully answered that Character: But as we are deprived of the Benefit of his Labours in this kind (for what reasons I am not at this time satisfied) I would not have his Reputation suffer by the imperfection of this Performance, and therefore am bound to acquit him of having any hand in compiling this *Glossary*.

Some may possibly expect in a Preface of this kind an Account of the Original of *English* Poetic, and of its Progress to our Author's time: But this hath been so fully and accurately performed by the learned Dr. *Hickes*, that I need not be ashamed to own I had nothing to add, nor do I care to transcribe.

Nor shall I be more solicitous to vindicate this Author from the Imputation of Smut and Obscenity. It has been very well observed by others that he has put it into proper mouths; and that having proposed to himself to describe the Manners of all Degrees of Persons in his time, he was under a sort of necessity to introduce this Character. I shall only add, that our present Words of Ribaldry, which are of *English* growth, were anciently Words of Decency, and had then a clean and modest signification.

The Number of *Errata's* needs no Apology to such as are acquainted with Works of this nature; especially if it be consider'd that my distance from the Press could not, without very much retarding the Work, allow me to revise the Sheets more than once: But I chose rather to run the risk of Censure by giving a full List of the most material ones, than impose upon the Reader by concealing them. Many of them had passed unregarded in the former Editions, and were propagated from one of them to another: But I made a scruple of correcting any of those in the Text without express Authority, but I have in the *Glossary* given my Conjectures concerning some of them as occasion offered, and the rest are corrected among the *Errata*. Those parts of our Author's Works which are written in Prose abound most with Errors of this sort; but none more than his Translation of *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiae*: But upon collating the several passages which are corrupted with the *Latin* Original, it will be found not very difficult to restore most of them. The Reader will find in the *Glossary* some Specimens of what may be done by that means.

I cannot conclude this Preface without expressing my Regret that I have not sufficient Materials for enlarging upon the Character of Mr. *Urry*, a Gentleman so remarkable, not only for his Learning and Industry, but more particularly for his great Charity, constant Integrity, and a peculiar Happiness of being always most agreeable to his private Friends. But I must not omit the mention of his Gratitude to the Place of his Education, which he intended to express by a Legacy of Five hundred Pounds towards the new building of *Peckwater*: And he often took occasion to tell his Friends, with what cheerfulness he went on with this Work, as it would enable him the better to perform his pious and generous Intention; which since he did not live to accomplish, must however be gratefully acknowledged to be in some measure made good by his worthy Executor *William Brome* Esq; formerly of *Christ Church* (who was likewise Mr. *Urry's* intimate Friend, and at the same time with him an Ornament to that Society) by appropriating a Third part of the Profits of this Edition to the carrying on of that Building.

Having finished what I had here to offer to the Reader's consideration, I shall dismiss him from any further trouble, with Mr. *Urry's* own words to him in the short Sketch of a Preface, which was mentioned before: "If this is the First Edition of *Chaucer* that ever thou didst read, " it will be to little purpose to tell thee what pains I have been at to fit out this Edition for " thee. Thou wilt, may be, not thank me for what I have done, and complain of me for " having left so much undone. All this I do believe thou mayst do justly: But if thou hast read " any of the former Editions, thou wilt be my witness that I have been at some trouble in " settling the Text, and giving Metre to the Poet's Verse, in collating many MSS. and not " a few Printed Books, writing out Indexes, looking over a great many Dictionaries for words " I could not find, as well as for words I could. In short, if thou ever wert an Editor of " such Books, thou wilt have some compassion on my failings, being sensible of the toil of " such sort of creatures; and if thou art not yet an Editor, I beg truce of thee till thou art " one, before thou censur'st my Endeavours.







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| A Balade made in the praise, or rather dispreise, of       |     |   | 588 |
| Women for ther doublenes.                                  | ib. | Jacke Upland.   | 590 |
| The Craft of Lovers.                                       | 552 | The mery Adventure of the Pardonere and Tap-                |     |
| A Balade, <i>Of ther nature they</i> , &c.                 | 553 | stere at the Inn at Canterbury.                             | 594 |
| The X. Commaundements of Love.                             | 554 | The Marchant's second Tale, or the History of               |     |
| The IX. Ladies worthie.                                    | 555 | Beryn.  | 600 |
| Alone walkyng, &c.   | ib. | Chaucer's Wordes unto his own Scrivenere.                   | 626 |
| A Ballade, <i>In Feverere when that</i> , &c.              | 556 |   |     |

N. B. The followin<sup>g</sup> Cut should have been placed before  
the Rhime of Sir *Thopaz*.







## Eight godely QUESTIONS with their ANSWERS\*.

**S**ometime in Grece, that noble region,  
There were eight clerkis of full grete science,  
Philosophers of notable discrecion;  
Of whom was asked, to provin their prudence,  
Eight questions of derke intelligence:  
To which they answered after their entent,  
As here doth appere plaine and evident.

Thee first question was, What erthly thing  
Is best, and unto God most commendable?  
The first clerke answered without tarying,  
A mann's soule ever firme and stable  
In right, [and] from the trouth not variable.  
But now alas! full sore may we wepe;  
For covetise hath broughte trouth asleepe.

The second, What thing is most odious?  
A double man, sayed the Philosopher,  
With virgine face, and a taile venomous,  
With a fair view, and a false profer:  
A corrupt carien in a golden tree.  
It is a monster in natures linage,  
One man to havin a double visage.

The third [question,] What is the beste dower  
That may be to a wife appropriate?  
A clene life, was the clerkis answer,  
Without sinne, all chaste, and inviolate  
From all deceits, and speches inornate,  
Or countenance, which shall be to dispise:  
No fire make, and then no smoke woll arise.

The fourth question [was,] What maiden may  
Be called clene in chastitie?  
The fourthe clerke answered, which alway  
Every creature is ashamde on to lie,  
Of whom men reporten great honestie:  
Good maidens kepe youre chastitie forth,  
And remember that good name is gold worth.

[The fifth] Who' is a pore man ev'er full of wo?  
A covetous man which is a nigon,  
He that in his herte can never say ho;  
The more gode, the lesse distribution;  
The richer, the worse of condition:

Men in this coast clepen him a niggard,  
[And] Sir Guy the bribour is his steward.

[The sixth] Which is a rich man without fraud?  
He that canne to his gode suffise;  
Whatever he hath, he yeveth God the laud,  
And kepeth him clene from all covetise;  
He desires nothing in ungodly wise;  
His body is here, his mind is above:  
He is a rich man, for God doth him love.

Who is a foole? is the seventh demand;  
He that wolde hurt, and hath no powere;  
Might he mikell, much wolde he command;  
His malice grete, his might nought were;  
He threteth full fast, full little may he dere:  
He thinketh not how men have sayed beforne,  
God sendeth a shreude Cowe a short horn.

Who is a wise man? is the eight question;  
He that might noye, and doth no annoiance;  
Might punish, and leaveth punission;  
A man mercifull, without vengeaunce:  
A wise man putteth in remembraunce  
[This] Saying, Had I venged all mine harme,  
My cloke had not been furred halfe so warme.

*Explicit.*



To the Kinges most noble grace, and  
to the Lords and Knightes of the  
Garter.

**T**O you welle of honour and worthinesse,  
Our Christen King, the heire and successour  
Unto Justinian's devout tenderesse,  
In the faith of Jesu our redemptour;  
And to you, lordis of the Garter, floure  
Of chevalrie, as men you clepe and call,  
The lord of vertue, and of grace authour,  
Graunt the fruit of your lose never appall.

\* Septem Sapientum Sententiæ apud Aufon.

BIAS PRIENEUS.

Quenam summa boni? Mens qua sibi conscia recti.  
Pernicies homini qua maxima? Solus homo alter.

Quis dives? Qui nil cupiat. Quis pauper? Avarus.  
Qua dos matronæ pulcherrima? Vita pudica.  
Qua casta est? De qua mentiri fama veretur.  
Quod prudentis opus? Quam possit, nolle nocere.  
Quid stulti proprium? Non posse, & velle nocere.



O liege lorde, that have the likenesse  
Of Constantine, th'ensample and mirrour  
To princes all, in humble buxomenesse  
To holy church, O veray sustainour  
And pillar of our faith, and werriour  
Againe of herefies the bitter gall:  
Doe forth, doe forth, continue your succour,  
Hold up Christis banner, let it not fall.

This Isle or this had ben but hethenesse,  
N'ad be of your faith the force and vigour;  
And yet this day the fiendis crabbednesse  
Wenith fully to catch a time and houre,  
To have on us your lieges a sharpe shoure,  
And to his servitude us knitte and thrall:  
But aye we trust in you our protectour,  
On your constaunce we awaitin all.

Commaundith that no wight have hardinesse,  
O worthy king, our Christen Emperour,  
Of the faith to disputin more or lesse  
Openly emonges peple: Her errour  
Springeth all day, and engendrieth rumour.  
Makith such law, and for ought may befall,  
Observe it wele, thereto be ye doctour;  
Doth so, and God in glorie shall you stall.

Ye Lordis eke, shining in noble fame,  
To which appropred is the maintenaunce  
Of Christis cause, in honour of his name,  
Shore on and put his foes to utteraunce;  
God wolde so, and so wolde eke your legiaunce;  
To the two aye prickith you your dewte.  
Who so nat kepeth this double observaunce,  
Of merite and honour naked is he.

Your stile sayith [that] ye ben foes to shame:  
Now kith of your faith the perseveraunce,  
In which an hepe of us ben halt and lame.  
Our christen king of Englonde and of Fraunce,  
And ye my lordis with your alliaunce,  
And other faithful peple that there be,  
Trust I to God, shall quench al this noisance,  
And this lond set in high prosperite.

Conquest of high prowesse is for to tame  
The wild wodenesse of all this miscreaunce;  
Right to the rote daily repe ye that same.  
Slepen nat this, but for God's plesaunce  
And his mother, and in signifaunce  
That ye ben of saint George's livere,  
Doth him service, and knightly obeisaunce;  
For Christis cause is his, well knowin ye.

Stiffe stand in that, and ye shall greve and grame  
The foe to pece, the norice of distaunce;  
That now is earnest, turne it into game;  
Now kith of your belve the constaunce,  
Lord liege and lordis, have in remembraunce,  
Lord of all is the blisfull Trinite,  
Of whose vertue the mightie habundaunce  
You herten and strengthen in faithfull unite.

*Explicit.*



† *Chaucer's Prophecie.*

WHen faith faylith in Priest's sawes,  
And lordes hestes are holde for lawes,  
And robberie is holde purchase,  
And letcherie is holde solace;  
Then shall the lond of Albion  
Be brought to great confusion.



IT falleth for a gentleman  
To say the best that he can  
Alwaies in mann's absence,  
And the sooth in his presence.

It commeth by kind of gentil blood  
To cast away all hevynesse,  
And gadher together wordis good,  
The werke of wisdome beareth witnesse.

† So this Stanza is entitled in a Book in the *Asmolean Museum*. No. 6986. 781. p. 162.



The



ANNE R.

WHEREAS Our Trusty and Well-beloved *John Urry*, Student of *Christ-Church* College in our University of *Oxford*, hath humbly represented unto Us, that he hath with great Labour and Expence prepared for the Press a compleat and correct Copy of the Works of *Geffrey Chaucer*, with a Glossary, and in order thereunto has carefully perused and compared not only all the former Editions of Value, but many rare and ancient Manuscripts not hitherto consulted; from the collating of which he hath in a great measure restored and perfected the Text, amending many Errors and Corruptions that have crept in, and continued in all the Editions hitherto printed, remarked many Pieces in them falsely ascribed to *Chaucer*, and added several entire Tales never yet printed, as well as many single Lines hitherto omitted in former Editions of this Work; by which Alterations, Amendments and Additions, the Work is in a manner become new; and has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof for the Term of Fourteen Years: We being graciously inclined to encourage the said Undertaking, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore by these Presents grant unto him the said *John Urry*, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole Printing and Publishing the Works of *Geffrey Chaucer* as he hath collated them with the Manuscripts, and the Glossary aforesaid, for the Term of Fourteen Years from the Date hereof, strictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint the same, either in the like, or in any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said *John Urry*, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns, under his or their Hand and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Péril. Whereof the Master, Warden, and Company of *Stationers* are to take notice that the same may be entered in their Register, and that due Obedience be rendred thereunto.

Given at Our Court at *Kensington* the Twentieth Day of *July* 1714. in the Thirteenth Year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command,

*W. Bromley.*

*N. B.* This Licence was Assigned by Mr. *Urry* unto *Bernard Lintot* Bookseller, the Seventeenth Day of *December* 1714.



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A  
GLOSSARY

Explaining the  
Obsolete and difficult Words

IN  
CHAUCER.

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# An Explanation of the Abbreviations used in the following G L O S S A R Y.

|                |   |          |             |  |     |
|----------------|---|----------|-------------|--|-----|
| ABC.           | <b>C</b> haucer's A. B. C.  | Page 588 | J. Upl.     | Jacke Uplande  | 590 |
| AF.            | The Assemble of Foules  | 413      | Kyn.        | Sir Francis Kynaston's Version of <i>Troilus</i> and <i>Creseide</i> into Latin Rhyme, and his Notes thereupon. See <i>Mortier</i> in the Glossary.  |     |
| AL.            | The Assemble of Ladies  | 433      | La.         | The Man of Lawe's Tale   | 49  |
| An.            | Of Quene <i>Annellida</i> and false <i>Ar-cite</i>  | 430      | Lat.        | Latin.   |     |
| Ar.            | The Legende of <i>Ariadne</i> of Athens   | 352      | Leg.        | <i>Legendum</i> , To be read.  |     |
| AS.            | Saxon or Anglo-Saxon.   |          | Luc.        | The Legende of <i>Lucrece</i> of Rome  | 350 |
| Astr.          | The Conclusions of the Astrolabie   | 439      | LW.         | The Legende of good Women  | 338 |
| Bal.           | Certaine Balades  | 549      | Magd.       | The Lamentacion of <i>Marie Magdaleine</i>   | 520 |
| Bal. Lad.      | A Ballade in commendacion of our Ladie  | 538      | Men. Fr.    | <i>Menage de l'Origine de la langue Francoise</i> .  |     |
| BD.            | <i>La Belle Dame sans mercy</i>   | 422      | Men. It.    | <i>Menage delle Origini della Lingua Italiana</i> .  |     |
| Ber.           | The Merchant's second Tale, or the Hiltory of <i>Beryn</i>  | 600      | Mo.         | The Division containing the Monke's, the Nonne's Priests, the Manciple's and the Plowman's Tales p. 160. to 189  |     |
| Bl. Kn.        | The Complaint of the Blacke Knight  | 451      | MR.         | The Division which contains the Miller's and the Reve's Tales, and the Coke's Tale of an unthrifty Prentice p. 24 to 35  |     |
| Blo.           | <i>Blount's</i> Glossography.   |          | MS. Ch.     | Mr. <i>Chulmondely's</i> MS. See the Preface.  |     |
| Blo. L. D.     | <i>Blount's</i> Law-Dictionary.   |          | MS. Sp.     | A MS of <i>Troilus</i> and <i>Creseide</i> , in which is written <i>Henrici Spelman</i> . See the Preface.   |     |
| Boeth.         | The Boke of <i>Boethius</i> , <i>De Consolatione Philosophie</i> .  | 359      | MV.         | The Complaints of <i>Mars</i> and <i>Venus</i>   | 532 |
| Ca. 1, 2.      | <i>Caxton's</i> first and second Edition of <i>Chaucer's</i> Works.   |          | No.         | The Division which begins p. 115. and contains the Second Nonne's, the Channon's Yeoman's, the Doctour of Phisike's, the Pardoner's, the Shipman's, the Priorresse's Tales, and the Rime of <i>Sir Thopas</i> ; ending | 146 |
| CB.            | <i>Cumbrö-Britan.</i> or Welsh.   |          | Pars.       | The Parson's Tale  | 190 |
| CCr.           | The Complaint of <i>Creseide</i>  | 336      | Ph.         | The Legende of <i>Philomela</i>  | 354 |
| Ch.            | <i>Chaucer's</i> Tale of <i>Melibeus</i>  | 147      | Phyl.       | The Legende of <i>Phyllis</i>  | 356 |
| Ch. Dr.        | <i>Chaucer's</i> Dreine   | 572      | Pi.         | How Pyte is dede   | 421 |
| Cl.            | The Legende of <i>Cleopatra</i>   | 343      | PP.         | <i>Piers Plowman's</i> Visions.  |     |
| CL.            | The Court of Love   | 560      | Prol.       | The Prologue to the <i>Canterbury Tales</i> , together with the Knight's Tale, from p. 1. to 24  |     |
| CM.            | The Complaint of <i>Mars</i>  | 532      | Pr. RL.     | Prologue to the Remedy of Love   | 526 |
| CMV.           | The Complaint of <i>Mars</i> and <i>Venus</i>   | 530      | PT.         | The mery Adventure of the Pardoner and Tapstere, &c.   | 594 |
| CN.            | Of the Cuckowe and the Nightingale  | 543      | PW.         | A Praise of Women  | 456 |
| Com.           | A Comment on the Plowman's Tale, printed in 1606.   |          | Py. 1, 2.   | <i>Pynson's</i> first and second Edition of <i>Chaucer's</i> Works.  |     |
| Cr.            | The Testament of <i>Creseide</i>  | 333      | Ray's Coll. | Mr. <i>Ray's</i> Collection of English Words used in the Northern and Southern Countries. 2 Edit. 1691.  |     |
| CV.            | The Complaint of <i>Venus</i>   | ib.      | Rich.       | <i>Richelieu's</i> Dictionary.   |     |
| Cup.           | The Letter of <i>Cupide</i> .   | 534      | RL.         | The Remedie of Love  | 527 |
| D.             | Dutch.  |          | RR.         | The Romaunt of the Rose  | 199 |
| Di.            | The Legende of <i>Dido</i> Quene of Carthage  | 345      | Sc.         | <i>Scogan</i> unto the Lords and Gentlemen of the King's House.  | 546 |
| Dr. Ch.        | The Dreame of <i>Chaucer</i>  | 404      | Scot.       | Scotch.  |     |
| f. forte,      | Perhaps.  |          | Sk.         | <i>Skinner's</i> Etymologicon Lingua Anglicana.  |     |
| Fa. L. 1.      | The first Book of the House of Fame   | 458      | Somn.       | <i>Sommer's</i> Saxon Dictionary.  |     |
| Fa. L. 2.      | The second Book   | 461      | Sp.         | <i>Spegh's</i> Glossary to <i>Chaucer's</i> Works.   |     |
| Fa. L. 3.      | The third Book  | 465      | Spelm.      | <i>Spelmanni</i> Glossarium Archaologicum.   |     |
| Fl.            | The Floure of Courtesie   | 419      | Sq.         | The Division containing the Squier's and the Marchaunt's Tales p. 59 to 75   |     |
| FL.            | The Floure and the Lease  | 473      | Test.       | The Testament of Love  | 478 |
| Forr.          | Plaintife to Fortune  | 548      | Th.         | The Legende of <i>Thibe</i> of <i>Babylone</i>   | 343 |
| Fr. French:    | But when it is followed by a Number, it stands for the Division beginning p. 86. and ending p. 114. Containing the Frere's, the Sompnour's, the Clerke of <i>Oxenforde's</i> , and the Frankeleins Tales. |          | Tr. L. 1.   | The first Book of <i>Troilus</i> and <i>Creseide</i>   | 269 |
| Fr. Gl.        | <i>Glossarium ad Scriptores Media &amp; Infima Latinitatis</i> , Autore <i>Carolo du Fresne</i> , &c.   |          | Tr. L. 2.   | The second Book  | 277 |
| Gam.           | The Coke's Tale of <i>Gemelyn</i>   | 36       | Tr. L. 3.   | The third Book   | 291 |
| Gl. Lob.       | The Glossary to <i>Lobineau's</i> Histoire de <i>Bretagne</i> .   |          | Tr. L. 4.   | The fourth Book  | 305 |
| Gl. V.         | The Glossary to <i>Douglas's</i> <i>Virgil</i> . Edinb. 1710.   |          | Tr. L. 5.   | The fifth Book   | 318 |
| Gr.            | Greek.  |          | V.          | <i>Vide</i> , See. When it follows a Word, it refers to it in the Glossary.  |     |
| H. 1, 2, 3, 4. | MSS. in the Earl of <i>Oxford's</i> and the Lord <i>Harley's</i> Libraries. See the Preface.  |          | WB:         | The Wife of <i>Baib's</i> Prologue and Tale  | 76  |
| Hen.           | A Balade to King <i>Henry</i> IV.   | 540      |             |  |     |
| Hib.           | <i>Hibernic</i> . Irish.  |          |             |  |     |
| Hick.          | <i>Hicelii</i> <i>Theaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium</i> .   |          |             |  |     |
| Hick. Somn.    | Dr. <i>Hicke's</i> MS Additions to <i>Sommer's</i> Saxon Dictionary in the Lord <i>Harley's</i> Library.  |          |             |  |     |
| Hyp.           | The Legende of <i>Hypsipyle</i> and <i>Medea</i>  | 348      |             |  |     |
| Hyper.         | The Legende of <i>Hypermetra</i>  | 357      |             |  |     |
| Ib.            | <i>Ibidem</i> , in the same place.  |          |             |  |     |
| It.            | Italian.  |          |             |  |     |





## A

## GLOSSARY, &amp;c.

- A**, Sometimes signifies In; as, *Agame*; in Game, or Jest. *Tr. L. 3. 651.* Sometimes, On or In; as, *A Goddis half*; On God's part, or behalf; *A morrow*; On the morrow, or In the morning. *Tr. L. 5. 14.* *Anight*; In the night. *Atwo*; In two. It is often put before Verbs in the Perfect Tense, as *i* and *y* are; as *Ago*, Gone; *Aknowe*, Known, &c. and sometimes in other Tenses; as *Arede*, *Aslide*, *Astaf*. It is put before Verbs instead of *To*, as *Ado*, *Adine*. It is sometimes prefixed to Nouns; as *Avisionn*, *Avow*, &c. And to Adverbs; as *Anowe*; Now; *Anye*; Nigh. Sometimes it stands for *Have*; as, *awedded*, &c. *A per se*; *A* by it self, An extraordinary and incomparable person, *A Nonpareil*. *Cr. 78.*
- Abacke*, *Abak*, *Abake*: Back, backwards, behind. *Shede* *abake*; Shed, spread or flowing down behind, or on the back. *Cr. 222.*
- Abashed*, *Fr. 1347.* [Or, *Al bashed*, as in *MS. Ch.*] Cast down, ashamed; Astonished, amazed.
- Abate*, *abatin*, To overthrow, to cast down. *p. 205, a.* To lessen. *RR. 1061.* *Abated*; Cast or thrust down. *p. 193, a;* from the *Fr. Abbatre*, *Abbatu*.
- Abawid*: Astonished, confounded. *RR. 3646.* Ashamed. *Dr. Ch. 614.*
- Abedge*, *Abegge*, *Abigg*: To abide; To suffer.
- Aber*: Abetting, assistance. *Tr. L. 2. 357.* where *MS. Ch.* reads *Abetyng*; but *Ca. Counsayl.*
- Abide*, *Fr. 3076.* To forbear, refrain.
- Abie*: To abide; To suffer for. It is used indifferently in a good and bad sense; as in *RR. 5888.* To find or receive benefit or advantage: But in *MR. 1285. No. 715.* &c. To suffer hurt, &c. And in this sense it comes from *Buy*, which is used in the same manner. See *Abought*.
- Abiete*: Cast away, removed, layd aside. *RL. 345.* Vile, mean, base. *Boeth.*
- Abie*: Abideth. *RR. 4977.*
- Abite*: an Abode, Habitation. *RR. 1914.* Abideth. *Tr. L. 1. 1092.* where *Ca.* reads *abydyth*. Also *Habit. CL. 1094. RR. 4914.*
- Abitt*, *Abitte*: Abideth, dwelleth, stayeth. *RR. 5012, 4989.*
- Able*: Fit, proper. *RR. 986.* *Fr. Habile.* Also, To fit or qualify. *Sc. 32.* *Abled*: Enabled, qualified. *p. 497, a.*
- Ablyng*: Enabling, qualifying, fitting. *p. 364, b.* *Lat. Aptans*; and perhaps it should be there read *apryng*.
- Ablutions*: Frequent washings used by Chymists. *No. 877.*
- Abnormeth*: Disfigureth, disguiseth. *Tr. L. 1. 328.* From the *Lat. Abnormis*, Out of rule or order. But *Ca.* instead of it reads *He bourneth*.
- Abode*: Delay. *Abodie*: Delays. *Tr. L. 3. 856.*
- Abote*: Cast down, daunted. *Ch. Dr. 1290.* See *Abate*.
- Abought*, *Abonghe*, *Abonghin*: Bought; Suffered, paid dear for. See *Abie*.
- Abountin* for *Aboutin*, *MR. 1040.* About. *Ms. Ch.* has the whole Verse better, thus;  
*And about midnight wenten thei to rest.*
- Abraide*. Awaked, Raised up. *Out of her masidnes abraide*, *Fr. 2082.* Awaked, raised out of her surprize; from the *A. S. Abpcedian*, *Auferre*, *eximere*, *eruere*, *liberare*.
- Abpoden*, let free, delivered, and *Metaph.* Awaked. See *Abreide*.
- Abrede* (for so it should be read in one word. *RR. 2563.*) Abroad. It is also used as *Braide*, *breyde*, *V.* *Out of his wit abrede*; Run mad, or out of his senses. *Cr. 45.* See *Abraide*, *Abreide*, and *Breide*.
- Abredge*, *Abregge*: To abridge, shorten, lessen, abate. *Tr. L. 3. 263.* which is better read in *MS. Sp.*  
*But only to abregyn thy distress.*
- Abreide*, *Abreyd*: To start up; To awake. Also Awaked, arose. See *Breide*.
- Absolute*: Absolved, freed. *Boeth.*
- Abuson*: An Abuse. *Tr. L. 4. 990.*
- Aby*, *Abyin*, *Abyish*. See *Abie*, and *Abedge*.
- Abytte*: Abideth, continueth. *Hen. 285.* See *Abitt*.
- Accesse*: A Fever, an Ague. *Bl. Kn. 136.* *Fr. Accès de fièvre* is a Fit of an Ague. The *Access* of an Ague is the approaching or coming on of the Fit, and the *Recess*, when the Fit is over and leaves the Patient: In *Lancashire* they still call the Ague it self, *The Access*. *Blo.*
- Accidie*: Sloth, Laziness, an Indisposition to Devotion. *Accidia*, *Acidia*, pro *Acidia*. *Gr. Auidia*, *Vacuitas curæ*, vel *Mororis abundantia*.
- Accord*. See *Acord*.
- Accordant*: According, agreeing, agreeable to. *Accordance*: Accord, agreement. *Boeth. Accordidin*: Agreed. *LIV. 168.*
- Accuse*: To discover, betray. *RR. 1591.* *Accusment*: Accusation. *Tr. L. 4. 556.*
- Acbate*: A contract, bargain; Buying. *p. 362, a.* *Achates*: Purchases. *Test. L. 2.*
- Achekid*: Choaked. *Ar. 123.*
- Acheve*, *Acheve*: To accomplish. *RR. 4600.* To act. *Ib. 5882.* *Acheved*: Atchieved, obtained, attained. *BD. 588. RR. 2049.* Finished, ended. *Fr. Achever*, To finish, &c.
- Achoken*: To choak. Also, Surfeited.
- Ackele*, *CL. 1076.* (or as it is in *Gower*, *L. 4. Akle*) To cool.
- Acloyeth*: Cloyeth, surfeited. *AF. 517.*



*Accie*: To quiet, ease, relieve. *RR.* 3564, 3718. See *Coye*.  
*Acomber*: To encomber; To lye down, to wallow. *Prol.* 510.  
*Acomberous, Acombrous*: Cumbersome, troublesome. *CV.* 42.  
*Acombrist*, *Ber.* 2910. *Acomered*, *Test.* L. 3. Encombred, brought into great streights; Disturbed.  
*Accorde, Accordment*: An agreement, bargain. *Ber.* 1837. *Consent. She fell of his accorde*; She consented. *Fr.* 2287.  
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*Ado, Adoe*: An affair; To do. *Nè're ado*; Never to do. *RR.* 3036. *Han ado*; Have to do. *Ib.* 5080. *There men shuld have ado*; Where any difficulty should happen. See *A*.  
*Adon*: Done, finished, at an end; Undone. *Hyper.* 32. Also, *Adonis*, the Favorite of *Venus*.  
*Adornemente*: Ornament. *Test.* L. 2.  
*Adoune, Adowne*: Down, downwards; Below. *Mo.* 1682. In *Tr.* L. 2. 199. *MS.* *Sp.* reads, *adoune*, instead of *al down*.  
*Adowne*, *Bl.* Kn. 645. *Adonis*.  
*Adradd*: Afraid, in great concern or trouble. *RR.* 1228.  
*Adriane for Ariadne*, *Ar.* 261. *Metri gratia*.  
*Adue*: Adieu, Farewell. *Magd.* 680.  
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*Aforne*: Before. *Aforne calte*; Premeditated. *Mo.* 1332.  
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*Against*: Instead of. *Mo.* 2443, 2457.  
*Agast*: To frighten, terrify. *Tr.* L. 2. 901. *Afraid*.  
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*Ago, Sq.* 1280. *Agone*. *Tr.* L. 4. 1180. *Gone*; *Past*.  
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*Agre, Agrein*: To please, content; To be pleased. *Fr.*  
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*S'a mia voglia ardo; ond' è'l pianto e'l lamento?*  
*S'a mal mio grado; il lamentar che uale?*  
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*Agriſe*: To affright; To fear, to be terrified. *Mo.* 2300; 2781,



*Acoie*: To quiet, ease, relieve. *RR.* 3564, 3718. See *Coye*.  
*Acomber*: To encumber; To lye down, to wallow. *Prol.* 510.  
*Acomberous, Acombrous*: Cumbersome, troublesome. *CV.* 42.  
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2781, 2901. *Tr. L. 2. 1435.* To look horrible; *Inhor-  
rescere.* Boeth. AS. Aguiran, *Horrere.* *Agrafe*: Was  
frighted, startled. *Tb. 125. Tr. L. 2. 930.* Was grie-  
ved. *Pb. 87.*  
*Agratid*: Surfeited. *Phyl. 61.*  
*Agrutche*: To grudge. *Agrutched moche of this matere*; Re-  
sented this matter very much. *p. 148, a.*  
*Aguiler*: A needle-case. *RR. 98. Fr. Aiguillier.*  
*Aie*: An Egg. *Mo. 2802.*  
*Aien*: Again. *Tr. L. 3. 720.*  
*Ajui*: To adjust, apply; *Admovere.* Boeth. *p. 367, b.*  
*Akehorn*: Acorns. *p. 364, b.*  
*Aknone*: Known. *CL. 1199.* To be aknone; To be con-  
scious. *I am aknone*; I confess. *Boeth.*  
*Al, All, Alle*: Although; Altogether, quite: *CL. 252.*  
*Al and som*: One and all, every one. *Al in one*: All  
one, all the same. *Ch. Dr. 670.* The whole of the mat-  
ter. *Fr. 3160.* *Al newe*: Anew. *No. 2886.* *Allones*:  
All one. *Ib. 2212.* *Al astance.*  
*PT. 361.* *In all*: Wholly, altogether.  
*In alle wise*: By all means. *No. 2769.* In *Tr. L. 3. 334.*  
instead of *all thy daies*, *MS. Sp. and Ca. have at thy day*;  
On the day appointed. See *Ib. 193, 194, 195, and 341.*  
In *No. 1509. MS. Ch. reads a lisher jape*, instead of *all  
the jape.* *Alle* seems to be mistaken for *atte*, *PT. 14.*  
See *Hope.*  
*Alandes*: Greyhounds. *Prol. 2150.*  
*Alargid*: Bestowed. *Ch. Dr. 156.*  
*Albe*, or *Al be*: Albeit, although.  
*Albification*: A Term in Chymistry for whitening of Liquor  
or Metal. *No. 826.*  
*Alcaly*, *No. 831.* is a Chymical Term used in opposition  
to *Acid*; And all substances that raise a Fermentation  
when mixt with Acids, are called *Alkalions.*  
*Alchamifier*: A Chymist, Alchymist.  
*Alder, Aldir, Alibir*: Of all. *At our alder cost*; At our  
common expence. *Prol. 801.* *Aldir prise*; The praise  
of all. *LW. 298.* *Albir last*; Last of all. *Bl. Kn. 504.*  
Sometimes they are joyned to the following Superla-  
tive; as, *Aldirlevist*; The dearest of all. *Tr. L. 3. 240.*  
In *Tr. L. 3. 1271.* instead of *most alway*, read (as it is  
in *MS. Sp.*) *Albirmooft*; Most of all.  
*Aldrian*: A Star in the Neck of the Lyon. *Sp.* It is cal-  
led *Alderan.*  
*Aledge, Alege*: To diminish, lessen, abate, allay, alle-  
viate; To ease, relieve. *CN. 306.* To exempt, excuse.  
*RR. 6626.*  
*Alegeaunce, Alegement, Aleggement*: Ease, relief; Cea-  
sing; Diminution; Abatement; Release.  
*Aleide*: Layd or Led, *i. e.* Brought about. *CL. 1005.*  
From the *AS.* *Alædan, Ducere.*  
*Aleis*: Aloes. *RR. 1377.*  
*Alembekis*: Limbeckes, Stills. *No. 815.*  
*Alessaundre, Alisaunder, Alisaundrie*: *Alexandria*, a Ci-  
ty of *Egypt.*  
*Alestake*: A Maypole. *Sp. f.* A Sign-Post before an Ale-  
house. In *No. 1835.* it is called an *Ale-house stake.*  
See *Sk.*  
*Algate, Algates, Algate's*: Always, every way; by all  
means. *Algate by sight or apert violence*; Whether by  
fraud or open force. *Fr. 167.* Although, nevertheless.  
*Algezir*, *Prol. 57.* A City of *Spain*, supposed by some to  
be *Gibraltar.*  
*Alie, Aliaunce.* See *Allie, Alliance.*  
*Alisaunder*: *Alexander.* See *Alessaundre.*  
*Alite for a lite*: A little. *CL. 1043.*  
*All, Alle*: See *Al.*  
*Allective*: Alluring, enticing. *RL. 14.*  
*Allegaunce, Allegiaunce*: See *Alegeaunce.*  
*Aley*: An Alley, a Walk. *Fr. Allée.*  
*Alight*: To condescend. *Fr. 1930.*  
*Allie*: To marry. *No. 303.* To make an Alliance. Also,  
Allied, having Friends or Allies. *Mo. 555.* *Alliaunce*:  
Friendship. *RR. 4964.* For our alliance; To be rela-  
ted to us. *ABC. H.*  
*Almagest*: A Work of Astronomy written by *Ptolemy.* *Sp.*  
*Almandris*: Almond-Trees. *RR. 1363.*  
*Almesse, Almessis, Almofo, Almons*: Alms.  
*Almesse*: Alms.  
*Almight*: Almighty. *Hen. 362.*  
*Almoigner*: An Almoner.  
*Alnath*: The first Star in the Horns of *Aries*, whence the

first Mansion of the Moon takes its Name. *Sp.*  
*Alaggit*: Lodged. *PT. 374.*  
*Alonde*: Upon land. *Alonde for to sette*; To land, to  
put to shore. *Ar. 281.*  
*Alonely*: Only, solely. *Boeth.*  
*Alonge*: On him alonge; Long of him, for his sake, on his  
account. *Tr. L. 3. 784.*  
*Alofe*: To praise, commend. *Alofid*, *RR. 2354.* Praised.  
*Alouth*, *Sq. 696.* is interpreted To praise: It seems rather  
to be two words, *Alo the* (as it is in *MS. Ch.*) con-  
tracted in pronunciation to Rhime to *Towthe*; of which  
many Instances occur in this Author; as *By me*, *No.*  
*1226.* *Bel. 1115, &c.* (for *By me*) to answer to *Time*;  
and *Tr. L. 2. 991.* to *Prime*; *To'th* (for *To the*) *No. 684.*  
rhymes to *Soth*; *Fro'y* (for *Fro you*) *Tr. L. 1. 5.* to *Jo*.  
So in *Gower. L. 3.* *Tome* is put for *To me*;  
To speke a goodly word tome  
For all the gold that is in Rome.  
Or perhaps it may be read to me distinctly, and then  
*Rome* must be pronounced *Ro--mé*, to answer it. See  
*Sone.* This Passage in *Chaucer* should be thus read,  
— considering thy yowthe,  
So feelingly thou spekest, I alon' The  
As to my dome —  
That is, Thou speakest so sensibly, that I allow thee, in  
my judgment, there is none, &c.  
*Alowe*: To allow, approve; To make allowance for,  
excuse, pardon. For my writing me alowe, *Mo. 3309.*  
is the same with, *Of my writing have me excused*, *Ib. 3296.*  
It also signifies Low, down. *CL. 1201.*  
*Alpes*, *RR. 658.* Bullfinches. See *Ray and Will. of Birds.*  
*Als, Alse, Alsua*: And, also.  
*Also*: As. *Also sikir as*; As sure as. *Mo. 1278.*  
*Alterne*: Altered, changed. *Cr. 227.*  
*Altercation*: Strife, contention, brawling, debate, dis-  
pute. *RL. 132.*  
*Althir*: See *Alder.*  
*Alitude* is often put for *Latitude* in *Astr.*  
*Alye*: See *Allie.*  
*Amaid*, *Ch. Dr. 202.* *Amayide*, *Bel. 2645.* Amazed, sur-  
prized.  
*Amastrie, Amastrien*: To master, get the better of.  
*Amalgaming*: A Chymical Term signifying the mixing of  
Quicksilver with some melted Metal. *No. 792.*  
*Amased*: Dark, confused. See *Amaid.*  
*Amate*: Daunted, confounded; Distressed. See *Mate.*  
*Amayide*: See *Amaid.*  
*Ambolise, Embolise, Embolyse*: Oblique. *p. 445, a. l. antep.*  
And perhaps *Embolite*, *p. 442, a. l. 25.* should be so  
read; as most of the Old Editions have it in that  
place.  
*Amende*: To recover, cure. *PIV. 70.*  
*Amendis*: Amendments. In *Mo. 3031.* it may be read *a-  
mendin*; The common Editions having the Verse thus,  
With strength to amend such be made,  
*i. e.* Such must be made to mend, or reformed, by force.  
*Amenuse*: To diminish. *Fr. Amensifer*, To mince, make  
small or thin.  
*Amercid*: Fined. *Amerciaments*: Fines.  
*Amerous*, *Bal. Lad. 230.* *Amirous*, *RR. 2901.* Amorous.  
*Ameved*: Moved; Changed.  
*Amias*: Perhaps for *Amiens*, A City of *Picardy.* *RR. 3326.*  
*Amidder, Amiddis*: In the middle, in the midst of.  
*Amiled*: Enamelled. *RR. 1080.*  
*Aminishe*: To diminish.  
*Amindes for Amendes.* *Dr. Ch. 526.*  
*Amirous*. See *Amerous.*  
*Amis*: To miss, fail. *Fr. 2852.*  
*Amoneled*: Admonished. *p. 201, b.* But perhaps it should  
be read *Amonessid*, as in *MS. Ch.*  
*Among*, *RR. 2842.* See *Emong.* *Evre among*; Ofen-  
times, every now and then. *RA. 3771, 3381. Dr. Ch. 298.*  
*Amonishe*: To admonish, advise. *Amonition*: Admon-  
ition.  
*Amorettes*: Love-Stories. *RR. 892, 4755.*  
*Amorily*: Amorously. *CL. 1383.*  
*Amorow*: In the morning. *Tr. L. 2. 405.*  
*Amorised*: Dead; Killed; Mortified.  
*Amored*: Moved. *p. 364, a.*  
*Amphibologies*: Forms of speaking, wherein one Sentence  
hath contrary senses. *Sp. Ambiguity.* *Tr. L. 4. 1406.*  
*Amysak*:



*Amyrid*: Taken out of the mire, helped at a dead lift. Ber. 2072.  
*Amyr asf*: Ambes Acc. Ber. 2220.  
*An*: If, if so be. FL. 528. On. RR. 2270. Ber. 2438.  
*Anaie*, No. 883. Read *A! Naie*: Ah! Nay.  
*Anane*: Anon, presently, very soon.  
*Ancille*: A handmaid. ABC. Lat. *Ancilla*.  
*Ancre*: An Anchor. RR. 3780.  
*And* for *On*. Fort. 74. It occurs often for *If*; but then it should perhaps have been *An*; as, Fr. 3025. No. 155, 279, &c. p. 485, b. l. 29. FL. 528. PT. 614. But *and*; But if. No. 1267.  
*Anenst*: Against. PT. 442.  
*Angir*: Anger; Anguish; Smart, pain. RR. 1926, 3185. CB. *Angerdd*. *Angirliche*: Angrily. Mo. 2586. Rakhly.  
*Anguis*, p. 502, b. *Anguishous*: Full of anguish and pain, or trouble. RR. 1755. Anxious.  
*Anguish*: Anxiety. p. 375, a. Narrowness of Fortune; *Angustia*. Boeth.  
*Anie*: Nigh, near.  
*Anight*: In the night-time. Hyp. 108.  
*Anker*: An Anchor. Fort. 38.  
*Anlas*, Prol. 359. or rather *Anlace*: *Anelacius*, *Anelatus*, *Hanelacius*; often mentioned in *Mat. Paris*. sometimes as synonymous with *Sica*, a short sword or dagger; and sometimes as a distinct weapon from it: It was worn hanging at a girdle. *Wats* in his Gloss. thinks it was something like the Irish *Skein*, or our Wood-Knife.  
*Annexid*: Tied, bound to. RR. 4811.  
*Anny*, *Annoie*, for *Annoie*: Uneasiness, concern, vexation, trouble; Harm. Also, To hurt, to damage, to be troublesome; To be vexed; *Pigere*. Boeth. *Annoied* of his own life; Weary of his life. p. 204, b. Fr. *Ennuy*, *Ennuyer*, *Ennuyé*.  
*Annoiss*: Hurtful, troublesome, difficult.  
*Annuellere*: Secular, one that receives a yearly stipend. No. 1033.  
*Annunciate*: Foretold. Mo. 127.  
*Anointen with worde*: To flatter. RR. 1057.  
*Anowe*: Now. Ber. 1792.  
*Anoynt*: Anointed. Hen. 274.  
*Anem*: An Anthem. No. 3169.  
*Antilegius*, Dr. Ch. 1064. *Antilochus*, the Son of *Nessus* and *Eurylice*, killed in the Trojan War.  
*Antiphonere*: A Book of *Antiphones*, or Anthems sung alternately in Choirs. No. 3028.  
*Anvelt*: An Anvill. Dr. Ch. 1165.  
*Anye*: See *Anie*.  
*Apaide*: Payd, satisfied; Content. Tr. L. 5. 1248. Ill *apaide*; Dissatisfied. Sq. 1081.  
*Apaire*: To impair, hurt; To injure, abuse; To be hurt, to suffer, to fare worse. Tr. L. 2. 339.  
*Aparaille*, *Aparailin*, *Aparayle*: To prepare, adorn. *Aparailing*: Preparation. Fr. *Appareil*, Preparation, provision, furniture.  
*Aparences*: Appearances.  
*Apassed*, *Apass*: Passed, past.  
*Ape* is used for a Fool. MR. 281. Put on his head an ape; Made a Fool of him, imposed upon him. No. 1510.  
*Apeche*: To impeach, accuse. Bal. 277.  
*Apeide*. See *Apaide*.  
*Apeire*. See *Apaire*.  
*Apeise*: To appease. BD. 393.  
*Apende*: To appertain, belong. Mo. 2606.  
*Aperc*: To appear. See *Apaire*.  
*A per se*. See *A*.  
*Apert*: Open; Openly. *Privy and apert*; In private and in publick. IVB. 1114. *Apart*. *Al ne're he in al aperte*; Tr. L. 3. 87. is better read in MS. Sp. *Allnere he Malapert*, i. e. Although he were not malapert or over-forward. *Aperily*: Openly, plainly.  
*Apered*: An appetite. Test. p. 505, b.  
*Aperitith*: Coveteth, desireth. Hyp. 215.  
*Apies*: Opiates. Hyper. 109.  
*Aplace*: In place, i. e. In esteem, honour, respect. Hen. 50.  
*Aplide*: Applied. BD. 413.  
*Apocalipse*, *Apocalyps*: The Revelation of St. John.  
*Apoinet*: To appoint; To resolve, determine. Tr. L. 2. 691. *Apoinetidin*: Appointed. Ib. L. 3. 455.  
*Apose*, *Aposin*: To examine, to ask questions. No. 374. See *Apose*.

*Apostata*: An Apostate. *Apostataes*: Apostates. I. Upl. *Appaire*. See *Apaire*.  
*Appallid*: Grown pale, pined away, decayed.  
*Apparail*, *Apparelling*. See *Aparaille*.  
*Apparaunce*, *Apparence*: Appearance.  
*Apparelmens*: Ornaments. Boeth.  
*Apparene*, Ber. 2040. f. for *Apparence*; i. e. Shewing Appearances or Sights by Juggling, &c.  
*Appaire*. See *Apaire*.  
*Apperceiving*: Perceiving.  
*Appert*. See *Apert*.  
*Appertinaunt*, *Appertinent*: Appertaining, belonging.  
*Appointid*: Resolved. *Appointid him in one*; Fixed upon one. Sq. 1111.  
*Apose*, *Aposin*: To oppose or object against. Fr. 333. See *Apose*.  
*Apprise for Emprise*: An Enterprize, a Trial.  
*Approped*, *Appropried*: Appropriated.  
*Approve*: To prove. CL. 96. *Approvis*: Informers. Fr. 79.  
*Apprentise*: An Apprentice; A novice. RR. 687.  
*Apresse*: In a presse or crowd, together. Fort. 52.  
*Aprise*, as *Apprise*. In BD. 577. it should perhaps be read a *prese*. *I have made a prese*; I have given proof.  
*Apprir*: To appropriate. RL. 284.  
*Apres*, p. 519, a. A Contraction of *Aptitudes*, says Sk. It seems rather to be a Corruption of *Apetites*, which follows a few lines after.  
*Aqueintable*: Easy to be acquainted with, easy of access; affable, complaisant. RR. 2213. It is expressed by *Gode of aqueintance*, Ib. 3892.  
*Aqueinte*: To acquaint, to make acquaintance with. Dr. Ch. 532. Acquainted. RR. 3080, 5200.  
*Aquilone*: *Aquilo*, the North Wind.  
*Aquite*: To acquit, quit; To requite, recompense. RR. 6742.  
*Ar*, *Are*. Test.  
*Arace*: To tear, pluck off, pull down, draw out by force; *Abripere*. Boeth. Fr. *Arracher*.  
*Araied*: Drest. Fr. 2076. Furnished. Ib. 2743. See *Aray*.  
*Araised*: Raised. Ch. Dr. 1136.  
*Aray*, *Araye*: To prepare. Fr. 1982. To set in order. Ib. 2001. Preparation. Ib. 1305. Clothing, raiment, habit. WB. 927. Case, condition. Ib. 902. Mo. 509. Order. Fr. 1292. Pomp, shew, splendor. Ib. 1966. Baggage. No. 578. See *Aray*.  
*Arbitre*, *Arbitree*, *Arbitrement*: Choice, free-will. Boeth. See Ib. p. 398, a. l. 7.  
*Arblast*, PT. 241. A Sling, a warlike Engine to cast or shoot stones or darts withall. See *Men*. Fr. in *Arblast*.  
*Arblastirs*: Engineers, such as use *Arblasts*. RR. 4196.  
*Archangel*, RR. 915. The Herb so called, a dead nettle.  
*Archdiacre*: An Archdeacon. Ch. Dr. 2136. Fr. *Archidiacre*.  
*Arche*, Bal. Lad. 127. An Ark, in allusion to *Noah's Ark*.  
*Archibishop*: An Archbishop. Fr. 239.  
*Archidekin*: An Archdeacon. In Fr. 54. read *Archidekeni's*. H. 1. hath *Erchedekenys*; all the old Edd. *Archedekynis* or *Archedekinis*.  
*Archivuis* (or, as in MS. Ch. *Archer wyvis*) Fr. 2228. seems, by being opposed to *Feble wivis*, to mean Strong, lusty Termagants, *Virago's*. See WB. 225, &c.  
*Ardaunt*: Ardent, hot. Boeth.  
*Areche*: To speak; from the AS. *Apeccan*, *Afsequi*; *Narrare*. *Unneth might he areche O word*; He could scarce get out or speak one word. Ber. 3000.  
*Ared*, PT. 152. for *Ared*, Guessed; from *Arede*. See *Rede*.  
*Aredy*, for *Al redy*, or *Ready*. PT. 659.  
*Average*: Arrear. Prol. 604.  
*Arere*: Backward; Behind; After. Fr. *Arriere*. *I set arere*; I postpone, set light by. Cr. 355. *Arere sopor*; After Supper. PT. 365.  
*Arevid*: Reared, raised. Ber. 3030.  
*Aresoneth*: Reasoneth, discourseth, talketh with; Answereth. RR. 6220.  
*Areft*, *Arefte*: To stop; To seize upon. Fr. *Arrefter*. Also a Seizure; Respite, delay; Confinement; A Charge, engagement; A Judicial Sentence or Decree. Fr. *Arrest*. *To ben areft*, LW. 397. To forbear, or refrain from doing a thing beneath him. Fr. *S'arrefter*.

*Arer*:



*Areit*: To impute unto, accuse, charge one with; To account. *Areit*, *Areitid*: Imputed.

*Areyse*: To raise. p. 201, 4.

*Argill*: Clay. *Sk.* Potter's earth. No. 834. Clay used by Chymists for Luting or closing their Vessels, to prevent the Evaporation of their Contents.

*Argumentid*: Argued, reasoned. *Tr. L.* 1. 378. But Ca. reads it, *Thus argued he in his begynnyng.*

*Arid*: Plowed. *Fa. L.* 1. 485.

*Ariete*: Aries, one of the twelve Signs of the Zodiack. *Tr. L.* 5. 1189.

*Arist*: Arose.

*Arite*: *Tr. L.* 4. 1592. for *Ariete*, V.

*Arivale*: Arrival. *Bl. Kn.* 485.

*Arived*: Driven to land. *Boeth.* Also, Riven, split asunder. *Equill arived mair shi be*; A Cuire, May they be split asunder. *RR.* 1068. See *Rive*.

*Ark*: An arch, compass. *Ark diurnal*; The arch which the Sun makes in it's daily course. *Bl. Kn.* 591.

*Armelesse*: Without an arm. *Mo.* 317.

*Armen*: An Armenian.

*Armgrete*: Very great or large; *f.* As thick as a man's arm. *Prol.* 2147.

*Armine*: Ermine, A furr. *AL.* 527.

*Armipotent*: Powerful or mighty in Arms. *Prol.* 1984.

*Armitage*: A Hermitage. *Ch. Dr.* 930.

*Armonie*: Harmony. *RR.* 4247.

*Armorike Britaine*. *Fr.* 2275. *Basse-Bretagne* in France, anciently called *Britannia Armorica*; called *Britaine*. *Ib.* 2538.

*Armes*: Arms; Armour.

*Arne*: Arc. Vide *Hick. Gr. AS.* p. 35.

*Aron*: To assemble together. *La.* 541.

*Arowe*: In a rowe, successively, one after another. *IVR.* 1254. *RR.* 7606. An arrow. *Ib.* 963.

*Arowme*: Roaming, wandring. *Fa. L.* 2. 32. See *Romin*.

*Arpies*: Harpies, Furies, *RL.* 81.

*Arraie*, *Array*: Furniture. *Sp.* See *Aray*.

*Arreste*. See *Arest*.

*Arrete*, *Arrette*. See *Arest*.

*Arismetrike*: Arithmetick. *Fr.* 958.

*Arist*: Erst, before, formerly.

*Arte*, *Artin*: To force, constrain. *Tr. L.* 1. 389. *CL.* 46. the word is so used in *Lidgate's Lite of St. Edmund.* *MS. Harl.* Fol. 59. where the Saint is introduced speaking to *Hingwar*,

*It passeth thy myht and pomposite violence  
In cristes feith to arte my conscience.*

That is, It passeth your power, &c. to force my Conscience in any thing relating to the Christian Faith.

*Aryn*: Brazen. *PT.* 569. from the *AS.* Ape, Brass, copper.

*Ascape*: Escape. *RR.* 6515.

*Ascaunce*, *Ascauncis*: Askew, aside, sideways; In a side view.

*Ascendant*, is that part of the Heavens which ascends above the Horizon in the East. See *Horoscope*.

*Astakid* for *Astakid*, *Ber.* 494. See *Astake*.

*Astevud*: Deserved. *Ber.* 1637.

*Astete*: Buying, dealing. *Prol.* 573. *Acate*, *MS. Ch.* from the *Fr.* *Achat*, *Acheter*; whence *Catour*, *Caterer*, *Fr.* *Acheteur*, A buyer, anciently written *Acatour*. *Gl. Lob.*

*Ashin*: Ashes. *Tr. L.* 2. 539.

*Askape*: Escape. p. 201, a.

*Askauuncis*. See *Ascaunce*.

*Askeis* for *Askin*: To ask. *Mo.* 2883. Or perhaps for *ake* *us.* So *Com.*

*Askid*: Required. *BD.* 356.

*Askis*: Ashes. *Mo.* 2883.

*Astake*: To slacken, abate. *Astakid* was his mode; His anger was appeased. *Prol.* 1762.

*Astide*: To slide; To depart, pass away. *Fr.* 2548.

*Astlope*: Awry, cross; Wrong; Sloping with a byass, not going directly to the mark. *RR.* 4464. Contrary to expectation.

*Afondry*: Asunder.

*Afoudry*: Befuddled. *BD.* 682.

*Asperance*: Hope. *CL.* 1033. *Fr.* *Esperance*.

*Aspie*, *Aspien*, *Aspyin*: To espy, see; to find out by diligent search and enquiry. No. 3010.

*Aspis*: Asps, or Aspin-trees. *Hyper.* 87. A sort of Poplar.

*Aspre*: Rough, sharp, harsh; Angry, ill-natured. *Aspreness*; Roughness, &c.

*Assuare*, *PT.* 596, 643. On the square, clear; On his guard, at a distance.

*Assaie*: To try, tempt; Trial, experience; Endeavour.

*Assaies*, *Assayis*: Essays, trials.

*Assant*: An assault. *RR.* 7338.

*Assé*, *Mo.* 686. This was printed by mistake out of *MS.* *Ch.* it being only intended as a different reading. All the old Editions, and some *MS.* give the common reading, which is this;

*Thy sice fortune hath turned into an ace.*

*Assencion*: Ascension, ascending. *Assendid*: Ascended.

*Assent*: Consent; Combination; Judgment; Sentence.

*Assentaunt*: Consenting.

*Asséib*: Assent. *Sp.* *RR.* 5600. *f.* To answer; from the

*AS.* *Ape* *di*an, *Assirmare*.

*Assiege*: A Siege. *Tr. L.* 1. 465.

*Assine*, *Assint*: To assign, appoint.

*Assise*, *Assize*: Order; size. *Sk.* Place, size, situation.

*RR.* 1238. *Mo.* 2783. *Assised*: Sure. *Sp.* Confirmed.

*Boeth.* Settled. *Hen.* 236.

*Assuile*, *Assuolin*, *Assuyle*: To absolve; To answer, resolve. *Assuiling*: Absolution.

*Assomoned*: Summoned. *CL.* 170.

*Assure*: To confirm, establish; To confide in. *Tr. L.* 1.

681. Assurance. *An.* 334. *Assuren*, *Assurid*: Assured.

*Assured*: Azure, sky-colour'd.

*Assute*. See *Astete*.

*Astete*: Estate.

*Atanuce*. See *At*.

*Afterlagour*, or (as in *MS. Ch.*) *Afterlabore*: An Astro-

labe. *MR.* 101.

*Astert*, *Asterte*: To escape; To let go, or pass; To leap, To shun; Also, Escaped. In *Prol.* 1707. it should be two words, *At a stert*; At a start, on a sudden.

*Astained*, *Astoned*: Astonished, in a consternation.

*Astrangled*: Strangled.

*Astrolabe*: A Mathematical Instrument, serving to take the height of the Sun or Stars. See *Harris's Lev. Techn.*

*Astrologens*: Astrologers.

*Astrynd betwene hope and fere*: Distracted between hope and fear. *Ber.* 2429.

*Asure*. See *Assured*.

*Asware*: Aware. *PT.* 586.

*Asweved*: Amazed, confounded, as in a dream. *Fa. L.* 2.

41. See *Sweven*.

*Aswich*, *Aswithe*: Presently; Greatly, exceedingly. *AS.* *Spide*.

*Aswoon*, *Aswound*: In a swoon. *Sj.* 494.

*Atamed*. See *Attamed*.

*Atale*: To taste. *Test. L.* 3.

*Atcheve*: To achieve, obtain. *Tr. L.* 4. 79. *MS. Sp.* reads the Verse thus;

*The town is shent, and all your lust shall cheere;*

That is, All your desire shall succeed. See *Atcheve*.

*At day*; At break of day. No. 2717.

*Atemper*: Moderate, modest. *Atemper stylneß*, *Boeth.*

*Atesta taciturnitas.*

*Atenes*: At once, altogether. *MR.* 966.

*Ateyn*: Attainted; Calt in Law. *Ber.* 2673, 2852, 218. See *Attainte*, *Attainte*.

*Atinkin me*: Seem to me; as *Metinks*, *Metoughts*.

*The whiche right fore wouldin atinkin me,*

*Tr. L.* 5. 878. Which I should be very sorry to think; Or, Which would be very disagreeable to me; Perhaps, from the *AS.* *Dangerian* or *Dancian*, *Gratiscant*.

*At his halfe*. See *Halfe*.

*Athre*: Asunder; Into three parts. *Prol.* 2935.

*Athroted*: Strangled, choked. p. 496, a.

*Atire*, *Tr. L.* 1. 181. for *Atire*, V.

*Aone*, *Aoon*: Being at one, agreed. Also, Tone. *CCr.* 125.

*Aones*, as *Aienes*.

*Attaine*: To effect. *Fr.* 2320. *Attained* is printed wrong for *Attamed*, *Ch. Dr.* 596.

*Attaint*: Afflicted, indisposed, disordered; from the *Tr.* *Attaint*. See *Atynt*.



*Attamed, Atamel*: Set on broach. *Sp.* In *Mo.* 931. (where *H. 1.* reads it *tamed*) it seems to signify Begun; from the Fr. *Entamer*, which also signifies To cut, to have the first cut. Also, To disparage. *Ch. Dr.* 1128. It is printed wrong *attained*. *Ib.* 576.

*Atte*: At, and sometimes At the; as, *Atticfull*, *MR.* 1197. *Atte the full*, *MS. Ch.*

*Atteinte*: Attained; Perceived, understood. *Boeth.* See *Aeynt, A'tainte.*

*Attemper*: To moderate. See *Atemper.*

*Attemperate*: Moderate, temperate. *p.* 209, *b.*

*Attemperaunce*: Temperance. *Pars. p.* 207, *a.* *AL.* 508.

*Attempre*: Tempered. See *Atemper.* In *Ch. p.* 147, *b.* some read *Attempre wepyng*, instead of *A temperate wepyng.*

*Attemprid*: Temperate; Calm. *Ch. Dr.* 1100.

*Attendaunce*: Attention. *BD.* 650.

*Attentife*: Diligent, ready to attend, observant. *Sq.* 804.

*Atterly*, *p.* 201. *b.* Grievous, heinous, terrible. *AS.* *Atephic* from *Ateph*, *Poyson.*

*Attire*: Clothing, dress. *Simple of attire.* *Tr. L.* 1. 181. Dressed plain; *Simplex munditijs.* *Hor.* But the plainness of *Creseide's* Dress being described before, the reading of *MS. Sp.* seems better; *Simple of Berynge*, i. e. Of an easy carriage, or behaviour, which is expressed by *Simple of Port.* in *Gower*, *L. 4. f.* 69, *b. c.* 1.

*Atwain, Atwinn, Atwinne*: In two; Asunder. *Went a-twinne*; Parted from one another. *No.* 1191. See *Twinne.*

*Atwene*: Between.

*Atwinn.* See *Atwain*, and *Twinne.*

*Atwite*: To twit, upbraid, reproach. *Bal.* 1068.

*Atwixte*: Betwixt.

*Atwo, Atoo*: In two, asunder. Read *atwo*, *p.* 208, *b.* 1. 43.

*Atyryd*: Dressed. *AL.* 81.

*Availle*: To descend. *Sk.* To fall down. *Tr. L.* 3. 627. (*Canale. Ca.*) To sink. *p.* 394, *b.* To bring down. Also, Profit, advantage. *CL.* 1253. Value. *Of effer a-vaile*; Of less value. *Ib.* 116.

*Availen.* See *Availle.*

*Availin*: To unveil, uncover. *MR.* 14.

*Avale*: To send or let down. *RR.* 1803. See *Availle.*

*Avaricious*: Covetous.

*Avauce*: Advancement, power. *Mo.* 2155. Profit. *Prol.* 246. To advance, prefer. *Tr. L.* 5. 1434.

*Avauit*: To brag or boast; Improved. *RR.* 4790. Forward. *Ib.* 3958. Before. *No.* 2808. Also, Vaunting, bragging, boasting.

*Avauitage*: To profit. *Experience Avauitaget him*; Is usefull, profitable to him. *Prol. RL.* 95.

*Avauiter, Avauitir, Avauitour*: A vain boaster, a Braggadocio. *Tr. L.* 3. 309, 310. But perhaps it should be two words, *A vauntour.*

*Auelkour*: An Author.

*Audience*: Hearing.

*Avenaunte*: Agreeable, beautiful, comely, decent. *RR.* 1263. *Fr. Avenant.*

*Aventaile*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1557. The forepart of the Armour. *Sk.* A Surcoat worn over the Armour. *Kyn. Ventail* is used by *Spenser* for that part of the Helmet which is lifted up. See the Glossary to his Works.

*Aventrous*: Adventurous, bold.

*Aventure*: Adventure; Chance, accident; Fortune.

*Aventurous.* See *Happes.*

*Aver*: Riches, bribery. *Sk.* Goods, chattels, possessions.

*Averel*: The Month April. I should chuse to read *Averel* or *Apparaille* (as *MS. Sp.* hath it for *Aprilis*, *Tr. L.* 1. 156.) in the first Verse of the Prologues; thus, *Whanne Averel*, or,

*Whanne Apparaille had with his shouris fote  
The drougt of March ypercid to the rote.*

*Aught*: Ought, from *Owe*. *Tr. L.* 3. 1801. Any thing. *For aught*; Notwithstanding all. *Aught-where*; Any where. *Hyp.* 173.

*Augrim* seems to be a Corruption of *Algorithm*; by which is meant the Sum of the Principal Rules of Numeral Computation or Common Arithmetick. *Augrim Stones*, *MR.* 102. Pebbles to cast accounts. *Sp. Nombrs of Augrim*; Arithmetical Numbers, *p.* 440, *b.*

*Avise*: To consider. *FL.* 187. To observe. *Tr. L.* 2. 276.

Also, Advice, opinion; Deliberation, thought. In *Prol.* 1987. it should be two words, *A vise*, or as *MS. Ch.* *a veze*, i. e. A voice or noise. *Avise of words*; Deliberate in speaking. *Hyp.* 154. *Avised*: Lookt after, taken care of. *p.* 153, *a.* *Avisee*: Well advised, considerate. *Fl.* 215. *Avisement, Aviseneß*: Counsel, consideration, deliberation. *Avisend, Avising*: Considering. *Avish, or Avise you*: Consider, be advised. *Full avisd*: Well considered, well advised. *Tr. L.* 2. 605.

*Avision*: A vision. *Avisions*: Visions. *Tr. L.* 5. 374.

*Aulter*: An Altar.

*Aumere*: A border; Fringe. *RR.* 2271.

*Aumener*, *RR.* 2087. A store-house, a store-room, or more generally any place to lay up things in; as, a Cupboard, &c. In Lat. *Almarium*, corruptly for *Armarium*; In some places it is called *Aumbry*, or *Asmery*. *Ray's Coll. PP.* useth *Almarie* in the same sense, *Paff.* 14.

*Avarice hath almaries and iron-bounden cofers.*

*Auncetirs*: Ancestors. *Prol.* 143. *Auncitre*: Ancestry. *WB.* 1156. *Fr. Ancêtres.*

*Auntrith*: Ventureth, runneth a risk. *MR.* 1097.

*Avold*, *p.* 480, *b.* for *Void*, *V.*

*Avontir*: An Adulterer. *Avouterers*: Adulterers.

*Avow*: A vow, a promise; To vow; To profess; To espouse a cause. *Hen.* 243. *Avowable form*; An allowed form or manner, that may be avowed, or publicly owned, as being lawful. *RL.* 262.

*Avovries*: Religious Professions. *J. Upl. p.* 593, *a.*

*Austrine*, *Cr.* 154. Perhaps it should be read, *with a sterne* [or, *austere*] *loke and chere.* *Asterne* is used by *Douglas*, for *Aultere.*

*Autentike*: Authentick, of good authority.

*Auriate*: Golden; Gilt.

*Aurore*: Aurora, the dawn, or the morning.

*Auter*, *p.* 208, *b.* An Author; Also, An altar, in old *Fr.* *Aulier.* *Gl.* *Lob.*

*Autremite*, *Mo.* 486. Another attire. *Sk.*

*Awate*: To wait, expect; To watch, observe. Also, Lying in wait; Observation, watching; Caution, circumspection. *Tr. L.* 3. 458. Delay. *Ib.* 580. Observation. *Bl. Kn.* 409. *Have her in awate*; Have a watchful eye upon her. *Mo.* 750. *Sittish in awate*; Sitteth, or lieth in waite. *Fr.* 393. Instead of, *without awate*, *Tr. L.* 3. 580. *Ca.* hath, *without nayeng*, i. e. *naying*, *saying nay.* *Awaiting on*; Observing. *Fr.* 788. *Awaitish for Awaitish.*

*Awaimarde*: Aside. *Mo.* 1839. *Awaimarde I me drowe*; I withdrew aside. *BD.* 89.

*Award*: To determine, give judgment.

*Awaytour*: One that lieth in waite. *Boeth.* See *Awaite.*

*Awedded*: Have wedded. *p.* 485, *a.*

*Aweynyd*: Weaned. *Ber.* 512.

*Awbaped, Awbapid*: Astonished, amazed, daunted. *Tr. L.* 1. 316. *Awbapid and amate*; In great confusion and distress. *Bl. Kn.* 169.

*Awreke, Awrekin*: To revenge. Also, Revenged. *AS.* *Ppecan, appecan, Uleisci.*

*Axed, Axid, Axit*: Asked. *Axist*: Askest. *Axith*: Asketh.

*Axen, Axes, Axesse, Axis*: A Fever. See *Accesse.*

*Ay*: An Egg. *Gam.* 1207. Ever, always. *Ay in one*: Continually. *No.* 3089.

*Aye*: Again. *Ber.* 641. It should have been printed, *Ayé.*

*Ayel*, *Prol.* 2478. Always, ever. *Sk. Sp.* *Saturn* there speaks to *Venus*;

*I am thine ayel, redy at thy will.*

Perhaps *Ayel* may there signify Ancestor, Progenitor, *Fr. Ayenl.* *MS. Ch.* hath it thus;

*I am thyin redy all at thy wille.*

*H. 1. & al.* *thyn all* [or *al*] *redy.* From these Readings compared together, we may guess at another, which perhaps is the right;

*I am thyn ay, al redy at thy wille.*

*Ayen, Ayenist, Ayenste*: Against; Instead of. *Mo.* 2444, &c.

*Ayenward*: Back. *Tr. L.* 3. 751. *p.* 441, *b.* On the other side. *BD.* 18.



## B.

- Bachelrie**: A company of young men or Batchelors. *Fr.* 1300.  
**Backhalfe**: The back-side, the back-part.  
**Backir more**: More backwards. *BD.* 85.  
**Baft**, *Ber.* 1687. *Abast* or *Ast*; A Sea-Term, signifying those parts which are towards the Stern of the Ship. *AS.*  
**Be-aptan**, *baytan*, Behind, after.  
**Bagge**: To swell; To disdain. *Sk.* *Baggish foule and lo-kish faire*, *Dr. Ch.* 624. She swells with pride and disdain, though she looks fair. *Sk.* *Baggingly*, *RR.* 292. Haughtily, disdainfully. *Sk.*  
**Baighted**: Baited. *Mo.* 2588.  
**Baillie**: A Governour; The Office or Jurisdiction of a Bailly or Governour; Government, management, care. *RR.* 4217, 4302, 7574. See *Men. Fr.* in *Bailif*.  
**Baine**. See *Bane*.  
**Baiten**: To feed; To bait. *Tr. L.* 1. 192. *Baited*: Taken by a bait. *RR.* 1612.  
**Balais of entaille**, *AL.* 536 Precious stones engraved. *Sp.* *Balay* is a Bastard Ruby, so called from the place whence it is brought, said by some to be *Balassia*, a Kingdom on the Continent higher up than *Pegu* and *Bengal*; by others, the City *Balafani*. See *Men. Fr.* in *Balay*, and *Men. It.* in *Balascio*.  
**Balaunce**: Doubt, suspense. To put in balaunce; To hazard, to put to an uncertainty; To waver, to entertain any doubt. *Fr.* *Mettre en balance*. Lay in balaunce; Lay a wager on my Master's side. *No.* 622.  
**Bale**: Harm, misfortune; Trouble, sorrow. *Balefull*: Hurtfull, miserable, wofull. *Balis*: Troubles, &c.  
**Balies**. See *Balais*, &c.  
**Balk**: *Mr. Ray* in his *Coll.* says, that *Balk* is the same with *Scamnum* in *Lat.* i. e. a piece of Land which is either casually overslipped and not turned up in plowing, or industriously left untouched by the Plow for a Boundary between Lands, or some other use. Whence it is that *Com.* says, that the meaning of *In Goddis worde tillesh* (as he reads it according to some Editions) *many a balke*, is, They break up the limits and bounds that God hath set in his word to keep them in. *Mo.* 2428.  
**Balkes**, *MR.* 518. *Ph.* 26. Poles layd over a Stable or other Building for the Roof. The *Balk* or *Bawke*; The Summer-Beam or Dorimant. *Ray's Coll.*  
**Ball**: Ball within their hode; The Ball which their Hood covers. i. e. The head. *Ber.* 3126. *Her that tournith as a balle*, i. e. Fortune. *Sc.* 227.  
**Ballid**: Bald. *P. ol.* 2520.  
**Balfaffe**, *PT.* 153. A Quarter-Staff, a great Staff like a Pole or Beam. *Ray's Coll.*  
**Bande**. See *Bende*.  
**Bandon**: *Scella*, *Sodalitium*. *Sk.* It may secondarily signify a Band, Company or Retinue, *RR.* 1163. though primarily it signifies a Banner. *Du Fresne* gives several instances, where the old *Fr.* Poets use the word for *Arbitrium*, Will, pleasure; as *à votre*, *à son bandon*, At your, at his pleasure, which sense suits very well here; and thence it may signify, Custody, possession. *p.* 496, *b.* But a *bandon*, in *RR.* 3242. should be read *abandon*, in one word; and to give his gode in *abandon* is the same with *Dare in abandonum*, i. e. To deposit one's Goods or Estate as a Pledge to be forfeited in case of Non-performance of Promise or Agreement. *Fr.* *Gl.* in *Abandonum*. See also *Men. Fr.* in *Abandonner*, and *Men. It.* in *Abbandonare*. The *Fr.* Phrases, *Mettre tout à l'abandon*, To put all things in disorder; *Laisser tout à l'abandon*, To leave all at random, To forsake or neglect, may serve to give some light to this Passage.  
**Bane**: Mischief, prejudice, destruction. *AS.* *Buna*.  
**Banir**: A Banner. *An.* 30.  
**Baraine**, *Barin*: Barren; Void, destitute.  
**Barbe**: A mask, a vizard. *Sk.* *Sp.* It seems to be a Dress wore by Widdows, perhaps some Wimple or Muffler wrapt about the Chin. *Tr. L.* 2. 110. where *Ca.* hath *Wympyl* instead of *Barbe*.  
**Barbican**: A Fortres, a Watch-Tower.

- Bargaret**, *FL.* 348. *Tripodium pastorium*; A Dance used by Shepherds from the *Fr.* *Berger*, a Shepherd. *Sk.* It seems to signify a Song in praise of the Daizy, which in *Fr.* is *Marguerite*, or as it is called, *lb.* 350. *Marguerete*, to which the word may allude. The Burden of the Song seems to have been, *Si d'uce est la margarete*; So sweet is the Daizy.  
**Barkfate**: A Tanner's Vat for Bark. *Bal.* 901.  
**Barne**: The bosome, the lap. *Sq.* 651. *AS.* *Bapme*: Hence *Barne-cloth*: An Apron.  
**Baronage**: Barons; Nobility. *La.* 240.  
**Barr**, in the North signifies the Gate of a City; as *Rotham Barr*, &c. in *York.* *Ray's Coll.* *Heave the barr*, *al.* *Heve of barr*, *Pro.* 552. Heave the Bar, or Lift the door off the hinges. According to *H.* 1. this Verse should be thus read;  
*There nas no dore that he nolde heve off barre.*  
There is an Expression not unlike this (but corrupted) in *Lidgate's Life of St. Edmund*, where speaking of Thieves breaking in to rob the Shrine, he says,  
*Oon with a leuour to leffe the dore on barre.*  
*f.* One with a Leaver lift the door off the Bar.  
**Barring**. See *Paling*.  
**Basse**, *CL.* 797. A kiss. *Fr.* *Baiser*. *Lat.* *Basium*. The Poet seems here to have in his eye a Dittick in the First Elegy of *Maximianus*, commonly ascribed to *Corn. Gallus*;  
*Flammea dilexi, modicumq; tumentia labra,*  
*Que mihi gustanti batia plena darent.*  
**Basclardis**: Daggers. *Mo.* 2858.  
**Batailed**: Embattled. *RR.* 4162.  
**Batailous**: Ready for battle or fighting. *RL.* 327.  
**Bath**: Both. *MR.* 1083. *Bathe*, *Mo.* 1382. seems to be corrupted from *Baske*.  
**Battelled**: Indented like Battlements. *Mo.* 973.  
**Bande**: Bold, brave. *RR.* 5674.  
**Bauderie**: Pimping. *Tr. L.* 3. 398.  
**Baudrick**: Furniture. *Sp.* *Sk.* A Girdle, a Belt: Hence *Spenser* calls the Zodiack, *The Bauldrick of the heavens*.  
**Baudrie**, or (as it is in the common Editions) *Brandrie*: Embroidery. See *Sk.* in *Bawdry*.  
**Bandy**: Filthy, nasty, slovenly. *No.* 646.  
**Bawfin buttokid**, *Bal* 897. Having large brawny buttocks: *Sk.* *Fromem albam* in *Virgil's* Description of *Priamus's* horse, is by *Douglas* translated, *Bawfand face*. See *Gl. V.* *Spenser* in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* has ----- *Stare on him with big looks bawenwide*; That is, (as the Glossary explains it) Extended as with wonder.  
**Bay window**; *f.* A Bow-window. *CL.* 1058.  
**Bayard**: A horse. *No.* 1434. Perhaps it properly signifies a Bay horse. See *Men. Fr.* in *Bay*.  
**Be**: A Bee; By; Been. *But he that weddid be*, *Fr.* 2349. perhaps should be read, *But that he weddid be*, or as *H.* 1. *But he had wedded be*; Unless he be, or had been married. *Let the jomponer be*; Let the jomponer alone, Do not mind him.  
*Beau semblant*, *Fr.* Fair appearance. *CL.* 1085.  
*Beau sire*, *Fr.* Fair Sir, or Good Sir. *RR.* 6053.  
**Bibledde**: Bloody, stained with blood. *Pro.* 2204.  
**Biblotte**: To blot, stain. *Tr. L.* 2. 1027.  
**Becke**: To becken. *No.* 1910. *Beckende*: Beckened. *AL.* 438. *Beckid*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1260. *Ca.* *Beckened*: Beckened.  
**Beclappe**: To bind; To entrapp. *No.* 9.  
**Bedde**: Bad, commanded. *Mo.* 3159.  
**Bede**: To bid; To offer. *Sq.* 1300. To ask: To pray. *Bede up our bills*; Present our Petitions. *ABC. O.* *Beddis*: Beads; Prayers. *Her beddis bede*; Said her prayers. *RR.* 7374.  
**Bedeweth**: Wetteth. *Boeth.*  
**Bedolvin**: Dug in; Buried.  
**Bedore**: To caule to doat; To bewitch; To enamour. *Hyp.* 180.  
**Bedradde**: Dreaded.  
**Bedreinte**: Drenched, wetted. *CL.* 577. Drowned.  
**Been**, *Tr. L.* 2. 193. *Beis*, *AF.* 353. Bees.  
**Befall**, *Fr.* 1289. Become, be fitting.  
**Befill**: Befell, happened; Came. *Sq.* 1630. It is often used impersonally without *It*.  
**Beforene**: Before.



*Beggare*: A Beggar. *CG.* 67.  
*Begiled*: Cast into Goal, imprisoned. *No.* 1783.  
*Beginnyng*: A Principle. *Boeth.*  
*Begon, Begonne*: Begun; Gone. It often signifies the State or Condition of a person or thing; as *Well begon*, *WB.* 606. In good humour, or plight; Fortunate. *No begon*; Overwhelmed with sorrow. *Worse begon*; In a worse condition. *Tr. L.* 5. 1327. *With gold begon*; Adorned with gold. *RR.* 943. See *Faring*.  
*Behated*: Hated, odious. *Boeth.*  
*Behest*: A promise. *Sq.* 718. Also, A command.  
*Behangid*: Hanged, hung. *AL.* 207.  
*Behet*: Promised. *AL.* 436.  
*Behete, Behote*: To promise.  
*Behewe*: Coloured. *With gold behewe*; Gilt. *Fa. L.* 3. 216.  
*Behight*: To promise; Promised. Also, Called, named.  
*Behongit*: Hung. *Ber.* 100.  
*Behove*: Behoof, use, advantage. *RR.* 1090, 7584. *Behovely, Behovily*: Useful. *Behovid nedis*; Mult needs. *Ib.* 1479.  
*Besapid*: Tricked, deceived, imposed upon. *No.* 1406. Laughed at, made a jest of. *Tr. L.* 1. 532. See *Jape*.  
*Bele*: To buy.  
*Bein*: Be, are.  
*Bekid me about*, *Cr.* 36. Warned me. *Kyn. Bekis*, warns, *Gl. V.*  
*Beknewe*: Made known.  
*Beknowe, Beknowin*: To acknowledge, confess. *p.* 211. *a.* 376. *a.*  
*Belamy*: Good Friend. *No.* 183.  
*Belchir, Belle chere*: Good cheer, pleasant countenance. *AL.* 322. *For belle chere*; To make good cheer withal. *No.* 2917.  
*Beleve* See *Rileve*.  
*Belvid*: Left. *Gam.* 172.  
*Belive*. See *Blive*.  
*Belle, Fr. the Fem. of Bel, Beau*: Fair. *Tr. L.* 2. 288.  
*Bellechose*: Pretty thing. *Pro pudendo muliebri usurpatur.* *Sk.*  
*Belle Ilaude*: Well, or prettily said. *Fa. L.* 3. 707. See *Sk.*  
*Bellis clink*: The Tinkling of Bells. *Mo.* 1980.  
*Bellish*: Belloweth, roareth. *Fa. L.* 3. 715.  
*Belous*: Bellows.  
*Belmary, Prol.* 57. Taken to be that Country in *Barbary*, called by *Vassens, Benamarin.* *Sp.* See *Sk.*  
*Bemis*: Beams; Trumpets. *RR.* 7605. from the *AS.*  
*Bema, a Trumpet.*  
*Ben*: Be, been.  
*Benched*: Made up with Seats or Benches. *LW.* 204.  
*Bend, Bende*: A Band, a knot, a fillet; Any thing that bindeth. *RR.* 1079.  
*Bendes*: Bonds; Burdens. *Mo.* 2477.  
*Bending, p.* 198, *a.* See *Paling*.  
*Bene*: A Bean; Be, been.  
*Benes*: Bones. *MR.* 965.  
*Benebreide*: Bread made of Beans.  
*Benigne, Beningne, Benynge*: Kind, meek, gentle, courteous, favourable, gracious. *Benignely*: Kindly, &c.  
*Benignity*: Kindness, favour.  
*Benimme*: To take away. *Benimmech us the coulpe*; Taketh the blame from us. *Pars. AS.* *Benymman, Eripre, &c.*  
*Benison, Fr.* A blessing. *Sq.* 881.  
*Benomen, Benommen*: Taken away. *RR.* 1509. *Benommeth*; Taketh away; Intercepteth. *p.* 203, *b.* See *Benimme*.  
*Bent, Prol.* 1983. A Precipice; perhaps from the *Fr. Pente*, The Bending or Declivity of a Hill. The *CB.* *Pant* signifies a Valley, or Low place between two Risings. *Browis bent*; Arched Eyebrows. *RR.* 1217.  
*Benymyth*: Deprived, taketh away. *p.* 201, *a.* 203, *b.*  
*Benynge*. See *Benigne*.  
*Beoce*: *Boethius*, the Author of the Treatise *De Consolatione Philosophie*.  
*Bequath, Bequette*: Bequeathed.  
*Bequeste*: Whatever is bequeathed, a Legacy. *Gam.* 128.  
*Ber*: To bear. *PT.* 614.  
*Berained*: Rained upon, wet with rain. *Tr. L.* 4. 1172.  
*Berd, Berde*: The beard. *In the berde*, *Tr. L.* 4. 41. Full in the face. *Make his berd*, *Ber.* 436. *Fr. Faire la barbe à quelqu'un*; To impose upon, or abuse one. *Berdus ymade*, *Fa. L.* 2. 181, 283. Imposed upon.

*Bere*: A Bier. *No.* 3189. *Tr. L.* 2. 1638. A bear. *Ib. L.* 4. 1453. To bear or carry; To accuse. *Boeth.* Also, Bore or carried. *RR.* 7372. A Pillow-bear. *Dr. Ch.* 254. Instead of *Bere the belle*, *Ib. L.* 2. 1498. *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.* read — *yf that thou conne Bere the wele to morrow, &c.*  
*Berefe*: To deprive, bereave.  
*Bering, Beryng*: Behaviour.  
*Berin*: To bear; To behave. *Berin on, or in bonde*, *WB.* 326, 232. To bear in hand, to make believe. Also, Bore, did bear. *That berin life*, *WB.* 997. Living, having life.  
*Beris*: Bears. *Mo.* 375.  
*Berne*: Barn, yell. *No.* 835.  
*Berne*: A barn. *MR.* 150. Also, To bear, or carry. *RR.* 5617.  
*Berst*: Burt. *Ber.* 270.  
*Besauime*: A piece of Gold so called, because first coined at *Byzantium*, now *Constantinople*. *Sk.* *Besauime wight*, *RR.* 1106. The Weight of a *Besauime*. See *Blo.* in *Bzamine*.  
*Bescorned*: Scoffed at, mocked, despised. *Pars.*  
*Bescratchin*: To scratch. *RR.* 323.  
*Besegit*: Besieged.  
*Beseie, Besey, Beseyn*: To behold. Also, To be seen. *Well beseie*; Well-looking. *RR.* 821. *Richly beseie*; Rich to behold. *In Tr. L.* 1. 167. instead of, *Full well beseyn, &c.* *Ca.* hath, *Full well arrayed both meft and left*.  
*Beseke*: To beseech.  
*Besene*: Well besene; Of a good appearance, well looking. See *Beseie*.  
*Beset*: Spent, layd out, placed, disposed of. *Fr.* 688. Also, To place, lay out, &c. *Bal. Lad.* 148. *Lithirly beset his while*; Ill spent his time. *MR.* 191. *Beset his witte*; Set his wits at work. *Beset his wordis and his werke*; Ordered his words and actions well. *Tr. L.* 3. 472. *So well her beset*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1558. Disposed of her to well. *Ill beseie*; Ill ordered. *Mo.* 2980.  
*Besey, Beseyn*. See *Beseie*.  
*Beshet*: Shut up. *RR.* 4488. *Tr. L.* 3. 603.  
*Beshrewe, WB.* 844, 845. *I beshrewe me, I beshrew thy face*; A Form of Exccration; *Malum me fascinum corripit.* *Sk.* See *Shrewe*. *Beshrewed*: Ill-natured, wicked, false; Accursed. *RR.* 7394.  
*Beshyme*: To shine upon. *Ber.* 381.  
*Beside*: By; By the side of. *WB.* 15. Near, hard by. *Fr.* 2126.  
*Besien*: To trouble, to disturb. *Boeth. L.* 1. To busy one's self.  
*Besly*: Officiously. *Fr.* 2597.  
*Besines, WB.* 933. Officiousness; Care, endeavour. *To don her besines*; To take the utmost care. *Fr.* 1612.  
*Besmiteth*: Smiteth; Murdereth. *Test.*  
*Besmottid*: Smutted, bedawbed. *Prol.* 76.  
*Best*: A beast; A living creature. *Lat. Anim.* *p.* 365, *a.*  
*Bestis*: Beasts. *Tr. L.* 3. 621. But I should prefer the reading in *MS. Sp.* *To us best is the cause ywrye*, i. e. It is best for us that the cause be hid.  
*Bestad, Bestadde, Bestede*: Beset, surrounded; Oppressed, distressed. *In nede bestad*, *RR.* 5796. Oppressed with need. *Hard bestad*; *Gam.* 1338. Hard put to it. *Foule bestad*, or *bestede*, *Mo.* 2343. In a bad condition.  
*Bestiallicke*: Beastly. *Test.*  
*Bestly*: Belonging to a living creature. *p.* 493, *a.*  
*Bestwink*: To labour.  
*Besy*: Busie; Careful; Officious. *Besy cure*; Officious, very great care. *Tr. L.* 3. 1044.  
*Bet, Bette*: Better.  
*Betake*: To give up, deliver. *MR.* 642. To commit to. *Fr.* 1190.  
*Betaught*: Recommended. *RR.* 4438.  
*Bete, Betin*: To make. *Sk.* To prepare, make ready; from the *AS.* *Betan.* *Bete nets*, *MR.* 819. Make, or mend nets. *Bete fire*; To make a fire. *Prol.* 2255. *No.* 529. To amend, restore, repair; To heal, or cure. *RR.* 4441. from the *AS.* *Betan*, To abate. *Tr. L.* 1. 666. Also, Boor. *Sk.*  
*Beteche*: To recommend. *No.* 3428.  
*Beter*: A market beter at the full, *MR.* 828. f. One that fought in full, or open Market.  
*Beth*: Both. Also, Be, are.

Beside:



x now commonly call'd *Bocton blsn*, or simply  
*Bocton*.



- Becide**: To happen. *What so beside*; Let what will happen, or, as it is in *Tr. L. 5. 796. Happin what happin may*. Also, Happened. *No. 3268. Beilde*, *Tr. L. 2. 55. Happened*. Also, Succeeded. *Fa. L. 2. 172.*
- Betrappid**: Intrapped, taken in a trap. *Cup. 252.*
- Betrassid**, **Betrassid**, **Betrassid**: Deceived, betrayed. *Be-trassid*, *Dougl. Virg.*
- Beverage**, *Ber. 359. Drink*; Any liquor that may be drunk. *Fr. Beverage*; anciently writ *Bewraige*. *Gl. Lob.*
- Bewepe**: To bewail, weep, lament. *Tr. L. 1. 763. Bewepi*: Mixt with tears. *Magd. 553.*
- Bewet**: Wetted.
- Bewond**: Imposed upon; Puzzled, embarrassed; from the *AS. Bepynsan*, *Involvere*, *implicare*, *intricare*.
- Bewraien**, **Bearaine**, **Bewray**: To discover. *Prol. 2233. Bewraynge*, or *Bewrayinge*: Discovering. *p. 150.*
- Bewreke**: To revenge; Revenged. *WB. 809.*
- Bewrie**, **Bewrien**: To bewray, betray. *RR. 3879. To hide, conceal. Tr. L. 2. 537.*
- Bewte**: Beauty.
- Bey**, **Bege**: To buy. *No. 648, 1315.*
- Beyete**: Begotten. *Tr. L. 1. 978.*
- Bialacoil**, *RR. 2984, &c.* Kind reception, or, as it is *lb. 5856. Fair Wellcomming*; from the *Fr. Bel accueil.*
- Bibbid**: Sucked up, drank.
- Bible**: A Book. *No. 878.*
- Biche**: A bitch. *Mo. 2879.*
- Bid**: It most frequently signifies To pray or intreat. *I bidde God, that I never mote have joie, Tr. L. 3. 877. In MS. Sp. I pray to God y never, &c. Biddish for them, Tr. L. 1. 30. Pray for them. Bad mercy, lb. 111. Beg'd mercy. Bidde I God; I pray to God. Tr. L. 5. 1007. See Bide.*
- Bide**, *Tr. L. 2. 118. To abide, to dwell*; or it may be To bid, as in *MS. Sp.* and the sense will then be, It became me better to bid [*i. e.* to say my prayers] in a Cave and read the Legends of Saints. *Bide a fownd*; Stay for a time. *Tr. L. 1. 1068. Bide thine adventures*; Wait or stand your chance. *Tr. L. 2. 1519.*
- Biddin**, *Tr. L. 3. 1411. for Diddin*; or *Dede*, as in *MS. Sp. Did.*
- Bidden for Biden**: Tarryed, abode.
- Bisforme**: Before.
- Bigge**: To build up. *Mo. 2415. From the AS. Byrgan.*
- Bigine**, *RR. 7368. Bigins, lb. 6861. Fr. Beguines*; A sort of Religious persons of both sexes; See *Men. Fr. and Fr. Gl. in Beguini*, and *Beghine*.
- Bigon**, **Bigone**. See *Begon*.
- Bihests**: Promises. *Tr. L. 5. 1430. Also, Commands.*
- Bihete**: To promise. *Biheting the hope of welfulnesse* [*i. welfulnesse*] Under pretence of happiness. *p. 373, b.*
- Biker**: A bickering, quarrel. *Hyper. 100.*
- Bil**, **Bill**, **Byl**: A Petition. *AL. 610, 603, &c. Any writing or Instrument. ABC. H. Sj. 1487. Tr. L. 2. 1130.*
- Bilde**: To build. *Bal. Lad. 111. The ground of life into* [*i. in to*] *bilde, i. e. to build on. Bildir*: A builder. *The Bildir oke*; The Oak fit for building. *AF. 176.*
- Bileve**: Faith, belief; Also, To believe. *No. 270.*
- Bilis**: Biles, boils. *Cr. 395.*
- Bimene**: To bemoan. *RR. 2667.*
- Bineth**, **Binethen**: Beneath, below. *AS. Beneoð, beneoðan.*
- Binomed**, *p. 376, a. Taken away. See Benimme.*
- Bini him**: Bound himself. *CMV. 47.*
- Birast**: Bereaved, deprived.
- Birde**, *Mo. 2917. signifies a Mistress or Wench.*
- Birell**, **Birill**: A Brill. *Bl. Kn. 37. Bal. Lad. 51.*
- Bismare**: Abuse, scandal. *MR. 857. From the AS. Birmepian*; To scoff at, to disgrace. *Birmop*, *Reproach*. Also, *Libels*, *Lampoons*.
- Bispreint**: Besprinkled.
- Bit**: Bid or commanded. *MS. Ch. reads Bit instead of Did, Prol. 187. which is printed wrong for Bid. Py. 1. reads bydeth.*
- Bitande**: Biting; Sharp.
- Bitraught**: Recommended. *RR. 4438. Committed. Gam. 666. See Gl. V. in Betauchit.*
- Bize**: To smart. *Prol. 633. To provoke. Biting point*; A sharp cutting point. *lb. 2548. Desire so bieth me, Tr. L. 3. 1488. so freyneth me. MS. Sp.*
- Bitrent**: Plaited or twisted about. *Tr. L. 3. 1237. Encompassed, surrounded. lb. L. 4. 870.*
- Birrethid**. See *Betrassid*.
- Bitirfall**: Bitter; Sorrowful. *Magd. 53.*
- Bitwene**, **Bitwixen**: Between, betwixt.
- Binopin**: Weeping, all in tears. *Tr. L. 4. 916.*
- Blackburied**, *No. 1920. Gon a blackburied; In nigras et in-auspicias domos missus, Sk. Which answers to the Description of Hell in Pars. p. 193, a.*
- Blake**: Black. In *Tr. L. 2. 1320. instead of, Loke on all these blake* (where the Substantive is wanting) *MS. Sp. has it, Loke on thes Lees blake, i. e. black Letters.*
- Blakid**: Blackened.
- Blande**: Kind; Flattering. *RL. 23.*
- Blandise**: To soothe, flatter. *Pars. Blandishing*: Flattering. *Boeth. L. 1.*
- Blankmanger**, *Prol. 389. A kind of white meat or curdard. Fr. Blancmanger. Rich.*
- Blase**: To Blazon Arms. *PT. 150.*
- Blasours**: Such as blaze forth ones praise. *Test.*
- Blanche fièvre**, *Tr. L. 1. 917. In Fr. Fievre blanche signifies a white Fever. The Poet means Palenets, the Green-sickness, &c.*
- Ble**, *Magd. 391. Sight, look; Colour, hue; Favour. Sk. Sp. Gl. V. AS. Bleo, Color.*
- Blee**, is by *Sk.* supposed to come from the *AS. Bled*, *Fr. Bled, blé, Corn*; and so he makes *Boughion under Blee*, *No. 567. (or, which I take to be the same, Boh up and down. under the blee, Mo. 1579, 1580.) to be Boughion near the Corn*; Whereas *Bleane* (anciently written *Blene*, and easily corrupted to *Blee* by omitting the *Dash* for *n*) is a Forreft in *Kent*, which gives name to the adjacent Town, which is at this day called *Boughion under the Bleane*, and is in the Road to *Canterbury*. x
- Bleine**: A blain, a bile. *RR. 553.*
- Bleint**, *MR. 645. Blent, Tr. L. 3. 1352. Looked. Gl. V. in Blent.*
- Blend**: To mix, mingle; To blind, or deceive. *Tr. L. 2. 1496. Mo. 2792.*
- Blent**: Ceased; Blinded. *Sq. 1630. Also, Deceived, disappointed. Tr. L. 5. 1194. See Bleinte.*
- Bleris**: To dim, darken, cloud the eyes. *Blerid is myne eye; My sight is grown dim. No. 751. RR. 3912.*
- Bleis**: Bliss, happiness. *Dr. Ch. 1039. RR. 3643.*
- Bleve**, **Blevin**: To abide, tarry. *Tr. L. 4. 1357. from the D. Blyben, Kilian.*
- Blife**. See *Blive*.
- Blin**, **Blinne**: To desist, cease, give over. *No. 1192. From the AS. Blinnan, Cessare. CB. Blino*; To be weary.
- Blinkis amorous**: Amorous winks or looks, ogling. *Cr. 226.*
- Blis**, *Fr. 1572. To bleis. Also, Happiness, joy. Blisfull: Happy, blessed, joyfull.*
- Blish**: Merry, pleasant. *Blishness*: Joy, mirth. *Cr. 4. Alacritas. Boeth. Irenne blische, LW. 60. or perhaps it should be Irenne belife, or blife, for blive. i. e. I run presently. For blithe cannot rhyme to Life which ends the foregoing Verse.*
- Blive**, **Blyve**, **Belive**: Quickly, immediately; Briskly. *Tr. L. 4. 1355. Belive*; Anon, by and by, or Towards night, *Ray's Coll. who supposes it to be a Contraction of By the Eve*; it being frequent in the North to mollify the into *le. Blive, Confessim, protinus. Hick. Gr. AS. p. 225. Exemple is translated Belife by Dougl. Virg. p. 163. f. ab AS. Be lyf, With lile, vigorously.*
- Blober**: To blubber. *Test.*
- Bloderit**, perhaps for *Bloberit*: Blubbered. *Ber. 464.*
- Blome**, **Bloome**: Blooms, blossoms. *Test. L. 3. Blomie*: Blooming, blossoming. *lb.*
- Blondrin**, *No. 691. To toil, bluster. Sp. f. To blunder. lb. 1435.*
- Blont**: Dull; Heavy; Cowardly. *p. 204, a.*
- Blosme**: Blossom. *Bal. Lad. 47. Blosmis*: Blossoms. *LW. 143.*
- Blowin up and down**: Blown about; Talked of. *Prol. 2243.*
- Blynched**, *PT. 669. f. Flinched*: Kept off; or perhaps, *Blynched*: Looked askint.
- Blyfyng**: Blazing, flaming. *Ber. 561.*
- Blyve**. See *Blive*.
- Bob under the blee**. See *Blee*.



*Boche*, p. 376, b. *Postom* of [l. or] *boche*; An Impostume or Boche, i. e. An Ulcer.

*Bochour*: A Butcher. *Mo.* 2524.

*Bode*: Bid, commanded. It is also put for *Abode*, the Preter Tense of *Abide*, *WB.* 1030. *Ne bode I never*, &c. I could not abide, or bear to go from thence. *RR.* 791. *Abode*, continued. *Tr.* L. 5. 29. Also, An Omen, a foreboding, a sign, or token. *AF.* 343. Delay. *An.* 127. See *Abode*. In *Bal. Lad.* 45. it is misprinted for *Blode*; to which mistake, the Editor was led by its being printed *Bood* in former Editions, particularly that of 1561, out of which this Edition was prepared for the Press.

*Bodekins*, *Mo.* 727, 732. *MR.* 853. Bodkins; Poniards, daggers.

*Bodin*: Commanded, charged, bid or bade.

*Boilews*: Halting, from the *Fr.* *Boileux*; Rude, plain, ignorant. *Mo.* 1788. p. 478, a. Homely and hard. *Ib.* 2992. It seems to be sometimes the same with *Boilrous*; Blustering, noisy. See p. 479, b. l. 17. It may come from the *Scot.* *Boist*: To boast, threaten, frighten. *Gl. V.* *As boistons as here at baie*; As fierce, boisterous as a Bear at bay. *Mo.* 2079. See *Gl. V.* in *Buistons*. *Boistously*: Roughly, rudely, &c. *Boistousness*: Rudeness; Ignorance. *Ch. Dr.* 64.

*Bokeler*: A buckler. *Prol.* 112.

*Boker*: A bucket. *Prol.* 1535.

*Bokill*: A buckle. *Bokiling*, *Prol.* 2505. Buckling on.

*Bolas*: Bullace or Bullis, a sort of wild Plum. *RR.* 1377.

*Bole*: A Bull. *Tr.* L. 2. 55. *Bolis*: Bulls. *CMV.* 86.

*Bole Armeny*: *Bole Armeniack*, *Armenian* Earth used in Medicine. *No.* 811.

*Boll, bolle*: A bowl; A bottle. *The throte boll*, *MR.* 1165. The Protuberance in the Throat, commonly called *Pomum Adami*.

*Bollen, Boln*: Swollen. *Bl. Kn.* 101.

*Bolne*: To swell; To boyl up. *Bol*, *Kilian.* *Tumidus, turgidus*, &c.

*Bolt*: An arrow. *Upright as a bolt*; As straight as an arrow. *MR.* 156.

*Bone*: A Boon, request, petition. *AS.* *Bene.* *Bad a bone*; Made a request. *Sq.* 1134. *I bidé the a bone*; I ask a favour of thee. *Tr.* L. 1. 1028.

*Bonis*: Bones. *Bonis two*, *No.* 2172. A pair of Dice.

*Bood*: Abode, stay'd, tarried. *Ber.* 762.

*Boon*: A bone.

*Borace*, *Prol.* 632. "*Borax*, a white or greenish Substance like Salt-Petre, wherewith Goldsmiths use to foder Gold and Silver; some say it is the Gum of a Tree, which is very unlikely; Others affirm it to be made of old Lees of Oyl, by Art and drying in the Sun, brought to be white; Others, a Mineral. *Bl.* But others more truly say, that it is an Alkalious Salt made from the Stone called *Tingal*, brought from the *East-Indies*; It is a strong Hystrick Medicine, and is much used in fodering.

*Bord, Bordis*: A board, a table; Boards, tables; *The Bord begon*, *Prol.* 52. Begun the Board; Sat at the upper end of the Table; This Knight, says *Sp.* "being often among the Knights of the Dutch Order, called *Ordo Teutonius*, in *Prussia*, he was for his worthiness placed by them at the Table, before any of what Nation soever. If any desire to know the Profession of these Knights called *Teutonici*, it was thus; They having their dwelling at *Jerusalem* were bound to entertain Pilgrims, and at occasions to serve in War against the *Saracens*; They were apparelled in white, and upon their uppermost garment did wear a black Cross: And for that this Order was first begun by a rich *Almaine*, none were received into the same, save only Gentlemen of the Dutch Nation. After *Jerusalem* was last taken by the *Saracens*, Anno 1184, these Knights retired to *Ptolemaida*; and that being taken, into *Germany* their own Country; And when as there also the People of *Prussia* used incursions upon their confines, they went unto *Frederick* the Second then Emperor, Anno 1220, who granted them leave to make wars upon them, and to turn the Spoil to the maintenance of their Order. After this Conquest of *Prussia*, these Knights grew rich, and built there many Temples and places of Residence for Bishops, who also were enjoined to wear the

"Habit of the Order. *Chancer* will have his Knight of such fame that he was both known and honoured of this Order.

*Bordclothes*: Table-cloths. *Test.*

*Borde*: A jest. Also, To jest. *No.* 2294. See *Bourde*.

*Bordels*: Brothels, Bawdy-houses. *Parf.* *Bordell women*: Lewd women, common strumpets. p. 210, b. *Bordael*, *Kilian.* *Lupanar*.

*Bordillers*: Those that keep or haunt Brothels. *RR.* 7084.

*Bordure*, *Fr.* A hemme or border. *Boeth.* L. 1. The edge or extremity of a thing.

*Borell*: Ignorant, rude, unlearned. *Fr.* 2262. Plain, Boorish, clownish. *Borell folk*, *Fr.* 610. *Borel men*, *Mo.* 67. Laymen. *Borel* signifies a sort of coarse cloth. *Gl. Lob.* It seems to be a Diminutive of Boor. *Kilian.* *Boer*, *Agricola, ruricola*; from *Bouwen*, To plow. See *Gl. V.* in *Burell*.

*Borill*, *WB.* 356. perhaps should be read *Parrill*, i. e. Apparel, fine clothes, as the word is used, *Ib.* 561.

*Borrow, Borrowe*: A pledge, a pawn. *Tr.* L. 2. 963. Bail, surety. *And I your borrow*, *Tr.* L. 2. 134. And I will be bound for you. *I am under a borrow*, *Gam.* 1576. I am under Bail. *Have here my faith to borrow*; I pawn my faith. *Fr.* 2790. *Venus to borrow*, *Tr.* L. 2. 1523. *St. John to borrow*, *Sq.* 616. *Venus*, *St. John*, assisting or speeding; or perhaps *St. John to borrow* may be a Form of Protection then used, i. e. *St. John be my surety*. Also, To Bail one. *Gam.* 953. *Borowes*: Sureties; Pledges. *RR.* 7309.

*Borne*, for *Borrow*, in the *MSS.* generally written *Borne*; as *Sorne*, *morne*, &c. for *Sorrow*, *inorrow*, &c.

*Bosard, Bosardes*: A buzzard, Buzzards. *Mo.* 3267. *RR.* 4033.

*Boffance*: Boasting, bragging. *WB.* 569.

*Boffe*: Boasting. *Mo.* 213. Pride; Vain glory.

*Bot*: But. *La.* 210. *He na's bot dede*; He was, or would be certainly dead. A form of Speech frequently used in *Chancer* to denote the greater certainty of a thing.

*Bote*: Help; Ease, remedy; Recompence, amends, satisfaction. *To do bote on her bale*, *Tr.* L. 4. 739. To ease her of her misfortune. *To findin bote for wo*, *Ib.* 1259. To find a remedy for misery. *Bote of his bale*, *No.* 1502. Ease of his misery. Also, Benefit, advantage, profit. Also, A boat. *Test.*

*Boteleffe*. See *Botileff*.

*Bote off*: Bit off. *Boeth.*

*Bother* (so *Ca.* reads it in *Tr.* L. 4. 168.) Of both. *Your bother love*; The love of you both.

*Bothom*, *Mo.* 1216. Bottom. Also the same with *Bothum*, *RR.* 3050.

*Bothum*: A bud. *RR.* 1721, &c. It is the same that is before called a *Knopp*, i. e. A Rose-bud. *Ib.* 1675, 1685, 1691.

*Botileff, Boteleffe*: Bootless, fruitless; Without remedy. *Tr.* L. 1. 783.

*Botill*: A bottle. *Fr.* 667.

*Botifflis*: Butterflies. *Ber.* 2879.

*Botomeles*, *Tr.* L. 5. 1430. *MS. Sp.* *Botmeles*: Groundless; perhaps for *Boteles bihefts*, i. e. Fruitless, insignificant promises.

*Boton*: A button. *Ber.* 2962.

*Boucheff*, *Ber.* 43. seems to signify Good, it being there opposed to *Myscheff*; and *Ib.* 3166. synonymous to *Comfort*: Perhaps it should be read *Boucheff*.

*Bove*, *Ber.* 1989. Above. In *Ch. Dr.* 745. *Cupid* is called the great lord of bove. It may be put for bove, *metri causa*. See *Ib.* 754.

*Bouffe*: A Note of Belching. *Fr.* 670.

*Bougerons*: Buggerers, Sodomites. *RR.* 7072.

*Boughte, Boughtin*: Bought. *Boughtin bei it derre*, *Tr.* L. 1. 136. They bought it dear, or payd dear for it.

*Boughton under blee*. See *Blee*.

*Boute it to the bren*, *Mo.* 1355. To examine to the bottom of any thing, to sift it thorowly: A Metaphor taken from the sifting of Meal, till the fine flower and the bran are separated.

*Bown*: Good, Ready. *CCr.* 184. *Ber.* 965. From the *Fr.* *Bon*. Also, Bound. *Cl.* 1151. See *Gl. P.*

*Bouuche*: A bunch; A bundle. *CCr.* 28.

*Bounte, Bountie, Bounty*: Goodness. *Fr.* *Boné*. It is often used in *Boeth.* for Probity, *Lat.* *Probitas*. So *Bounteous*, sometimes signifies Good. *No.* 1624.

*Bounteous*, for *Bounteous*, *Ber.* 3277. See *Bounte*.

*Bowde*



**Bourde**: A jelt; A trick. *Gam.* 1694. from the Fr. *Bourde*,  
A lye, sham. See *Men. Fr.* in *Bourde*, and *Men. It.*  
in *Burlare*.  
**Bourdon, Burdon**: The Drone of a Bag-pipe; Hence the  
*Burden* of a Song. *MR.* 1057. The Miller's Wife in  
snoring bore the *Burdon* to her husband. It also signi-  
fies A staff. *RR.* 3401, 4092. A burden. *lb.* 4092. See  
*Men. Fr.* in *Bourdon*.  
**Boure**: A house, a habitation, a chamber. *MR.* 259.  
from the *AS.* *Bup*, *bupe*, A chamber, a parlour, a  
bower. Belg. *Bust*, A cottage, a shed. See *Sk.* in  
*Bower*.  
**Bouffous, Cr.** 166. Sturdy, stiff, strong. See *Boiffous*.  
**Boute**: About. *Boute ybore*; Brought about. *Ber.* 3141.  
**Bowe**: A dogge for the bowe, *Sq.* 1520. Perhaps a Dog that  
attended a Sportsman with a Bow and Arrows, as we  
call that a Gun-dog which follows one that carries  
a Gun.  
**Bowke**: Bulke; The body; The belly; The stomach. *AS.*  
*Buce*, *Venter*, &c.  
**Bowne**: Bound, obliged. *Ber.* 945. It may be the same as  
*Boun*, *V.*  
**Boys**, p. 214, b. *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophie*.  
**Boysfly**, for *Boisfly*: Rudely; Roughly. *PT.* 104.  
**Bracer**: Armour for the Arms. *ProL.* 111. The Fr. *Bras-*  
*fart* signifies the same; from *Bras*, an Arm.  
**Bracyd**: Clapsed, embraced. *PT.* 25. *Ber.* 926.  
**Braide**: Arose, awaked, *MR.* 1177. Took off. *La.* 838.  
*Braide out of his witt*, *Mo.* 563. Run out of his senses.  
Also, To pull out, to draw. *AS.* *Braedan*, *Abpaedan*,  
*Auferre*; *Exerere*. Also, A start. *RR.* 1336.  
**Braied**, *Di.* 241. for *Braide*: Made many a braide; Start-  
ed often in her sleep.  
**Brakit**, *MR.* 153. Bragget. *CB.* *Bragod*. A sweet Drink  
made of Honey, Spices, &c. used in Wales, and in  
*Cheshire*, *Lancashire*, &c.  
**Branchilet**: A little branch, a twig. *Bal. Lad.* 44.  
**Brande**, *Cr.* 180, 190. may signify a Sword, which, it is  
said *lb.* 188. *Mars* had in his hand: It is so used by  
*Douglas* in his *Virgil*. See *Hick. Gr. Fr.* p. 93. in  
*Brando*.  
**Braste**: To burst; Did burst.  
**Bratte**, *No.* 902. A mantle; A rag. It is used in *Lin-*  
*colnshire* for a course Apron: *Sk.* See *Sonn.* in *Bpate*.  
*CB.* *Bratt*, *Lacina*, *panniculus*.  
**Brandrie**, *ProL.* 2500. Embroidery; Graven work. *Sp.*  
**Bravie**: The Prize or Reward of Victory in Games or  
Sports of Activity. *Lat.* *Bravium*. *Gr.* *Βραβιον*.  
**Braun, Brawn**: A sinew. *Brawnis*: Sinews; The braw-  
ny parts of the Body, as the Calves of the Legs, the  
Thighs, part of the Arms, &c.  
**Braying**, *Mo.* 2106. Sounding. *Com.*  
**Brecke, Brige, Brigge, Brike**: A breach, a rupture.  
**Brede**: Breadth. *Tr. L.* 5. 1656. In *brede*, *lb. L.* 1. 531.  
Abroad. To breed, engender. *lb. L.* 3. 1552. Also  
Bread.  
**Breff**, *Ber.* 139. *Breve*, *RR.* 2350. Brief, short. *Fr.* *Bref*,  
*item. Breve*.  
**Breide**. See *Braide*.  
**Bremie**: Fiercely. *Sp.* *Fierce*. *ProL.* 1701. f. ab *AS.*  
*Bryme*, *Solennis*, *clarus*, *notabilis*. See *Men. It.* in  
*Bramare*.  
**Bren, Brende, Brennin**: To burn. *Brennande*, *Brennende*:  
Burning. *Test.*  
**Bren, Brenne**: Bran.  
**Brenningly**: Warmly; In a hot, burning manner.  
**Brent, Brende**: Burnt; Also Burnished. *RR.* 1109.  
**Brere**: A bryar. *Breris*: Bryars. *RR.* 1836.  
**Brefte**: To burst.  
**Bretfull**: Quite full, brim full, top full. *ProL.* 689.  
**Bretherne**, *No.* 1030. Brethren.  
*Breve*. See *Breff*.  
**Breyde**: To run away. *Ber.* 1093, 3041. See *Braide*.  
**Brid**, *Tr. L.* 3. 10. *Bride*, *CN.* 260. *Bridde*: A bird.  
*Briddis*: Birds.  
**Bridale**: A Wedding.  
**Brige, Brigge**. See *Brecke*.  
**Brigg, Brigge**: A bridge.  
**Bright** for *Brightness*, *Tr. L.* 2. 864.  
**Brike**. See *Brecke*.  
**Brimme**: Sharp, fierce, violent. *RR.* 1836. *Tr. L.* 4. 184.  
See *Bremie*.

**Bringis**: Bringest. *Fz. L.* 3. 818.  
**Brinne**: To burn. *WB.* 52.  
**Britaine**, *Fr.* 2538, &c. See *Amorike*.  
**Brocages**, *RR.* 6971. Broker's, Factor's or any Agent's  
Business, or Profit; Pimping.  
**Broch**: A Gold Pyramid. *Sk.* A Jewell set with precious  
Stones, perhaps of a Pyramidal form. It was worn  
sometimes on the Arm. *ProL.* 160. and sometimes on  
the Collar. *Tr. L.* 5. 1660.  
**Brode**: Abroad. *Brode ikend*, *Mo.* 2470. Known all a-  
broad. *Com.*  
**Brodir**: Broader. Also, Brother.  
**Brobolme**, *MR.* 1178. for *Brömbolme*: A Priory in *Nor-*  
*folk*. See *Mon. Ang.* *To. I.* p. 632. *To. II.* p. 929.  
**Broidid**: Braided, twitted; twined; Tied up. *ProL.* 1051.  
**Broke, Brokin**. See *Brouk*.  
**Broking**: Throbbing; Quavering. *MR.* 269. Singing  
with a broken, hoarse voice, called *Craking*. *Sq.* 1367.  
See *Crakid* and *Crakil*.  
**Brokin-harm**, *Sq.* 941. Perhaps it should be read in two  
words, *So mochil brokin harm* [sc. they canin, *lb.* 941]  
i. e. They can brook, or bear so much harm, or in-  
convenience, when they list. *MS. Ch.* hath it *So mochil*  
*harm thei can*, &c. They can do so much harm.  
**Bronde**, *Ph.* 25. A brand, a torch. *Brandis*, *ProL.* 2340.  
Torches, firebrands.  
**Brost, Brostin, Brustin**: Broke, tore. *ProL.* 2693. Brist a-  
sunder. *Tr. L.* 2. 976.  
**Brotherbed**: Brotherhood; Friendship like that of Bro-  
thers. *No.* 2550.  
**Brotill**: Brittle; Fickle; Frail. *Sq.* 795.  
**Brotilneß**: Brittleness; Inconstancy, fickleness. *Sq.* 795,  
1759.  
**Broulid**: Embroidered; Adorned. *Mo.* 495.  
**Brouke, Bronkin, Broke**: To brook, to bear; To enjoy;  
To use. *So bronkin I mine eye, myne bede, my chynne*;  
As I hope to preserve, or enjoy the use of my eye, my  
head, my chin. *As evir mote I brouke my tressis*, *Sq.*  
1826. Or *myn ceris*, as in *MS. Ch.* which may be the  
true reading, if *Jangleris* be right in the preceding  
Verse, and not rather *Janglethessis*, the feminine of *Jan-*  
*gleris*, which will answer to *tressis*. *Well bronkin thei*  
*ther service*, *LW.* 194. They brook, bear, or perform  
their service well. *Right wel broke ye your new*, *AL.*  
259. Your new habit becomes you very well.  
*Brustin*. See *Brost*.  
**Brotilneße**, *Cr.* 86. See *Brotilneß*.  
**Buggys**, *Mo.* 1051. Bugbears.  
**Bugle, Bugle-horn**, *Fr.* 2809. A black horn. *Sp.* A lit-  
tle horn. *Sk.* qu. *Bucula cornu*.  
**Buie**: To buy. *Buie it full dere*; Pay dear for it. *RR.*  
6094. See *Abie*.  
**Bukis horn**: A buck's horn. *Blow the bukis horn*; Do any  
trifling business; Go a whittling. *MR.* 279.  
**Bumpitb**: Maketh a humming noise. *WB.* 972.  
**Burdon**. See *Bourdon*.  
**Burel**, *AL.* 455. Fine Glass; A precious Stone. *Sp.* A  
Beryl.  
**Burgyn**: To bud, to shoot, or sprout out. *PT.* 691.  
*Fr.* *Bourgeonner*.  
**Burl**: Large. *Cr.* 180.  
**Burnel the asse**, *Mo.* 1427. *Nigellus Wircker* a Monk and  
Precentor of *Canterbury* wrote a Latin Poem, Intituled,  
*Speculum Stultorum*, Dedicated to *William Longchamp*,  
Bishop of *Ely*, and Lord Chancellor; wherein, under  
the Fable of an Ass (which he calls *Burnellus*) that  
desired a longer Tail, is represented the Folly of such  
as are not content with their own condition. There  
is introduced a Tale of a Cock, who having his leg  
broke by a Priest's Son (called *Gundulfus*) watched an  
opportunity to be revenged; which at length presented  
itself on this occasion: A day was appointed for *Gun-*  
*dulfus*'s being admitted into holy Orders at a place re-  
mote from his Father's Habitation; He therefore orders  
the Servants to call him at first Cock-crowing, which  
the Cock over hearing did not crow at all that Morn-  
ing. So *Gundulfus* over-slept himself, and was thereby  
disappointed of his Ordination; the Office being quite  
finished before he came to the place.  
*Burnette* seems to have been a rich Stuff worn by Persons  
of Quality, which was therefore forbid to be used by  
Monks. *Monachi Camisiss lineis vel Burnettis non utan-*  
*tur.*



*sur. Match. Par. See Wats. Gl. and Men. Fr. in Brunette.*  
*Burnyd*: Burnished, polished. *Prol.* 1985. Gold burnid;  
 Shining like burnished gold. *Bl. Kn.* 34.  
*Bush* for *Push*, *PT.* 156.  
*Busse*: Sollicitous. *p.* 370 *b.* See *Besy*.  
*Buske*, *RR.* 54. A bush. *Buskie*, *Ib.* 102. *Buskes*.  
*Buskid*, *Cr.* 255. Adorned, decked, dressed. *Gl. V.*  
*But*, *But and*, *But if*, *But that if*: Except. *Tr. L.* 2. 1561.  
 which should be read from *MS. Sp.* thus;

*But God and Pandare wist none what it ment.*

Also, Without; Unless. *AS. Bute*, *Butan*. Sometimes it signifies Quite, utterly. *In cre but lost*: I were utterly undone. *No.* 2693. *I n am but dead*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1498. *Hen'us bot* [or *but*] *dece*. *La.* 210. I, He were quite dead. *Which am but lorne*, *Fr.* 2583. Who am utterly undone. *Not but for Only*. *I speke it not but stedfastly*, *Not proudly*, *No.* 485. *Not but inough*, *Ib.* 612. Enough and to spare.

*Buxionen*, *Buxioning*, *Buxions*, for *Burjonen*, *Burjoning*, *Burjons*: To Bud, Budding, Buds. *Test. L.* 2. and *L.* 3. The *x* and *r*, are very often so like in the *MSS.* and old printed books, that they might be easily mistaken one for the other. *Fr. Bourgeon*, a Bud. See *Burgoyne*.

*Buxome*, *Buxum*: Obedient, pliant, dutifull, meek; Amiable. *Buxomeneß*: Obedience, humility, submission. *Sc.* 233. *RR.* 4419.

*Buxumly*: Obediently, humbly, dutifully.

*By*: To buy. *RR.* 7159. Also, *Be*, *arc.* *PT.* 446.

*Bychschope*: A Bishop. *p.* 210. *b.*

*Byd*: See *Bid*.

*Byforne*: Before.

*Byhete*: To promise.

*Byl*, *Byllis*: See *Bil*.

*Byleve*, *Bylevin*: To stay, to abide, to tarry. *Tr. L.* 5. 478. See *Bleve*.

*Byme* for *By me*. See *Alouth*.

*Bynemme*, *Bynome*, *Bynym*, *Ber.* 1247. To bereave, to take away. *Boeth.* See *Benimme*.

*Byraft*: Bereaved, taken away. *Prol.* 1363.

*Bysegid*: Besieged, surrounded. *Boeth.*

## C.

*CAs*, *Cace*, *Cas*: Case; Fortune. *Percaus*: By chance. *Ar.* 82. Also, a Quiver.

*Cach*: To catch. *Cach a clout*, *PT.* 554. seems to be the same as our Phrase, To catch a Tartar.

*Caitife*, *Caitiffe*: A Captive, a Slave; from whence it comes to signify any person in miserable circumstances. *Fr.*

*Cbeit*, Mean, despicable, &c. from the *Lat. Captivus*.

*Caitifnesse*: Slavery; Misery. *Test. L.* 1.

*Caitifned*, *p.* 479, *b.* *Sk.* thinks it is corrupted from the *Lat. Catenatus*, Chained, tyed up.

*Cakeling*: Cackling. *AF.* 562.

*Calcination*: Calcination is the Solution of a mixt Body into powder by Fire or any corroding things, as Mercury, *Aqua fortis*, &c. *No.* 825.

*Calculid*: Calculated. *Fr.* 2840. *Calculing*: Calculation, computation.

*Cale*: Cold. *A cale*: A cold, very cold; as in *Gower*, *L.* 8.

*Her hert is bot as my fyre,*

*And other while it is a cale.*

In *Mo.* 2011. it seems to signify Miserable in general, or as *Cow.* Much pinched with misery, cold and hunger. The very Expression is in *Gower*, *L.* 8. where speaking of a young Prince escaped alone out of a Shipwreck, he says,

*He was so fore a cale,*

*That he wist of himself no boie.*

*Caleweir*, *RR.* 7093. Calvert. *Sk.* Calure, as Salmon or other red fish. *Sp.*

*Calidone*, *No.* 2121. *f.* *Chalcedonia* in *Asia Minor*.

*Calot*: A lewd Woman, a Drab; perhaps so called from the *Fr. Calote*, which was a sort of Head-dress wore by Country-girls.

*Camaille*: A Camel. *Fr.* 2229.

*Cameline*: Camlet. *RR.* 7367.

*Cammin*: Came. *No.* 150.

*Camise*, *Camised*: Flat-nosed. *MR.* 826, 866. *Fr. Camus*.

*Can*: Knoweth, understandeth. *Prol.* 1900. *W. B.* 231. It is also used for *Gan*. *CL.* 224. In *Tr. L.* 3. 56. *Ca.* reads *Gan*, *V.*

*Canell-bone*: The Channel-bone of the Throat. *Dr. Ch.* 943.

*Canell*: Cinnamon. *RR.* 1370. *Fr. Canelle*.

*Cankedort*: A wofull case. *Sk. Sp.* Perhaps A doubtful case. *Tr. L.* 2. 1752. *Kankerfort*, *Ms. Sp. Ca.* and *Py.*

*Cannat*: Cannot. *AF.* 538.

*Cannon*, *ne no Fenne*, *No.* 2408. *Avicenne's Canon Medicina* is divided into *Fens*, i. e. Sections.

*Cannys*: Cans, pots. *PT.* 566.

*Cantill*: A cantle, a piece, a part. *Prol.* 3010.

*Cap. To set one's Cap*; To outwit one, to make a fool of one. *Prol.* 588.

*Cape*: To trudge, caper, or dance up and down after one. *Tr. L.* 3. 559. Perhaps it should be read *Gape*, as in *MS. Sp. Py.* and other Editions.

*Capell*, *Capill*, *Caple*: A horse. *Lat. Caballus*.

*Capitain*: A Captain, a General. *Fr. Capitaine*.

*Captife*: A Captive, a Prisoner. *Tr. L.* 3. 383.

*Caraine*: Carrion, a dead body. *Mo.* 649.

*Carbocke*, *No.* 3376. for *Carboncle*: A Carbuncle.

*Cardiacle*, *Cardiakill*: A Pain about the Heart, a Heart-aking; which is expressed in another place by *Dost myne hert to yerne*. *Gr. Kardiakia*, *Cardis dolor*, *Passio Cardiac*.

*Care*: Pain, disorder, indisposition. *Tr. L.* 1. 661.

*Careckes*: Characters, marks.

*Carfe*: Cut off; from *Carve*. *Carvid so and bote*; Did so cut and bite. *Mo.* 626.

*Caricke*, *Carike*: A large Ship of burden. *Fr.* 424. *f.* from the *It. Carica*, Burden, &c. See *Men. It.* in *Cargare*.

*Cake*: To care. *Mo.* 2190.

*Carle*: A Boor, a Clown, a Country-fellow. *Prol.* 547. from the *AS. Geopie*, *Agricola*.

*Carmis*: Carmelite Fryars. *RR.* 7462.

*Caroll*: A Dance; A Song beginning and ending alike. We call a *Christmas Carol*, A Song usually sung at that Festival. See *Sk. Carolling*: Singing a Carol. *CG.* 32. Dancing. *No.* 1366.

*Carpe*: To jelt. *Prol.* 476. To desire. *Test.* It is frequently used in *PP.* for To speak or talk in general.

*Carrein*: Carrion. *Prol.* 2015.

*Cart*: A Chariot. *Cartir*: A Charioteer. *Prol.* 2024.

*Cas*, *Cace*. See *Cas*.

*Cassidony*, *A. L.* 478. A Stone growing in *Aethiopia*, which shineth like fire. *Sp.* A *Carthaginian Stone*. *Sk.*

*Cast*, *Caste*: To think, contrive, foresee. Also, Contrivance, deliberation, design; An act or deed. *Cast-*

*ing*: Vomit. *RR.* 7240. *Castin all the gruil in the fire*; Mar the whole affair. *Tr. L.* 3. 712. *Castidin*: Cast or did cast. *Ar.* 49. *Castis*: Projects, contrivances.

*Prol.* 2470.

*Casteloigne*: Catalonia in Spain. *Fa. L.* 3. 158.

*Casnell*: Casual, accidental. *Tr. L.* 4. 419.

*Catapnce*, *Mo.* 1082. A sort of Spurge.

*Catchende*: Catching. *p.* 491, *b.*

*Catife*, *Catifes*. See *Caitife*.

*Catours*: Caterers. *Prol.* 570. Instead of all *Catours*, *MS.* *Ch.* reads a *Catonre*; but *H.* 1. *achators*. See *Asbate*.

*Catreward*: Caterwauling. *WB.* 354.

*Cattell-catching*: Using all means to procure wealth. *Mo.* 2796.

*Caucir*: A cause, one that causeth. *CL.* 847.

*Caught*: Took, taken. *Apte caught*, *Fr.* 2286. *Caught rumb*, *Ib.* 3:74. Took pity. *Caught eyen her countenance*, *Ib.* 2131. Recovered her countenance.

*Cavilla:oune*: Cavil, cavilling. *Fr.* 872.

*Cautelle*, *Cautell*: Caution, wariness. *Cautelis*: Cautions.

*Cecily*, *No.* 130. *St. Cecilia*. By *The life of Jaint Cecile*, *LW.* 426. is meant The second Nonne's Tale.

*p.* 114, &c.

*Ceise*: To seize. *RR.* 7258.

*Celebrable*, *Celebrate*: Illustrious, famous, celebrated.

*Boeth.* *p.* 395, *b.* But *p.* 379, *b.* *l.* 49. instead of *celebrate*, as it was in the former Editions, it is *cele-*

*lebride* (for so it should have been printed, not *cele-*

*brien*.)



- bruen*) in this Edition, that is, Famousness, Lat. *celebritas*.
- Celerere*, Mo. 48. *Celerarius*, or the Cellarer was one of the chief Officers in the Monasterys, who had the care of all Provisions, and seems to answer to the Butler in our Colleges. Sometimes it signifies only a Butler. See *Wals. Glo.* in *Celerarius* and *Obedientia*.
- Censur*, MR. 233. Burning of Incense: A Practice still used by the Roman Catholics in their Churches on certain Festivals. It is called *Smoking the Tempil*, in *Pro.* 2283.
- Centure*: The Center of a Circle. *Alr.*
- Cerclub*: Encompasseth. *RR.* 1619.
- Cerkle*: A circle. *Boeth.*
- Cerrial*, *Pro.* 2292. Belonging to a sort of Oak called *Cerrus*, described by *Pliny*, in his *Nat. Hist.* L. 16. cap. 5, 6.
- Certain*, *Certaine*, *Certeyne*: Certainly. It is often used for a certain Sum or Quantity, and the like.
- Certente*: Certainty.
- Certes*, *Certus*: Certainly, surely. *Fr.* *Certes*.
- Cervelle*, *Fr.* The Brain. *Pro.* 1378. *MS.* *Ch.* instead of it, reads *jelle*, and *H.* 1. *celle*.
- Ceruse*: White Lead, often used by Chirurgeons in Ointments and Plaisters; It is with Painters a principal white colour, and is much used by Women in painting their faces; Hence *Martial*, *Cerussa* *times Sabella* *jolem*. *Blo.*
- Cese*: To seize. *AF.* 481. *To that he be cesid*; Until he be seized, or taken. *CM.* 87.
- Ceson*: Season. p. 364, b.
- Cesse*, *Cessin*: To cease, desist. *Cesse cause*, *cessus malady*; When the cause ceaseth, the distemper ceaseth. *Tr.* L. 2. 483. *Cessul*, *Cess*: Ceased.
- Cite*, *Cite*, *Cite*, *Cite*: A city.
- Chace*: To drive away, chase, pursue. *Fr.* *Chasser*. Also, a Term at Tennis-playing. *Hen.* 295.
- Chafare*, *Chaffare*: Trading; Wares, Merchandize. *La.* 139. *To trade*. *Id.* 140.
- Chaffren*: To cheapen, buy. *Chaffrin churchis*; Make Simoniackal Contracts for Advowsons, or Presentations to Livings or Preferments. *Mo.* 2086.
- Chamberere*: A Chamber-maid. *Fr.* 1839. A Chamberlain. *Id.* 1998.
- Champartie*, *Pro.* 1951. It is a Law-Term, signifying a Maintenance of a Person in his Suit, upon condition to have part of the Lands or Goods in dispute, when recovered, from the *Fr.* *Champ*, A field, and *Parti*, Divided; because the Land, or Field, in question is commonly divided between the *Champartor*, who maintains the Suit, and the Person in whose name and right he sues. *Blo.* L. D.
- Chanons*, *Canons*, Mo. 3002. The place seems to be corrupted. I find *Chanons* or *Chartons* in *PP's. Crede*, i. e. Neither Canons nor Carthusians. If we suppose our Author wrote *Chanons*, *Chartons*, the later might easily be corrupted to *Chanons*, and afterwards turned to *Canons*, to make some difference, as if it were intended to mean Canons Regular and Secular.
- Chantepleure*: One that sings and weeps (*Fr.* *Chante et pleure*) in the same moment. It seems to be the Burden of a Song. *An.* 323.
- Chantid*: Enchanted, bewitched. *WB.* 575.
- Chapmanbode*, *Chapmanbode*: The Profession or Business of a Merchant or Tradesman, &c.
- Char*, *Chare*: A Chariot.
- Charge*: Hurt, damage. *Sp.* A burden or load; Weight. *No charge is what so these clerks ysaine*; Whatsoever these Clerks, or Scholars, say in of no weight with me. *Cup.* 218. *Of that no charge*; No matter for that. *No.* 770. *To weigh or incline*. *Fa.* L. 2. 237. *To behave*. *Chargish not to say*; Is not necessary to be related. *Tr.* L. 3. 1582. But *Ca.* hath it, *nedyth not*. *Charge* in *RR.* 4366. Should perhaps be *change*. *Chargeous*: Troublesome. p. 152, a.
- Charmereffes*: Women using Charms. *Fa.* L. 3. 171.
- Chase*: Chole. *Hen.* 31, 33. Also, as *Chace*, V.
- Chast*, *Ber.* 326. *Chastie*, *RR.* 6993. To chastise, punish; To reprove.
- Chastelaine*: The Governor of a Castle. *Castellanus*; *Præfektus Castri*, *Domini vice*. *ibidem* agent. *Spelm.* In *RR.* 3740. it signifies properly such a Governor's Lady, or in general, any Lady of Quality under the Degree of a Countess.
- Chausfinges*: Heats, motions. p. 208, a.
- Chancellor*: A Woman-Chancellor. *AL.* 507.
- Chaunteclere*: One that sings clear: A cock.
- Channtements*: Inchantments. p. 489, a.
- Chanterie*, (*Fr.* *Chanterie*) "A Chappel (commonly annexed to some Parochial or Cathedral Church) endowed with Lands or other yearly Revenues, for the maintenance of one or more Priests, daily to sing Mass for the Souls of the Donors, or such others as they did appoint; Of these Chantries, there were forty seven within *S. Paul's Church, London*. *Blo.* *Chanters*: Singers; Priests officiating in Chantries.
- Chicke-mate*: A Term at Chels, when the King cannot be moved without being taken. *Shall no husbonde faine unto me chicke-mate*; No husband shall check or controul me. *Tr.* L. 2. 754.
- Checkere*: A Chels-board. *Dr.* *Ch.* 660.
- Chiefestain*: A Commander in chief.
- Cheerte*, *Cberte*, *Chierie*: Charity, love, affection; Fondness.
- Cheffis fat*, *RR.* 7091. Calves fat, or *Chevins* fat, i. e. The fat of a Mullet. *St.*
- Cheine*: A Chain laid cross a street. *Tr.* L. 2. 618.
- Chek*: An unlucky trick. *Br.* 182. *Fr.* *Echec*.
- Chekelatoun*: A stuff of Checker-work made of Cloth of Gold. *Sp.* A stuff like Motley. *St.*
- Checker*: The Sign of the Chequer-lun. *PT.* 14.
- Chelaundre*, *RR.* 81. A Goldfinch, a sort of Lark. *St.*
- Chepe*: Cheapside in London. *Pro.* 756. *MR.* 1269. Also, *To buy, cheapen*. *WB.* 268. Cheapness of Provisions. *Fa.* L. 3. 885.
- Cherche*, *Chirche*, *Chyrch*: A Church.
- Chere*: Cheer, countenance; Shew, appearance. *Tr.* L. 1. 312. Behaviour; Gesture. It also signifies a Feast or Entertainment. *He maketh fest and chere*; He lives well, or splendidly. *No.* 2835.
- Chereliche*, Mo. 2990. In some *MSS.* and printed Edd. it is *Churlike*, as well in this as the following Verse; and in *Com.* it is explained thus; Use rude [plain] and coarse meat and apparel.
- Cherice*: To cherish, to comfort. *Cherifance*, *Cherish*: Cherishing, comfort, any thing comfortable. *Wel cherished*: Well-bred. *AL.* 135.
- Cherle*, *Churlis*. See *Churle*.
- Chese*: To chuse. *Ches*: Chose. *Hyp.* 88.
- Chest*: Chased, pursued. *Tr.* L. 5. 1367.
- Cheste*: A coffin. *Fr.* 1059. *Sirise and cheste*, p. 201, a. f. Chastisement, reproof, brawling, debate.
- Chesten*: A chestnut-tree. *Pro.* 2924. *Chesteinis*: Chestnuts. *RR.* 1375. *Fr.* *Chastaigne*.
- Cheve*: To thrive, prosper. *No.* 1246.
- Chesefaille*: A Gorget. *St.* A necklace. *RR.* 1082.
- Chesefauce*, *Chesifauce*: Merchandising; Advantage or Profit in Trade. *Pro.* 284. Also, An Agreement or Composition; Payment of money according to agreement. *No.* 2837, 2899. It is used in an ill sense. *Bal.* 53. f. Cheating, an unlawful bargain. In *Mo.* 1627. it seems to be taken for an Action or Achievement.
- Cherice*: To redeem, to effred. *St.* *Sp.* Perhaps it should be *Cherice*, *CM.* 136.
- Chiche*, *Fr.* A covetous, niggardly fellow. *RR.* 5588.
- Chicheface*: A meager, hungry, greedy Starveling. *Fr.* 2209. It seems to signify a Hobgoblin or Bugbear, such as Nurses frighten Children withall. See *St.* in *Chicheface*.
- Chidireffe*: A scold. *RR.* 4266.
- Chike*: A chick or chicken. *RR.* 541.
- Childyng*: Conceiving. *Bal.* *Lad.* 132.
- Chimbe*: The Rim of a Cooper's vessel on the outside of the Head, or Bottom. The end of the Staves from the Groove outward are called the Chimes. *MR.* 787.
- Chinche*, *RR.* 5998. for *Chiche*, V. So *Chinche* for *Chiche*: Covetousness, Anginess. *Paris*. *Chinche* for *Chiche* or *Chiche*, V. *Chinche* grade: A greedy, covetous person. *RR.* 6022.
- Chirch*: A Church. *Chirchhamis*: Churchyards. p. 206, b.
- Chirking*, *Pro.* 2006. *Fa.* L. 3. 853. Any disagreeable noise; properly the Jarring or Creaking of a door upon the hinges. *There is no dore which may chirke*, says *Gower* in his *Defer.* of the House of Sleep, *Conf. Am.* L. 4. f. 79. *The feld chirking* *agrifeth of cold*, *Boeth.* p. 364,



- p. 364, b. *Siridens campos inhorruit*. It is here applied to the Wind.
- Chirke*: Chirpeth. *Fr.* 540.
- Chite*: Chideth; Scolded. *No.* 942.
- Chivalrie*: Knighthood; Skill in Arms; Valour, courage; Valiant Exploits, Feats of Arms.
- Chivalrous*: Valiant, stout, warlike; Famous for Acts of Chivalry. *Tr. L.* 5. 802.
- Chivaunche*, *CMV.* 144. for *Chivauché*: Chivalry; Riding in State.
- Chiver*, *Chvir*: To shiver, shake. *Bl. Kn.* 231. *RR.* 1732.
- Chokeling*: Chuckling, quavering in the throat. *PT.* 413.
- Chorle*. See *Churle*. *Chorlich*. See *Churliche*.
- Christen*, *Christin*: A Christian. *Christenmesse*, *Christinmesse*: Christmas. *Christendom*: Christianity, the Christian Religion.
- Churle*: A country clown; A slave or vassal. *p.* 205, *b.* *AS.* *Ecopl.* *Rusticus*, *colonus*.
- Churliche*: Plain, homely. *Mo.* 2991. Clownish, rude, simple. See *Cherliche*.
- Churlish*: Like a Churl, rude, unbecoming a Gentleman. *Fr.* 3077.
- Chyns*, *Ber.* 1619. *f.* Chinks.
- Ciergis*: Wax-Tapers; Lamps. *RR.* 6248.
- Cipion*: *Scipio*, a famous Roman General. *RR.* 10. *Macrobius* wrote a large Comment on *Tully's* *Scipionis*. See *Mo.* 1238, 1239.
- Cipris*: *Venus*, Queen of *Cyprus*. *Fa. L.* 2. 16.
- Cie*: A City.
- Cirin*: Yellow. *Sp.* Lemon or Citron-colour. *Lat.* *Citrinus*.
- Cirination*, *No.* 837. Perfect Digestion; the Colour proving the Philosopher's Stone. *Sk. Sp.* Turning to a Citrine colour by Chymistry.
- Citryn*. See *Cirin*. Instead of *citryn*, *Prol.* 2169. *MS. Ch.* hath *certeyn*.
- Clambe*, *Clambin*: Climbed. *Fa. L.* 3. 1061.
- Clapers*: Rabbit-holes or Burrows. *RR.* 1405. *Fr.* *Clapier*.
- Clappe*, *Clappen*: To chatter, prate. *Test.* *Who* *mocketh* *clappeth*, *gabbith* *oft*; He that talketh much, lieth often. *Cup.* 142. *Aye* *clappeth* *as a mille*; Maketh a continual noise like the Clapper of a Mill. *Fr.* 2233. *Clapping*: Noisy talking. *Ib.* 2020.
- Clappir*: A Clapper; The Cover of a Cup, with which Beggars used to make a noise by shaking it. *Cr.* 343; 387. *CCr.* 63, 76.
- Clappid*: Claped; A Transposition of Letters very common in *Chaucer*.
- Clarie*, *Clarre*, *Clarrie*: Hippocras-Wine made with Spices, &c. *Vinum clarificatum*; seu à *claro colore*, quia per *manicam* Hippocratis *transcolatur*. *Sk.*
- Clatardin*, or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Claterede*: Clattered. *Prol.* 2425.
- Claw*, *WB.* 940. *Claw us on the gall*; Make us angry by saying disagreeable things. *Claw'd him on the bak*; Coax'd by clapping him on the back. *MR.* 1218.
- Cled*: Clad, dressed. *Tr. L.* 3. 1527.
- Clemeth*: Claimeth.
- Clenenesse*: Purity; Holiness. *Fr.* 619, 646.
- Clepe*: To call, to name. *Clepid*: Called, named.
- Clepuh*, *Sq.* 1955. *Klyppih*, *MS. Ch.* *Chippeth*, *embraceth*. See *Clippe*.
- Clere*: Clear. For *Bemis clere*, *Tr. L.* 5. 9. read *Bemis clene* (as in *MS. Sp.*) which rhymes to *grene* and *Quene*, *Ib.* 11, 12. But the mistake hath run through all the Editions which I have seen.
- Clerge*, *Ber.* 252. *Clergy*, *Ib.* 2015. Learning; Skill. *Clergial*: Learned. *No.* 773. *Clergion*: A young Clerk or Scholar. *Ib.* 3011.
- Clerke*: A Scholar; A person in holy Orders.
- Clevis*: Cliffs, rocks. *Hyp.* 103.
- Clist*, *Fr.* 881. The Cleft of the Fundament.
- Cliker*: A key. *Sq.* 1562. An Instrument of Iron to lift up a Latch. *Sp.*
- Clip*: To cut hair. *MR.* 218. It is put for *Clepe*: To call. *Bal.* 65.
- Clippe*, *Clippen*: To embrace. *Tr. L.* 3. 1350. *Clipping*: Embracing. *Magd.* 163. *RL.* 130. *AS.* *Elyppan*, *Ampletti*.
- Clips*, *Clipes*: An Eclipse. *Test.* *Clipsy*: Eclipsed. *RR.* 5349.
- Cloistre*: An Inclosure. *In the cloistre of thy blisful fidis*; In thy blessed womb; *No.* 43.
- Clombe*, *Clomben*, *Clombin*: Climbed, mounted, ascended. *Cloos*: Clote. *RR.* 6104.
- Clofe*: Any place inclosed, as a Yard. *Mo.* 1475. Also, To include, comprehend. *RR.* 40.
- Clofir*: An Inclosure. *RR.* 4069.
- Clofit*: Inclosed. *Bal. Lad.* 36.
- Clorelse*: A Burdock leaf, a leaf of the great Clot-bur. *No.* 588.
- Clobleffe*: Without clothes, naked. *p.* 196, *a.*
- Clotterid*: Clotted.
- Clove gelofer*, *No.* 3271. A Plant commonly called Clove-Gilli-flower, *Caryophyllus hortensis*. Perhaps *Clove*, *Gilofre* in *RR.* 1368. should be read *Clove-gilofre*. See *Gilofre*.
- Clove*. See *Clove gelofer*, and *Gilofre*.
- Clubid*: Having a club-head. *Mo.* 10.
- Clum*, *MR.* 530. A Note of Silence.
- Coaction*: Constraint, compulsion. *Test.*
- Coaried*: Forced, compelled. *p.* 486. *b.* *Coarter* in Old *Fr.* is to Restrain. *Palserave's Eclaircissement de la Langue Françoise*. And *Lidgate* useth *Coarten* in that sense, in the Life of St. Edmund;
- He could the reynes coarten and refreyne.*
- Cockis bones*, *Mo.* 339. An Oath used in *Chaucer's* times and since by King *Hen. VIII.*
- Cod*, *No.* 2050. *O sinkin* [*i. sinking*] *cod*. By *Cod* is here meant the Belly; from the *AS.* *Lobbe*, which signifies any Bag; Whence it is that in the North they call a Pillow, a Cod; A Pin-cushion, a Pin-cod. *Ray's Coll.* *p.* 16.
- Coffer*: A chest. *Prol.* 300. A coffin. *AF.* 177. The Elm-tree is so called, because Chests or Coffins were usually made of it.
- Cofrin*: To put into a Coffer or chest; To hoard up. *Mo.* 2047.
- Cogge*: A cock-boat. *Hyp.* 114. It is called a Coggle in some parts of the North. See *Spelm.* in *Cogones*.
- Cognifance*. See *Conifance*.
- Coigne*: To coin.
- Coilons*: Stones, Testicles. *No.* 2480. *Fr.* *Coillons*.
- Coines*: Quinces. *RR.* 1373. *Fr.* *Coin* or *Coing*, a Quince.
- Coint*, *Ch. Dr.* 1824. for *Quint*: Odd, strange.
- Cokewold*, *Cokold*: A Cuckold. See a pleasant Etymology of it, *RL.* 290, &c.
- Cokney*: The *Fr.* *Cognin*, from which this word seems to be derived, signifies a Rogue, a Knave, a lazy Beggar, a slothfull fellow. And it is probable that Citizens are called *Cockneys*, because they generally lead a less active life than Country people do. See *Hick. Gr. AS.* *p.* 231. in *marg.* It seems to be used in a different sense in *PP. Pass.* 6. — *I have no salt-bacon, Ne no cokney colopes for to make*. Perhaps it signifies there a sort of a made Dish of meat, from *Cognina*; unless the meaning be this; Nor am I a Cockney to make collops, &c. I am not nice to make or desire dainty Dishes or Kickshaws.
- Col*, *Col fove*, *Mo.* 1330. A blackish fox, as if it were *Colefox*. *Sk. Coll* is a Dog's name. *Ib.* 1498. It seems to be a sort of a Nick-name. *Fa. L.* 3. 187.
- Cold*, *Tr. L.* 3. 801. *Bal. Lad.* 151. *Cole*, *Colin*: To cool, to grow cold.
- Colerable*: Colourable, pretended. *Pr. RL.* 55.
- Colere*: A collar. *Tr. L.* 5. 1659.
- Coll*. See *Col*.
- Collaris*: Collars. *FL.* 215.
- Collation*: A conference. *Fr.* 1355. A deduction, an inference. Also, A comparison. *Boerb.*
- Colling*: Embracing about the neck. *Covetous collings*; Wanton embraces. *p.* 506, *b.*
- Coloure*, *Mo.* 1043. Choler.
- Colours*: Rhetorical Figures. *Fr.* 1046, 2269, 2272.
- Columbe*: A dove. *Bal. Lad.* 79. *Lat.* *Columba*.
- Columbine*: Belonging to a dove. *Eyin columbine*; Dove's eyes. *Sq.* 1658.
- Columpne*: A column, a pillar. *Bal. Lad.* 129.
- Colyn snerde*, *PT.* 621. *f.* A sword made at Cologne in *Ger. any.*
- Combirmen*, *Combraunce*: An incumbrance, trouble. *Ber.* 1870.
- Cumbre*: To cumber, to trouble, *I cumbre world*, *MS. Sp.* the world. *Tr. L.* 4. 279.
- Combust*:



**Combus.** Burnt. *Ab. 892.* But in *Tr. L. 3. 718.* it is a Term in Astronomy: When a Planet is not above 8 Degrees and 30 Minutes distant from the Sun, it is said to be *Combus.* or in *Combustion*; but *MS. Sp.* reads it *Combrid.* i. e. Encombr'd, in distress.

**Comeliche.** Commonly. *Br. 253.*

**Comittee.** Joined; put together; Committed. *p. 209, b.*

**Commance.** Community. *Sk. Tolding commance;* Having all things in common. *RR. 5209.* Perhaps it should be *communante*; and that would compleat the Verse, which wants a Syllable.

**Commmand.** Coming. *Br. 1717.*

**Commman.** To comm. Also, Common. *Coven things, p. 362, a.* Commonwealth. *Lat. Republica.*

**Commend.** Coming, proceeding. *Test. L. 3.*

**Commendidin.** Recommended. *Tr. L. 3. 17.* Commended. *Id. 218.*

**Commendment.** A recommendation. *Test.*

**Commensal.** A boarder. *Test.* One that eats at the same Table. *p. 484, a.*

**Commervid.** Moved. *Tr. L. 5. 1597.*

**Commun.** Common. *RR. 6237.*

**Communalte.** The Commonalty, the Commons. *Mo. 2594.*

**Commisid.** Committed. *p. 211, b.*

**Commoming.** Communicating; receiving the Communion.

**Commoue.** To move, excite.

**Communablie.** Commonly. *RR. 7189.*

**Communalities.** Communities. *Test.*

**Commune.** Common, vulgar, general.

**Commyns.** The Common people, the Mob. *Pro. 2511.*

**Comparifon.** To compare. *Boeth.*

**Compas.** No. 45. *Trine compas;* The Trinity. See *Trine.*

**Compasment.** Contrivance. *Hyp. 49.*

**Compensable, Compinable.** Sociable; Fit for company, or conversation; A company-keeper.

**Compendiously for Compendiously.** *RR. 2953.* Briefly.

**Compere.** A fellow, an equal; A partner, consort; A companion, a comrade. *Pro. 672.* See *Blo. in Comper.*

**Compiler.** A compiler.

**Compinable.** See *Compensable.*

**Complyn.** It signifies properly that Evensong which compleated the whole Service of the Day; but it is taken for any *Chorus*, or Consort of Musick. *MR. 1063.* See *p. 197, c.*

**Compounid; Compounded.** *Hyper. 24. Fa. L. 2. 521.* Composed. *p. 439, a.*

**Compromis for Compromis.** A Compromise, which in Law signifies a mutual Promise of Partys at difference to refer their Controversies to one or more Arbitrators. *Blo. L. D. An. Bal. 44.* it signifies simply, a Promise.

**Compte.** To account. *RR. 5026.* *Comptid:* Accounted. *CCr. 192.*

**Comynly.** Commonly.

**Can.** To understand, learn, know; To be able, can. *RR. 7136.* It is used for *Can.* V.

**Concubiu.** No. 815. It is a glass, earthen or copper Vessel, in shape resembling a Gourd [*Lat. Cucurbita*] which with the Head is most commonly used in Distillations, or Rectifications; and is usually called a Body, and sometimes a Subliming Vessel.

**Cond.** To conduct. *RR. 3261.*

**Condis.** Conduits. *RR. 1414.*

**Condit.** Conduct. *Sav.* or *J. ff. condit;* A Passport. *Br. 3238, 3246.*

**Conduite.** To conduct, guide, govern; To behave. *BD. 536.*

**Confecture.** A composition of Medicines. *No. 2385.*

**Confedrid.** Confederate; Joyned in a confederacy or combination.

**Confirme.** *p. 158, b.* *I confirme;* I am resolved.

**Confuse.** Confounded. *Tr. L. 3. 356.*

**Conjir.** To conjure; To bewitch. *PF. 339.*

**Conjele.** To conjecture, guess; To project, contrive.

**Conjreling.** Conjecture, guessing. *Conjectements:* Conjectures, Projects. *p. 493, a.*

**Conifance.** Knowledge. *RR. 5465.* It signifies also a Waterman's or other Servant's Badge: Hence it is taken for any Badge or Mark of Distinction. *Fr. Connoissance.*

**Conjumper.** To jumble or joyn together. *p. 478, a.* Perhaps it should be read *conje jumper* in two words, i. e.

Be able to Jumble, or perhaps to Jabber.

**Conjurre The.** *Tr. L. 3. 193.* I adjure thee: Or it may be read, as in *MS. Sp.* and *Ca. I ajorne the And the,* *Id. 104, l. c.* I appoint a day for your meeting; from the *Fr. Ajourner.*

**Conne.** To be able, *RR. 5889.* *Conith, Connith:* Can. *Ab. 3269.* *Conne thanks;* Acknowledge an obligation, Take it as a favour. *Tr. L. 3. 1466.* *Conne maygre;* O ill will. *RR. 4559.* See *Maugre.*

**Conning.** Art, skill, knowledge, experience. *Connyng:* Wisely. *So connyngly:* With too much affectation of art. *Bal. 860.*

**Conferve.** To preserve, save. *No. 398.* *Conferwife:* Proper to preserve. *Fa. L. 2. 339.* *Conferwaire:* A preserver, *sem.* She who preserveth. *Bal. Lid. 117.*

**Confiturie.** It is commonly used for a Council-house of Ecclesiastical persons, or the Place of Justice in the Court Christian; Also a Session or Assembly of Prelates. *Blo. L. D.*

**Confitie.** A conceit. Also, To conceive, or express one's meaning. *Ch. Dr. 1238.* *Con confie;* Began to declare, or Declare, expressed. See *Con.*

**Conftablie.** The Apartment of the Constable or Governor of a Castle, The Keeper. *RR. 4218.*

**Conftit.** Construction, interpretation. *Br. 68.*

**Conftaint.** See *Conftreint.*

**Conftreine.** To torment, vex, make uneasy. *Fr. 2466.* To hinder; To restrain. *Bal. 24.* To torture. *Mo. 1175.* To confine to proper offices; *Coercere,* *Boeth. p. 364, b.*

**Conftreinaunce.** Conftreint, force. *RR. 7438.* *Conftreint:* Torment. *Tr. L. 4. 741.*

**Conteke.** Contention, strife, discord. *Pro. 2004.*

**Contrair.** Contrary. *No. 4.* *Fr. Contraire.*

**Contrariauntes.** Things contrary to, contradicting, contradictory.

**Contrarious.** Contrary; Different. *WB. 698.* Froward, perverse. *Id. 785.* Averse to. *Di. 435.*

**Contrarioufite, Contrarioufite.** Contrariety, opposition. *Test.*

**Contrary.** An adversary. *Pro. 1861.* To contradict. Also, Contradiction.

**Contrayned for Conftreyned.** *Boeth.* See *Conftreine.*

**Controve.** To invent, feign, devise. *RR. 4249, 7547.* *Fr. Controver.*

**Contubernial,** *p. 205, b.* Equal. The *Lat. Contubernalis* signifies a Comrade, a Companion. *Id.*

**Contune.** To continue. *RR. 4354.*

**Convail.** To recover. *RR. 277.* See *Sk.*

**Convert.** To change one's mind. *Tr. L. 2. 903; L. 4. 1412.* Convertible. *Youth and experience are not convert,* i. e. Are not convertible Terms, It cannot be said of the same person that he is both young and experienced. *Pr. RL. 111.*

**Cope.** "A large outward Vestment [used by Ecclesiastical persons] covering the Shoulders and the whole Body like a Cloak; Of this kind I take to be those rich "Copes still preserv'd and made use of by the Bishop and Gospeller in the Cathedral Church of Durham, App. to the AS. Homily published by Mrs. Elstob. *p. 38.* See *Fr. Gl. in Caps.*

**Coppe.** The End of a thing. *Pro. 556.* The tip of the nose; The top of any thing; *Cacumen,* *Boeth. p. 309, b.*

**Corage.** The mind, thought; Courage, Spirit; Temper; Affection. *Fr. 1729.* Will, pleasure. *Filled had his corage;* Had obtained his will, gained his pleasure. Strength; *Robur,* *Boeth. p. 360, b.* *Coragion:* Minded, resolved. *RR. 4116.*

**Corare,** *p. 493, a. l. antep.* seems to be mistaken for *Corage;* but it is *corare* in all the Editions which I have seen.

**Corbeite,** *Id. L. 3. 214.* Stones wherein Images stand. *Sk.*

**Corce.** See *Corfe.*

**Cordenant,** No. 3241. *Cordovan,* Fine Spanish Leather, so called from *Corduba* in Spain where it was dressed. *Id.*

**Cordacle.** See *Cordacle.*

**Cordeliers.** *RR. 7461.* *Cordeliers,* Grey Fryers of the Order of St. Francis; so called because they wear about their middle a Rope, or Cord full of twisted knots. *Blo.*

**Cordi.** Accorded, agreed. *Cordi, Cordis:* Accord, *Tr. L. 2. 143.*

*Connuale.*



*Cornewale*, RR. 4250. *Cornwall*.

*Corniculare* for *Corniculere*, No. 380. There were under the Roman Empire both Civil and Military *Cornicularij*. The former is meant in this place; concerning whose Office, as well as the Reason of the Name, Civilians and Criticks differ in their opinions. The most probable is, that the *Cornicularius* was the Officer who registered and published the Acts, Orders or Decrees of the *Præfectus Prætorio*; and this *Cassiodorus* seems to imply, *Var. L. II. 36. Præfuit* [*Cornicularius*] *juribus* [*al. curibus*] *Secretarij*. Vide *Calv. Lex Jurid. & Piiſci Lex. Antiq.* All the Editions which I have perus'd have instead of it, *Cuncelere* or *Cuncellere*: But *H. 1.* reads it, *Cronculere*, and *MS. Ch. Cronculere*; nor is it to be doubted but *Mr. Urry* had more expreſs Authority for rectifying *Corniculere*, of which the other is but a Corruption, introduced by the ignorance of the Transcribers, who not understanding the meaning of the word, substituted another in it's place, as *Cuncellere*, by changing *rn* into *un*, and *u* into *e*. The Reading of the *MSS.* abovementioned retains more of the true one, only *o, r*, are transposed to make *Cronculere*, *q. d. A Chronieler*, a Register of Publick Acts. In the *Not. Dign. Imp. Rom.* the *Cornicularius* is frequently mentioned, and is generally the Second Established Officer in the Offices of the Chief Governours of Provinces.

*Cornmuſe*, *Fa. L. 3. 128.* A Bag-pipe. *Fr. Cornmuſe.*

*Corny ale*: Strong, nappy ale. *No. 1829, 1970.*

*Coron, Crown*: A crown. *Prol. 2291.* A garland. *No. 232.*

The crown of the head; The shaved crown of a Monk.

*Gam. 1036.*

*Corouſe*: Curious. *Ber. 3190.*

*Corrige*: To correct. *p. 395, a. Corriged*: Corrected. *p. 390. a.*

*Corruptable*: Corruptible.

*Corrumpe*: To corrupt. *Prol. 2748.* To ſtink. *Ph. 10.*

*Corſ, Corſe*: A Corps, or dead body: Also, A body. *No. 1819, 3413.* To curſe. *Tr. L. 3. 1707.* A Courſe in Navigation. *Ber. 864.*

*Cofinage*: The relation of Couſins. It is uſed for any kindred. *No. 2544. p. 493, a.*

*Cofſhon*: A cuſhion. *Ber. 927.*

*Coflage*: Coſt, charges. *WB. 249. Fr. 2147.*

*Cofſel*: To coaſt along, to pals by the ſide of. *Bl. Kn. 36. Fr. Coſſoyer.*

*Cofſlene*: Coſtly, Chargeable.

*Cote*: A cott or cottage. *Fr. 1428.* Also, A coat.

*Cote-armours, Cote-armures*: Coats of Arms. *Prol. 1018, 2502.*

*Cotelere*: A cutler. *Ber. 2561.*

*Corbe for Counth*: Could; Underſtood. *RR. 749.*

*Coidien*: A Quotidian Ague. *RR. 2401.*

*Couche, Couchen, Couchin*: To ſubmit; To lay on. *No. 1173. RR. 6903.* *Couchid*: Set, as Jewels are. *Prol. 2163. Layd. AF. 216.*

*Cowd, Tr. L. 1. 661.* or rather *Counth* (as in *MS. Sp.*) *Knoweth*; *Knew*, underſtood; *Can*; *Could*. *lb. 666: L. 2. 1178.*

*Coveiten*: To covet. *RR. 6173.*

*Covenable, Covinable*: Convenient, uſefull, proper. *p. 205, a. Suitable*, agreeable. *Covenably*: Suitably, &c. *Competenter, Boeth. p. 394, a.*

*Cover for Recover*, *p. 449, a. l. 5.*

*Coverchiefe*, *Prol. 455.* or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Kerchevis*: A woman's Head-clothes. *Ar. 317.* A Head-dreſs. *Fr. Covercheſ*; whence by Contraction, *Kerchief*.

*Coverte*: Covered; Cloſe, reſerved, ſecret. *RR. 6149. BD. 177.*

*Covertours, Covertures*: Coverings. *Mo. 2045.* Robes.

*Covetiſe*: Covetouſneſs.

*Coughin*: Caught, took up. *Lnc. 175.*

*Covine*: Fraud, cheat. *Prol. 606.* Intreagues. *RR. 3799.* Any wicked combinations. *Boeth. L. 1.* It is properly a deceitful Compact or Agreement between two or more perſons to prejudice another. *Blo. L. D.*

*Covirle*: A Cover or Lid. *Fr. Covercle.*

*Covirtly*: Privately, ſecretly. *RR. 6111.*

*Covitiſe*, as *Covetiſe*.

*Conſpe*: A fault; Guilt. *p. 196, a. Conſpable*: Culpable, blameable; Guilty. *Pars. Boeth.*

*Conſp*: To account. *Tr. L. 5. 363.*

*Conſſaile, Conſſeile*: Counſel, advice; A ſecret. *No. 2337.*

*In counſeile be it ſeide*, i. e. As a ſecret, in confidence, not to be told again. *Fr. 2248.*

*Countenance*. See *Countinaunce*.

*Counterfaitours*: Deceivers, diſſemblers, Hypocrites.

*Counterſete*. See *Countrefete*.

*Counterpleie*: To contradict; To reply.

*Counterpaiſe, Counterpeiſe*: To counterpoize: A Counterpoize, a weight put in the contrary Scale. *Tr. L. 3. 1413.* See *Countirpeiſe*.

*Counterwayte*: To watch againſt. *p. 211, b.*

*Countinaunce, Countenaunce*: A pretence. *No. 1285.* *Make countenance*; *Make a ſign.* *p. 148, b.*

*Countirpeiſe*. See *Counterpaiſe*. In *Fa. L. 3. 660.* *Py. reads,* *To counterpeiſe eaſe and traueyle,*

That is, To counter-balance eaſe and labour: The other Reading is ſcarce intelligible; though it has obtained in all the Editions published ſince, that have come to my hands.

*Countirpleied*: Counterpleaded. *Sk. Contradicted*, See *Counterplee* in *Blo. L. D.*

*Countour*: An Accountant; An Auditor of Accounts. *Mo. 2742. RR. 6812.* One that counts well. *Dr. Ch. 435.* A Counter, or Counting-houſe. *lb. 436. Fr. Contoir.*

*Countrefete*: To counterſete; To imitate. *No. 1961. Mo. 1436.* To pretend.

*Countretaille*: A Counter-tally, One part of a Tally anſwering to, or tallying with the other: And thence it is in *Fr. 2210.* applied to the Echo's exactly anſwering to what is ſpoke.

*Conpegorge, Fr. A Cut-throat*; A dangerous place by reaſon of Affaſſins, Robbers, &c.

*Coure*: To crouch, cringe, bow, *Mo. 2147.* *Conrid*: Crouched, ſquatted down. *RR. 465.* See *Sk.*

*Courſin*: A fine, deceitfull or cunning heart, ſays *Sk.* from the *Fr. Courſin*: But it can ſcarce bear that ſenſe in *Bal. 325.* *O courſin figure*, which perhaps ſhould be read *Corſin*, or *corvin figure*, that is, A carved figure, As compleat as a Statue.

*Conrſe*, *Tr. L. 2. 970.* *Ca. and Py. read the Verſe thus;*

*And ſprede out theyr colours kyndly by rowe;*

which gives a very eaſy and natural ſenſe, viz. Flowers, which being cloſed up through the coldneſs of the night ly drooping upon their ſtalks, recover themſelves againſt the Sun-ſhine, and ſpread their colours naturally in their order. *Colours* ſeems to be corrupted to *Cours*, by the negligence of the Copyers.

*Courtepy*, *Prol. 292.* A ſhort upper garment, which did not reach to the feet. *Sk.*

*Courtman*: A Courtier. *Sq. 1008.*

*Counth*: Known; Famous. *Prol. 15. AS. Luſ, Notus.* Also, *Can*; *Could*; *Knoweth*; *Knew*. See *Can.*

*Couvercheſe*. See *Coverchiefeſ*.

*Coye*: Quiet. *Coyen, Tr. L. 2. 801.* *Koy, MS. Sp. Coy, Ca.* To coax, ſooth, appeaſe, keep quiet. *Fr. Coy, Calm, quiet.*

*Craſtie*: Skillfull. *No. 1311.*

*Crakid*: Cracked, boalted. *MR. 893.* *Crakith*: Maketh a hoarſe quavering in the throat. See *Crakil*.

*Crakil*: To crackle, to make a cracking noiſe. In *CN. 119.* it ſignifies a diſagreeable quavering in ſinging, as *Crakith* is uſed in *Sj. 1367.*

*Crallit*: Engraven. *Sp. Sk. Harneis queintly crallit*; Furniture curiouſly embroidered.

*Crampſhiſh*: Gnaweth. *Sp.* A word made from the ſound of the cranching of the teeth in chewing. *Sk.* Perhaps *Crampſhiſh* ſignifies To cramp or bend violently. *An. 170.* and from thence is tranſlated to ſignify the effect produced in the heart by Anguiſh of Mind in *Lidgate, Fl. 49.* There is a parallel Paſſage in the ſame Author's Life of *St. Edmund*;

*Conſtreynt of rygour made hem ſore ſmerſe,*

*Which as they thowht craumpſhiſhed al here herte.*

And perhaps at *mine herte* in *Fl. 49.* ſhould be read *al mine herte*, as here *al here herte*.

*Graſed*: Cracked. *No. 955.* *Fr. Ecraſer*, To crack.

*Creauce*: Faith, belief; Truſt, credit; Confidence. *Fr. Creance.* Also, To buy upon credit or truſt, or rather To ſettle Accounts. *No. 2797, 2874.*

*Creauſe*, *No. 2811.* as *Creauce*.

*Crede*: Creed. *Mo. 3006.* It ſignifies a Treatiſe bearing that



that Title;

*And of Freris I have before  
Told in a making of a Crede.*

There is nothing extant under *Chancer's* name that bears the Title of a *Crede*. But there is a Poem, Intituled *Piers Plowman's Crede*, which is a Satyr against the Fryars; whether that be the *Crede* here meant, or *Jack Upland* (as some think) or some other Piece on that Subject, I will not pretend to determine: If the Author of this Tale means the first, it follows that either that *Crede* was written by *Chancer*, or that the *Plowman's Tale* is not his. It is wanting in some MSS. as *MS. Ch.* and *H. 1.* and in them (as in the printed Editions that want this Tale) the Parson's Prologue, which immediately follows the Manciple's Tale, begins to this effect;

*By that the Manciple had his Tale endid,  
The Sunne fro the South side is descendid, &c.*

*Crenclid*: Crinkled; Full of windings and turnings: *Ar.* 127.

*Crepil*: A cripple. *Tr. L.* 4. 1458.

*Crepusculis*: The Twilight. *p.* 144, *b.* Lat. *Crepusculum*.

*Crevasse*, *Fr.* A crevis or chink. *Fa. L.* 3. 996.

*Criande*: Crying. *RR.* 3138.

*Crips* for *Crisp* or *Crisped*: Curled. *Fa. L.* 3. 296.

*Crispe*. See *Gips*.

*Croce*, *Croice*, *Crois*, *Croise*: A cross.

*Croifery*, *Mo.* 2385. Those for whom *Christ* suffered on the Cross. *Sp.* and *Com.* Christians, called in the next Verse, *Christis Christen creatouris*. *i.* *creaturis* to rhyme to *honouris* and *labouris* in the following Verses; *Creature* being in MSS. often writ *creature*. The *It. Croceria* signifies a Company of Soldiers belonging to a *Crusade*. Here it may signify the Company or Society of Christian people: And perhaps this place should be read,

—Croiserie  
Of Christis Christen creatouris.

*Croke*: To bend; To grow crooked. *Test.* In croeking of the moon; When the moon was crooked or horned, as it is upon the Increase and Decrease of it. *PT.* 398.

*Crockettes*: Locks of hair. *Sk. f.* Croffes. *Thei kembe their crokettes with cristal*; They adorn their Crucifixes with Chrystal. *Mo.* 2246. But *Com.* explains it, They combe their locks with chrystal combes.

*Crokid*: Crooked. *Crokidly*: Crookedly. *An.* 172.

*Cromes*, *Grommes*: Crumbs.

*Crommid*: Crammed. *Fa. L.* 3. 1039.

*Crone*: An old woman. *La.* 433. See *Sk.* Old ewes are called *Crones* in some parts of England. See *Ray's Coll.*

*Cronique*: A Chronicle, Annals, History. *Hen.* 338.

*Crop*, *Groppe*: The top. *Croppis*: The tops of trees, or twigs. *RR.* 1396. *Prol.* 7. *Groppe* and *rote*; Top and bottom. This Phrase generally expresses the Perfection of a thing; as, *The croppe and rote of beaute*, *Tr. L.* 2. 348. *The croppe and rote of gile*, *Cup.* 17. The perfection of beauty — guile. *I know crop and rote*; I know it thoroughly, perfectly.

*Crope*, *Cropin*: Crept. *Fr.* 3168. *Test.*

*Croffet*, *Croffilet*, *Croffilet*: A crucible. *Fr.* *Croffet*.

*Crouch*: To cros, to make the sign of the Cross. *Sq.* 1223.

*Croude*: To play on a Crowd, or any Musical Instrument. Also, To sing to make any melody.

*Croule*: Curled.

*Croupe*: The crupper. *Fr.* 295.

*Crowis feet*: Crow's feet. *Tr. L.* 2. 404. By this are meant the Wrinkles under the Eyes which are the effect of Age, and resemble the impressions of Crow's feet. Instead of *growin*, in that Verse, *MS. Sp.* hath *be wox*, *i. e.* be grown.

*Cruk*, *MR.* 1050. A crock, an earthen pot or cruse. *AS.* *Epocca*. *CB.* *Gochan*. Vide *Baxteri Gloss* in voce *Bascauda*.

*Crull*: Curled. *MR.* 206.

*Cry*, *Ber.* 2345. *The shuldris and the cry*; *f.* The head and shoulders. Perhaps *Cry* may be writ for *Crey*, *Fr.* *Crane*. Lat. *Cranium*, The skull; the *e* and the *Dash* for *n* being omitted by the Transcriber, as well as that over *sey*, at the end of the foregoing Verse.

*Cryannee*: Faith, belief. *ABC. H.* See *Creeance*.

*Cryden*: Cried. *Crydistow*: Cryett thou.

*Culle*: To pick and chuse; To distinguish. In *Mo.* 2207. perhaps it is put for *quell*, *V.* as *cullish* for *quellish*, *Ib.* 2533, 3244. *Com.* explains *Culle* [*al. culleib*] *all her ad- versaries*; Pluck out and drive away all that are against them.

*Culpons*: Strikes, heaps, small parts. *Sp.* In *Prol.* 681. the Pardoner's hair is said to lie *by culpons*, *i. e.* here and there one. The *Italians* say *Colpo colpo*, Now and then.

*Culver*: A dove, a pigeon. *Ph.* 92. *AS.* *Culppe*.

*Cum*: To come. *Cr.* 361. *Came. Test.* *L.* 3.

*Cunning*, as *Conning*.

*Cupp*, *Fr.* 2488. *Withouthin cupp dranke he all his penance*; He swallowed down his grief by wholesale; A form of Speech taken from Sots who drink out of the Pot, without making use of a cup.

*Curation*: Cure; A remedy. *Tr. L.* 1. 792.

*Cure*: Care. *Take no cure*: Take no care. *WB.* 138. *I do no cure*; I care not. *LW.* 152. *Busy cure*; Officious, diligent care. *Magd.* 207. Endeavour. *Tr. L.* 1. 370. A good office. *RR.* 6752. Also, A cover. *Bl. Kn.* 53. To cover. *Cr.* 10.

*Curfew-time*: The time for covering the fire. *MR.* 537. *William* the Conqueror, in the First year of his Reign, commanded that in every Town and Village a Bell should be rung every night at Eight of the Clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which Bell was called *Curfew*, *Fr.* *Couvre-fen*, *i. e.* Cover-fire.

*Curious*: Carefull. *RR.* 6578. *Curious besynesse*; Business which requires great care and application. *No.* 2733.

*Curriden*: Courted, curried favour. *Test.*

*Currouns*: Couriers, messengers. *Fa. L.* 3. 1038.

*Curfiness*: Wickedness, execrable villany.

*Curteise*, *Curteys*, *Curteise*: Courteous; affable. *Prol.* 99.

*Curry-favel*: Flattery. *PT.* 362. The Author of the *Art of English Poetrie*, printed 1589. calls the Figure *Paradi- asole*, *Curry-favell*, which is (as he explains it) "when we make the best of a bad thing, or turn a signifi- cation to the more plausible sense; as to call an un- thrift, a liberal Gentleman: the foolish-hardy, va- liant or couragious: the niggard, thrifty: a great riot or outrage, a youthfull prank, and such like terms; moderating and abating the force of the mat- ter by craft, and for a pleasing purpose."

*Curysyte*: Curiosity.

*Cusky*, *PT.* 423. The words [*to slepe*] which follow it, seem to have been at first a Gloss in the margin for explaining the *CB.* *Cusky* or *Cysyn*, To sleep.

*Customable*: Customary, accustomed, used. *BD.* 551. Ac- quainted with the world, or custom in such cases.

*Customance*: Custom. *Mo.* 537. But instead of a *custo- mance*, *Py.* 1. hath *accustomance*, in one word.

*Customere*, *RR.* 4936. as *Customable*.

*Cuth* for *Couth*, *V.*

*Cypride*, *AF.* 276. *Venus* Queen of *Cyprus*. In the former Editions it was *Cupide*; which is wrong, as is plain from what goes before and what follows, *Ib.* 279.

*Cyte*: A city.

*Cyiezins*: Citizens. *Boeth.*

## D.

*Daffe*: A Daffard, a coward. *MR.* 1100. In *Ray's Coll.* To *Daffe* is To daunt; and *Dast* is Stupid, blockish, daunted.

*Daggis*: Latchets [or Slips] cut out of leather. *Sp. Sk.* It also signifies the Skirts of a Fleece that are cut off. *Dagging*: Cutting into small slips, flus or pieces. *p.* 198, *a.* *Dagged*: Cut into daggis. *Ib.* *All to sluicere*, as it is expressed in *RR.* 840. To *Dagge* sometimes signifies To daggle.

*Dagon*: A piece, a remnant. *Fr.* 487. from *Dagge*. It seems to have an affinity with the *CB.* *Doyn*, A cer- tain quantity, or proportion.

*Dale*: Day. It is put for the Day or Time of one's death;



death; as, *His father's daie*; His father's decease. *Mo.* 298. *After his daie*; After his death. *Fr.* 3001. And sometimes for An appointed time. *To grauntin him daies of [f. for] the remenaunt*; To grant him certain Terms for the payment of the remainder. *Ib.* 3129. See *No.* 1062.

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*Daliaunce*: Dalliance; Conversation; Pleasant, humorous conversation. *Magd.* 533.

*Damascene*: *Damascus*, or the Country about it. *Feld of Damascene* is put for Paradise. *Mo.* 119. So *Lidgate* in the Fall of Princes, &c. *L.* 1. Ch. 1. useth *Damascene the felde*.

*Dame*: Mother. *A maid to dame*; A virgin to his mother. *Mo.* 3291. *Damis tonge*; Mother's tongue. *Test.*

*Dammageous*: Hurtfull, prejudicial. *p.* 198, *b.*

*Dampne*: To condemn. *Damnid*, *Dampnid*: Condemned.

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*Darn*: Dare.

*Dasil*: Amazed. *Mo.* 3256. Dazzled, blinded.

*Dasin*: To twinkle; To grow dim-sighted. *Mo.* 1608.

*Dates*: Evidences, Writings. *Old dates*; Antient History, Antiquity. *Mo.* 2007.

*Daungere*, *Daungir*: Coyness, shyness, scruple, difficulty; Frugality, parsimony. *RR.* 1147. Power, reach. *Ib.* 1470. *With daunger*; Sparingly. *Daungers*: Nice, coy, shy; Niggardly, sparing; Difficult, scrupulous.

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*Dawning*: The dawn, or break of day. *Ar.* 300.

*Deanrat*: Golden, gilt. *Bl. Kn.* 598.

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*Decerneth*: Discerneth.

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*Dede*: Dead; Did; An Act, or Deed. Also, Death. *CN.* 131.

*Declay*: Deadly; Devoted to death. *Fr.* 2586.

*Deden*: Did.

*Dedliche*: Deadly, mortal.

*Deed*, as *Dede*.

*Dees*. See *Deis* and *Des*.

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*Defaute*: Defect, want; Default, fault. *Fr.* *Defaut*. In his *defaute*; Through his fault. *BD.* 270.

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*Dekins*: Deacons.

*Del*, *Dele*, *Dell*, *Doile*, *Dyll*: A part, share, portion. *Every dell*, or *dyl*, *AL.* 227. Every whit, every part. *Nevir a dele*; Nothing at all, Not a jot. *No.* 2186. *Not a dele*; Not in the least. *RR.* 6897. *No more a dele*; No more at all. *Ib.* 7041. Also, To share, divide, distribute. *Dele*, *Ber.* 451. for *Dole*, *V.*

*Delectable*: Delightfull, pleasant.

*Delectation*: Delight. *Magd.* 306.

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*Delicacie*: Pleasure. *Mo.* 505.

*Delices*: Delights, pleasures. *No.* 3.

*Delie*: Small, thin, slender. *Right delie threde*; Very fine thread; *Tenuissimis filis*, *Boeth.*

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*D:mening*: Demeanor, behaviour. *Magd.* 226.

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- (which hath passed through all the Editions I have perused) having no MS. to consult upon it. *Loupe*, in Fr. signifies, A magnifying Glass.
- Depir*, *Depliche*. See *Depe*.
- Deprave*, *Depravin*: To defame, to slander.
- Dequace*: To dash. Sp. To quash, overcome. See *Sk*. in *Quash*. Perhaps it may come from the Lat. *Decussare*, or *Decutere*.
- Dercked*: Darkened. *Boeth*.
- Dere*: To hurt. *Mo*. 113. *Dear*. *He maie not holde his treasure dere*; He should not think his money ill layd out, or the Treasure of friendship bought too dear. *RR*. 1180.
- Dearer*. *Tr*. L. 1. 174. which *Ca*. reads thus;  
*Nus neuer seen thyng to be preyed derre*.
- Dereworth*: Dear, precious. *Dere worthy digned*, *Bal*. Lad. 39. perhaps should be read *Dereworth ydigned*, i. e. Esteemed most precious and valuable.
- Derk*: Dark. *Fr*. 2390.
- Derne*: Secret; Earnest, careful; Cruel, severe.
- Derre*: Dear; Dearer. See *Dere*.
- Des*: A Canopy of State. *Fr*. *Dais*. See *Deis*.
- Desceivance*: Deceit, deceiving; Mistake. *Boeth*.
- Deserie*, *Describe*: To describe.
- Dejerne*: To discern, *Tr*. L. 4. 390.
- Desidery*: Desire. *Bal*. 382.
- Desine* for *Define*, *Tr*. L. 4. 390. *MS*. *Sp*. and *Ca*. *Dyffine*: To determine, conclude.
- Desire*: Desirable. *Bal*. Lad. 229.
- Deslavie*: Lecherous, lascivious. See *Sk*.
- Desolate*: Ruined, undone. *No*. 2114.
- Despight*, *Despise*: An Affront, injury, spite, contempt. See *Dispise*.
- Desporten*, f. leg. *Besporten*: To bespot, stain, defile; *Commaculant*. *Boeth*. p. 376, b.
- Destinable*: Fatal, ordered by Fate; *Fatalis*. *Boeth*.
- Destrier*: A War-horse. *No*. 3418. *Fr*. *Destrier*. See *Sk*. and *Sp*. Some think it first signified, a Led Horse from the Lat. *Dextra*, The right hand. *Gl*. *Lob*.
- Destrie*: To destroy. *Mo*. 3084.
- Determission*: Determination; Distinction. p. 505, b.
- Detellese*: Free from debt. *Prol*. 584.
- Deviant*: Deviating, wandering, out of the way.
- Devide*: To divide, to part; To depart. *Mo*. 304.
- Devineresse*: A Witch, a Prophetess.
- Dvir*: Endeavour; Duty. *Fr*. *Dvoir*.
- Devise*: To direct, to order; To declare, tell, rehearse; To describe. Also, Will or pleasure. *RR*. 1326, 1974.
- Devised*: Divided. *Hen*. 235.
- Devoide*: Void. Also, To remove, put away. See *Voide*.
- Dvoir*, as *Devir*.
- Divorse* for *Divorce*, *Magd*. 284.
- Dvoir* for *Dvoir*, f. 205, b. *Duer*, *MS*. *Ch*.
- Dvyssonne*: Division; Discord. *Ber*. 720.
- Dwe*: Duc. *Dente*: Duty.
- Dye*, *Mo*. 959. A Dairy-woman. *Sk*.
- Dye*: To dye. *Deyde*: Dyed. *Dydist*: Didst dye.
- Drynose*, *MR*. 833. *Densys*, *Dionysius*, A man's name; or perhaps it may signify Proud, haughty, as *Dionysus*, V.
- Diaper*. "Diapering is a Term in Drawing, when you lightly trace or run over with a pen, in Damask-branches or such like, your other work when you have quite done. It chiefly serveth to counterfeit Cloth of Gold, Silver, Damask branch, Velvet, Chamlet, &c. with what branch, or in what fashion you list. *Peacham's Comp. Gent*. p. 345. *Diaprid*: Diversified with flourishes, or sundry figures varied. *Prol*. 2160. *RR*. 934.
- Diche*: A Ditch. Also, To dig, to fortify with a ditch. *Th*. 3. *Dichid*: Inclosed with a ditch.
- Did*, for *Bit*, *Prol*. 187. See *Bit*.
- Dide*, *Didin*: Did: Dyed.
- Died*: Perfumed. *RR*. 1705.
- Diete*, perhaps for *Dite*: Deity. *RR*. 5656.
- Dietes* for *Dites*: Dittys, Songs. See *Dite*.
- Diffame*: To defame, to slander, to disgrace, to reproach. *Of ther mishap he diffame*; Upbraid them with their misfortune. *RR*. 5500.
- Diffence*: Defence; Resistance. *Ber*. 1247.
- Dyffynished*: Defined. *Boeth*.
- Digestible*: Easy of digestion. *Prol*. 439.
- Digestives*: Medicines to help digestion. *Mo*. 1076.
- Dight*: To deck, adorn; To dress; To prepare. In *Tr*. L. 5. 37. instead of *dight*, read *dresse* (as in *MS*. *Sp*.) which rhymes to *wreichidnesse* and *redresse*. See *Dress*. It also signifies Decked, dressed, &c. *He him dight*, *Mo*. 553. He betook himself.
- Digne*: Worthy; Gentle; Disdainful, coy. *Prol*. 5101.
- Dirty*, nasty, *MR*. 856. qu. *Dingy*, from *Dung*, *AS*.
- Dincg*. It is also put for *Deigne*: To vouchsafe. *Tr*. L. 3. 139. *Digneliche*, *Dignely*: Worthily; Properly.
- Dike*: To dig, to cast up a ditch. *Dike and delve*, *Prol*. 538. f. Dig with mattock and spade. See *Ray's Coll*. in *Dig*.
- Dilatation*: Enlargement. *La*. 233.
- Dilectable*, as *Delectable*.
- Diminicion* (or as *MS*. *Sp*. *Tr*. L. 3. 1341. *Diminucion*) Abatement.
- Dine*, *RR*. 6500. *Dinir*, *Tr*. L. 2. 1489. Dinner. See *Adine*.
- Ding*: To beat, to knock or thrust down, drive, squeeze, oppress.
- Dint*, *Tr*. L. 5. 1504. See *Dent*.
- Diourne denarie*, *Bal*. Lad. 66. Daily pay or wages.
- Dirige*, *Magd*. 641. A Psalm or Hymn sung at Funerals; whence *Dirge* signifies any mournful Song.
- Disable*: Unable. *Bal*. 572.
- Disacordant*: Disagreeing.
- Disavaunce*: To distress; To stop, or hinder the progress of. *Tr*. L. 2. 511. To cast down.
- Disaventure*: Misfortune, mischance. *Tr*. L. 4. 297.
- Disblame*: To excuse, or clear one from blame. *Disblame me*; Blame not me. *Tr*. L. 2. 17.
- Discein*, *Disceipe*: Deceit, falsehood.
- Disceivable*: Deceitful, treacherous. *RR*. 4836.
- Disceidid*: Alighted. *Fr*. 2798. Descended; Condescended. p. 149, a.
- Disceissoun*: Dissention, discord.
- Disceissories*: Stills used for Distillation *per descensum*, that is, when the matter to be distilled is placed under the fire, whereby the Spirits are precipitated and forced downwards. *No*. 817.
- Disceition*: Dissention, discord. *Sc*. 199.
- Disceiption*: Deception, deceit, dissimulation. *CCr*. 197.
- Discever* for *Dissever*: To distinguish; To consume, dissipate. *No*. 896. To separate, or depart. *Magd*. 707.
- Disceveraunce*: Separation. *Tr*. L. 3. 1430.
- Disceving*: Deceit. *RR*. 1590.
- Dischance yewe not*, P. T. 471. perhaps for *Dischawge yewe not*; Give not over your charge.
- Dischevelc*: Dishevelled, having ones hair hanging loose. *Prol*. 686. *Fr*. *Dechevelé*.
- Disclaunder*: To slander, to reproach. *Mo*. 2273, 3203.
- Disclaundre*: Slander, scandal. *Tr*. L. 4. 564.
- Discomfite*: Disconsolate, comfortless. *BD*. 35. *RR*. 4067.
- Discomfure*: A defeat, or overthrow in battle. *Prol*. 1010. Sorrow. *An*. 328.
- Discomfortin*: To discourage.
- Discordable*, *Discordant*: Disagreeing, different; Contrary.
- Discorden*: To disagree, differ. *Boeth*.
- Discoverie*: Open, bare, naked, uncovered. p. 204, a. Discovered. *BD*. 405. *Fr*. *Découvert*.
- Discoveryn*: To discover; To explain.
- Discrivin*: To describe. *Tr*. L. 5. 1313. *MS*. *Sp*. hath *Discoveryn* instead of it.
- Disdeinous*: Disdainfull, haughty. *RR*. 7412.
- Discrese*: To diminish, to fail. *Boeth*. Diminution. *Bl*. *Kn*. 203.
- Disceidid*: Descended. *Tr*. L. 5. 1479.
- Disese*: Uneasiness, trouble, hurt. *Mo*. 3190. Misfortune, affliction; To disturb, incommode, make uneasy. Also, To dislize, dispossess, deprive. *RR*. 2076.
- Disesely*: Uneasy, troubled; Indisposed.
- Disetirly*: Deformedly; Indisguise. *Dight him effe agens right disetirly*, *Ber*. 1781. He presently placed his fingers again in a deformed manner by distorting them, as in the following Verse.
- Disguisene*: Disguise. *Ber*. 1789.
- Disguish in quincice*: To dress neatly. *RR*. 2200.
- Disheic*, *Prol*. 2923. (*Disheic*, *MS*. *Ch*.) *Disheicid*, *Bl*. 140. Disheicid; Disheicid, deprive.
- Disguise*,



*Disjointe, Disjoynt*: A hard case, danger. *Sk. Stont in suche disjointe*, No. 2919. *qu. in malo articulo constitutus*. *Sk. In what disjoint he mote stonde*; In what danger he must be. *Hyp.* 264. In *Lidgate's Story of Thebes*, Part II. 32. it plainly signifies Difference or Discord. The Poet there describes the inveterate Quarrel of the two Sons of *Oedipus* about the Crown, in this manner;

*So hate brent of hatred and envie  
Of bothe two through pompous surquedie,  
That neither wolde plainlie in o poineite  
Other forbere, they stode in such disjointe,  
Like as they had of birth bene foreins.*

*Diskenninge hym*, PT. 20. Withdrawing or keeping out of the notice of others; Concealing or hiding himself.

*Diskeverith jewe*: Discover yourself. *Ber.* 1497.

*Diskynering the peyntur*, PT. 151. It should be *Diskynering*, i. e. Discovering, or explaining the Painting.

*Disobediant*: Disobedient. *AF.* 429.

*Disordinaunce*: Disorder, confusion. *Fa. L.* 1. 27.

*Dispairid*: Despairing, in despair. *Tr. L.* 1. 42.

*Disparage*: Disparagement. *Fr.* 1929.

*Dispartin*: To divide, to share, to distribute.

*Dispelrid*, Mo. 873. as *Dispairid*.

*Dispence, Dispens*: Expence. *ProL.* 443. *WB.* 1263.

*Dispend*: To spend, consume. *Fr.* 2144. To divide. *p.* 153, *b.* *Dispendours*: Spend-thrifts.

*Disperauunce*: Despair. *Tr. L.* 2. 530. which in *MS. Sp.* is thus read; — *But from derke desperauunce, That, &c.*

*Dispise for Dispise*: To despise.

*Dispite*: Spight, revenge. *ProL.* 949. Aversion, hatred; Contempt, disdain. See *Despite*. *Dispitous*, *ProL.* 518. Spightfull, severe, having no pity or compassion. *Dispitously*: Spightfully, angrily; Without pity. *Fr.* 1565.

*Displeaunce*: Displeasure. *RR.* 3436.

*Dispoilin*: To undress. *Fr.* 1404. To spoil, rob. *RR.* 5066.

*Dispone*: To dispose.

*Disport*: Sport, diversion, pleasure. *ProL.* 137. To take one's pleasure; To make sport, to divert. *Tr. L.* 2. 1673. But this and the following Verbes are thus read in *Ca.*

*And hym with al hyr hert she gan disport  
As she best cowde of sorow hym to comfort.*

See *lb. L.* 3. 1139, 1140.

*Disposicion*: Disposal. *ProL.* 2366.

*Dispraise*: To undervalue, to despise. *Dispraising*: Contempt.

*Dispravin*, *Cup.* 265. as *Deprave*.

*Dispyit*, as *Despight*, and *Dispite*.

*Disrulily*: Irregularly, in a disorderly manner. *RR.* 4900.

*Disseite*: Deceit, treachery. *Bal.* 936.

*Disseiving*: Deceiving. *Boeth.*

*Dissever*: To separate. *Dissevered from holie church*; Excommunicated. *Mo.* 3172.

*Dissevin*: To deceive. *CL.* 1038.

*Dissewabill*: Deceitfull. *Ber.* 925.

*Dissimulate*: Dissembling. *Cr.* 225.

*Dissimule*: To dissemble, feign.

*Disolucoun*: Dissoluteness, debauchery, lewdness. *Mo.* 4898.

*Dissonid*: Dissonant, disagreeing. *RR.* 4248.

*Disstaine*: To stain, defile. *Tr. L.* 2. 840. *Magd.* 165.

*Disstauce*: Difference, discord. *Mo.* 3106. *Sc.* 162.

*Dissemper*: To discompose. *Dissemper you not*; Be patient. *Fr.* 931. *Dissemper not your heart*; Do not discompose your mind. *p.* 151, *b.* *Dissemperauunce*: Intemperance. *p.* 387, *b.*

*Disseynid*: Stained, defiled. *PT.* 341.

*Disstinct*: To distinguish. *RR.* 6199.

*Distingued*: Distinguished. *Boeth.*

*Dispointe*, *Tr. L.* 3. 497. for *Disjointe*, *V.*

*Distourbe, Distourbin*; To disturb, interrupt; To disappoint, hinder, prevent. *Tr. L.* 4. 1103.

*Distourblid*: Disturbed. *RR.* 1713.

*Distrain*: To contrain. *p.* 191, *b.* To distress, to torment; To catch, take hold fast; To obtain. *p.* 151, *b.* To take away by force. *Mo.* 1738. *Distraind*: Tormented, afflicted, &c. *Bl. Kn.* 134.

*Distrakt*, *Ber.* 2645. *Distraught*, *Magd.* 149. *Distracted*.

*Distreine*, as *Distrain*.

*Distreyte*: Distress, extremity. In *Ber.* 2910. perhaps it should be read in *their own disseite*, i. e. In that deceit, or snare which they treacherously designed for others: Or else *Distreyte* may signify a District, Liberty or Jurisdiction, as the *Fr. Distrete* is used, *Lob. To. II.* col. 446. *O toutes jurisdictions e destretes*; With all Jurisdictions and Districts, or Liberties.

*Distrie*, *Mo.* 3165. as *Destrie*.

*Distroubeleth*: Disturbeth, hindereth. *Distroublid*: Disturbed. *Dr. Ch.* 524. See *Distourbe*.

*Distryve*, *f.* for *Discryve*: To describe. *Ber.* 1924.

*Disturbleth*, as *Distroubeleth*.

*Disturne*: To turn away, to avert. *Tr. L.* 3. 719. *Fr. Detourner*.

*Disware*: Not aware. *Ber.* 2311. Unwary, careless.

*Disware of his lyve*; Regardless of his life. *lb.* 1992.

*Dite*: *Diety* *Cretensis*, who wrote of the Trojan War. Also, a Tract or Treatise either in Prose or Verse, but most commonly the latter. Also, To write or endite. *RR.* 6786. *Ditees*: Dittys, Songs. *p.* 359, *a.*

*Ditte*, as *Dite*.

*Diversif*: Diversifieth; Varieth. *Tr. L.* 3. 1758.

*Divine*: To imagine. *Mo.* 1381. Also, Divinity. *RR.* 6488. See *lb.* 6553.

*Divinistre*: A Divine. *ProL.* 2813.

*Divison, Divisoun*: Distinction, difference. *Fort.* 33. *p.* 152, *a.* *Mart's divisoun*; That part of the Painting wherein the Misfortunes of War were represented. *ProL.* 2026.

*Do*: Done. Also, To cause a thing to be done. *I will do you so much*; I will order matters so, that, &c. *p.* 149, *b.* *Do inough*; To satisfy, *p.* 207, *a.* *Doande*: Doing. *RR.* 2708.

*Dobil*: Double. *Ber.* 153.

*Doers*, *Ber.* 101. *f.* corrupted from *Doores*. *Ducia* in *It.* signifies a Leaden Pipe to convey water from the top of a house.

*Doe*: Done. *The world is doe*; The world is at an end. *Bal.* 931. See *Do*.

*Doin*: To do.

*Dole*: Sorrow; Moan, lamentation, mourning. *RR.* 2956. To grieve. *It dolith me*; It grieves me. *No.* 1114. *Fr. Doul*, Mourning, from the Lat. *Doleo*, To grieve. Also, A share or part. *Withouthin halvin dole*; Without dividing. *lb.* 2364.

*Dolour*: Sorrow, grief, pain. *RR.* 5016.

*Dolvin*: Dug; Buried. *RR.* 4070.

*Doly*, *Cr.* 1. Dolefull, melancholy, from *Dole*, *V.*

*Dombe*: Dumb.

*Dome*: Judgment; Opinion. *As to my dome*; In my opinion. *Sq.* 697. A Judicial Sentence. *Domis day*; The Day of Judgment. *Mo.* 2271. *What evill the dome, &c.* *No.* 2913. See *The dome*. *Domis*: Judgments. *Domisman*: A Judge. *Mo.* 526. *p.* 201, *b.*

*Domus* for *Domis*, *Ber.* 35. See *Dome*.

*Don, Dme*: To do; Done. Also, Of a dun colour. *AF.* 334. *Done honours*; To do honours. In former Editions it was printed, *done boures* or *houris*, by mistaking the Abbreviation of *honoures* or *honouris*.

*Donet*, *p.* 504, *b.* signifies a Grammar (as the *CB. Dynod*, likewise does) from *Aelius Dynatus*, who wrote several Tracts in Grammar and Criticism.

*Donnow*, *WB.* 218. *Donnow*, a Priory in *Essex*, where there was a Custom, That any person who had been married a year and a day, upon taking an Oath before the Prior and Convent, That he had not repented of it in that time, was intitled to a Gammon or Flitch of Bacon; which being delivered to him he was conducted out of the Town with great solemnity. See *Weaver's Fun. Mon.* and *Mon. Angl. To. II.* *p.* 78.

*Donne*: To do; Done. Also, Of a dun colour. *Tr. L.* 2. 908.

*Doo, Doon*: To do; Done.

*Dormaunt*: Standing or lying always ready, never removed. *His table dormaunt*, i. e. Always covered. *ProL.* 355.

*Dorr*: A door. *PT.* 135.

*Dortour*: A Dormitory; A common Sleeping-room in Monasterys, &c.

*Doseperis*.



*Doseperis*, *Dosperis*, Fr. *Les Douze Pairs*; The Twelve Peers of France. The French Antiquaries and Historians are not agreed as to their Original: Some carry it up as high as *Charlemagne*. Such as would be more particularly informed concerning them may consult *Valefij Nos. Gal.* p. 280, b. *Hist. de France par le Pere Daniel.* To. I. col. 1355. *Mezeray.* To. II. p. 2, 3, 9, 84. *L'Etat de France*, Ed. 1718. To. II. p. 126, &c. Fr. Gl. in *Pares France*. In Ber. 44. 51. some Legendary Governors of Rome are so called in allusion to those of France.

Big looking like a doughty *Douzeperere*.

*Spenser's Fairy Q.* L. 3. Canto 10. St. 31. *Doffer*, Fa. L. 3. 850. A *Doffer* or *Dorfer* [Lat. *Dorsarium*] is a Cratch, or Basket, carried on the back; from the Fr. *Dos*, Lat. *Dorsum*, The back.

*Dotaunce*: Fear; Reverence, respect. Ber. 6. Perhaps from the It. *Dottanza*, Fear. See *Men. It.* in *Dotta*.

*Dorb*: Do you. WB. 1248.

*Doubt*, RR. 1089. See *Dout*.

*Doughti*: Valiant, brave; Generous; Proud. See *Sk*.

*Doughtirin*: Daughters. Ar. 78.

*Donle*, Mo. 3202. for *Dole*, V.

*Dout*: Fear, Jeopardy. RR. 4513. Also, To fear; It.

*Dottare*. See *Men. It.* in *Dotta*.

*Doutaunce*: Doubt. Tr. L. 4. 963.

*Doute*, as *Dout*.

*Doutleß*, *Doutlees*: Doubtless.

*Doutous*: Doubtfull. Tr. L. 4. 992.

*Doutremere* (Fr. *D'outre mer*) Brought from beyond Sea.

*Dr.* Ch. 253.

-ai- *Dowiat*, *Dowait*, i.e. Do away; as we say, Away, away. Tr. L. 2. 893.

*Dowaire*, Fr. *Dowaire*: A dowry. Fr. 1869.

*Drad*, *Dradde*: Dreaded, feared; Afraid; To be afraid. Mo. 3027. Dreadfull, terrible. RR. 4200. unless it should be there read, *brade*.

*Drasse-sak*: A Sack full of drass. MR. 1098.

*Drastie*, No. 3427. Tedious, inkfome, troublesome. *Sk*.

*Drame*: A dream. AF. 31.

*Drat*: Dreadeth. Tr. L. 3. 329. *Dredyth*, Ca.

*Dred*, *Drede*, *Dreed*: Dread, fear; Reverence, respect. p. 151, a. Also, Doubt. No *drede*; No doubt. *With- outin drede*; Without doubt. Instead of, *But he have love of the people and drede*, p. 151, a. l. 36. read, *But he have more love of the people than drede*. *Drededull*: Timorous. Prol. 1481. Fr. 2863. Dutifull, submissive. LW. 404. Also, Doubtfull. Tr. L. 2. 426. *Dreded- leß*, *Dredileß*: Doubtless. Tr. L. 1. 1035. *Drededin*: Dreaded.

*Dreethed*, Mo. 1002. for *Dretched*: Disturbed; Oppressed. See *Dretche*. This Reading is confirmed by MS. Ch. which hath it *Dreethed*. It was *Drenched* in former Editions.

*Dreint*: Drowned. MR. 412. Fr. 817, 2932.

*Drenche*: To be drowned. MR. 413. Sq. 1718.

*Drerie*, *Drery*: Sad, sorrowful. Tr. L. 1. 13. *Drerihed*,

*Drerineß*: Sorrow, sadness. RR. 4728. AS. *Dryjumi- an*, *Tristitia afficere*.

*Dreshfold*, MR. 375. (or rather *Dreshfold*, as in Fr. 1318.) A threshold.

*Dress*, *Dresse*, *Dressin*: To prepare. Tr. L. 2. 71. To order or put in order, direct. Se. 107. To address, ap- ply. Fr. 2028. To distribute. Gam. 71. See *Dight*.

*Dretche*: To delay, to tarry. Tr. L. 2. 1264: L. 4. 1446. To vex, to trouble, opprefs. Tr. L. 2. 1471. AS. *Dpeccan*, *Molestare*, &c.

*Drey*: Dry.

*Drie*, *Drien*: To endure, suffer. RR. 4390. AS. *Abpe- ogan*, *Pati*.

*Drife*: To drive. RR. 1874.

*Drinkileß*: Drinkless, without drink. Tr. L. 2. 718.

*Dronkeleme*: Drunk, a drunkard. Fr. 779.

*Dronkin*: Drunk. Fr. 634.

*Drough*: Drew. Hyp. 92. Tr. L. 5. 1557.

*Droune*: Draw; Traherent, Boeth. p. 361, a. Drawn.

*Drovy*: Muddy. p. 207, a.

*Drowe*, *Drowge*: Drew. PT. 477.

*Drurie*, *Drury*: Sobriety, modesty. Sp. RR. 844, 5064.

*Drucric*, Gower. f. 78, a.

*Dryin*, as *Drie*, V.

*Dryve dure*, Ber. 1769. Perhaps it should be read *Dry* or *dure*. See *Drie* and *Dure*.

*Dubbe*, p. 205, b. When he [a knight] is new dubbed, i.e. made. *Dubban* to pibbene, *Equitem cingere*. Chron. Sax. ad Ann. MLXXXV. *Islandið* *Dubbadi* *risbare*, *Eques cataphraetus*. Hick. Somn.

*Dure*: Duty.

*Dul*, *Dullin*: To grow dull. RR. 4792. To stupify; Hebe- tare. Boeth. *It dullith me*; It makes me mad. No. 1193. *Dullin* of the rudeness. Tr. L. 4. 1489. *Dullyn* al [i. l. ar] the rudeness, MS. Sp. Be mad at the rude- nels. *Sk*. Perhaps, Be angry at, or ashamed of the sil- ly behaviour of the *Trojans*, in comparison of the more polite *Greeks*.

*Dulcarnon*, Tr. L. 3. 933, 935. This word hath puzzled the Readers and Interpreters of *Chaucer*; I shall give the several opinions about it in the words of the Au- thors. "*Dulcarnon* (says Sp.) is a Proposition in Eu- clid. Lib. 1. Theor. 33. Prop. 47. which was found out by *Pythagoras* after a whole years study, and much beating of his brain: In thankfulness whereof he sacrificed an Ox to the Gods; which Sacrifice he called *Dulcarnon*. *Alexander Neckam*, an antient Writer, in his Book, *De naturis rerum*, compoundeth this word of *Dulia*, and *Caro*, and will have *Dulcar- non* to be quasi *Sacrificium carnis*. *Chaucer* aptly ap- plyeth it to *Creside* in this place; shewing that she was as much amazed how to answer *Troilus*, as *Py- thagoras* was wearied to bring his desire to effect. Which opinion of Sp. is rejected by *Sk*. in *Dulcarnon*; *Dominus* Speight egregie hallucinatur dum exponit celebre illud *Pythagoræ Theorema*, quod postquam summo cum la- bore tandem excogitasset, præ gaudio *Exponit* exclamavit, & *Hecatombam* sacrificavit; ex contextu enim patet non felle aliquod inventum, sed è contra hominem ad dilemma & incitas redactum, consilij inopem, ἀπορίῃ signare, credo vel ab AS. *Dole*, nostro *Dull*, *Hebes*, obtusus, fatuus, vel à Belg. *Dul*, *Dol*, *Insanus*, furiosus, & AS. *Cep- pan*, *Geceppan*, Belg. *Kæren*, Teut. *Rehgen*, *Ver- tere*, q. d. I am at the point or ready to run mad or distracted, I am at my wits end, quod etiam à Poetâ ipso subjungitur. Mr. Selden in his Preface to *Drayton's Polyolbion*, having occasionally mentioned *Chaucer*, proceeds to explain this word. "I cannot but digresse (says he) to admonition of abuse which this learned allusion in his *Troilus*, by ignorance hath endured; "I am till God, &c.

"It's not *Necham* or any one else that can make me entertaine the least thought of the signification of "*Dulcarnon* to be *Pythagoras* his Sacrifice after his Geo- metrical Theorem, in finding the Squares of an Or- thogonal Triangle's sides, or that it is a word of La- tine deduction; but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of *D'hul Karnayn*, i. e. Two horned: which the *Mahometan Arabians* use for a Root in Calculation, meaning *Alexander*, as that great Di- ctator of Knowledge *Joseph Scaliger* (with some An- cients) will; but by warranted opinion of my learn- ed friend Mr. *Lydyat*. in his *Emendatio Temporum*, it began in *Seleucus Nicanor* XII years after *Alexan- der's* death; The name was applyed, either because after the time that *Alexander* had perswaded himself to be *Jupiter Hammon's* Sonne, whose Statue was with Ram's hornes, both his owne and his Successors Coines were stampd with horned Images; or else in respect of his II Pillars erected in the East as a *Nihil* ultra of his Conquest, and some say because he had in Power the *Easterne* and *Westerne* World, signified in the Two Hornes. But howsoever, it well fits the Passage, either as if he had personated *Creside* at the entrance of Two wayes, not knowing which to take; in like sense as that of *Prodicus* his *Hercules*, *Pytha- goras* his *Y*, or the Logicians *Dilemma* expresse; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a *Nonplus*, as the interpretation in his next Staffe makes plaine. How many of *Chaucer's* Readers ne- ver so much as suspect this his short Essay of Know- ledge, transcending the common Rode? and by his Treatise of the *Astrolabe* (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of *Messahalab*) it is plaine he was



"much acquainted with the Mathematiques, and amongst their Authors had it.  
*Dure*: To endure, to last.  
*Durense*, Ch. Dr. 1199. *Sk.* judges from the Context, that it signifies a sort of Apple, and seems to have an affinity with the Fr. *Duracines*, The Peaches, Plums, Cherries, &c. whose pulp cleaves fast unto their Stones; Also such as are of a hard or firm pulp, and thereby long-lasting. *Duraines* signifies the same. *Coigrave*.  
*Dures*, *Dureffe*: Hardship, uneasiness, hurt; Severity, cruelty, hard-heartedness; Confinement, imprisonment; Constraint.  
*Duris*: Endures, lasts.  
*Duskid his eyin wey*: Both his eyes grew dim. *Prol.* 2808.  
*Dute*: Duty.  
*Dwale*, MR. 1053. Night-shade; *Solanum somniferum*; It is given inwardly to cause sleep.  
*Dwelle*: To stay or tarry. *Tr. L.* 3. 931.  
*Dwinid*: Wasted, consumed, pined away. *RR.* 360. *AS.*  
*Dyman*, *Tabescere*, *evanescere*; whence *Dwindle*, *Dyl.* See *Del.*  
*Dyrkid*: Darkened. *p.* 375, *a.*  
*Dyte*, Bl. Kn. 668. See *Dite*.

## E.

*Ebraike*, *Ebrak*, *Ebrake*: Hebrew. *Ebrak Pepil*; The Jews.  
*Ecclesiast*: A Clergyman; A Preacher. *Prol.* 710. Also, The Book of Ecclesiastes, or Ecclesiasticus. *Mo.* 1344.  
*Eche*: Every, each. *Eche a dele*; Every whit. *Tr. L.* 3. 695. Also, To eke, add, contribute. *Fa. L.* 3. 975. To encrease. *Tr. L.* 1. 706. To stretch out. *Echid*: Added, &c.  
*Eclympasteyre*: A Fictitious Name for the Successor of Sleep. *Dr. Ch.* 167. See *Sk.*  
*Edippe*: Oedipus King of Thebes. *Tr. L.* 4. 300.  
*Eene*, *Eien*, *Ein*, *Eyen*, *Eyin*: Eyes.  
*Eftatid*: Puffed up. *CCR.* 133.  
*Effunde*: To pour forth. *CN.* 305.  
*Eft*: Again; After. *Eftone*, *Eftones*, *Eftonis*: Again; Presently.  
*Eftirs*, *Eftiris*: Ways, walks; Entries, galleries; Walls, hedges. *Sk.* See *Eftiris*.  
*Egall*, Fr. *Egal*, Even, equal; Equitable. *Pr. RL.* 94.  
*Egallity*: Equality.  
*Eger*, *Egir*, *Egre*: Sharp, eager; Angry. *Woundid egre*, *RR.* 5475. Sorely wounded.  
*Egg*: Edge. *PT.* 587.  
*Eggement*: Egging, promoting, setting forward; Means, procurement. *La.* 843.  
*Eglatere*, *Eglentere*: Eglentine, Sweet-bryar, or Dog-bryar.  
*Egre*. See *Eger*.  
*Egremony*. See *Agrimony*.  
*Egual*: Equal. *Boeth.* See *Egal*.  
*Eien*. See *Eene*.  
*Eiger*, *Eigre*: Eager, sharp; Fierce, cruel. *Fr.* 1693. *p.* 191, *b.*  
*Eigh*, *Eighe*, *RR.* 1779. An Eye; Ah! Hey! *Tr. L.* 2. 87.  
*Eigre*. See *Elger*.  
*Eilith*, *Eylith*: Aileth.  
*Ein*. See *Eene*.  
*Eire*. See *Eyre*.  
*Eisel*, *RR.* 217. Vinegar. *Sk.* See *Bl.*  
*Eith*, *Ethe*: Easy. *RR.* 3955. Ready, willing; Gentle, meek, soft. *AS.* CaS. Whence *Unnethe*, *Unnethe*, *Unnetbis*: Hardly, scarce, with difficulty.  
*Either*, for *Othir*: Or. *RR.* 5490.  
*Eke*: Also; To add. See *Eche*.  
*Eld*, *Elde*: Old age. In *Tr. L.* 4. 1369. instead of *Is holdin olde and ful of covitise*, *MS. Sp.* has, *Is old*, and *Eld is full*, &c. *Eldefather*: Grandfather. *Boeth.* *Elde fathers*: Ancestors. *p.* 493, *a.*  
*Eld*, *Elden*, *Eldin*: To grow old. *Boeth.* To make old. *RR.* 395. *Eldith*: Maketh old. *lb.* 391, 392.

*Elenge*, *Elyng*: Strange; odd. *Elyng fare*; Odd manner or behaviour. *Ber.* 235. *Elengeneß*: Strangeness, oddness. *RR.* 7406. From the Fr. *Eloigner*, To remove, estrange, &c.  
*Elis*: Eels. *RR.* 7089.  
*Elle*: An Eell. *Bal.* 240.  
*Elles*, *Ellis*, *Els*: Else, otherwise. *Elliswhere*: Elsewhere. *AS.* *Elley*, *Alias*, *aliqni*.  
*Elquene*: Queen of Elves, or Fairies. *WB.* 860.  
*Els*, *PT.* 153. Also. See *Ellis*.  
*Elth*: Old age. *WB.* 1215.  
*Elvish*: Wicked, hellish; Morose, surly. *Mo.* 3212. Chymistry is in the Chanon's Yeoman's Tale often called *Elvish*, i. e. Fantastick, in opposition to Real. *No.* 772, 863.  
*Elynge*. See *Elenge*.  
*Embassade*, *Embassadie*: An Embassy. *La.* 234.  
*Embellissid*: Embellished, adorned. *Luc.* 58.  
*Embolde*: To embolden, or make bold. *CL.* 1147.  
*Embolise*, *Embolysse*. See *Ambolise*.  
*Embroudid*: Embroidered; Variously coloured. *LW.* 119.  
*Eme*: An Uncle, the mother's brother. *Tr. L.* 2. 162. It is still used in the Northern parts, as *Lancashire*. *AS.* Came, Uncle.  
*Emeraudis*: Emeralds. *FL.* 144.  
*Emerton*, *AF.* 611. A Merlin, a sort of Hawk. *Fr.* *Emerrillon*.  
*Emforth*: According to. *Emforth my wit*, *Tr. L.* 2. 243. According to the best of my understanding. *With my ful wyt*, *Ca.* *Astir my myght*, *MS. Sp.* See *Sk.* *AS.* Em in composition signifies Equal, from Emne, or Epen. In *Prol.* 2236. it is written in *MS. Ch.* *Evenforht*; whence *Enforth*, *Ar.* 247.  
*Emiddis*, *Fa. L.* 2. 206. as *Amiddis*.  
*Emisphere*: The Hemisphere. *Emispheres*: Hemispheres.  
*Emong*, *Emongis*: Amongst. It is frequently used Adverbially, and signifies Commonly; Sometimes, now and then; *Interea*. Also, In common, or together with others. *RR.* 690. Likewise, also.  
*Empaire*, *Empairin*: To impair. *Empairement*: Impairing, hurt, damage. *RL.* 135.  
*Emplaster*: To paint, set forth with advantage.  
*Empoison*: To poyson. *Empoisonner*: A poysoner; *Empoisonning*: Poysoning.  
*Empress*: To imprint, make an impression. *Sq.* 1094. To press into. *No.* 1092. *Empression*: Impression. *Sq.* 1494.  
*Emprise*, *LW.* 185. An Empress, a Princess. Also, An enterprize, an undertaking. *It. Impresa*. Of feble emprise; Faint-hearted, mean-spirited. *Mo.* 2900. Also, Favour. *RR.* 2008. Design. *lb.* 2147, 2186.  
*Empie*: To empty, to make empty. *No.* 762.  
*Enbibe*: Proper to imbibe. *No.* 835.  
*Enbolned*, *Bal.* 894. Swelled. *Sk.*  
*Enbosid*, *Dr. Ch.* 354. Embost; A Term in Hunting, when a Deer is so hard chased that he foams at the mouth, and hangs out the tongue. *Bo.*  
*Enbossid*, *Di.* 275. Embossed or Raised work in Embroidery.  
*Enbrase*: To embrace. In *Mo.* 1737. it seems to signify To attempt, undertake. *Fr.* *Embrasser*.  
*Enbraudin*: To embroider. *Ph.* 125.  
*Enbraudid*: Embroidered. *AL.* 85.  
*Eubroudid*, *Di.* 274. as *Embroudid*.  
*Enbushment*: Ambush, lying in wait. *p.* 152, *b.*  
*Encence*: To burn or offer Incense. *No.* 406, 424.  
*Encens*: Incense. *Tr. L.* 5. 1465.  
*Enchace*: To chase, or drive away. *BD.* 418.  
*Enchafeth*, *Boeth.* *p.* 363, *b.* and *p.* 364, *b.* should be read *Enchafeth*, i. e. Burneth, heateth. *Seirius alias urat segetes*; *Cancrisydus inestuat*. And *Enchafed*, *p.* 364, *b.* 1. 10, 11. should be read *Enchafed*. *Lat.* *Incanduit*. See *Enchaufen*.  
*Enchaufen*: To warm. *Fr.* *Echanffer*. *Enchaufing*: Chafing, heating. *Pars.*  
*Encheinen*: To be chained, joyned or knit together. *p.* 497, *a.*  
*Encheson*, *Tr. L.* 1. 349. Cause; Occasion. *Encheson*, *Acheson* or *Acheison* were the old Fr. words for Occasion, still preserved in our Law-Books. *Get encheson*, *RR.*



RR. 2504. Take an occasion or opportunity.  
*Encline*: To bowe. *Mo.* 14. *Enclinid*: Bowed. *FL.* 344.  
*Enclose th' enter* [i. *entre*.] To shut up the entrance.  
*Test.* *L.* 3.  
*Encombrance*, *Ber.* 3051. *Encombrance*, *BD.* 284. In-  
 cumbrance, disturbance, hindrance; Trouble, distress;  
 Inconvenience.  
*Encombrid*: Wearied; Troubled, disturbed. *RR.* 1389,  
 7629. *Encombrith*, *Ib.* 6675. Troubleth, is trouble-  
 som to.  
*Encorporing*: Incorporating. *No.* 836.  
*Encounterwaite*, *p.* 152, *b.* It is otherwise read thus; *En-*  
*counter waite*, *ambushmentes*; Be prepared against  
 treachery, &c. See *Awaite* and *Counterwaite*.  
*Endelonge*, *Endlong*: End-ways; Long-ways. *Prol.* 1993.  
*Headlong*; Along; Down, downwards. *Hyp.* 131.  
*Fr.* 2538. From top to bottom, from end to end.  
*Fa.* *L.* 3. 368.  
*Endeming every pafe*, *Ber.* 1118. Indenting every step, i. e.  
 Reeling.  
*Endetid*: Indebted, in debt.  
*Endileß*: Endless, infinite.  
*Endite*: To indite, to dictate. *Boeth.* *p.* 359, *a.*  
*Endlong*. See *Endelonge*.  
*Endomagen*: To endamage, to hurt.  
*Endoute*: To doubt, to fear. *RR.* 1664. See *Doute*.  
*Endreyte*, *PT.* 404. A place; A Bit, or Cut of a Joint  
 or Dish of Meat. *Fr.* *Endroit*.  
*Endry*: To endure. *CL.* 727. See *Drie*.  
*Enet*: *Aeneas*. *La.* 64.  
*Eneidas*: *Virgil's Aeneis*. *Mo.* 1474. Called *Eneados* by  
*Douglas*.  
*Enewed*, *Cr.* 110. Renewed. *Sk.* Or rather, Annoyed,  
 troubled, afflicted, vexed. *Fr.* *Ennuyé*.  
*Enfame*: Infamy. *p.* 485, *b.*  
*Enfamined*: Famished. *Phyl.* 36.  
*Enfaunce*: Infancy, youth, *RR.* 5006.  
*Enfeble*: Infected. *CL.* 217.  
*Enfeffid*: Possessed, put in possession. *BD.* 366.  
*Enfireth*: Sets on fire. *Bal.* 550.  
*Enforce*: To endeavour; from the *Fr.* *S' efforcer*, To strive,  
 endeavour, or *S' enforcir*, To gather strength. *Enforce*  
*my might*, *Prol.* 2236. Use all my endeavour; But it  
 may be read there, as it is in *MS. Ch.* *Evenforht my*  
*myght thy trewe servaunt bee*. See *Enforht*. *Ne enforce*  
*I me*, *Tr.* *L.* 4. 1016. I do not trouble my self. *Enforce*  
*The*, *WB.* 340. Strengthen thy self. But *MS. Ch.* reads  
 it *Enforce mee*, i. e. Urge upon me, press me.  
*Enforme*: To inform, instruct; To form after.  
*Enforth*. See *Enforht*.  
*Enfortunid it fo*: Gave it that unfortunate quality. *CM.*  
 106.  
*Engendrin*: To engender, to beget. *Engendrure*: Gene-  
 ration, procreation; Offspring, issue. *p.* 201, *a.* *WB.*  
 134.  
*Engin*, *Engine*: Wit; Contrivance. *Lat.* *Ingenium*.  
*Engined*: Racked, put upon the Torture. So it is read  
 in former Editions in *Mo.* 1175. But in this, *Constreyn-*  
*ed*, as in *MS. Ch.* in which the foregoing Verse ends  
 with *peynede*.  
*Engluing*: Gluing; Joining close, fastening together;  
 Stopping close. *No.* 787.  
*Engrevith*: Grieveth; Displeaseth. *RR.* 3444.  
*Engnyed*: Outwitted. *Ber.* 2746. See *Engined*.  
*Enhabite*: To inhabit; To accustom ones self; To keep  
 company with. *RR.* 6555. Habituated, accustomed;  
 Settled; from the *Fr.* *Habitué*, To use, accustom, &c.  
*Enhaunfin*: To enhance, advance. *Enhaunfid*: Ad-  
 vanced. *Sq.* 890.  
*Enlaced*: Covered over with snares or traps; Complicated.  
*p.* 396, *a.* *Implicitus*, Entangled; from the *Fr.* *Enlacer*.  
*Enlangoured*: Languid, faint. *RR.* 7399.  
*Enlaseith*: Entrapeth. *Boeth.* See *Enlaced*.  
*Enleven*: Eleven. *Mo.* 3316. *AS.* *Enslupan*, anlupon.  
*Enluminid*: Illuminated; Enlightened. *Fr.* 1063.  
*Enmoised*, *p.* 483, *a.* Comforted, encouraged; *f.* from the  
*Lat.* *Animosus*.  
*Ennoying*: Annoying, hurtfull. *Boeth.* See *Anoie*, &c.  
*Enpaire*: To be impaired, or damaged. *CN.* 170. from  
 the *Fr.* *Empirer*. To make worse, to grow worse, to de-  
 cay. *Enpaired*, *p.* 148, *b.* Aggravated; Made the mat-  
 ter worse.  
*Enpeche*: To impeach, to accuse.

*Enpight*: Pitched; Settled. *p.* 481, *a.* See *Pight*.  
*Enpried*: Pitied; Concerned; Compassionate. *p.* 495, *b.*  
 Delighted. *Sk.*  
*Enplede*: To implead, to sue at Law. *Mo.* 2674.  
*Enprinid*: Imprinted. *CC.* 92.  
*Enprise*, *RR.* 2636. See *Emprise*.  
*Enprison*: To imprison. *Enprisonment*: Imprisonment.  
*Enquest*: Enquiry. *RR.* 6977. It is in Law especially ta-  
 ken for Inquisition by a Jury.  
*Enquirance*: Enquiry. *Magd.* 96.  
*Ensamplir*: A sampler, an example, a pattern. *Boeth.*  
*Enselid*: Sealed up. But this *enselid*, *Tr.* *L.* 5. 151. But  
 this is *enseled*, *MS. Sp.* This is Sealed up, not to be spo-  
 ken of till another time.  
*Ensenfid yewe*, *Ber.* 1672. Informed you, apprised you. To  
*Insefe* is a word in common use for To make one sen-  
 sible of, To acquaint, &c.  
*Ensefe*: Quality, kind, order, stamp. *Sp. Sk.* *f.* *Encise*,  
 from *Incidere*.  
*Enspirid*: Blown or breathed. *Prol.* 6.  
*Ensure*: To assure. *No.* 2549.  
*Entaile*: To carve; Carving, Sculpture. *RR.* 162, *En-*  
*tailed*: Carved. *Ib.* 140. from the *It.* *Intagliare*, To  
 carve, &c. and *Intagli*, Stones finely cut, &c. *Alto*,  
 Stature. Of good *entaille*, *RR.* 3711. seems to be the  
 same with the *Fr.* Expression, *De belle taille*, Proper,  
 handsome.  
*Entalenten*: To create a desire, to move, excite, affect;  
*Afficiant*, *Boeth.* *p.* 400, *a.*  
*Entalentic corage*, *Cup.* 339. A mind full of sincere affe-  
 ction. See *Talent*.  
*Entame*, *ABC. K.* 7. See *Attamed*.  
*Entaile*, *Ch. Dr.* 11. as *Entaille*.  
*Entendaunce*: Attendance. *CL.* 353. Attention, regard.  
*Sc.* 174.  
*Entende*: To intend; To attend, to mind, to take pains  
 about a thing. *Fa.* *L.* 2. 475. To hearken. *Sq.* 709.  
 To tend. *RR.* 5309. To expect. *Tr.* *L.* 4. 1649. *MS.*  
*Sp.* *Attende*. *Fr.* *Attendre*.  
*Entendement*: Intention, intent; Attention; Thought,  
 understanding.  
*Entendidin*: Intended.  
*Entent*, *Ententing*: Mind, intent; Attention.  
*Ententive*, *Ententive*: Attentive; Earnest, diligent; In-  
 tentional. *Ententive desire*, *p.* 206, *a.* A desire with  
 diligence to perform. *Ententive besneß*, *p.* 152, *a.* Ut-  
 most endeavour. *Ententifelicke*, *Tr.* *L.* 1. 333. Attenu-  
 tively, diligently.  
*Enter*. See *Enclose*, &c.  
*Enterchanges*: Vicissitudes; Courses, turns; *Vices*, *Bo-*  
*eth.* *p.* 363, *b.*  
*Enterchaungidin*: Exchanged. *Tr.* *L.* 3. 1374. which in  
*MS. Sp.* is thus; *And plying enterchaungeably her thinges*,  
 i. e. alternately, mutually.  
*Enterdited*: Interdicted, forbidden.  
*Entere*: Entire, sincere. *Fl.* 163.  
*Enterlacing*: Intricate, full of windings and turnings.  
*Fr.* *Entrelasser*, To twist one within another.  
*Entermedlid*, *RR.* 906. Intermixed. See *Meddle*.  
*Entermett*, *RR.* 2966. See *Entremete*.  
*Enterminid*: Undermined. *Magd.* 109.  
*Enterpartin*: To divide, to share, to bear a part with  
 one. *Tr.* *L.* 1. 593.  
*Enterynge*: Interment, burial. *Ber.* 314.  
*Enteiche*: To affect; To stain. *Fr.* *Entacher*. Also spotted:  
 In *Boeth.* *Afficio* is frequently translated by *En-*  
*teiche*, which is used indifferently in a good or bad  
 sense, as the *Lat.* word is. When it is taken in an ill  
 sense, the Translator generally adds another Verb to de-  
 termine the signification of it; as, *p.* 389, *a.* *Entetched*  
 and defouled. In *Tr.* *L.* 2. 832. *Best entetchid* signifies  
 Best disposed. In *MS. Sp.* it is *Tatchid*.  
*Entre*: An Entry, entrance; A gate; A door. *Tr.* *L.* 2.  
 77. *Fr.* *Entrée*.  
*Entrechaungen*, *Entrechaungin*: To change, to make an ex-  
 change. *Boeth.*  
*Entrecommunin*: To converse, or correspond, to have  
 communication or commerce with one another. *Tr.* *L.*  
 4. 1554. *Entrecommuninge*: Intercourse, correspon-  
 dence. *Boeth.*  
*Entremees*, *RR.* 6831. *Entremes*, *AF.* 665. Intermesses;  
 Dainty dishes or plates. *Fr.* *Entremets*.  
 Entremete,



- Entremete, Entremette*: To intermeddle. *Tr. L. 1. 1027.* where instead of  
*Why, entremete of that thou hast to done,*  
 which is scarce capable of any sense, it may be read from *MS. Sp.*  
*Why entremetest of that thou hast noght to done,*  
 i. e. Why dost thou meddle with that thou hast nothing to do with. Verse 1019, is likewise better in the same *MS.*  
*Let me alone, it shall be for the best,*  
 not for thy best, as in this and the common Editions.  
*Entremetten*: To intermix, to join together. *Test. p. 484. b.*  
*Entresse, Fort. 71. Bal. 864.* Interest, concern, business. So *Interesse* is used by *Lidgate* in the *Life of St. Edmund*;  
*Pride in his persone had noon Interesse.*  
*Entresse* and *Entresse* are taken in the same sense in others of his Works.  
*Entrete*: To treat, or discourse of. *Entretedin*: Talked of.  
*Entrike*: To trick, deceive. *RR. 1642. AF. 403.* or perhaps, To embarrass, engage; from the *Fr. Intriguer.*  
*Entune*: To tune, to sing. Also, Singing, Melody, Music, Poetry. *Bal. Lad. 160. Entunes*: Songs, Tunes. *D. Ch. 309. Entunil*: Tuned; Sung. *ProL. 123.*  
*Envelopid*: Veiled; Wrapt up; Involved. *No. 2460.*  
*Envuene*: To poison; To destroy. *RR. 7472.*  
*Envirailed*: Painted with Vermilion; Of a Vermilion colour. *Bal. Lad. 45.*  
*Environ, Environ*: Round about. *CL. 1031. Fr. Environ, About. Environing*: Compass, Circumference; *Am-bitus, Boeth.*  
*Envoy*. See *L'envoy.*  
*Enured*. See *Ure.*  
*Envye*: To strive, contend. *Dr. Ch. 406.* It alludes to the *Fr. Expression, A' l'envi, Certatim.*  
*Envyte*: Enmity. *Bl. Kn. 258.*  
*Epistilis*: Epistles.  
*Equipolencies*: Equivalents. *RR. 7126. Equipolent*: Equivalent, equal in power, value, &c.  
*Equivocus*: Equivocal, or double meaning. *p. 519, a.*  
*Er, Ere*: Ever; Before. *Er in one*; Always, continually. *Ere mo, No. 3063.* Ever, or still the more.  
*Erace, Tr. L. 3. 1017.* for *Arace, V.*  
*Errand*: An errand. *Dr. Ch. 134.*  
*Erberis, Mo. 1080.* Arbours.  
*Erborowe, RR. 7495.* See *Herberowe.*  
*Ere*: An Ear. Also, To plow. *p. 378. A large felde to ere, ProL. 888.* Large matter for discourse. In *Ber. 618.* it seems to mean here, i. e. hair. See *Er.*  
*Eris*: Ears.  
*Erke, RR. 4867.* Weary; Loathing: Hence *Irksome. Sk.*  
*Erlich*: Early.  
*Ernefull*: Sorrowful. *Earnestfull*, or rather *Ernestfullest manne*, as *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.* The most earnest manner. *Tr. L. 2. 1727.*  
*Ernes*: Affection, fondness, earnest desire. *RR. 4838.* Serious promise. *Sk.*  
*Eros*: Cupid; Love. It is used for the Dissemper of Love. *ProL. 1376. Gr. Equos.*  
*Erratich sterres*: Wandring stars, the Planets. *Tr. L. 5. 1811.*  
*Erre, Hen. 185.* Out of erre; Out of the way: *Sk.*  
*Erse*: Arise. *Fr. 426.*  
*Erst*: Before; some time ago; Earnest. *At erst, Fr. 2006.* At first sight. *Now at erst, No. 275.* Now the first time, or first of all. *Then at erst, p. 388, b.* Then and not before.  
*Erthelesse*: Without soil or earth. *Tr. L. 4. 770.*  
*Erty*: Earthly. *Ber. 443.*  
*Erve Ive, Mo. 1081.* The generality of the former Editions have the Verse thus; *Of herbe yve growing in our [Ca. your] yerde that [H. 1. ther] mery is*; and *Edd. 1602, and 1687, Of yvie growing, &c.* So that *Erve* may be corrupted from *Herbe*, which the Poet perhaps added to signify Ground-Ivy. This Edition by mistake presents the reading of *MS. Ch.* which was not intended to be introduced into the Text, but to be printed as another Reading, which may in some measure hint to us the true one. Perhaps *herbe yve, erve yve* may have been originally *verveyne.*
- Eschaufe*: To warm, to heat; To desire earnestly. *Boeth. Eschaufed*: Heated, hot; Angry. *Fr. Eschaufet, To warm.*  
*Eschaunge*: Exchange. *Tr. L. 4. 146.*  
*Escheatour*: *Escheator*, An Officer appointed to take care of Lands, &c. that *Escheat*, or casually fall to the Crown.  
*Eschevith, for Eschevith, CN. 1114.*  
*Escrie*: A Writing. *Fr. Escrie.*  
*Ese*: Ease; Pleasure. *Mo. 1402. It is your ese; It is easy for you, It is at your pleasure, or choice.*  
*Esliche*: Easily. *Tr. L. 1. 317. Softly. Aleasily, Ca.*  
*Espees*. See *Species.*  
*Esperance, Fr. Hope.*  
*Esperus, Bl. Kn. 613. Hesperus, the Evening-star.*  
*Espiale, Espie*: A Spy. *Fr. 59. Spying; Observation.*  
*Espide*: Espied, found out. *Hyp. 55.*  
*Espirituell*: Spiritual. *RR. 650. Ingeniously contrived; Witty. Fr. Spirituel. Espirituelles*: Spiritual Persons, or Things. *p. 206, a.*  
*Esplote, Bal. Lad. 191. Accomplishment, perfection. Sk. See Expleiten.*  
*Espre, Espre*: Hope. *Fr. Espre.*  
*Estate*: State, condition; Honour, dignity. *During his estate; In the time of his Magistracy, or Administration. Fr. 754. Estately*: Splendid, pompous. *Estately honeste*; Honorable Pomp, or State. *Mo. 737.*  
*Estatutes*: Precepts, established Rules; *Instituta, Boeth. p. 366, a.*  
*Estris*: Lodgings, apartments. *ProL. 1973. MR. 1187. Ber. 105.* From the *Fr. Hostellerie* may come *Hoftrie, Oftrie, Estrie.*  
*Esyir*: Easier. *Of esyir availle; Of less value. CL. 116.*  
*Eterne*: Eternal; Durable. Also, Eternity. *Tr. L. 4. 978. MS. Ch. reads yowre eternal, ProL. 1308.*  
*Ethe, Tr. L. 5. 850.* See *Eithe.*  
*Etimologise*: To give the Etymology, or derivation of a word. *RL. 301.*  
*Evangele, Evangely, Evangile*: The Gospel. *RR. 5453. Hen. 217. In Mo. 2037. it is put for Evangelist; for it follows, Ib. 2038. He likeneth, &c. Evangelis: Gospels. La. 667.*  
*Evenaunte, Ber. 105.* as *Avenaunte.*  
*Ever for Never, p. 446, b. 1. 24.*  
*Everich*: Each; which is a Contraction of it.  
*Everichone, Everychone*: Every one.  
*Everidel, Everidele.* See *Del.*  
*Evese*: The Eves of a house. *Ber. 1620.*  
*Evill, Tr. L. 5. 1624. On [not No] will ye ne take; Take it not in ill part, or amiss.*  
*Evin*: The evening. Also, Fellow, Equall. *Evin-christen*; A fellow-christian. *AS. Epen or epn, Aequalis, &c.*  
*Evindistant*: Equidistant. *p. 441, b.*  
*Evinliche*: Evenly; Equally.  
*Evir*: Ever. *Evir in one*; Always. *Fr. 1697. No. 2535. Continally; Altogether.*  
*Evirmere*: Evermore.  
*Evirmo*: Evermore. It should be read *Evir mo, RR. 1787. Ever the more. So Evirmore should be Evir more, Ib. 2472.*  
*Evr in one, as Evir in one. See Evir.*  
*EWage*: Hue, colour. *Bal. Lad. 92, 93.* Perhaps it may signify the Water of a Precious Stone, from the Anglo-Normannic word *Ewe, Fr. Eau, Water.*  
*Exaltate*: Exalted; Ascended.  
*Executour*: An executioner. *Fr. 746.*  
*Executrice*: An-executrix.  
*Exerceth*: Exerciseth. *Boeth.*  
*Exercitacion*: Exercise.  
*Exilin*: To banish. *Bl. Kn. 509.*  
*Exilre*: An axle-tree.  
*Existence*: Reality. *RR. 5549.*  
*Exiten*: To excite, stir up. *Exitors*: Promoters, encouragers.  
*Exorcisaciouns*: Exorcisms, Prayers or Charms superstitiously used against the power of the Devil. *Fa. L. 2. 174.*  
*Expans yeres, Fr. 2831. Lidgate hath the same Expression in the Story of Thebes, Part I. where he describes the Astrologers calculating the Fate of that City;*



*In tables correct, deuoide of all error  
Justly sought, and founde out of bothe two  
The yeres collecte, and expanse also.*

**Expectaunt**: Expecting. *RR.* 4571.

**Expleiten**: To accomplish, perform. *RR.* 6174. Hence **Exploit**, A signal action. See *Men. Fr.* in *Exploits militaires*.

**Expone**: To expound, explain. *Cr.* 369.

**Expressid**, *Tr. L.* 3. 1035. [*Repressid*, *MS. Sp. and Ca.*] Retrained. See *lb.* 1040.

**Expulse**: Expulsion. *Cr.* 119. A repulse.

**Extende**: Extent. *In extende*; In the utmost extent. *Mo.* 2599. In value.

**Extremities**: Extreams. *RR.* 6526.

**Eye**: An egg. *No.* 827. *Mo.* 858. *Ay*, ever; *Yea.* *Sq.* 1819. *Ah!*

**Eyen, Eyin**: Eyes. *Pro.* 201.

**Eygre**. See *Eiger*.

**Eylith**: Aileth.

**Eyre**: The air. *CL.* 143. Also, An heir.

**Eyrishe**: Airy, aerial, belonging to, or living in the Air. *Eyrishe bestis*; Animals living in the Air, or rather, The Constellations which are called by the Names of Animals, and so figured in Maps of the Heavens:

## F.

**Fable**: Discourse. *RR.* 1439. Vain, empty, flattering, talk. *lb.* 6603. Lying. *Hyper.* 203. **Fabling**: Fawning, flattering. *lb.* 5544.

**Faconde**: Speech; Elocution; Eloquence. *AF.* 558. Eloquent. *Cr.* 268.

**Facyon, Facyon, Fassion**: Fashion.

**Faic**. See *Fay*.

**Faith** for *Faith*, *AF.* 24.

**Faile**: To deceive; To lye. Also, Failure.

**Fain, Faine**: To feign, dissemble. *Fr.* 243. *RR.* 3089. To disguise. *lb.* 6342. **Fained, Fainid, Faint**: Feigned, disguised, pretended. *lb.* 5563. **Fain**: Glad, desirous. *No.* 2559. **Fainir**: More glad; Gladlier. *Bal.* 1025.

**Faire**: Happiness, good fortune. *Faire mote you befall*; May you have good luck, in opposition to *Foule mote the befall*, *Mo.* 16, 17. Ill fortune, or mischance attend thee.

**Faith**: Credit. *Make faith*; To give one credit, To pass one's word. **Faithid**: Having faith, believing. *Streng-ist faithid ben*; Have the strongest faith, are best established in the Faith.

**Faitours**: Deceivers, Impostors; Vagabond cheats. In *Tr. L.* 1. 927. instead of *Lovirs*, *MS. Sp.* hath *Faitours*, i. e. Dissemblers.

**Fal**, as *Fall*.

**Falding**: A kind of course cloth. *Sk. Pro.* 393. in *MS.* *Ch.* runs thus;

*In a gowne of falding unto the knee;*

Which makes the Verse compleat without pronouncing the Final *e* in *gowne*. In *MR.* 104. instead of *Folding rede*, *MS. Ch.* hath *Falding rede*, i. e. A red Falding.

**Fale**: Failure, fault.

**Fall**: Fallen; Cast down; Humble. *RR.* 881.

**Fallace, Fallas**: A Fallacy; Treachery, perfidiousness, deceit. *Ber.* 1210. p. 506, b.

**False, Falsin**: To deceive, to be false to.

**Falset**: Falshood. *Falsetes*: Falsties.

**Fame**: To defame. *Pl.* 83. *Falsly famed*; Falsly accused, slandered. *Mo.* 2281.

**Famulers**: Menial, or domestic Servants. *Test. L.* 2. Lat. *Famulares*.

**Fande**: Found. *RR.* 2707.

**Fanrafie**, *Fr.* Fancy.

**Farce**: To paint the face, or use beautifying Compositions. *RR.* 2285. *Sk.* thinks it comes from the *Fr.*

**Fard, Fucus**.

**Fardils**: Burdens. *RR.* 5683.

**Fare**: To go; Gone. *Fr.* 1917, 3100. Also, Condition; Welfare; Way or manner; Behaviour. *The fare of me*; How I do. *Tr. L.* 5. 1365. *Made fare*; Made a great stir, or ado. *MR.* 891. See *Asare*. *Leave thy nice fare*; Leave off thy simple behaviour. *Tr. L.* 4. 532. *Strawge fare*; A behaviour like that of Strangers to one another. *No.* 2771. *For fare*, *Gam.* 147. Should be read *forfare*, in one word.

**Farforth**. See *Ferforth*.

**Faring**, as *Begon*, *V.* *Beste faring*; Best accomplished, or qualified.

**Farne**: Fared. See *Fare*.

**Fashe**: A bundle. *A fashe of flaines*; A sheaf of arrows. *Cr.* 168.

**Fassoun, Fasson**: Fashion. *Cr.* 245. *RR.* 708.

**Fasse by**: Near, hard by. *RR.* 2494.

**Faster**: Stronger. *Boeth.* p. 365, a. *Firmior*.

**Fast-freies**. See *Freie*.

**Fathe, Fa. L. 3. 1050. It is *rath*, or *rathe* in all the Editions I have seen before 1602.**

**Father kin**. See *Kin*.

**Favours**: Favourable. *RR.* 2902.

**Faw**: Fain, glad, chearfull, joyfull. *WB.* 210. *He desirith faw*; He much desireth, he would fain. *Tr. L.* 4. 887.

**Fay**: Faith, truth. *Par fay, Par ma fule*; By my faith. *In fay*; In faith. *No.* 655.

**Fayours**. See *Faitours*.

**Fee**: Fee; Money. *Mo.* 2277. So it should be read in *RR.* 6044. (not *Se*) where it seems to signify Land of Inheritance, in opposition to *Mooble*, Moveables, in the following Verse.

**Febleffe**: Weakness. *Tr. L.* 2. 863. *Fr.* *Feibleffe*.

**Fede**: Brought up, educated. *Fr.* 1427.

**Federasy**: A confederacy; A bargain.

**Fendly**, as *Fendly*.

**Fere**: Fire. *Ber.* 1621. Also, A companion. See *Fere*.

**Fesse, Fessie**: To infesse, to settle an Estate upon one, to put one into possession. *Tr. L.* 5. 1698. *CL.* 932.

**Feine**: To feign. *Bl. Kn.* 512.

**Feimise**, *Fr.* Feigning, hypocrisy, dissimulation. *BD.* 387.

**Fair, Feire**: Fair. Also, Fine. *PT.* 78. *Feire fell*; Fair skin. *Gam.* 152. *Feire* is omitted in *H.* 1. See *Fell*.

**Fel, Felle**: Many, manifold. *Felle colours*, *Boeth.* p. 465, b. *Multiformes fucos.* *AS.* *Fela*, *Multri*, *plures.* *Fel, Felenous, Fell, Felon, Felonous, Feloun*: Villainous, wicked; Cruel, fierce.

**Felaship, Felaship**: Fellowship, company, society.

**Felaw**: A fellow, or companion.

**Felawship**, as *Felaship*. *Felawshipeth*: Joyns in fellowship, or company. *Boeth.*

**Felde**: Fallen; A field. *In felde and town*; In Town and Country. *RR.* 6234. *The felde of snore*, &c. *Mo.* 800, 801. The Blazon of a Coat of Arms; In a Field *Argent*, an Eagle *Sable*, caught with a Linetwig, *Gules*.

**Feldefare**: A Feldfare, called *Frosty*, *AF.* 364. because they come in hard weather. In *RR.* 5510. *Tr. L.* 3. 863. (where *MS. Sp.* reads *Feld y fare*, i. e. f. The Field is gone, or the Battle is lost) it seems to be the Beginning or Burden of some known Song in *Chaucer's* time.

**Feldin**: Fell. *RR.* 911.

**Feldis**: Fields.

**Fele, Felen, Felin**: To feel; To know, perceive; To smell. *RR.* 8844, 3012. To relish. *Fr.* 2273. *Fele*, *CCr.* 117.

**Feeling, fente, perception**; Knowledge.

**Felenous**. See *Fel*.

**Felship**, as *Felaship*.

**Fell, Felle**: The skin flay'd off. Lat. *Pellis.* *AS.* *Felle.* *Fell and bonis*; Skin and bones. *Tr. L.* 1. 91. *Ca.* hath *fell* instead of *foule*, *Tr. L.* 3. 592. Also, Many, &c.

See *Fele*, &c.

**Fellie**: Cruelly. *RR.* 3251. Madly. *Boeth.*

**Felon, Felonous, Feloun**. See *Fel*, *Felenous*, &c. *Felony*: Cruelty. *RR.* 165.

**Felawshipeth**: Keepeth company with, followeth; *Com- tatur*, p. 389, a.

**Felship**, *PT.* 370. as *Felaship*.

**Feltrid**, *Cr.* 163. Entangled. See *Liart*.

**Femeter**: The herb *Fumitory*.



*Femine*: Female. *Fa. L.* 3. 275. which should be read thus;

*A Feminine creature.*

*Feminie*, *Prol.* 868. seems to signify The country of the Amazons. *The Reign of Feminie*; The Kingdom of Women; *Regnum fæmineum*.

*Feminine*: The form, or shape of a woman. *La.* 361.

*Feminite*: Womanhood, the sex, state, dignity, weakness, or any Quality or Property of a woman. *Gr.* 80. *Fl.* 148.

*Fenaunce*, *Finaunce*, *Fynaunce*: An end; A fine, a forfeiture: Hence *Finance*, or *Finances* signifies a Prince's Treasury, or Exchequer, and is sometimes used for Treasure, or Wealth. *To make fenaunce for yewr wrongis*; To pay a Fine, or make reparation for the injuries done to you. *Ber.* 1800. See *Men. Fr.* and *Fr. Gl.*

*Fende*: An enemy, a fiend. The Devil is so called καὶ ὁ ἐχθρὸς. *Fendly*: Devilish, hellish, wicked; Ugly; Hostile, hurtfull, dangerous. *Fr.* 2414.

*Fenne*, *No.* 2408. See *Cannon*.

*Feeble*: Feeble. *Boeth.*

*Fcoffid*: Incoffed. *Sq.* 1214. See *Feffe*.

*Fer*: Far.

*Ferd*, *Ferde*, *Ferdin*: Fared, sped; Went; from *Fare*, *V.* Also, Afraid; Frightned. *No.* 245. *Tr. L.* 2. 124.

*Ferdeih*: Is afraid. *p.* 428, *b.* *Fear.* *p.* 481, *a.* *For ferde*; For fear. *Sq.* 547.

*Ferdfull*: Fearfull. *p.* 428, *b.*

*Ferdneß*: Fear, dread; Awe, reverence. *p.* 481, *a.*

*Fere*: Fear; Fire. *RR.* 5086. In *Tr. L.* 1. 229. it should be read *Fere* (as in *MS. Sp.*) to rhyme to *fere*, in the preceding Verse. It is put for *Ferre*, *i. c.* *Far.* *p.* 364, *a. l.* 32. and for *Fare*, *i. c.* Behaviour. *Tr. L.* 1. 13. A companion. *AS.* Γερεπα. In *fere*, *ifere*, *yere*; Together, in company. *Playing fere*; A play-fellow, a companion in sports. So *Lidgate* in the Story of *Thebes*, Part 1.

*This Edipus among his playing feres  
Was in porte passing full of pride.*

Amongst other Instances of Corruption in the Secular Clergy, that of Pluralities is thus described in the Plowman's Tale; That besides many Cures and Prebends, they had *A Parsonage to ben a playing fere*, *Mo.* 2663. *i. c.* (as it is explained in *Com.*) "They have their Parsonages for sport, not as a charge; or else, their Parsonages are bestowed upon them, that they may be idle companions in Hawking and Hunting, and as jesters to make their Patrons merry.

*Ferforth*, *Ferforth*, *Ferforthly*: Far, far forth; For as much as. Instead of *As faithfully*, &c. *Tr. L.* 3. 101. it is better in *MS. Sp.*

*As ferforthly as I have had konning*;

*i. c.* As far as I had any knowledge, To the utmost of my understanding.

*Feris*: Companions. See *Fere*.

*Ferk*: Fear. *Gam.* 515. *MS. Ch.* and *H. r.* instead of it have *Serke*: A sort of Coat. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Sarica. Men. Fr.* in *Serge. Men. It.* in *Surgia.*

*Ferme*: Firm; To affirm. *Ber.* 1881. A farm; To farm or let. *They takin i ferme their sompnours*; They farm out the Office of Sumner. *Mo.* 2265.

*Fermerere*: An Overseer, or Curator of an Infirmary. *Fr.* 595.

*Fermour*: A farmer. *LIV.* 378.

*Ferne yere*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1176. February. *Sk.* *Fferneyere*, *MS. Sp.* perhaps corrupted from the *Fr. Fevrier*, February.

*Ferre*: Far.

*Fers*: Fierce. *Fers*, *Dr. Ch.* 654, &c. *Fersis*, *Ib.* 723. Chels-men; from *Fere*, A companion.

*Ferthing*: A farthing, a thin scale. *Sp.* The *AS.* Feopðling is the Fourth part of any Quantity or Number; and from thence it is taken to signify any small part: So the Mites, cast into the Treasury by the poor Widow in the Gospel, are called Feopðlingar. *No ferthing of grece*; *f.* Not the least spot of greace. *Prol.* 134.

*Feribir*: Further; More.

*Fesauunce*, *Fesauunt*: A Pleasant.

*Fes*: A fitt. *No.* 2320. Also, A cast; Mirth. *Fr.* 2130.

*Festivally*: Jocose; Wittily. *Boeth.*

*Festlick*: Merry, gay. *Sq.* 301.

*Fete*: Feet. Also, as *Fetis*.

*Fetely*: Handsomely; Dextrously. See *Fetis*.

*Fetirs*: Features. *RR.* 2813.

*Fetis*, *Fetise*: Handsome, neat, decent.

*Fetours*, *Ber.* 162. as *Fetirs*.

*Fette*: Fetched.

*Fettes*: Fats or Vats. *Sackes fettes*, *Mo.* 2411. Sacks and Fettes, that is, Fattes, Dry-fattes, and other such Vessels. *Com.*

*Feverire*: February. *Fr. Fevrier*.

*Fey*: Faith; Credit. *Ne to the [l. thy] word there n'is no fey certain*; There is credit to be given to what thou sayest. *Phyl.* 126.

*Fiance*: Affiance, confidence; Dependance. *RR.* 5481.

*Fiers*: Fierce.

*Fifthy*: Fifty. *Ch. Dr.* 422.

*Fil*, *Fill*: Fell; Befell. *Prol.* 1671. Fell, or Did fall. *RR.* 5813. Became. *Phyl.* 81. Also, Cruel. *Prol.* 1561. See *Fel*.

*Fillin*, *RR.* 6648. Fell.

*Filth*, *RR.* 7532. Foul play. See *Fylth*.

*Finaunce*, *Magd.* 497. See *Fenaunce*.

*Finch*, *Prol.* 654. *To pull a finch*: A Proverbial Expression, signifying To fleece a Man.

*Findish*, *La.* 752. (*MS. Ch.* Feendly) *Findliche*. See *Fendly*.

*Fine*: An end. *Gam.* 1093. To cease, to make an end. *WB.* 788. *RR.* 5356. *Never gan to fine*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1460. Never stoppt. *Fr. Fin*, *Finir*; from the Lat. *Finis*.

*Fire leven*, *WB.* 276. (*Fyeris leven*, *MS. Ch.*) Lightning. See *Sk.* in *Fyre levin*.

*Fisnamy*, *Ber.* 2461. Physiognomy. It is falsely printed *Finsnamy*.

*Fithell*: A fiddle. *Prol.* 298.

*Fittingist*: Most fitting, fittest. *AF.* 551.

*Fivith*: Fifth. *Fa. L.* 3. 613.

*Fixe*, *Tr. L.* 1. 298. Fixed. See *Fyxe*.

*Flaie*: Flew. *CN.* 213.

*Flaines*, *Cr.* 168. Arrows. *Dougl.* uses *Flane*, *Flaine* for Arrow, and *Flanes*, *Flanys* for Arrows. *AS.* *Fla*, *Sagitta*, whence *Flo*, an Arrow. *Pl.* *Flone*, Arrows. The *AS.* *Flane* signifies a Lance, Spear, or some such Weapon. *Sonn.*

*Flambe* (*Flaume*, *MS. Sp.*) Flame. *Flambe funerall*; The Funeral flame, or fire wherein the body was to be burnt. *Tr. L.* 5. 302. Also, To flame, shine; To cause to shine. *Bal. Lad.* 55.

*Flash*. See *Fash*.

*Flawe*: Yellow. *CL.* 782. from the Lat. *Flavus*.

*Flebring*: Calumny, slander. *Test.* *p.* 500, *b.* See *Sk.*

*Fleckid*: Spotted, speckled.

*Fleen*: To fly from, to avoid. Also, Fleas. *Mo.* 1594.

*Flees*, *Fleise*, *Flese*: A Fleece.

*Fleeten*: To flow, to pass away; To abound. *Willien*, *Kilian.* *Fluere*, *fluitare*, *labi*, *abundare*. See *Flore*.

*Fleme*, *Flemin*, *Mo.* 1759. To banish, put to flight, rout, drive away. *AS.* *Flyma*. *Profugus*, *Flyman*, *In exilium mittere*. *Flemed*, *Fleimid*, *No.* 58. Banished, &c. *Flemere*: One that drives away, or puts to flight. *La.* 461. the same with *Banishir*, *Cr.* 199. Instead of *Flemin*, *Tr. L.* 2. 852. *Ca.* hath *Eschewe*.

*Flene*: To flee. *RR.* 4595. *Fouly flene*, *Di.* 382. [not *foul flene*] Fly away basely.

*Fleshly*, *RR.* 2506. Lovely, dear; Dearly, affectionately. *p.* 193, *b.*

*Flet*, *RR.* 2372. See *Flit*.

*Flet*, *Flete*: To swim, to float, to wave up and down. *Tr. L.* 3. 1227. Floated. *Flete this creature*, *La.* 464. (or *Flette this creature*, as in *MS. Ch.*) Floated, was driven to and fro. *AS.* *Fleoſtan*.

*Fleting*, *Fletynge*: Floating, flowing down, swimming, abounding. See *Fleeten* and *Flet*.

*Flicker*: To flutter. *Tr. L.* 4. 1221. *Touſe wanton dalliances*. *p.* 208, *a.* 496, *b.*

*Flid*: To fly from, avoid. *Boeth.*

*Flight*, *Flite*: To strive, contend. *AS.* *Flitan*, *Contendere*, *rixari*. In *Mo.* 3289. instead of *Fight of flight*, others read *Fight or flight*.

*Flit*: To fly away. *RR.* 5359. See *Flete* and *Fleeten*. To



To move. *RR.* 1812. To turn aside. *p.* 308, *a.* Lat. *Deflecto.*  
*Flite.* See *Flight.*  
*Flittering.* *p.* 380, *b.* as *Fleting.* *V.*  
*Flo, Flone,* *Bl. Kn.* 469. See *Flaines.*  
*Flockmele:* All together, all in a flock, or body. *Fr.* 1116.  
*AS.* *Flocc-mælum, Gregatim.*  
*Floists:* Flutes.  
*Floraie:* *Flora,* The Goddess of Flowers. *Cr.* 20.  
*Flore:* A floor. *AL.* 64.  
*Florain,* *No.* 2286. A Gold Coin, in several Countries of different Values, first coined in *Florence*, with the stamp of a Flower-de-Luce, from whence it has its Denomination. *Edw.* III. *A. D.* 1344. alter'd it from a lower value, to 6 *s.* and 8 *d.* which *Sir Hen. Spelman* thinks to be the same with the *George Noble.* It was in *France* about 2 *s.* *Sterl.* and in *Languedoc,* and the Parts adjacent 18 *d.* *Sterl.* See *Spelm. Aden. Fr.* in *Florin, Men. It.* in *Fiorino,* and *Fr. Gl.*  
*Florouns, Florounis:* A Border of Flower-work. *Fr. Flemon.*  
*Flouten,* *p.* 383, *b.* as *Flete.*  
*Floure:* To flourish. *Flourid:* Flourished. *Flouring:* Flourishing.  
*Flourelle:* Without flowers. *Dr. Ch.* 1860.  
*Flourettes,* *RR.* 891. Fine Flower-work, embroidery. *Fr. Fleurettes. It. Fioretti.*  
*Fleyinge:* Fluting, Whistling. *Prol.* 91.  
*Flyte,* as *Flit.*  
*Folles:* Leaves. *Bal. Lad.* 38. *Fr. Feuilles.*  
*Foin, Foinin:* To make a pass. *Prol.* 1656. To fight.  
*Foin, Fomen, Fone, Foomen:* Foes, enemies.  
*Fole:* A fool; foolish. *Folie:* Folly; Rashness, unadvisedness; *Temeritas,* *Boeth.* *Folily, Follilie:* Foolishly, rashly.  
*Folelarge:* Foolishly liberal, extravagant, prodigal. *p.* 156, *b.* 207, *a.*  
*Folien:* To fail, to be mistaken. *Boeth.* *p.* 375, *a.* *Labantur. f. leg. failen.*  
*Follue;* to follow.  
*Foly:* Folly; Foolish, *Any lite foly countinauce,* *RR.* 4299. Any little foolish appearance.  
*Fomen.* See *Foin.*  
*Fond:* To find. *Magd.* 31. Found. *La.* 577. To endeavour, to try. *No.* 3395. *Tr. L.* 3. 11. *Fonding,* *Gam.* 293. A trial. *AS.* *Fanbian, Tentare.*  
*Fone,* *CCr.* 128. *f. Feign.* See *Foin.*  
*Fong:* To take, to receive. *Mo.* 2907. *AS.* *Fengan.*  
*Fonne:* Fond; A fool. *MR.* 981. To fondle, to be fond of. *CL.* 458.  
*Fontstone:* A Font for Baptizing.  
*Footmantill:* A womans Riding-coat, coming down to the feet. *Prol.* 474.  
*For,* in Composition sometimes enhanceth the Signification of the Simple word, and sometimes turns it to an ill sense. It is also put in Composition for *Fore:* It is put for *Far* in *Ch. Dr.* 676.  
*Forbere:* To bear up, to support. *RR.* 4751.  
*Forbit:* Forbiddeth. *Test. L.* 3.  
*Forbode:* A Prohibition. *Goddis forbode;* That which God hath forbidden. *Mo.* 3245.  
*Forbolin:* Forbidden. *RR.* 6616.  
*Forbrake:* Broke off; Disturbed.  
*Forbrusid,* *Mo.* 639. See *Forebrusid.*  
*Force.* I do (or yeve) no force; I care not, Value not, make no account of, Regard not. *WB.* 1234. *RR.* 4602. Of force, *Cr.* 202. Of necessity. *Thereof no force,* *No.* 673. No matter for that. *Doth no force;* Taketh no care, or pains. *p.* 204, *b.* Do no force of their own governance; Take no care of their own conduct, *Id. Thei yeve no force;* They do not mind. *RR.* 4826.  
*Forcir:* A coffer, or chest. *BD.* 65. A strong box. *It. Forziere.*  
*Fordid:* Undid; Murthered. *Phyl.* 164. from  
*Fordoe:* *Fordoem, Fordon:* To undo, to destroy; Undone, lost, destroyed. *Fr.* 3116. Broke. *Mo.* 2771.  
*Fordrive:* Driven away by force. *RR.* 3782.  
*Fordrined:* Watted away. *RR.* 366. See *Dwined.*  
*Fore* (the Preter Tense of *Fare*) Gone. *Loke out of lande thou be not fore,* *RR.* 2710. See thou go not out of the Country. Also, *For.* *Mo.* 2669, 3113. In Composition it signifies Before.

*Forebrusid:* Sorely bruised. Perhaps it should be read *Sorebrusid.*  
*Forefare:* Faring ill, forlorn. *RR.* 5388. To decay, to go to ruine. *Gam.* 147.  
*Fortine,* *Ar.* 78. A Jakes. See *St.* A stranger.  
*Foreward.* See *Forward.*  
*Foreweier:* One that foreknows. *Boeth.* *Foreweier:* *Boeth.* knew. *Mo.* 2363.  
*Forgete:* Forgotten. *BD.* 64.  
*Forgil:* Forged; Coined. *MR.* 148.  
*Forgifte:* Pardon, forgiveness. *Luc.* 174.  
*Forgive:* Forgiven.  
*Forgee, Forgone:* To lose, to forfeit; Lost.  
*Forgrowin:* Overgrown. *FL.* 45.  
*Foristen:* To forget. *p.* 365, *a.*  
*Forjugid:* Prejudged, condemned unheard. *Bl. Kn.* 275.  
*Forkeve:* To carve, to cut.  
*Forlaste:* Left off. *No.* 1597.  
*Forlaine,* *Cr.* 140. Destitute, left alone. *Gl. V.*  
*Forlete:* To lose; To leave off, give over; To forsake, to neglect; *Lingere,* *Boeth.* *p.* 363, *b.* To lay down; *Deponere,* *p.* 377, *b.*  
*Forleven:* To leave, to depart. Also, To degenerate. *p.* 378, *a.*  
*Forleven:* To mistake; *Errare,* *Boeth.* *p.* 375, *a.*  
*Forlish:* Forceth, ravitheth. *Hen.* 108. *AS.* *Forlishgyn,* To commit adultery, or fornication.  
*Forlore, Forlost:* Lost, undone, forlorn.  
*Forloyne,* *Dr. Ch.* 386. A Term in Hunting, when the Dogs are called off from a wrong scent, or game.  
*Forlyved,* for *Forleved:* Degenerated. *p.* 378, *b.* See *Forleven.*  
*Formell:* The Female of an eagle, or hawk. It is used for the Female of any fowl, *AF.* 371.  
*Formelliche:* Formally.  
*Former, Fourmer:* Maker, Creator.  
*Formous:* Beautiful, fair. *Bal.* 605. Lat. *Formosus.*  
*Forne:* Before.  
*Fornefather, Fornfathir:* A Forefather, an Ancestor.  
*Forpined:* Pined away, watted. *P. ol.* 205.  
*Forfake,* *p.* 362, *a.* *Forfaken,* *p.* 368, *a.* To deny; *Inficiri.* *AS.* *Fop-secgan.*  
*Forshapin:* Transformed. *Tr. L.* 2. 66.  
*Forshronke:* Dried, or shrunk up. *FL.* 358.  
*Forfinge,* *Mo.* 2847. To sing, or say Mass. See *Id.* 2908.  
*Forflewethed and forslugged:* Slothful and sluggish. *p.* 204, *a.*  
*Forflonthin:* To neglect. *Mo.* 1211. To lose through sloth.  
*Forfongin:* Tired with singing. *RR.* 664.  
*Forstraghtin,* *No.* 2613. Distracted, confounded. *St.*  
*Forswonk and forfwat:* Overlaboured and belwated. *Mo.* 1954.  
*Forie:* Strong. *Bal.* 910. *Fr. Fort;* from the Lat. *Fortis.*  
*Fortenid crese,* *RR.* 4875. *St.* supposes it may come from the *AS.* *Fopceoman,* *fop tynan,* To kindle, and Crese for Increase, i. e. Lust once kindled daily increases more and more: But he suspects the place may be corrupted, which is very probable.  
*Fortheby as thei go,* *Phyl.* 146. As they pass by.  
*Forthereth:* Furthereth, forwardeth, promoteth, prospereth. *Tr. L.* 2. 1368. where *MS. Sp.* hath the whole Verse better, thus;  

It is one of the thinges that furthreth most;  
i. e. A proper place to discover one's love is one of the things most likely to procure success.  
*Forthi, Forthy:* Therefore. *Not forthy,* *p.* 147, *a.* Notwithstanding.  
*Forthinke:* To repent; To think with regret, or vexation; To be grieved, troubled, or concerned at; To disoblige, to create trouble, or concern. *Tr. L.* 2. 1414.  
*Forthwir:* A promoter. *CL.* 1033.  
*Forthwirh,* *Bl. Kn.* 335. See *Forthereth.*  
*Forthwight,* *RR.* 1071. Vexed, disturbed, &c. See *Forthinke.*  
*Forthren, Forthrin:* To further, to promote, to encourage. *Tr. L.* 5. 1706. *Forthring:* Promoting. *AF.* 384.  
*Forthright:* Directly, straightway. *FL.* 439.  
*Fortiriffe:* A Fortrifle. *RR.* 3942.  
*Fortroden:* Trod down. *Boeth.*  
*Fortuit:* Accidental. *Boeth.*

Fortune:



- Fortune**: To happen, to chance. *Bal.* 262. To give good or bad success. *ProL.* 2379. **Fortuned**: It happened. *RL.* 165.
- Fortunele**: Accidental. *Boeth.*
- Fortunous**, in *Boeth.* perhaps should be read *Fortuitous*. *Lat.* *Fortuitus*, Casual, accidental.
- Forwanded**: Tired with wandring. *RR.* 3336. Perhaps it should be read *Forwerie* for *wandred*, i. e. Very weary with wandring; and so in *Bal. Lad.* 60. it may be read, *To werie for wandrid*, which is a common way of speaking in this Author.
- Forward**: A Contract, a Covenant, a Condition, Agreement. *AS.* *Foppojub.* *First and forward*; *First and foremost.* *Boeth.*
- Forwelkid**: Full of welks. *RR.* 361.
- Forwep**: All wet with tears. *Ch. Dr.* 1833.
- Forwered**, *RR.* 2564. *Forwerid*, *Ib.* 235. Wore out.
- Forwerie**, *RR.* 3336. Very weary. See *Forwanded*.
- Forwete**: To foreknow. *Forweting*: Foreknowledge. *Mo.* 1358.
- Forwoundid**, *RR.* 1830. Dangerously wounded.
- Forwrappid**: Close wrapped up. *No.* 2234.
- Foryelde**: To reward. *LIV.* 457. To repay.
- Foryete**, *Foryetsfulnesse*, &c. To forget, Forgetfulness, &c.
- Foryit**: To forget. *Ber.* 623.
- Fose**: Foes, enemies. *BD.* 212.
- Foster**, *Fostere*: A Forrester, a woodman. *RR.* 6329.
- Fostering**: Feeding, nourishment, food. *Fr.* 581.
- Fostrid**: Nourished. *All doth waxe and fostrid be*; [Time] causeth all things to grow, and be nourished. *RR.* 389.
- Forthoi**: *La.* 439. *Fore-hute*, *RR.* 3827. Forthwith, immediately.
- Fother**, *ProL.* 532. "It is properly a Load in Carriage" by Land, a Tonne by water, namely 2000 Weight, "that is, 2240 Pound, every Hundred weight being 112 Pound. It may seem beyond all likelihood of truth, "That the Temple of *Mars*, cost of gold largely a fother, " *ProL.* 1910. But we must understand that he speaks "of tale, not of weight; as if he should have said, it "cost full 2000, or 2240 Pound of Money. *Com.* It is rather to be understood indefinitely of an Immense Sum.
- Foudre**, *Fr.* A Thunder-bolt, or Lightning. *Fa. L.* 2. 27.
- Foule hem befall**: Ill may they speed, Evil befall them. See the Plowman's Tale.
- Foulet** for *Followeth*, *Boeth.* p. 389, a. l. 18. *Comitatur.*
- Fouliche**: Foully. *Test.*
- Foulis**: Fowls, birds.
- Found**, *Tr. L.* 3. 981. for *Fayned* or *Foned*, i. e. Feigned. See *Fone*.
- Founde**, *An.* 244. f. To try. See *Fond*.
- Founded**, *Tr. L.* 2. 535. *Sounded*, *Ca.* &c. al.
- Foundemaunt**, *Foundement*: A Foundation. *Fr.* *Foundement*.
- Foundrid**: Stumbled. *ProL.* 2689.
- Fournice**: A furnace. *No.* 825.
- Fourthirings**: Successes. *Fa. L.* 2. 128.
- Foverie**: Forty. *RR.* 5733.
- Foverie**: The cunning of a Fox. *RR.* 6795.
- Fra**, *Fram*: From.
- Fraelte**, *Fragilite*: Frailty, weakness.
- Frain**, *Fraine*: To ask, to enquire. *Tr. L.* 5. 126. *AS.* *Frinan*, *frægnian*.
- Frainith**, *Tr. L.* 1. 32. (*MS. Sp. freynith*) seems to be mistaken for *fainith*, *feynith*, i. e. feigns. So *feyneth be*, *Ca.*
- Franchise**: Freedom, liberty; Generosity, frankness. *Sq.* 1503. *Fr.* 3078. *RR.* 1211.
- Frankleine**: A free man, a free tenant, a Freeholder, a Country-Gentleman. *ProL.* 333.
- Franks**: French Coins of different values.
- Frape**, *Tr. L.* 3. 411. A company, a rabble. *Sp. f.* Stamp, from the *Fr. Frappe*.
- Franchise**, as *Franchise*.
- Fray and fear**, *Ber.* 281. To fright and scare.
- Fre**: Free.
- Freedom**: Frankness, a Gentleman-like behaviour. *Mo.* 1703.
- Fregius**, *Dr. Ch.* 1070. *Dares Phrygius*, who wrote the History of the Trojan War.
- Freilte**, *WB.* 92. See *Fraelte*.
- Frele**: Frail, weak. *RL.* 427. *Frel witted*; Of a weak mind. p. 516, b.
- Fremde**, *Sq.* 449. *Fremid*, *Tr. L.* 2. 248. Strange, foreign. *AS.* *Fremib*, A stranger, or foreigner. *Let be to me your fremid manir speche*, *Tr. L.* 2. 248. Do not talk to me as a stranger would. In *Tr. L.* 3. 530. instead of *fremid*, *Ca.* reads *wyld*. Sometimes *frened* and *frend* are used in the same sense, from the *AS.* *Frænib*, So *frened a caas*, *Di.* 121. is the same as in the preceding Verse is meant by, *so new a chaunce*. From all *sothnesse thei ben yfrende*, i. e. Estranged from all truth. *Mo.* 2566. In other Editions it is *Frend*, *frende*.
- Frendfulliche**: Friendly. *Tr. L.* 1. 691. *Frendilyst*, *Frendlyst*: Most friendly, or sociable. *Tr. L.* 2. 204. *Belst friend.* *Bl. Kn.* 468.
- Frendnesse**: Strangeness. p. 480, a. See *Fremde*.
- Frenesse**: Liberty, freeness, frankness.
- Frenetike**: Frantick. *Tr. L.* 5. 206.
- Frened**. See *Fremed*.
- Frenith**: Asketh, enquireth. *No.* 3109. See *Fraine*.
- Frenseye**: A frenzy. *Tr. L.* 1. 728.
- Frere**: A Fryer. *Freris*: Fryers. *RR.* 7463.
- Fresed**, *Fresul*: Freezed, froze.
- Freshe**: To refresh. *RR.* 1513. But it seems to be mistaken for *Frenshe*, or *French*, p. 194, a. l. 63.
- Fret**: Filled, fraught. *Bal.* 269. See *Lombis*. Also, *Fretwork.* *LW.* 225, 228.
- Fret**, *Frete*, *Freten*, *Fretin*, *Frette*: To eat, devour. *Fretting*: Devouring. *ProL.* 2021. *AS.* *Fretan*, *Lurcarit*, *vorare*. We still use it of Moth's fretting. *Fest fretes*, *Mo.* 2091. Eat hastily.
- Frent**, *Frente*, *Fruist*, *Fruit*: Fruit; Issue. *Fr.* 2011.
- Frewell**, *Fremill*: Freewill.
- Frezid**. See *Fresed*.
- Frise**: Worth all the golde in Rome and Frise, *RR.* 1093. f. *Friseland.* p. 413. Verse 23.
- Frith**, *Fryth*, *La.* 124. A wood. *Sk.* and *Somn.* But *Blo.* from Coke upon *Littleton*, explains it, a Plain between woods.
- Fro**: From. *Drive fro drede*, Drive away fear; *Pelle timorem*, p. 365, b.
- Frote**: To rub. *Tr. L.* 3. 1121. *Frottith*: Rubbeth. *MR.* 639.
- Frounce**: A plait; A wrinkle; *Ruga*, p. 360, b.
- Frouncid**: Wrinkled. *Cr.* 155. *Frounciles*: Smooth, without wrinkles. *RR.* 860. *Fr. Froncer*, To gather, to plait.
- Froward**: Averse. *RR.* 4940.
- Froy**: From you. *Tr. L.* 1. 5. See *Alouth*.
- Fruistfull**, *Fruistuous*: Fruitfull; Usefull; Thrifty. *Mo.* 3383.
- Fruist**, *Fruit*, as *Frent*.
- Ful**, *Full*: Very. *Ful bold*; Very bold. *Full done*, for *Fully done*; *Fulfilled*, *finished*; *Perfecerit*, p. 389, a. l. 63.
- Fuldrive**: Fully driven. *This bargain is fuldrive*, *Fr.* 2786. Made up, finished.
- Fulk**, *Fa. L.* 1. 73. A hollow place. *Sp. Sk.* thinks it should be *Sulk*, *Lat. Sulcus*, A furrow, a trench, a ditch.
- Fumis**: Smoak; Fumes. *Fumofite*, *Sq.* 378. No. 2083. Being affected with Fumes arising from the Stomach to the Head after Excess of Drinking.
- Fundement**: Foundation.
- Furneis**: A furnace. *Fr.* *Foundement*.
- Furrid hode**: A Hood lined with Furr. *Mo.* 2236.
- Furtherin**. See *Forthrin*.
- Fusible**: That may be melted. *No.* 877.
- Fuyre**: Fury.
- Fyl**: Fell.
- Fylth**: Vileness, baseness. p. 381. *Lat. Vilitas*; from whence the word seems to be derived.
- Fynance**, *Ber.* 1876. See *Fenauce*.
- Fync**. See *Fine*.
- Fynt**: Findeth; Found. *Fynt his horse away*; Finds his horse was gone.
- Fynys**: Fines. *Ber.* 3117.
- Fyxe**: Fixt, fixed.



## G.

**Gabb**, **Gabbe**: To tattle, prate. *MR.* 402. To lye. *r.* 370, *b.* It sometimes signifies To speak or talk. *RR.* 6700.

**Gacides Chiron**, *Fa. L.* 3. 116. Perhaps it should be read *Eacides Chiron*. Chiron was a great Musician as well as Physician, and was Master to Achilles, Grandson to *Eacus*, thence called *Eacides*.

**Gades**: The City of Cadiz in Spain. *p.* 478, *b.*

**Gadiling**, **Gadling**: An idle fellow that gads and saunters up and down. *RR.* 938. *Gam.* 203.

**Gafe**, **Gaffe**: Gave.

**Gage**, *Fr.* A pledge, a pawn, Bail, or surety. *Ber.* 1404. Also, To give bail. *Ib.* 3044.

**Gailir**: A Jaylor. *Ar.* 103.

**Gaincome**: Return. *Cr.* 55.

**Gain** for **Again**: Against; Touching. *RR.* 6555. There *gain*; Against that.

**Gaitre**, *Mo.* 1080. The Dogberry-tree. See *Sonn.* in *Exte-treop*. Ray says, *Gatteridge-tree* is *Cornus femina* or Prickwood; and yet *Gatteridge-berries* are the fruit of *Euonymus Theophrasti*, i. e. Spindle-tree or Loufe-berry.

**Galaxie**, *AF.* 56. *Fa. L.* 2. 428. The Milky-way, which is a broad white Tract encompassing the whole Heavens, consisting of an innumerable quantity of Fixed Stars, different in Situation and Magnitude; from the confused mixture of whose light it's white colour is supposed to proceed. It is called *Watlyng-street*, *Fa. L.* 2. 431. which was a Roman way extending from the East part of Britain to the West.

**Gale**, *WB.* 832. *CL.* 1357. To yawl, bawl, or laugh aloud; To hout. *Sk.*

**Galfride**, *Fa. L.* 3. 382. See *Gaulfride*.

**Galianis**: The Works of Galen. *No.* 1820.

**Galiard**: Gay. *Fr.* *Gaillard*, Brisk, merry, pleasant, chearfull.

**Galingale**, *Prol.* 383. Long-rooted Cyperus; *Cyperus odoratus*.

**Gallice**: Galicia, a Province of Spain. *Prol.* 468.

**Gallie**: Bitter, as gall. *RL.* 317.

**Galoche**: A kind of wooden shoe worn by Country-people in France. See *Men. Fr.* In *Spenser* it is called *Gallage*. It is taken for a shoe in general. *Sq.* 575.

**Galp**: To yawn; To belch.

**Game**: Sport, mirth; Pleasure; A jest, a pleasant story, or tale. *Fr.* 11, 15. In *Tr. L.* 4. 529. instead of it, *MS. Sp.* reads *Grame*, *V.*

**Gan**, **Gannin**: Began. It is often used as a Sign of the Preter Tense, both with and without the Participle *To*; as *Gan proceed*; *Proceeded*. *Gannin steen*; *Fled*. *Tr. L.* 2. 194.

**Gange**: To go. *Cr.* 381. *AS.* *Gangan*.

**Ganilion**, *Mo.* 1342. *Dr. Ch.* 1121. *Sp.* says, That he "betrayed the Army of the Christians under Charles main, to the Saracens, and was therefore torn in pieces with four Horses: But *Hofman* thinks that the French call a Traitor *Ganelon* from *Wenilo*, Archbishop of Sens, who betrayed Charles the Bold his Benefactor, by calling in Lewis King of Germany, and receiving him into that City. See *Hofm.* in *Wenilo*.

**Gap-toothid**, *WB.* 603. *Sk.* reads it *Gat-toothed*, i. e. Having a Goat's teeth; perhaps to signify her Wantonness: Others think, that it signifies Having gaps in her teeth, as growing at a distance from one another; and this might also perhaps be taken as a Sign of Lechery, which is signified by her having a *Coltis tooth*, *Ib.* 602. and the print of *dame Venus sele*, *Ib.* 604.

**Gardbrace**, *Ch. Dr.* 1554. The same with *Bracer*, *V.*

**Garifoun**: To garrison; To defend. *RR.* 3249.

**Garnere**: Properly, A Granary. It also signifies any Store-room, or place to lay up Money or other goods. *RR.* 1148, 6810.

**Garnison**, *Fr.* *Garnison*: A Garrison, a Guard. *RR.* 4204.

**Garment**: A garment. *Madg.* 354.

**Garunne**: The River Garonne in France. *Lat.* *Garumna*. *Gat*, as *Agat*. *Gatniff*: Terror; Gallinets. *Each.* *Gafayne*, *PT.* 280. Perhaps it may signify a Void or Want place. *Lat.* *Barb. Gafma*, *Fr.* *Gafine*. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Voffum*.

**Gate**: A way. Any gate; Any manner, in any wife. *RR.* 5230. *How gate*, or *Homgates*; How, after what manner. *MR.* 129, 134. *Went her gate*; Went her ways. *RR.* 3332. *Allo*, *Got*, *begot*. *Hyper.* 12.

**Gathren**: To gather. *Gathrid*: Gathered. *Boeth.*

**Gate**: *Got*. *RR.* 2692.

**Gaude**, *No.* 1903. *Tr. L.* 2. 351. A trifle. Also, Trifling, jesting. *Gaudes*: Ridiculous tricks, freaks.

**Gaudid**, *Prol.* 159. Made gay, or gawdy; Garnished, adorned.

**Gaulfride**, *Mo.* 1462. *Gulfridus de Pino salvo*, or *Jeffrey Pinsalf*, who wrote a Poem upon the Death of K. Richard the First, who was slain in France before the Castle of Chalus near Limoges, on a Friday, to which Chaucer alludes, particularly, *Ib.* 1457. *O Venus*, &c. and *Ib.* 1466. *The Friday*, &c.

*O Veneris lachrymosa dies! O filus amarum!*

**Gaure**, **Gaurin**: To stare.

**Gawain**, **Gawein**, *Sq.* 115. "This Gawyn was Sitter's Son "to Arthur the Great, King of the Britains, a Man "famous in War, and in all manner of Civility; as "in the Acts of the Britains we may read. In the "year 1082. in a Province of Wales, called *Rose*, was "his Sepulchre found, and his Body, affirmed by "many to have been of the length of fourteen foot. *Sp.*

**Gawrin**, as **Gaure**.

**Gaylere**: A Jayler.

**Geant**, *AF.* 344. A Jay. *Sk.* But here it must mean some other Bird, perhaps a Bittern; for the Jay is mentioned, *Ib.* 346.

**Gear**: Habit, clothes. *FL.* 26. See *Gere*.

**Gede** for **Tede**, *Ber.* 2475. Went.

**Gests**: Gifts.

**Gelofer**. See *Clowe gelofer*.

**Gende**, **Gent**: Gentle, genteel, seemly, fine. *Gent faconde*; Flowing eloquence. *AF.* 558.

**Generalte**: Generality. In *generalte*; In general, generally, for the generality. *Cup.* 402.

**Genilion**, *No.* 2702. *Mo.* 806. See *Ganilion*.

**Gent**. See *Gende*.

**Genterle**, *LW.* 390. as *Gentillese*.

**Gentiles**: Relations, kindred, *Fr.* 1510.

**Gentill**: Gentle, noble; Civil, Gentleman-like. *Gentillese*: Gentility, frankness, generosity; Civility. *Gentilly*: Civilly, in a genteel, courteous manner.

**Gentillese**, as *Gentillese*.

**Gentles**, *WB.* 1209. Gentlemen; Nobles.

**Geomancie**: Divination by points, or circles made on the Earth, or by opening the Earth. *Blo.*

**Gerd**, **Gerdin**: To strike, to smite; To pierce; To stab. See *Gl. V.*

**Gere**: Any Instrument or Furniture whatsoever; Apparel, dress, habit; Accoutrement. *Prol.* 354, 2182. In *his gere dres*, *Tr. L.* 2. 635. is better read in *MS. Sp.* In *his gere hym dres*.

**Gereves**: Guardians, or Governors: Whence *Reve* signifies a Gentleman's Bailif. *Prol.* 589. *Portreve*; a Bailif, or chief Officer of a Port-town; *Sheriff*, i. e. *Shire-gereve*; *Church-gereve*; A Churchwarden. *Fr.* 43. *AS.* *Lepepa*, *Comes*, *praefectus*. See *Sonn.*

**Gergon**: A jargon, chattering. *Sq.* 1364.

**Gerie**, **Gerisul**: Changeable, inconstant. *Prol.* 1538, 1540. *f. a gyrando*. It sometimes signifies Cruel. *Sk.*

**Geri**: Struck. *Gam.* 598. Where *MS. Ch.* hath it, *Smoot him on the nek*. See *Gerd*.

**Gesolreut the haut**, *Ber.* 1104. *G solreut in alt*; A Note in the Gamut, or Scale of Musick.

**Gesse**: To guess. To entertain as a guest. *Com.* explains *Mo.* 2109, 2110. thus; "If thou wilt like of their sentence and stand to it, they will entertain thee as a "guest in their brave halles; or else they will hear "and end thy matter without any great enquirie, privately in their houses. *Gessing*: Meaning; Opinion.

**Gest**, **Geste**: A guest. Also, History, a story. *Tr. L.* 2. 83. Where instead of *hem redin the gest*, the Sense and Numbers are easier in *MS. Sp.* *rede hem all the gest*, i. e. Story.



- Gestis*: Acts, Stories, Histories; Noble Actions, or Exploits. Also, Guests. *Fr.* 2037. *Mo.* 2471.
- Get*: Jette. *Mo.* 974. Also, Got, begotten. *Piv.* 162.
- Gete*: Gotten. *BD.* 67.
- Geth*: Goeth. *Ar.* 260.
- Gethering*: Gathering. *Mo.* 2673.
- Gettin*: Begotten. *Hyp.* 35.
- Geve*: Given. *Fr.* 457.
- Geyn*: Gain. *Her ne gate no geyne*; She got nothing, She was never the better. *An.* 207.
- Geyns for Ageyns*, Ber. 1921. Against.
- Ghest*: A guest. *Ghestis*: Guests. *Fr.* 1368, 1369.
- Ghost*: A Spirit; The Soul, the mind. See *Gofte*.
- Gide*, *Gie*: To guide, to direct. See *Guy*.
- Gierfull*, as *Gerie*, *Gerisfull*.
- Gigges*, *Mo.* 2699. Harlots, Strumpets; Giglers. *Fa. L.* 3. 852. *Fr.* *Gigue*, a Romp. *Gigging*: Sounding. *Sp.* Perhaps from the *Fr.* *Gigue*, It. *Giga*, a sort of Musical Instrument.
- Giglotlike*: Like a Strumpet. *Cr.* 83. It seems to come from *Gigge*. See *Gigges*.
- Gildy*: Gilt, golden. *Dr.* Ch. 838.
- Gilefull*: Deceitful, perfidious, treacherous.
- Giler*, *Gilir*: A deceiver. *Giling*: Deceiving. *Gilid*: Deceived. See *Agilir*.
- Gilofre*: A Gilly-flower. *RR.* 1368. *Fr.* *Giroflée*. See *Clove gelofir*.
- Gilour*, as *Giler*.
- Gilt*, *Gilte*: Gilded; Gold-colour, yellow. *LIV.* 230. Also, Guilt; A fault. *As in my gilt*; Through my fault. *Fr.* 2303. *Withontin gilt*; Without remedy. *Ib.* 2585. *Mo.* 1488. *Giltif*: Guilty. *Gam.* 1626.
- Gin*: A snare, or trap. Also, A trick, or contrivance: *Fa. L.* 3. 913. *Ginis*: Gins, engines. *Mo.* 2591. Bonds, fetters. *Com.*
- Gingiber*: Ginger. *RR.* 1369.
- Gins*. See *Gin*.
- Ginnin*: To begin. *Tr. L.* 5. 657. *Ginning*: Beginning. *RR.* 4332. *Tr. L.* 1. 378. See *Argumentid.* *Ginnith*: Beginneth. *Ginnith gone*; He goeth immediately. *MR.* 956. Here *Ginnith* seems to be used as *Gan*, *V.*
- Gipe*, *RR.* 7214. A Coat full of plaits. *Sk. Fr.* *Jupe*, An upper coat. See *Men.* *Fr.* in *Juppe*.
- Gipon*, *Gippon*: A short doublet, or light coat. *Prol.* 75. A Diminutive of *Gipe*, as the *Fr.* *Jupon* is of *Jupe*. See *Gipe*.
- Gipsire*: A pouch, or purse; A bag. *Prol.* 359. *Fr.* *Gi-becière*.
- Gir delétede*: The Waist, the middle. *RR.* 826. The place where the Girdle is wore; from the *AS.* *Trýpsl*, *Cingulum*, and *Stede*, *Locus*, ut sit *Locus cinguli*.
- Girdin*. See *Gerd*.
- Gires*: Fits. *Prol.* 1533. See *Gyre*.
- Girt*. See *Gerd*, *Gert* and *Grit*.
- Gisarme*, *RR.* 5978. A military weapon, supposed by some to be a Pike with Two points, or a Staff with Two pikes within it, which with a Thrust forward came forth, and thought by *Spelm.* to be the same which in *Spanish* is called *Bisarma*, or *Visarma*; but in the Statute of *Winton*, he thinks it signifies a Bille, in *Lat.* *Bipennis*, a Battle-ax; a Hand-ax with Two edges. See *Fr.* *Gl.* in *Gisarma*.
- Gise*: Guise, manner, custom, usage. In *gise*. [*MS.* *Sp.* In *wife*] of *courtesy*; Under a pretence of courtesy. *Tr. L.* 5. 64. Fashion of dreis, or armour. *Prol.* 2127. which is better in *MS.* *Ch.*
- There ne is nowe no newe gyze, that tho nas olde*;  
That is, There is no new manner of Arming now, that was not old, and used at that time.
- Gisferne*: A gizzard, called a *Ghizzern* in *Lincolnshire*. In *p.* 385, *b.* it is put for the Liver, *Lat.* *Jecur*, *jecinoris*, from whence perhaps it is derived.
- Gist*: A guest, a stranger. *PT.* 461. *Gistis*: Strangers. *Ib.* 550.
- Gite*: A woman's gown. *MR.* 846. *WB.* 559.
- Glad*: Content. *Glad pover*; Poverty with contentment. *WB.* 1183. *Gladly*: Commonly. *Sk. f.* Properly. *p.* 151, *b.* 202, *a.* 208, *b.* *Hyper.* 205.
- Glade*, *Gladin*: To make glad, to comfort. *Fr.* 2514.
- Gladir*: A comforter, cherisher, one that causeth joy, or gladness. *Prol.* 2224. Also, More glad.
- Gladly*. See *Glad*.
- Glaising*: The glazing of a window. *Dr.* Ch. 327.
- Glase*, *Tr. L.* 5. 469. as *Glese*.
- Gle*, *Glee*: Mirth, rejoicing; Melody, Musick. *Tr. L.* 2. 1036. *Fa. L.* 3. 119.
- Glede*: A burning, or live coal. *Prol.* 1994. *AS.* *Glede*, *Pruna*. *Gledis*: Coles; Embers. *Tr. L.* 2. 538. Also, Kites. *Mo.* 3267.
- Gleire of an eye*: The white of an egg. *No.* 827. *Fr.* *Glair*.
- Glens*: Glanced. *Tr. L.* 4. 1223.
- Gleve*: A spear. *Sp.* It properly signifies a Sword. *Fr.* *Glaiue*, a Cutlace. *CL.* 545.
- Gliterande*, *Gliterande*: Glittering, shining. The Termination—*and or—ande* is frequently used for—*ing*, in the Old Poets; From the not observing of which arose that mistake in the Editions of *Spenser's Fairy Q.* *L.* 1. Can- to 7. St. 29. sorn of
- His glitter and armour shin'd far away*;  
whereas it should be read,  
*His glitterand armour shined far away.*
- Glombe*, *RR.* 4356. To look gloomy; To frown. *Sp.*
- Glofe*, *Glofin*: To deceive, flatter, lye; To interpret. It is generally used in an ill sense for To put a fair interpretation with an intention to deceive. *Mo.* 3095. Also, A Comment, or Interpretation. *Fr.* 528. *For al the glofe that thei conne*; How fair soever a Glof they may put upon it. *Ib.* 2782. *Glofir*, *Glofour*: A deceiver, a flatterer.
- Glotenie*, *Glotenie*: Gluttony. *Glotons*: Gluttons. *RR.* 4307.
- Gloutons*: Gluttonous, ravenous. *Gloutous bonde*: A greedy hand; *Avidā manu*, *Boeth.* p. 364, *b.*
- Glondin*: Glowed, shone. *Prol.* 2134. *Glowedon*, *MS.* *Ch.* which makes the Verse compleat without pronouncing the final *e* in *beewixt*.
- Glytrin*: To glitter, to shine. *Prol.* 979.
- Gnarr* [or *Knarre*, *H.* 1.] is a hard knot in a tree, or a Stubb; whence a thick chubby fellow is called a *Gnarr*, *Prol.* 551. which *MS.* *Ch.* reads thus;  
*He was thick shouldered, and a short gnarr*;  
which is a more natural Description of a thick, short, well-set fellow than it is in the common Editions. *Gnarrie*: Stubbied.
- Gnaße*: Gnashed with the teeth. *Pr.* *RL.* 123.
- Gnerring*: Snarling. *p.* 202, *b.*
- Gnuffe*: An old Cuff; A Miser. *MR.* 80.
- Go*: Gone. *Fr.* 514.
- Gobbet*, *Gobest*: A piece. *Prol.* 698.
- Goddace*, *Goddess*: A Goddess. *Cr.* 135. 218.
- Goddie*: Gods; Of God.
- Gode*: Good. Sometimes it is used by way of Intreaty; as we say, Good now. *AL.* 346, 689. Also, God.
- Godis*: Goods; Gods. *Gode-giffing*: A good opinion, a good name; *Bona exifimatio*, *Boeth.* p. 363, *b.*
- Godeleß*: Without Money, or Goods. *No.* 2798. But it is better read in *MS.* *Ch.* and *H.* 1.  
*But goldlees for to be it is no game.*
- Godeleft*: Goodliest, handsomest. *AL.* 384.
- Godelich*, *Godely*: Goodly; Kind, courteous, civil, obliging; Gentleman-like, honorable; Honorably, &c. *A man may godely*, *p.* 157, *a.* (so it should be read) *i. e.* may do it in a goodly manner, as *p.* 158, *a.*
- Godelibedde*, *Godelybede*: Goodness; Civility. *RR.* 4604. Comeliness, beauty. *Tr. L.* 3. 1736.
- Godeneß*; Goodness. *At godeneße*; To good purpose. *RR.* 1453.
- Godeße*: Goods. *RR.* 5634. It were better to read it *Godes*.
- Godfib*: A Gossip, a Godfather, or Godmother, any Spiritual Relation. *Pars.* *AS.* *Syb*, Relation, Kindred, or Alliance.
- Gofish*: Foolish, silly. *Tr. L.* 3. 585. from the *Fr.* *Goffe*, a Dunce, an awkward fellow, and perhaps Rude, ill-natured. See *Men.* *Fr.*
- Gold-hewin*: Of a golden hue, or colour.
- Goldsmithry*: Goldsmith's work.
- Gulet*: The gullet, or throat. *RR.* 7096.
- Gulierleis*, *Prol.* 562. Ravenously-mouthed. *Sp.* But it signifies



- signifies rather a Buffoon, in Fr. *Gouliard*. See *Men. Fr.* and *Fr. Gl.* in *Goliardus*.
- Gomme**: Gum. *LW.* 121.
- Gon**, **Gonin**, **Gonnin**: Began; To go or proceed; Ago, agone, since. It is sometimes put for *Gan*, *Mo.* 1837. *Bl. Kn.* 32.
- Gon**, **Gonne**: A gun. *RR.* 4176. *Fa. L.* 3. 553. Also, Begun. *Prol.* 2662. which may be read, *falkis beegunne*, as in *MS. Ch.*
- Gonde**: Gone. *PT.* 574.
- Gonfanoun**: *RR.* 1201. *Gonfanoun*, *Ib.* 2018. *Gonfanon*, The chief Banner, or Standard. See *Men. Fr.* and *Men. It.* and *Fr. Gl.* in *Guntfano*.
- Gong**: A house of ease, a Jakes. *Mo.* 2092. p. 208, b. *AS.* *Gong*, *Latrina*.
- Gonne**, **Gonnin**. See *Gon*.
- Goodlese**, *Mo.* 6. Goodwoman, or as they say in some places, Goody. See *Lese*.
- Goodship**: Goodness. *Ber.* 515.
- Gore**, *MR.* 129. No. 3298. A plait or fold. *Sp.* An arbour. *Sk.*
- Gorget**: The throat. *Mo.* 1450. *Fr.* *Gorge*.
- Gose**: Goes, goeth. *Ch. Dr.* 1286. Also, A goose.
- Gospellere**: An Evangelist. *RR.* 6887.
- Gossomere**: The white and cobweb-like Exhalations that fly abroad in hot Sunny weather. *Bl.* *Sk.* says that in a Book called *The French Gardener*, it signifies the Down of the Sow-Thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind.
- Gost**: A ghost, a spirit; The mind. *Goffis*: Ghosts, &c.
- Goth**: Goeth; Go, in the Imperative Mood.
- Gouvernaunce**, **Govirnaunce**: Government, management, conduct, care. In *Tr. L.* 2. 1442. *Ca.* reads *juste-nance*.
- Governayle**: Government, management, conduct. p. 365, a. Also, A pilot, a guide, a governor. *Mo.* 3018. *Fr.* *Gouvernail*, The Rudder, or Helm of a Ship, the Steerage.
- Gourde**: A leathern bottle. *Mo.* 1659. So called either from the form of it; or (as *Sk.* says) because abroad they use Gourds for Bottles.
- Grace**: Favour. *Fr.* 2545. *God giveth* [i. e. give] *for grace*; A Curse. *No.* 686. *Save, saving your grace*; With your leave, or favour. p. 149, a. *For the grace of gode*; For the sake of good. p. 382, a. *By grace of position*; For argument sake. p. 399, a. In *RR.* 444. it seems to signify Gracefulness or Comeliness, particularly of the Countenance. *Makin lene their grace*; Make themselves look thin through an Hypocritical fasting, referring to *Math. VI.* 16. *Graces*, *Fr.* Thanks.
- Gracious**: Gracefull, well-favoured. *Fr.* 1633. *Fr.* *Gracieux*.
- Gratich**. See *Greith*.
- Grame**: Grief, sorrow, vexation, anger, madness; Trouble, affliction. *Tr. L.* 1. 373. *AS.* *Uram*, *Furor*.
- Grammercy**, as *Grantmercy*.
- Grane**: A grain. *Tr. L.* 3. 1028.
- Grantmercy**. See *Grantmercy*.
- Grapinel**: A Grapling-Iron. *Cl.* 61. A Diminutive of the *Fr.* *Grapin*.
- Gratch**: To behave. *Sk.* *Gan her gratche as a bigine*; Dressed herself as a Beguine. *RR.* 7368. *Gratche* is perhaps the same with *Gratich*, if not mistaken for it. See *Greithe*.
- Grave**, **Gravin**: To bury, to engrave, to carve, to cut. *Tr. L.* 2. 47. To make an impression. *Cup.* 280. Buried. *Fr.* 2522.
- Grange**: A Grange, a Granary, Barn, or large Farm belonging to a Religious House, where there are Stables for Horses, Stalls for Oxen and other Cattle. *Fr.* *Grange*, A barn.
- Grantmercy**: Great thanks. *Fr.* *Grandmerci*; I thank you heartily.
- Gre**, **Gree**, *Fr.* *Gré*. Will, accord, satisfaction, pleasure. *Ber.* 1326. *Take at gre*, or *agre*, *RR.* 1969, 4349. *Take in gre*, *Ib.* 42. *Receive in gre*, *Fr.* 2172. *Accept in gre*, *Tr. L.* 2. 529. To take kindly, or in good part. *Make gre*; To oblige one, to do a good turn. *Mo.* 2274. Also, Degree, *Gree* superlative; The Superlative Degree. *Sq.* 891. *In no manir gre*; Not in the least degree. *RR.* 5743. *Greable*: Agreeable; Satisfactory. *La.* 768.
- Grede**: To cry, to weep. *CN.* 135. *It.* *Grilare*.
- Greet**: To rejoyce.
- Grete**: Grief. *Take it not in grete*; Take it not ill.
- Grein de Paris**, *RR.* 1369. *Sk.* thinks it to be contracted from *Grains of Paradise*; The Seed of a Plant brought from Guinea.
- Greined**, **Greynyd**: Made, sprung up or produced from a grain. *Sk.* *Of colour greynyd*; Dyed in grain. *Sk.* 2330.
- Greithe**: To remove, to bring. *Sk.* To fit, prepare or make ready. *Mo.* 619. To contrive. *The Lord greithed death to all gode menne*, *Boeth.* p. 363, a. *Si bonis omnibus necem frueretur duceretur*.
- Grene**: Green. *Grene of conscience*; Of a tender conscience; Tender-hearted. *No.* 100. See *Prol.* 142. -- 150. *How full ofin grene*; A pale complexion. *Tr. L.* 2. 6. *As grene as gall*, *Mo.* 2102. The moisture in the Gall of living creatures is green; it should seem that he means the Gold was enameled with Green. *Com.* *Grene*, *Ber.* 3160. is put for *Grin*, or *Grin* (as in *RL.* 237.) which is the same with *Gin*, A mare.
- Grenehode**: Rawnels, rashness of youth, or simply, youth. *La.* 164.
- Greynrb**, *PT.* 686. Are or look green.
- Gret**, **Gretis**: Greeted, saluted. *Bal. Lad.* 100.
- Grete**: To cry. *RR.* 4116. See *Grede*. *Great*, course. *Sq.* 938. Also, as *Gret*.
- Greutin**: Smote. See *Gerd* and *Grit*.
- Greve**: To grieve, to offend, to hurt, to annoy; Grief, grievance. Also, A grove. *Greves*: Groves, bushes. *RR.* 3019. *CN.* 64. *Grevid*: Aggrieved; Angry.
- Greynyd**. See *Greined*.
- Grill**, *RR.* 73. Cold. *Sp.* f. as *Grifly*. See *Grife*.
- Grin**: A snare. See *Grene*.
- Grint**: Grindeth. *WB.* 389. *Grintid*: Ground; Gnashed. *Fr.* 897.
- Grife**: To be afraid. *Ber.* 2067. *Grifly*: Frightfull, dreadful. See *Agriſe*.
- Grit** for *Girt*: Smote, struck, stabbed. *Through grit*, *Prol.* 1012. [*gert*, *MS. Ch.*] *Through gyt*, *Bl. Kn.* 292. Thrust, or pierced through. See *Gerd*.
- Grith**: An agreement. *Mo.* 2187. *AS.* *Epiſ*, Peace.
- Grache**: To grudge or grutch, to murmur. *Mo.* 3104.
- Grofe**, **Groffing**, **Grouſe**, **Grouſſe**, **Gruf**, **Gruffe**: Groveling, flat on the ground. *Now downward grouſe, and now upright*; Sometimes flat on thy face, and sometimes with thy face upward. *RR.* 2561.
- Grain**: The snout of a swine. p. 192, b. To grumble. *RR.* 7099. *Fr.* *Gragner*. Also, Grunting, grumbling. *Tr. L.* 1. 350. *Fr.* *Grogne*, A pouting woman.
- Gronin**: To groan. *Tr. L.* 3. 257.
- Grope**, **Gropin**: To search, feel, examine. *Fr.* 550.
- Groubed**: Grubbed up.
- Grouſe**, **Grouſſe**. See *Groſe*.
- Groun**, *Ber.* 1674. Grumbling. See *Goin*.
- Groundld**: Ground, from Grind. *No.* 796.
- Growning**, *PT.* 651. Growling, snarling. See *Groin*, *Groun*.
- Gruf**, **Gruffe**. See *Groſe*.
- Grufcill**: A gristle. *PT.* 577.
- Gryt**, **Greet**, **Greece**: A valuable Furr of a Beast called by the French *Vair*. *Prol.* 194. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Griseum*. It also signifies Grey. *Fr.* *Gris*. In *VP.* *Ne neicher goſe ne gryt*, it signifies Partridges, says *Sk.* perhaps from the colour; but probably it there signifies Pig, as *Griſis* is used by *Dougl.* *En.* VIII. for Pigs.
- Gubernatiſe**: Governing.
- Gude**: Good.
- Guerdon**, *Fr.* A reward, recompence; Return of a favour or obligation. Also, To reward, to recompence, to requite. *For all guerdons*, p. 148, b. A form of treaty; Of all loves. *Guerdning*: Rewarding, &c. *Guerdonleſe*: Without reward. *Bl. Kn.* 400.
- Guife**, as *Gife*.
- Gurtheles**: Girdles. *Prol.* 370.
- Guy**: To guide, rule, govern; To direct, to order.
- Guerdone**, as *Guerdon*.
- Gyderesse**: She that guides, a woman guide. *Boeth.*
- Gye**, as *Guy*.



Gynne, as Gin.

Gyre, Prol. 1374. A trance, a dump, a fit. *Sk.* Perhaps from the Lat. *Gyro*, To turn round, it may signify Dizziness, or Swimming of the head.

Gyrt. See *Grit*.

## H.

- H** *Abandon*: To abandon, to forsake. *BD.* 763.
- H** *Habergeon, Haburgeon, Fr. Haubergeon*, a Dim. of *Hauberg*, or *Haubert*, a Coat of Mail; A little Coat of Mail, or only Sleeves and Gorget of Mail. *Bl.* No. 3366, 3368.
- H** *Habiline*: Ability, capacity; Address. *CL.* 1044. *Fr. Habilié.*
- H** *Habitacles*: Habitations; Apartments. *Fa. L.* 3. 104.
- H** *Habiten*: To dwell, inhabit. *RR.* 660.
- H** *Habound*: To abound; Abounding.
- H** *Habundaunt*: Abounding with. *Fr.* 1089.
- H** *Haburgeon*. See *Habergeon*.
- H** *Hace*: Hath. Also, Hoarse; Harsh. *Cr.* 338. *Here and hacc*; Hoarse and harsh. *Cr.* 33. *AS.* *Haye, Raucum.*
- H** *Hackenae*: *RR.* 1137. *Fr. Haqueneé*, a Pad; but here it signifies a very ordinary Horse (such as we now call a Hackney) in opposition to a *Horse of price*, *Ib.* 1134.
- H** *Hadnest*, perhaps for *Badnest*, *p.* 514, *a.* 1. 42.
- H** *Haie*: A hedge. *RR.* 3007, 2971, 3175. *Fr. Haye. AS.* *Hayg, Sepes, septum*, any Fence or Enclosure.
- H** *Hailes*: Bliss, happiness. *No.* 2168. *In Sanctis*, *Sk. Sedibus*, being understood; In the Holy Habitations, or Habitations of the Saints.
- H** *Hailfin*: To salute; To embrace. See *Halfe. I hailfin The*, *No.* 3154. *I conjure the*, *Ca.* 2. *Py. halonse*, *Ca.* 1. *halfe*, *H.* 1. *hailfe, hayse*, *al. haile*, *Ed.* 1591.
- H** *Haine*: Hatred. *Test.* *Fr. Haine.*
- H** *Haire*: A hair-cloth. *RR.* 438.
- H** *Haketon*: A Jacket without sleeves. *Sp.* No. 3365.
- H** *Halfe*: A side, a part. *AS.* *Dealp. A thisshalfe* [*i. this halfe*] *God*; On this side *God*. *p.* 489, *b.*
- H** *Halfindele, Halfindole*. See *Halve*.
- H** *Halif node*. See *Hazil wode*.
- H** *Halke*: A corner. *Fr.* 2675. *No.* 322. *AS.* *Dealc*, *A nook*.
- H** *Hallowes*: Saints. *Prol.* 14. *AS.* *halig, Sanctus.*
- H** *Halowe*: Hollow. *Ar.* 308. *No.* 1286.
- H** *Halowid*: Hollow'd to, called upon. *PT.* 21.
- H** *Halpe*: Helped, calcd. *RR.* 1911. *Mo.* 158. *RL.* 72.
- H** *Halfe*: The neck. *Sp.* 1911. Also, To embrace, to take one about the neck. *CL.* 1290. *Halving*: Embracing. *RL.* 216. *AS.* *halj.*
- H** *Halfow it to the best*: By the Context it should be, I will pray that it turn to the best. *PT.* 107.
- H** *Halt, Halte*: Holdeth; Observeth. *Dr. Ch.* 621. *Held*, or *kept. La.* 722. *Tr. L.* 2. 37. *Held*, accounted. Also, To halt as a Cripple. *Dr. Ch.* 622.
- H** *Halve, Halvindelc, Halfindelc, Halfindole*: Half. *In some halve*: In some part, in some degree. *Test. Withdrawin them to halves*: Drew themselves out into two Parties, some for one side, and some for the other. *Gam.* 258.
- H** *Hameled*, *Tr. L.* 2. 964. Cut off, abated. *Ca. bath liffed* (*i. e.* lessened, abated) instead of *hameled*. It seems to come from *hamelan*, To maim, or lame by cutting the hams, or houghs.
- H** *Hamirs*: Hammers. *Dr. Ch.* 1164.
- H** *Han*: Have.
- H** *Hanselines*: A kind of Breeches. *Pars.* *p.* 198, *a. f. leg.*
- H** *Hanselines*, Breeches or slops.
- H** *Hanten*: To haunt, use, exercise. *Boeth.*
- H** *Hap, Happe*: Fortune, chance. *Happes*: Chances. *Happes aventureus*, *p.* 365, *a.* I suspect it was originally writ to the folie of these *happes*, (without *aventureus*) and that *aventureus* was afterwards put in the margin as a Gloss to explain *happes*, which being in time introduced into the Text, was changed to *aventureus*; or else it may have been writ *happes* or *aventures*, there being very frequent Instances in *Chaucer's Translation of Boeth.* of two Synonymous words being put to render the sense of one in the *Latin*, where one is either obscure, or does not fully answer the force of the *Latin* word: Besides *Aventureus* bears a different sense in this Author. See *Aventureus*. *Hape* is put for *Hap*, or *Happe*, *RR.* 3284. *Happions*: Accidental, happening by chance. *p.* 490, *b.*
- H** *Harbere*: An harbour. *FL.* 465.
- H** *Harberowe*. See *Herberowe*.
- H** *Hardest*: Hardeneth. *p.* 514, *a.*
- H** *Hardied*: Emboldened, encouraged. *Test.*
- H** *Hardily*: Bravely, boldly; Verily. *Prol.* 156. *RR.* 4.
- H** *Hardiment, Hardines*: Courage, boldness.
- H** *Hardly*, *Dr. Ch.* 1043. *Bal.* 828. for *Hardily*, *V.*
- H** *Hardy*: Bold, brave, courageous.
- H** *Harlot*, *p.* 202, *b.* It is used indifferently of loose persons of either sex, as *Ribaude*, *V. Prol.* 649. *Mo.* 2273. *King of harlots* is the same with *Rex Ribaldorum*, who had the charge of punishing those disorderly people about the King's Court. See an Account at large of his Office in *Fr. Gl.* in *Ribald*. The Office of Master of the Revels seems to have some Affinity with it.
- H** *Harlotreis*: Bawdry. *Prol.* 503.
- H** *Harnis, Harnis*: Harnels, Furniture, Armour. *Harnis The*, *RR.* 2648. *Dress thee.*
- H** *Harnis*, for *Hornis*: Corners. *Mo.* 2429.
- H** *Harpour*: A Harper. *Tr. L.* 2. 1030.
- H** *Harrow!* An Interjection. *Haro* is a form of Exclamation anciently used in *Normandy* to call for Help, or to raise the Hue and Cry. See *Hick. Gr. Fr.* *p.* 96, *a.*
- H** *Harroue*: To lay wait, destroy, ravage, plunder. *MR.* 404. *Fr.* 843. *AS.* *Depgian, Valfare.*
- H** *Haryld*: Carried out by force, hurried out. *Prol.* 2728.
- H** *Hazardours*. See *Hazardours*.
- H** *Hastines*: Rashness. *p.* 150, *a.*
- H** *Hastily, Hastly*: Soon. *Fr.* 462. Presently, immediately, without delay. *Ib.* 1170.
- H** *Hastow*: Hast thou. *WB.* 903.
- H** *Hate, Hate*, *RR.* 38. Be or is called, or named. Also, Hot. *RR.* 2318.
- H** *Havan*: A haven. *Test.*
- H** *Hauberk, Fr. Hauberg, Haubert*, a Coat of Mail. See *Habergeon*.
- H** *Have*, for *Behave*, *p.* 488, *b.* 1. 28. *Have the barre*. See *Barr*.
- H** *Haven, Havin*: To have.
- H** *Hannein*: To enhance, promote. *Bl. Kn.* 431. *Fr. Hauffer*; To lift up. *Haunsing*: Elevation. *p.* 449, *b.*
- H** *Haunt*: Custom, a habit, skill gained by frequent practise. *Prol.* 449. *Hauntidin*: Haunted. See *Hanten*.
- H** *Hawpire*, *RR.* 4720. The same with *Aver*, *V.*
- H** *Hautein, Hautin* (*Fr. Hautain*) Haughty, proud. *RR.* 3739. *Loud. No.* 1844. High-flying. *Di.* 195. *Hauteinly*: Haughtily. *RR.* 5820.
- H** *Hawbak, Hanbeck, Hawberk*, as *Hanberk*.
- H** *Hawe*: Coloured. *Cr.* 257. A Hawthorn-berry. *WB.* 659. *p.* 487, *b.* A Yard, a hedge. *No.* 2373. See *Haie*.
- H** *Hay*. See *Haie*.
- H** *Hayne*. See *Haine*.
- H** *Hazardours*: Gamesters, particularly Hazard-players.
- H** *Hazardrie*: Gaming, playing at Hazard. *Mo.* 2106.
- H** *Hazil wode*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1174. *Hazil wode*, *Ib.* L. 3. 892. *Hazle trees. Te hazlewoods* seems to have been a common form of Exclamation; and *Te halif wode*, *Tr. L.* 5: 505. should probably be read, *Te hazil wode*, or as in *MS. Sp. Te hazil wode thought* [*quod, Ca.*] *this Pandare*.
- He**, is sometimes put before Proper Names, as the Pronoun *Es* in *Saxon*; as, *He Tityus*, *Tr. L.* 1. 787. *He Moses*, *Sq.* 270. *He Epicurus*, *p.* 375, *a.* So *Him*, *RR.* 6781. *Bl. Kn.* 369. and *Her*, *V.*
- Heclid, *Cr.* 244. Wrapped. *Sk.* See *Gl. V.* in *Hekkyl*.**
- Hed, Hede**: Heed, care, attention. Also, The head.
- Hedde**: Hid, covered. *LW.* 208.
- Hedin of him the name**, *Gam.* 431. This, as it is printed, is not intelligible; *MS. Ch.* gives us the true Reading, thus; *Heede of him they name*, *i. e.* They took particular notice of him, observed him close, and wondred how such a Stripling durst venture himself against an experienced Champion. The same Expression is used in this sense in a Poem in *MS. Ch.* Entitled *Progne & Phi.*



*Philomene*; the Story of which is taken out of *Gower*, L. 5. *Noo man in Court noon heede of hym name*; i. e. No man at Court took any manner of notice of him.

*Heed*: Head. *On his heed*; Upon peril of losing his head, Upon pain of death. *Prol.* 1346.

*Heerde*: A Shepherd.

*Heere and hound*: Hare and Hound. *Sp. and Sk. Tr. L.* 4. 210. Perhaps it may have been a Proverbial Expression signifying One and all. *Ca.* has it thus, *al they sayde and fowne*.

*Heeres*: Hairs. *Prol.* 557.

*Heeste*: A command.

*Hegge*, *RR.* 481. A hedge. *Heggis*: Hedges.

*Heighe*: To halten. *Test.*

*Height*, *RR.* 2984. for *Hight*, V.

*Heine*, for *Hine*, V. *This cursed heine*; This cursed slave. *No.* 1340.

*Heire*: Hair. *MR.* 868. A Hair-cloth. *No.* 143.

*Heisugge*, *AF.* 612. *Curreca*, a little bird in whose nest the Cuckow layeth her Eggs, and when they be hatched and grown to some biguets, they eat the bird that bred them. *Sp.*

*Held*: Hold. *WB.* 272.

*Hele*: To hide, to cover, to conceal. *RR.* 6882. *WB.* 950. *AS.* *Delan.* *Heled*, *Hylled*, *Ado.* 1170. *Hid*, covered.

*Hele*: Health; Prosperity, welfare. Also, A heel. *Hilis*: Heels. *RR.* 7488.

*Helelesse*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1592. Void of *Hle*, V.

*Helise*, *Fr.* 852. *Elisba*, the Prophet.

*Helise the feld*: The Elyfian Fields. *CL.* 119.

*Helmid*: Wearing a helmet. *Tr. L.* 2. 593. But *Ca.* hath it *Helmid nish stele*; Crowned with Steel, the *AS.* *Delm*, signifying a Crown, as well as a Head-piece.

*Helowis*, *WB.* 677. *Heloise*, the Concubine, and afterwards the Wife, of *Abelard*. See their Story at large in *Bayle's* *Dict. Lub. Hist. of Bretagne*, &c.

*Hen*, *Henne*, *Hennis*, *Hens*, *Hense*: Hence.

*Hend*, *WB.* 6218. *Hnde*, *MR.* 278, &c. (or rather, as *MS. Ch.* hath it throughout that Tale) *Hendy*: Gentle; Near, handsome. *RR.* 285, 3345.

*Heng*, *Tr. L.* 2. 689. as *Hing*.

*Hent*, *Huntin*: To get, to take, to catch. *Fr.* 236. Caught lifted up, took, taken. *AS.* *Dentan*, To pursue, to catch, &c.

*Henters*: Huntsmen: Pursuers. *Poeth.*

*Hepe*: A company, a troop. *Halt to hepe*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1770. Holds together.

*Her*, *Here*: To hear. Also Hair. It is used very often in the MSS. for *Their*, from the *AS.* *Diopt*. Of them. It seems to be retained (though not designedly) in this Edition, in *Fr.* 2380. and *Tr. L.* 4. 1141. Mr. Urry having in other places changed it into *Their* or *Ther*. It is put before Proper Names, as *He*. *CL.* 234.

*Heraude*: To proclaim, to set forth, or celebrate the praise or fame of one, which is the part of a Herald. *Fr.* *Heraut*.

*Heraudes*: Heralds, *MR.* 276. Feats of activity, or furious parts in a play. *Sp.* *Frem Heros*, a Heroe, or from *Herald*.

*Herberger*, *RR.* 7585. *Herbiger*, *AL.* 268. A Chamberlain, one that takes care of Lodgings. *Herbergours*: Chamberlains. *RR.* 5000.

*Herber*, *Herbere*, *Herbir*: An arbour. *Tr. L.* 2. 1705. An Inn, or place of Entertainment; A Lodging. Also, A place, station. *Fr.* 2581.

*Herbergeon*. See *Herbergeon*.

*Herberone*, *Herbir*: To harbour, to lodge, to entertain. *RR.* 6145. *Herberid*, *Herbrid*, *Herbroden*: Harboured, &c.

*Herbigage*, *Herlorie*, *Herbrongh*, *Herbrow*, *Herbrue*: An Inn, a Lodging.

*Herd*, *Herde*: A herdsman, a shepherd. Also Heard; Hard. *Prol.* 229. *RR.* 3279.

*Herdegromes*: Herdsmen. *Fr. L.* 3. 135.

*Herdus*, *RR.* 1233. Hurds, Tow, the courtly part of Hemp or Flax when dressed. Also, for *Herdis*, *Mo.* 2279. See *Huerde*.

*Here*, *Gam.* 1039. This place is certainly corrupted. *MS. Ch.* reads it thus;

*And doib him noon harm,*  
*But leye upon the bodyes,*  
*And breke both leg and arm.*

But *H.* i. thus;

— and do hem no harmet.  
*But breke both her leggis and fiken her armes.*

By this it appears that the true Reading is *her armes*, and that *this* was unskillfully brought into the Text out of the margin; where it was put to explain *her*, or *here*. See *Her*.

*Herenus*, *Pi.* 92. Instead of *thou Herenus Quene*, it is, *Te vertuose quene*. in a MS. in the *Harl.* Library.

*Hrie*. See *Hery*.

*Hein*: Made of hair. *Hain clout*; A piece of Hair cloth. *No.* 2252.

*Hris*: Hairs.

*Herne*: A valley; A corner. *Fr.* 2675. *Hrnis*, *No.* 679. Corners. *AS.* *Dyym.* *Angulus*.

*Hrnia*: A Rupture.

*Hron*: Hereupon. *Fa. L.* 3. 45.

*Heronere*: *Di.* 195. That kind of Hawk which flies at Herons; or else it may signify a Heron. Instead of *Hroner*, *Tr. L.* 4. 413. *Ca.* hath *Hronn*.

*Heronseus*, *Sq.* 88. f. Young Herons, *Fr.* *Hronneaux*, or *Heronseaux*. The common Heron is called *Hronseus*. *MS. Ch.* hath *Curlewis* instead of *Heronseus*.

*Hronward*: Hereupon, upon this condition. *Dr. Ch.* 248.

*Hrt*, *Herte*: Did hurt. *Dr. Ch.* 533. The Heart. Instead of *all mine heric*, read *all by herte*, *RR.* 4800. A Hart. *Herty*: Hearty, sincere. *RR.* 5433. *Hmilleß*: Heartlets, discouraged.

*Herto*: Hercunto. *Te were not nout herto*; You were not used to this. *Ber.* 532. Likewise, also.

*Hery*: To praise, to honour. *AS.* *Deput.* *Hried*: Praised, honoured. *Heryng*: Honour. *No.* 2967. Praising, honouring. *Ib.* 3187.

*Hesperus*: The Evening-star.

*Heste*: A command. *No.* 2157, 2163. The Third Commandment, *Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain*, &c. is called the *seconde heste*, or Commandment. *AS.* *Daye*. It seems to be put for *Behest*, *RR.* 4475, 4477.

*Het*: Heated, warmed. *AF.* 145.

*Hete*: To promise. *Dr. Ch.* 1220. Was called. *Ib.* 200. See *Hate*.

*Heibin*: A Heathen, an Infidel; Mockery. *Sp.* *MS. Ch.* and *H.* i. read *Heibynge*, *MR.* 1092. The same Expression is used by *Dougl.* *En.* 4.

*Sal y thus makkit, and to heibynge drive*, &c. *Lat.* *trifia*.

*Heibneß*: Paganism, The Heathen world. *Prol.* 49.

*Hewed*, *Fa. L.* 2. 42. *Was every verine in me hewed*. f. for *beved*, i. e. every Faculty in me was sunk. See *Hevith*.

*Hvenishe*: Celestial. *p.* 442, b.

*Hevith*: Sinks down, maketh heavy. *Borch.*

*Hevin*: To rise, to mount; To heave, to lift up. *Di.* 271. *Thereon was to hevin and to dune*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1259. There was great difficulty, *qu.* heaving and working. Also, Heaven.

*Hvineß*: Severity, or an Inclination to be severe, *p.* 158, a.

*Hwe*: Colour; Pretence: *Hwis*: Colours. *Tr. L.* 2. 21. *AS.* *Dyde*, *Color*. *To hwe to hie*, *p.* 489, a. *To hwe above the hedde*, *CL.* 158. were Proverbial Expressions, spoken of persons attempting things above their power, or condition; which may be further explained by a passage in *Lidgate's* Life of St. Fremonde, *MS. Harl.*

*Or who can write the triumphes glorious*  
*Of his martirs in ounbrie not a 'cise*  
*And I am ferful above myn hed to hewe,*  
*Lyt froward chippis of presumption*  
*Skolde blynde myn eyen in their falsyng doun.*

*Hwe of Lincoln*, *No.* 3193. This *Hwe* was a child of Eight years old, crucified by the Jews at Lincoln, A. D. 1255. for which Eighteen of them were hanged. See *Leland's* *Itin.* Vol. VIII. p. 82.

*Hewil*: Coloured. *Hwid bright*; Of a clear complexion. *RR.* 1030.



*Hennin*: Hackt and hewed. *Tr. L.* 2. 638.  
*Hemmonde*, *Cr.* 186. Newly made, shining. *Sp.* and *Sk.*  
 A helmet. *Gl. V.*  
*Hexameter*, *Mo.* 91. An Hexameter Verse, consisting of six feet.  
*Hext*: Highest. *Ch. Dr.* 345.  
*Hidin*: To hide. Also, Hastened. *Gam.* 1103. where *MS. Ch.* reads it *Heyden*; but *H.* 1. better, *Hyeden*.  
*Hidous*: Ugly, deformed. *RR.* 1354.  
*Hie*: To hatten. *In hie*; *In halt.* *Cr.* 361. *AS.* *Digan*, *Festinare.* *An hie*, *RR.* 4021. for *In hie*. Also, High.  
*Hier*: Hire.  
*Hierde*: A herdsman, a shepherd. *AS.* *Diepð*, *hýpð*, *Paðar.* Hence *Hierdes*, *Tr. L.* 3. 620. comes to signify Guides, or Governours; and *Christ* is called our *Hierde*, *No.* 203.  
*Hierdes*: A shepherdess. *Tr. L.* 1. 654. But instead of an *hierdes*, *Ca.* reads *and a pryncesse*.  
*Hiere*: Her.  
*High* is sometimes put for *Height*.  
*Highed*: Hastened. *PT.* 533. See *Hie*.  
*Highest*, for *Height*, *p.* 450. a. 1. 55, 58.  
*Hight*, *Highte*, *Hightin*: Named, called; Was called; Promised. *AS.* *Daton*, *Vocatus*, from *Datan*, To say, to b d. *Hight* is also sometimes put for *Height*.  
*Hijen*, for *Hie*: Hasten. *Ber.* 2435.  
*Hildeth*: Yieldeth; Bettoweth. *p.* 491, a.  
*Him*, *Tr. L.* 2. 800. for *Hem*, *MS. Sp.* or *Them*, *Ca.* See *He*.  
*Hindereð*: Hindmost. *Prol.* 624.  
*Hine*: A hind, a servant, particularly in Husbandry. *Prol.* 605. A clown.  
*Hing*, *Hinge*: Hung.  
*Hip*, *Hipe*: A bramble-berry.  
*Hir*, *Hire*: Her.  
*Historial*: Historical, in opposition to Fabulous. *No.* 1670.  
*Hie*: Is called. *Fa. L.* 2. 434. See *Hue* and *Hight*.  
*Hithe*, *No.* 1316. for *Hie The*, i. e. Hasten thee. See Instances of this nature in *Alouth*.  
*Ho!* An Interjection used for stopping, or causing to desist, or leave off. *Tr. L.* 2. 1083. *Withoutin ho* [al. *hoo*] seems to be synonymous to *endelesse*; Without stopping, or leaving off. See *ib.* *L.* 3. 190: *L.* 4. 1242. A Proclamation, *o Oyos.* *CL.* 270.  
*Hokerly*: Peevishly, frowardly. *Pars.* p. 201, b.  
*Hukir*: Ill nature, frowardness, peevishness. *MR.* 857.  
*Hold*, *Holdin*: Beholden, obliged. *Tr. L.* 3. 1265. *Hyp.* 80. Held, accounted. *RR.* 1008. *Holdin in bonde*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1614. To keep in suspense. *Holdin*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1760. should be read *Holt* [i. e. Holdeth.] in. *Holdyn yn*, *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.*  
*Holdir*: A supporter. *Tr. L.* 2. 644.  
*Hole*: Whole; Wholly. *Mo.* 2152.  
*Holily*, *Holly*, *Holy*: Wholly.  
*Hollour*, *Holour*: A whoremonger, an adulterer, a fornicator.  
*Holowes*, for *Halowes*: Saints. *Holowes twelve*; Twelve Apostles. *Dr. Ch.* 831.  
*Holownes*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1808. It is better in *MS. Sp.* the *hynesse of the seventh sphere*, i. e. The height, &c.  
*Holfaines*, *Cr.* 168. Hailstones; or the word may be divided, *Hole flanes*, i. e. Whole stones. *Sk.*  
*Holt*, *Holte*: Holdeth; Held, accounted. *No.* 942. Also, A grove, a forest. *Prol.* 6. *AS.* *Doltz.* *Holtes*, *Holtis*; Woods, forests. *Tr. L.* 3. 352.  
*Homeide*, *Homicide*: A Murderer, an Assassin.  
*Homely*, *Homlich*: Domestick. *Homely for*; A domestick enemy. Also, Plain, without disguise. *Homely sothe*; Plain truth. *Tr. L.* 2. 1559.  
*Hond*: A hand. *Withoutin bonde*, *Tr. L.* 3. 188. Out of hand, presently. *Honden*: Hands. See *Hent*.  
*Hondis*: Hands. Also, Taketh. *Ber.* 3212. *Hondisbrede*; A hand's breadth. *MR.* 703.  
*Honeste*: Honourable. *No.* 3070. *Honestie*: Decency. *Mo.* 737. p. 198, a.  
*Heng*: To hang. *No.* 2306. Hanged, hung.  
*Hongir*: Hunger. *RR.* 6734.  
*Hongit*: Hanged, hung. *A palfrey well hongit*; A horse well accoutred. *Ber.* 899.  
*Hont*, or *Hunt*: A huntsman, *Dr. Ch.* 385.

*Honyfweinesse*, *p.* 367, b. 1. 22. for *honey of Jweinesse*. *Lat. Melle dulcedinis.*  
*Hoole*: Whole. *Hoolich*: Wholly. *Ber.* 457.  
*Hope*, *PT.* 14. *Alle* [i. *Atte*] *cheker of the hope*; f. At the Chequer-Inn in the *Hope*, in *Canterbury*, where the Pilgrims lodged. *Hope* signifies a Dingle, or little valley, and is retained in *Kent*, and other parts of *England*, in the names of Places: But as I find no such place as the *Hope* in or about *Canterbury*, I suspect it should be read *Hothe*, there being (as I am informed) a place called the *Hoothe* not far from that City; and the mistake might easily arise from the likeness of the Saxon þ [for th] and p, in the *MSS.*  
*Hoppen and houten with heve and hale*: Hopp and hoot with heaving and haling. *Mo.* 2812. Leaping, and shouting, haling and pulling. *Com.*  
*Hoppoferis*, *Prol.* 2019. Pilots. *Sp.* But *MS. Ch.* hath it, *the ships upon the series*, i. e. There I saw the Ships and their whole Crew burnt as they steered, or sailed along; which must be a much more terrible Image, than barely the Pilots being burnt, and consequently a very proper Ornament to the Temple of *Mars*.  
*Hore*: Hoary, grey-headed. *Sq.* 916. *Lokkis hore*, *Fr.* 918. Grey hairs. Also, A whore. *Sq.* 1895.  
*Horiloge*, *Horologe*: A clock, a dial.  
*Horifons*, *p.* 519, b. for *Orifons*: Prayers. *Fr. Oraison*, A prayer.  
*Horoscope* (*Horoscopum*, *p.* 444, a.) is in Astrology sometimes put for a Figure of the Twelve Houses (as the Signs of the Zodiack are called) erected to tell Fortunes; and sometimes for the Degree of the Ascendant, or the Star ascending above the Horizon, at the time the Question is put, any thing enquired for, or a Native born: But most properly it signifies the first House, or Ascendant, and is that part of the Zodiack which is rising at the time of the Scheme.  
*Horow*: Mean, base; Slanderous. *Horow tongis*; Scandalous tongues. *CM.* 52. Beattly, filthy, nasty. *Mo.* 3037.  
*Horriblete*: Horribleness, a horrible thing. *RR.* 7285. *AS.* *Dopig*, *Sordidus*, *squalidus*, *mucidus*.  
*Horse*: Hoarle *Dr. Ch.* 347.  
*Hospitaliers*, *Hospitellers*, *RR.* 6693. *Hospitalarij*, Knights Templars, or Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.  
*Hostelrie*, *Hosterie*, *Hostrie*: An Inn. *Hostery*, *Prol.* 23. should be *Hostelry*. *Fr. Hostellerie*.  
*Hostilements*, *Hostiliments*: Furniture, Utensils, Household goods, *Suppelletilis*, *Boeth.* p. 370, a.  
*Hostilere*: An host, an Inn-keeper; An hostler.  
*Hostresse of vertue*: The hostess of Vertue, One that always entertains Vertue within her breast. *Cap.* 461.  
*Hote*, *Horin*: To promise. See *Hete*. Also, Be named, or called; Hot; To be heated.  
*Hove*: Lifted up. *p.* 359, b. Also, To hover. *Tr. L.* 3. 1433. *Hovid*: Hovered about, loytered. *Tr. L.* 5. 33.  
*Houfe*, *MR.* 803. *Set his houfe*; Be quit with him. *MS. Ch.* and *H.* 1. *Set his howne*, al. *houn*, a word often used in *PP.* for Gown: Perhaps it may be a Proverbial Expression, as *set their cap*, *Prol.* 588. though not exactly of the same signification. See *Shoufe*.  
*Houge*: Huge. *Mo.* 3049. *Ber.* 1178.  
*Hound* is used for a Dog in general. *Cerberus the bound of hell*, *p.* 395. b. *AS.* *Dunbe*, A dog.  
*Houndfish*: The Dog-fish. *Sq.* 1341.  
*Houfel*: The Eucharist, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. *AS.* *Dugel*.  
*Houfelin*, *Husil*: To be houseled; To receive the Holy Communion.  
*Houfholding*: House keeping. *RR.* 1132.  
*Hov*: A cap, or hood. *To make an hov above a call*, *Tr. L.* 3. 775. seems to have been a Proverbial Expression signifying To entertain two Lovers at the same time, *qv.* To wear a Cap and a Cowl together.  
*Hongates*. See *Gate*.  
*Howpede*: Hooped, hollowed. *Mo.* 1515.  
*Howfo*: Howsoever.  
*Hue*. See *Hewe*.  
*Huifste*: Hush, silent. Also, Hush! A Note of Silence.  
*Hul by hul*, *PT.* 455. f. Cheek to cheek. *Hullid and mol-lid him*, *Ber.* 745. f. Kissed and fondled him.  
*Hulfere*,



*Hulfere*, Bl. Kn. 129. Holly, which in some places is still called *Hilwer*. Sk.

*Hilfrid*, RR. 6146. Hidden, retired; from the *AS*. *Deolytyn*, *Spelunca*, *antra*, *recessus*, *latibula*.

*Humbleſſe*, *Humbleſſe*: Humility; Condeſcention.

*Humbling*: A humming noiſe. *Fa*. L. 2. 531.

*Humile*: Humble. *Humilly*: Humbly. *LIV*. 156.

*Hure*: Hire.

*Hurtelen*, *Hurtlin*: To skirmiſh. *Sk*. To thruſt, run againſt, daſh againſt; To provoke; *Inceſſire*, *Boeth*. p. 366, a.

*Huſſ*, for *Huſſe*: Huſh! A Note of Silence. *Boeth*.

*Hye*: To haſten. *Alfo*, *Halt*. In *Tr*. L. 4. 1199. in head of *low* or *hie*, *MS*. Sp. reads it, *now* in *hye*, i. e. Follow her ſpirit juſt now, without any heſitation or delay, and dye with her immediately.

*Hygh blyve*: Make the utmoſt haſt, or come preſently. *Ber*. 276.

*Hyghin*: High. *Fa*. L. 3. 1062.

*Hyd*: Halted away. *RR*. 3855.

*Hylde*, p. 367. a. *Fundere*; To pour. See *Hilderh*.

*Hylled*. See *Hile*.

*Hylc*: Highly. *Fl*. 185. It may not be improper to take notice in this place of a miſtake in printing this and the following Verſes, which ſhould be read thus;

*I am to blynde ſo hylc to diſcerne  
Of her goodenes to make deſcription.*

*Hungen*: Hung.

*Huſt*: Huſh! Peace! A Note of Silence. *PT*. 536.

## I.

**I** And *T* are indifferently prefixed to Verbs in the *Prieter* Tense, and ſometimes in other Tenses. See *T*.

*Jacke of Dovyre*, *MR*. 1279. *Jack-a-dover*, i. e. A Fowl, or Joint of Meat done over again; as it is explained, *lb*. 1240.

*Jack Strate*, *Mo*. 1509. One of the Ringleaders of a Rebellion of the common People of *Kent* in the Reign of *Richard* the Second, in which the *Flemmings* or *Dutch* Strangers were great Sufferers.

*Jacobins*, *RR*. 6338. The Fryers of *St. Dominick's* Order are ſo called in *France*, becauſe their Monastery in *Paris* (formerly an Hoſpital) is dedicated to *St. James*, and is ſeated in the Street called *Rue S. Jacques*. *Blo*.

*Jambeux*, *No*. 3380. Boots, Armour for the Legs. *Sp*. From the *Fr*. *Jambe*, A leg.

*Jane*, *No*. 3244. Halfpence of *Fanna*, or *Galy* Halfpence. *Sp*. A Coin of *Genoa*. *Sk*. It ſeems to have been of very little value. *Fr*. 2020.

*Jangle*, *Janglin*: To prate, to talk much; To make an empty noiſe. *Jangle*, *Fr*. 143. Prating, babbling. See *Pars*. p. 197, b: 203, a.

*Jangler*, *Jangleresse*, *fem*. A great talker. *Janglers*: Praters, idle talkers. *Sp*. 1822. But perhaps it ſhould be read there, *Jangleressis*. See *Brouke*.

*Jangling*. See p. 197, b. l. 54.

*Jape*, *Fr*. 697. A jeſt. "A word (ſays *Sp*.) by abuſe "grown odious, and therefore by a certain curious "Gentlewoman ſcraped out in her *Chaucer*, whereupon "her ſerving man writeth thus;

*My Miſtreſſe cannot be content  
To take a jeſt as Chaucer ment;  
But uſing ſtill a Woman's faſhion,  
Allows it in the laſt Tranſlation:  
She cannot with a Word diſpenſe,  
Although I know ſhe loves the ſenſe;  
For ſuch an uſe the World hath got,  
That Words are Sins, but Deeds are not.*

*Jape*, *Japis*: To jeſt, to joke, to make ſport: To deceive, to impoſe upon. *Pro*. 173. To make a jeſt of, to laugh at. *Tr*. L. 1. 529.

*Japer*: A common jeſter, a buffoon; A cheat.

*Japerie*: It is deſcribed in *Pars*. p. 202, a.

*Japes*, *Japis*: Jeſts, fooleries.

*Jape-worthy*: Ridiculous. p. 398. a.

*Ibarrid*: Fortified with barrs. *RR*. 480.

*Ibathid*: Bathed.

*Ibe*: Be, are; Been.

*Ibete*: Beaten. *Tr*. L. 2. 940. *Ibete*, *Di*. 197. Set forth. *Sk*. Stamped. *Sp*. See *Bete*.

*Iblowre in brede*, *Tr*. L. 1. 5310. Blown, or noiſed abroad.

*Ibore*: Born.

*Ich*, *Iche*: I, my ſelf. *CL*. 204.

*Ieled*: Cloathed, clad. *RR*. 472.

*Ielepud*: Called, named. *Tr*. L. 4. 504.

*Icoignid*: Coined. *No*. 2286.

*Icolerid al with cautelis*, *Ber*. 925. All coloured with cautions, i. e. Making ſpecious pretences.

*Icomen*: Come. *Tr*. L. 3. 1674. But it is rather to be read there, as in *MS*. *Sp*. *Tha comyn*.

*Icond*, for *Ikend*: Known. *Dr*. Ch. 666.

*Icorwin*: Cut.

*Icought*: Caught. *Tr*. L. 1. 535, 558. *Ycought*, *Ca*.

*Iampnid*: Damned; Condemned. *Mo*. 3173.

*Ilatrid*: Shot with an arrow, or dart. *Tr*. L. 4. 240.

*Ilel*, *Idle*: Vain. *In idle*, or *idel*, *Fr*. 2413. p. 201, b. *In idilneſſe*, *RR*. 3323. In vain. *MS*. On yſel.

*Ilo*, *Idor*, *Tr*. L. 2. 789. *Idoen*, *RR*. 1063. To do, to cauſe; Done. *Allo*, Undone, ſpoiled.

*Idolaſter*: An Idolater. *Sq*. 1816.

*Itrane*: Drawn, extracted. *No*. 1461.

*Iire*: The Serpent *Hydra*. *Boeth*.

*Jemme*: A Gem, a Jewel. *No*. 1737, 3118.

*Jeopardie*, *Tr*. L. 5. 1547. *MS*. *Sp*. and the old Editions read it *Paradye*, *V*.

*Jeopardin*: To put in jeopardy, to hazard. *Tr*. L. 4. 1566.

*Jeopardiſe*: Jeopardy, danger. *Ch*. *Dr*. 666. *Jeuperdouslie*: With jeopardy or danger. *RL*. 263.

*Jeromie*: *St. Jerome*. *No*. 2151.

*Jeltis*: Jeſts. *Allo*, *Hitories*. *Tr*. L. 5. 1510. Famous actions. *Fa*. L. 3. 428. See *G. jic*.

*Jeuſe*: Juice. p. 515, b.

*Jemie*: A place where *Jews* were permitted to inhabit, as the *Old Jury* in *London*.

*Jewiſe*, *Pro*. 1741. A reward by revenge. *Alſo* a Gibbet. *Sp*. From the *AS*. *Geptice*, *Pana*, *mellea*, *ſupplium*. *Sk*. But the Author of the *Engl. Expoſitor* rather takes it to be the ſame that often occurs in *Britton* by the name of *Jeniſe*, where it ſignifies Judgment, Examination, or Tryal by, or before one having Jurisdiction, and to be corrupted of the *Lat*. *Judicium*.

*Jfare*. See *Fare*.

*Jfellowſhipped*: Joined in company or fellowſhip; Accompanied. *Boeth*.

*Jhere*, or *In jere*: In company, together. See *Fere*.

*Jſete*: Effect. *RR*. 4476.

*Jſtute*: Paſſing, ſleeting. *Boeth*. See *Flit*.

*Jgloſed*: Flattered. See *Gloſe*.

*Jgrave*: Dug. *LW*. 204.

*Jgurde*, *Mo*. 3266. To fly round, or in a circle. *qu*. *gy-rando volare*.

*Jheried*: Praiſed; Honoured. See *Ilery*.

*Jholpe*: Helped, aſſiſted. *RR*. 5505.

*Jkende*: Known. *Mo*. 2470.

*Jknett*: Knitt, bound. *Tr*. L. 3. 1740.

*Jknowe*: Known.

*Jlad* (ſo it ſhould be read, *Pro*. 532.) Led, carried; *Lay'd*. But *Com*. explains it, He had loaden many a load of dung. See *Lother*.

*Jlaſt*: Left.

*Jliche*, *PT*. 11. The ſame.

*Jliche*, *Jlike*: Like; Alike.

*Jlion*: *Troy*. *Lat*. *Ilium*. *Mo*. 1471. When it is joyned with *Troye*, as in *Dr*. Ch. 1248. it ſignifies the City, and *Troye*, the Country of *Troy*. *Holman*.

*Jlike*, as *Jliche*.

*Jlogid*: Lodged.

*Jlorn*: Loſt. *Tr*. L. 4. 1250. See *Jorn*.

*Jmaginaſe*: Suſpicious, jealous. *Fr*. 2640. Thoughtfull.

*Alſo*, *Imagination*, opinion. *Lidg*. *Late* of *St. Edmund*. Proper, or belonging to the Imagination. p. 400, a.

*Jmashid*: Masked, wrapt up, covered. *Tr*. L. 3. 1740.

*Jmeinte*,



- Imeinte, Imente* (so it should be read, *Bl. Kn.* 458.) Mingled, mixt.
- Iment*: Meant. *Fa. L.* 3. 652.
- Imoved*: Moved. *Boeth.*
- Imperciable*: Impenetrable. *Test.*
- Imperie*: Rule, government. *Boeth.*
- Impes*: Shoots, young twigs, or branches. *Mo.* 68.
- Impeiren*: To obtain; To intreat.
- Impid*: Grafted, set.
- Importable*: Impossible; Intolerable. *Mo.* 627. *Fr.* 2165. *RR.* 6902.
- Importune*: Troublesome. *RR.* 5632. Importunate. *Fr.* *Importun.*
- Impossible*: An impossibility. *Tr. L.* 3. 525.
- In* for *On*, *Tr. L.* 3. 968. So *H.* 2. *Ca.* and *Py.* read it.
- Incombrous*: Cumberfome, troublesome. *Fa. L.* 2. 354.
- Incubus*, *WB.* 880. A Spirit supposed to have carnal knowledge of Women; The Night-mare.
- Inde*: India; Indian. *Inde* and *Perf.* *RR.* 67. Indian and Persian. *Inde*, *Inde* is used by *Lidg.* for Azure, or blew; as, *His standard of colour ynde*, i. e. Azure. Life of St. Edmund. As a sceptre—The hier part of gold and stonis ynde. *Ib.* So the *Saphire Inde*. Fall of Princes, *L.* 1. Ch. 20.
- Indigne*: Unfit, unworthy. *Fr.* 1389.
- Indulgence*: Forgiveness.
- Inched*: Put in.
- Inferes*, p. 492, a. 1. 35. Perhaps it should be read *Inseers*. See *Inseer*.
- Inflate*: Blown; Puffed up, swelled. *CCr.* 48.
- Infortune*: Misfortune, mischance. *Infortunil*: Unfortunate. *Tr. L.* 4. 744.
- Inhauncing*: Advancing.
- Inbilde*, *Tr. L.* 3. 44. To infuse, to inspire. *Sk.*
- Iniquitance*: Unequality. *Sq.* 1304.
- Injure*, *Fr.* An injury. *Tr. L.* 3. 1020.
- Inly*: Inwardly. *Fr.* 84. Thorowly. *RR.* 397. Perfectly.
- Inne*: In. *Mo.* 115. A house, a habitation; A Colledge; A lodging. *No.* 2950. *Mo.* 2917.
- Innerest, Inrest*: Innmost, innermost. *Boeth.*
- Innuence*: Ignorance. So *Ca.* reads it in *Tr. L.* 2. 1048.
- Innocent*: Ignorant. *Ib.* 1723.
- Innominal*: Not fit to be named. p. 489, b.
- Inobedience*: Disobedience.
- Inome*, *Tr. L.* 1. 242. *Inomen*, *Mo.* 2971. Taken. See *Nome*, &c.
- Inough*: Enough. To do inough: To satisfy. p. 207, a.
- Input*: Put upon, imposed. p. 493, a.
- Inrest*, p. 478, a. See *Innerest*.
- Inser*: One that has a good insight into matters. *Test.* *L.* 3.
- Inselid*: Sealed up. *Ch. Dr.* 1014.
- Insit*: Set in; Natural; *Insins*, *Boeth.* p. 367, b.
- Insolubill*: Unanswerable. *Ber.* 1888.
- Intelligence*: The Understanding. *Boeth.*
- Intennate Fenipre*, *Bal.* 310. Sweet-smelling Juniper; *In suaves halitus intennata*. *Sk.*
- Intere*: Intire, sincere. *Bal.* 220.
- Intermete*: To intermeddle, to interpose. *WB.* 834.
- Interminable*: Unbounded, infinite. *Boeth.*
- Intier*, *Magd.* 568. as *Intere*.
- Intill*: Into. *CCr.* 83.
- Intresse*. See *Entresse*. With her intresse, *CL.* 811. By her own labour; unless it should be read *herin tresse*, or *here in tresse*, i. e. hair dress'd up in tresses.
- Joconde*, *No.* 607. Pleasant. *Lat.* *Jucundus*.
- Jogelours*: Jugglers. *RR.* 764.
- Joigne*, *RR.* 2355. To enjoyn. *Joignid*: Joined. *Mo.* 519.
- Jolly*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1612. In all the MSS. and Old Editions which I have seen, it is *Joly faire*. See *Joly*.
- Joleining*: Jolly, joyfull. p. 480, b. Perhaps it signifies joining; so that the sense may be this: Though we are at a distance, yet the joining of our wordes, i. e. your being acquainted with my complaints, would administer some relief: Or if we read it *solein*, the sense may be this: Methinks that by such Melancholy expressions as these my uneasiness begins to abate.
- Jombre*: To joyn, to jumble. *Sp. Tr. L.* 2. 1037.
- Jonglerie*, *Tr. L.* 5. 755. (or as MS. *Sp. Jangelrie*) as *Jangling*, *V.*
- Jordanis*, *No.* 1819. Double Urinals. *Sk.*
- Jossa*, *MR.* 993. Turn. *Sp.* An Interjection, commonly used in catching a Horse.
- Jouis*: Jupiter. *Tr. L.* 3. 15.
- Journe*: A Day's work. *RR.* 579. *Fr.* *Journée*.
- Jouster*: Juits and Turnaments. *Ch. Dr.* 1987.
- Jowels*: Jewells. *RR.* 5420.
- Jowes*: The Jaws. *Boeth.*
- Joyeux*, *Fr.* Pleasant, joyfull.
- Joynaunt*: Joyning.
- Jperlid*: Set with Pearls. *Mo.* 2098.
- Jplight*: Pawned, pledged; Plighted. *Tr. L.* 3. 783. But *Ca.* hath it better, *Ye plight*; You plighted.
- Jplited*: Plaited, folded. *Boeth.*
- Jpocras*, *Sq.* 1323. *Hippocras*, a Wine made with Spices; so called, because it is strained through a woollen Cloth, called *Hippocrates's Sleeve*.
- Jraft, Jrest*: Bereaved, taken away. *Hyp.* 205.
- Jrakid*: Racked up. *Mo.* 257.
- Jre*: Wrath, anger. *Fr.* 857.
- Jrest*. See *Jraft*.
- Jren*: Iron. *WB.* 906.
- Jronne*: Run, or did run.
- Jrons*: Passionate, angry. *Fr.* 750, 752, 753, 779, &c. *Jrons corage*; An angry, hasty temper. *Bal.* 521.
- Jrecuperable*: Irrecoverable. *Test.* *L.* 2.
- Jsaude*. See *Belle isande*.
- Jse*: Ice. *Cr.* 168. Also, *Sec.* *Tr. L.* 2. 354, 1253. But *Ca.* and *al.* read the latter Verse thus;
- And sayd nece, lo who comyth here now ride, i. e. riding.
- Jset*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1494. Set. *Ca.* hath it, *Shet*.
- Jshape, Jshaped, Jshapen*: Shaped, formed; Ordained; Prepared. See *Shape*.
- Jshene*: Bright, shining.
- Jshoned*, perhaps for *Jshoned*, or *Jshored*: Shewed. *Test.* p. 503, a. 1. 60.
- Jshore*: Shorn, shaved. *Tr. L.* 4. 996.
- Jshove*, for *Jshove*, or *Jshown*: Set forth, shewed. *Th.* 21.
- Jstop*, *PT.* 292. Hyssop. Also, *Jstop*.
- Jstopt in age*, *Mo.* 934. Advanced or stricken in years; or, as *Spenser* hath it, *Shot in years*.
- Jstocked*: Put in the Stocks, confined. p. 480, a.
- Jstond*: Stand; Stood. *Tr. L.* 5. 1611.
- Jswonke*: Laboured. See *Swink*.
- Jtaile*: Italy.
- Jthende*, *AF.* 47. Well *ibende*; Having good qualities. See *Thewe*.
- Jthrowe*: Thrown. *Tr. L.* 4. 482.
- Jtinerarie*: A Guide to Travellers. *Bal. Lad.* 64.
- Jtressid*: Having her hair dressed in locks, or tresses. *Tr.* *L.* 5. 810.
- Jubb*: A jug, or bottle. *No.* 2578.
- Judge*, p. 209, a. 1. 3, 4. should be *juge*, as in *MS. Ch.* *H.* 1. and *al.* From *Jugum*, a Yoke.
- Judicum*: The Book of Judges. *Mo.* 158. A common way of naming any Book, or the Author of it, as *Æneados*, *Metamorphoseos*, for the *Æneis* of Virgil, and the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid.
- Juge*: A Judge.
- Julian*, *Prolog.* 341. "*Mandivill's MS.* (says Mr. Urry) has this Note upon the place: *Simon Leprosus* who her-  
"browd our Lord, and was baptized of him, was then  
"cleped *Julian the good Herberow*, and was made Bi-  
"shop of *Bethphage*; In the same place *M. Magdelyn*  
"had her sins forgiven her, and there she wissh [i. e.  
"washed] his feet with the teris of her eyen, and dry-  
"ed them with the tressis of her heed, i. e. head.
- July*: Jolly, gay. *Ber.* 1707.
- Just, Justen*. See *Turney*.
- Justice*: A Judge; An Officer of Justice. *No.* 505.
- Justinian eke that made lawes*, &c. *RR.* 6615, &c. In the Eleventh Book of the Code, *De Mendicantibus validis*, It is enacted, That if any shall beg, having no cause either by need or maine, the same shall be examined and searched; and who so shall find him to counterfeit, and proveth the same, *Dominium ejus consequatur*; and



and faith *Bartol.* he shall be punished *Ad arbitrium Judicis.* Sp.  
*Justis, array*, Prol. 1934. Justs, and Preparation for them, or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Lust and aray*; Gallantry, and Drefs; a proper Ornament for the Temple of *Venus*.  
*Juventute*: Youth. *Sc.* 11. Lat. *Juventus, Juventutis*.  
*Inimplied*: Muffled up, covered with a Wimple; Veiled. *Th.* 92.  
*Isis*: Verily, certainly, indeed, truly: But very often it is a meer Expletive. See *clVis*.  
*Iron, Ironne*: Won, gained. *To land ironne*; Gained the land, got to shore. *Phyl.* 34.  
*Iurie*: Hid, covered. *Tr. L.* 3. 1457. But there it should be read *Iwryen*, (as in *MS. Sp.*) which rhymes to *eyen* and *spien* in the following Verses. See *Wrie*.  
*Iwrithin*: Wrapt about. *RR.* 160.  
*Iwroke*: Revenged. *Tr. L.* 5. 589. See *Wreke*.  
*Iyen, Iyne*: Eyes. *Boeth.*  
*Iyeve*: Given. *Tr. L.* 3. 1617.

## K.

**K** *Alender*: A Directory. *LIV.* 542.  
*Kalendes*: Properly the First day of a Month; but is thence taken to signify the Beginning of any thing. *He thought it like the Kalendes of eschaunge*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1633. He looked upon it as the beginning of a change. *Kalendes of hope*, *Tr. L.* 2. 7. The first prospect of hope.  
*Karfe*: Carved. *Prol.* 100.  
*Karoll, &c.* See *Caroll, &c.*  
*Kars.* See *Kers*.  
*Kele*: To cool. *CL.* 775. *PT.* 470.  
*Kembe*: To adorn. *Mo.* 2246.  
*Kembit*, *Cr.* 222. *Kempid*, *Prol.* 2136. Combed; Adorned. *Kempt*: Dressed up; *Compius*, p. 364, b.  
*Ken*: To learn, to know; To teach, to make known.  
*Kende*: Known. *CCr.* 169. Taught, made known.  
*Kene*: Keen, sharp.  
*Kenbowe*, *Ber.* 1105. In *kenbowe*: A-kembo.  
*Kenelme*, *Mo.* 1225. *Kenelm*, King of *Mercia*, was at the age of seven years slain by the procurement of his ambitious Sister *Quendrida*: The place of his Burial was (as it is pretended) miraculously discovered; and he afterwards obtained the Title of a Saint, and Martyr. See the *Legenda Aurea*.  
*Kepe*: Care, heed.  
*Kepe, Kepin*: To keep, to take care, or heed.  
*Kerchef*, *WB.* 1018. A woman's Head-dress. See *Co-verchiefs*.  
*Kernils*: Battlements. *RR.* 4195. from the old Fr. *Karnel*. (Lat. Barb. *Quernellus*) now *Geneau*, a Battlement, or rather the Opening in the Battlements. See *Men. Fr.* in *Quernellus*.  
*Kers, Karfe*: Water-cresses. Set not a kers; Valued not a straw. *MR.* 648. *Vailith not a karfe*, *Ber.* 239. Is not worth a rush. See p. 485, b: 499, a.  
*Kerve*: To carve, to cut; To tear. *Kersish*: Cutteth, &c. *Ph.* 107. *Kerft*: Carved, &c.  
*Kesse*: To kiss. *RR.* 2610. *Fr.* 2078.  
*Kest, Kestin*: Cast. *Gam.* 486. No. 1782. Killed. *Sq.* 370.  
*Keiche*: To catch, lay hold of. *Tr. L.* 3. 1381.  
*Kevere*: To recover. *Tr. L.* 1. 918. *Keverynge*: Covering. *Ber.* 1989.  
*Keynard*, *WB.* 235. A Micher, a Hedge-creeper. *Sp.* The *Fr. Cagnard* (from whence this seems to be taken) signifies a Sordid, beggarly, slothfull, idle fellow. See *Men. Fr.* in *Cagnard*.  
*Richell*, *Fr.* 483. A little cake; from the *AS. Eicel*, A morsel. It was called a *Goddis kichell*, because God-fathers and Godmothers used commonly to give one of them to their Godchildren, when they asked blessing. *Sp.*  
*Kid, Kidde*: Made known, discovered. *RR.* 2172. Perceived; Shewed. *Tr. L.* 1. 208. *RR.* 3132.

*Kime*, *Mo.* 2635. *The sely kime*: The silly fellow, perhaps from the *AS. Guma*. See *Hick. Gr. AS.* p. 105, 106.  
*Kimeling*, or *Keneling*, *MR.* 440. A brewing vessel. *Sk.*  
*Kimmel*, or *Kemlin*, is used in the North for a Powdering-tub. *Ry's Coll.*  
*Kin*: Kindred, *AS. Eyn.* By my father kin, *Mo.* 43. *Sq.* 1031. No. 850. An Oath or Protestation; By my Father's Kindred, or Offspring. See *Mo.* 1083.  
*Kinde, Kynde*: Nature. *Lawe of kinde*, *Tr. L.* 1. 238. The Law of Nature. *Kindly, Kyndely*: Natural. *Every kindly thing*: Every thing in its own nature. *Aforne his kinde*, *RR.* 3122. Before its natural time of maturity.  
*Kinde, for Kende*, *Mo.* 2422. Taught.  
*Kinrede*: Kindred. Instead of *after kinrede*, p. 153, b: 1. 29. read a fer [MS. Ch. a fer] *kinrede*, i. e. remote kindred, in opposition to *nie sibbe*, i. e. near relations. *lb.* 1. 30.  
*Kinrest*: Quiet rest, kindly rest. *Sk.*  
*Kirkid*, *RR.* 3137. Turned upwards. *Sp.* See *Sk.*  
*Kirill*: A Kirtle, a woman's gown. *MR.* 213. *AS. Eynzel*.  
*Kist*: Cist. *Ber.* 1549.  
*Kithe*: To shew, to make known, to discover. *La.* 637. *Fr.* L. 2. 20. To give occasion. *Ne kith be her jelouse*, *Fr.* 2294. Nor create, or give her occasion of jealousy. *Kithid gentilnesse*, No. 1075. Shewed civility. To own, acknowledge. *An.* 231. *Allo*, A shew, an appearance. *Tho the kith be fair at eye*, *Fr.* 2189. Though it appear fair to the eye. *MS. Ch.* hath *kynde* there instead of *kith*; but that reading does not make so good and clear a sense as the other.  
*Kithid*, as *Kid*, *V.* *Kithish*: Discovereth. *LIV.* 504.  
*Kitt a loff*: Cut a loaf. *PT.* 393.  
*Knap*: A nap, or sleep. *RR.* 4005.  
*Knarrie*: Full of hard knobs, stubby. *Prol.* 1979. See *Gnarre*.  
*Knave*: A boy, a servant. *WB.* 1190. *Knave child*; A male child. *La.* 723, 735. *Fr.* 1464, 1466. *A boie knave*; A young fellow, or lad. *RR.* 3849. *AS. Enapa*, *Puer. CB.* *Cnap*, *Dim. Cneppyn*, A boy.  
*Knawe*, *Mo.* 2580. *To takin hem whom list not knawe*; To take, or apprehend them whom they list not to approve or like of, and they condemn their doctrine for heresie. *Com.*  
*Knaweth*: Gnaweth, biteth. p. 413. 10.  
*Knedde*: Knit. *RR.* 4811.  
*Kneen, Kneene*, *Ch. Dr.* 294. *Kneis*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1598.  
*Kneys*, *Gam.* 1397. Knees.  
*Knet*: To knit; Knit, bound. *RR.* 2092. Neatness. *Sk.* But it may very well be taken there for Knit, and then the Verses will run thus,  
*Thine herte to me now will I knit,*  
*For all thy joyfull loke, and knot*  
*Ibinde undir this little keie, &c.*  
That is, For all thy joyfull look, I will now shut up, and fast bind to my self thine heart under this little key.  
*Knight*: A soldier, a warrior. *Judas Adnachabem* is called *God's knight*, p. 157, a.  
*Knit*: Joyned; Agreed. *Fr.* 2786.  
*Knoppid*, *RR.* 7212. Tyed, laced. *Sp.*  
*Knoppis*: Rose-buds. *RR.* 1675, 1683. From the *AS. Enapa*, A button: So the *French* call a Bud, *Bouton*.  
*Knor for Knar*: A hard knob. *Ber.* 1780.  
*Knore*: A knee, or knees. *Tr. L.* 2. 1202.  
*Knowhit*: Knew. *Ber.* 93.  
*Knowleth*: Knowledge. *PT.* 256. To acknowledge. *Ber.* 3079.  
*Knowledging*: Knowing; Knowledge.  
*Kon, Konne, Konnin*: Can; Can do; Understand.  
*Konning*: Cunning, knowledge, understanding. *Fa.* L. 3. 966.  
*Koude, Kouthe*, as *Coude*, or *Combe*, *V.* *Whan that he godes koude*, *Gam.* 96. When he knows, or is able to manage an Estate. *Spenser* has *Could his good*, for Distributed his bounty. *Fairy Q. L.* 1. In such Expressions as these the Principal Verb is understood.  
*Kyt*: To cut. *Ber.* 2589.



*Kykin*, MR. 733. To look. *Kykld*: Looked. MR. 337. But MS. Ch. reads it *loked*.  
*Kyn*: Kind, manner. *Kyn affray*, La. 1138. Some kind of fear. See *Kin*.  
*Kynde*, *Kyndely*. See *Kinde*.  
*Kynrest*, p. 415, a. See *Kinrest*.  
*Kyhiib*, CM. 145. See *Kiibe*.

## L

**L** *Laas*, *Lace*, *Latche*, *Lees*, *Lese*: A trap, a snare. Prol. 1819. RR. 2790, 5093. Fr. *Laqs*, from the Lat. *Laqueus*, A knot, a bond; A lace.  
*Laboure*: Endeavour. No. 2971.  
*Labourous*: Laborious; Industrious. Sc. 69.  
*Lace*: To ensnare, confine. See *Laas*. *Laced*: Bound up. *Test*. Taken in a snare, entrapped. RR. 3178.  
*Lacert*, Prol. 2755. A Sinew. Sp. *Lacertus* signifies the Brawn or Sinew of the Arm.  
*Lach*, *Lache*, Fr. Lazy, slothfull. To lack, or want. *Test*. L. a. Also, To take, catch, snatch; To lay hold of. AS. *Laccan*, *Comprehendere*, *rapere*. Hick. Somn.  
*Lachesse*, Fr. Laziness; Dilatoriness, or Procrastination proceeding from laziness, or sloth. See *Gover*, L. 4.  
*Lacke*, *Lackin*: To dispraise, to blame, to detract from, to disparage or lessen ones character. RR. 284.  
*Lad*: Led, did lead. Ca. hath. *lad*, Tr. L. 3. 59. for *ledde*. *Had lad of dong many a forber*, Prol. 532. That is (as the Com. explains it) He had loaden many a load of dung. MS. Ch. reads it, *That had lad dong on feld many a forber*, i. e. That had laid many a forber of dung on his field. *Lad her only by bred*, RR. 216. Sk. thinks it means, She [Avarice] lived only by bread: But Mr. Urry by adding *life* makes the Verse compleat, and the sense easy; *Tha lad her life only by bred*.  
*Lady* often signifies Mistress. Fr. 2584.  
*Laste*, *Lustin*, No. 904. LW. 168. Left.  
*Late*, *Laye*: Law; A profession. Tr. L. 1. 341, 1002. La. 377.  
*Laine*: To lay. RR. 184.  
*Lainers*: Prol. 2506. Thongs, straps of leather. Fr. *Laniere*, A trap.  
*Laisir*. See *Lair*.  
*Laitie*, RL. 186. Sk. thinks it comes from *Laitare*, or *Alliere*, To entice: But perhaps it may be a Contraction of *Laymaite*.  
*Lak*: Disgrace, dispraise, blame, a fault, a dishonourable action. Sq. 1716.  
*Lake*: Fine Cloth and Lawn. Sk. No. 3363. Bal. *Lad*. 70. Also a purple colour used by Painters.  
*L'amant*, *L'amaunt*: The Lover. RR. 4615. &c. Fr. *L'amant*.  
*Lambin*: Lambs. RR. 7063.  
*Lang*: Long. Cr. 379.  
*Langour*: To languish; Languishing, faintness. *Langoring*, *Langorous*: Languishing, pining. *Langurith*: Languisheth. Sq. 1383.  
*Lans*: Launces. *The law goth by no lans*: The Course of the Law is plain and direct, not through By-ways, or Launces. Ber. 2623.  
*Lapidare*: A Lapidary, a Jeweller; a Stone-cutter: But in *Pa. L.* 3. 262. it signifies a Catalogue of Precious Stones, or a Treatise on that subject, under the Title of *The Lapidare*.  
*Lappe*: A kirt, or lappet of a garment. No. 12. Tr. L. 3. 59, 743.  
*Larder*, seems to signify a Slaughter-house, *Test*. p. 506, b. l. 13.  
*Large*: Liberal, bountiful; Prodigal, extravagant, expensive. No. 2937. Also Liberty, freedom. *Attie large*, Prol. 1285. or *Attie thy large*, as MS. Ch. At thy liberty. See *ib.* 1294. Fl. 15. *Large of tonge*, Tr. L. 5. 804. A free, easy, copious speaker; *Cui larga fandi copia*.  
*Largesse*: A large quantity. Magd. 137.  
*Largesse*: Generosity, liberality, bounty: Also, a Fee given to Chirurgions and Physicians, &c. p. 152, a.

*Larson*: Robbery, theft. Mo. 2263. Fr. *Larcin*.  
*Las*, *Lasse*: Less. *More and las*, RR. 3045. Greater and less.  
*Lash*, PT. 34. *Teris that she out lash*, f. Let fall, or shed. See p. 48, a. l. 12.  
*Latche*, RR. 1624. See *Laas*.  
*Later*. See *Lattir*.  
*Latered*: Loytered, delayed: Belated. p. 204, b.  
*Lath*, MR. 980. A barn. It is still used in *Lincolnsbire*. Sk.  
*Laton*, *Laton*: Copper. Sp. *Latten*: A mixt kind of mettall. Prol. 701. No. 1864. f. A box, or case made of Latten.  
*Latie*: Led; Instructed, brought up. *Unrightly latte*; Led out of the right way. Mo. 2397.  
*Lattir*: Later. *Ner the lattir*, Ber. 2384. *Never the later*, p. 492, a. *Neverthelcs*.  
*Laude*: Praise. *Laudes*, *Laudis*: Praises. Also, Morning Prayers, or Service. MR. 547.  
*Laven*: To lave, to drain. Boeth.  
*Lavendir*: A landress. LW. 358.  
*Laverock*, RR. 662. A sort of Bird; a Lark. Sk.  
*Laughande*: Laughing, smiling. *Test*.  
*Launcelot du Lake*, Mo. 1327. One of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table.  
*Laund*: A Plain between Woods. Prol. 1693. A Lawn.  
*Laureate*: Crowned with Laurel. Mo. 721.  
*Laurer*, Prol. 2177. *Laurere*, RR. 1313. *Launiole*, Bal. *Lad*. 73. *Launire*, FL. 109. A Laurel-tree.  
*Lawe*: Low. RR. 5046.  
*Lawghid*: Laughed. Ber. 2426.  
*Laxatise*: Looseness; A Purging Medicine. Prol. 2758. Mo. 1058.  
*Lay*: Law. See *Lait*.  
*Laysour*: Leisure. Ch. Dr. 2025.  
*Lazarous*, CCr. 115. *Lazere*, Prol. 242. A Leper. Leprous persons were called *Lazars*, because their House, or Church, at Jerusalem was dedicated to St. *Lazarus*.  
*Léande*, *Leude*, *Lewde*, *Lewid*: Ignorant, rude, unlearned. The AS. *Lapebe*-man, signifieth a Layman; the Laity being generally unlearned in comparison of the Clergy.  
*Leante*: Loyalty; Truth. Fr. *Loyauté*.  
*Lech*: To heal, to cure. Ch. Dr. 852.  
*Lech*, *Leche*: A Physician, a Chirurgion. Fr. 628. *Leche-craft*, *Lechis craft*: The profession, or skill of a Physician, or Chirurgion. Prol. 2747.  
*Lecherous*: Tending to lechery. No. 2065.  
*Lechours*: Lecherous persons, whoremongers.  
*Lectorne*, CL. 1383. A Reading-desk. Lat. *Lectrinum*; from whence the Fr. *Lectrin*.  
*Lecturaries*: Electuaries. Prol. 428.  
*Ledders*: Scales; Divisions on a Scale. p. 441, a.  
*Leddin*, *Leden*: Language, Dialect, Speech; from the AS. *Læden*, *lesen*, *Latin*. See *Gl. V.* in *Leide*.  
*Lede*, *Leid*: Lead; Led away. Also, People; Servants; Tenants, Vassals. Gam. 121, 142. AS. *Leode*. *Gens*, *populus*.  
*Ledge*: To alledge. CL. 1065. *Ledged*: Alledged, *Test*. p. 489, a.  
*Leem*, *Leme*: A flame, light, a blaze. Ber. 1618. AS. *Leoma*, Light.  
*Lees*, *Lese*, as *Laas*. In o *lees*, p. 197, b. f. In one string. Lies. *Withouin lees*, RR. 3900. Truly, without lying. Also, Loss.  
*Lese*: To leave, forsake. No. 298. Dear, loving, pleasing, gracefull. *Al be hym lothe or lese*, Prol. 1839. Whether he likes it or not. *It is me lese*, Tr. L. 5. 1737. It is a pleasure to me, I am glad of it. *I n'am not lese to gabbe*; I do not love to prate. MR. 402. Also, Love, affection. *For lese n' loth*, No. 264. Hyp. 264. Neither for love nor hatred. Also, a Mistress. RR. 847. *Lefist*: Dearest. Sq. 1004. In RR. 103. read *love is instead of lese is*.  
*Lefely*, *Lefull*: Lawfull.  
*Leff*: A leaf. Ber. 2849. See *Lese*, *Leve*.  
*Laged*: Lodged. *Test*. p. 493, a. Resident. Sk.  
*Legen*: To lay; To alledge. p. 487, b.  
*Legge*: To alledge, to lay. MR. 829.  
*Leggin*: To lessen, to abate, to ease. RR. 5016. See *Alledge*.  
*Legginge*: A lodging. *To void pity his own legginge*, Ch.



Ch. Dr. 814. To turn pity out of his habitation, or lodging.  
*Legyſtres*: Lawyers. *Teſt*.  
*Leie*: To lay. *Tr. L. 3. 72.* *Leide*: Lay down; *Ib. L. 2. 1548.*  
*Leifar, Leifir, Leizar*: Leisure.  
*Leite, Thonder leite*: Lightning. *The waie of thonder leite; Ardentis via fulminis, p. 361, b.*  
*Leke*: A leak. *Woll not ſet by him a leke, RR. 5374. Preiſe not at a leke, Ib. 4830.* Will not value him of a leak, Care not a ſtraw for him. See *Kers*.  
*Lele*: True, faithfull, honeſt; from the *Fr. Loyal, Faithfull.* *Lele labour*: Lawfull occupation, Honeſt buſineſſ. *Mo. 2695.*  
*Leman, Lemman*: It ſignifies indifferently either a Gallant or a Miſtreſſ. *MR. 1132. Mo. 2823. Hick. Gr. AS. p. 146.*  
*Leme*. See *Leem*.  
*Lene*: Lean. *Prol. 289. Lene, Lenin, (AS. Lænan) To lend. No. 1047, 1058.* To lean, bow, ſubmit. *p. 154, b.* To grant. *Ar. 198, 201.* unleſs it ſhould be read *leve*, i. e. let, or ſuffer. Inſtead of *lene*, *Tr. L. 4. 325. MS. Sp. reads leve.*  
*Lenge*: Long. *Lenger, Lengir*: Longer.  
*Lenie*: Lenity, mildneſſ. *Ber. 2634.*  
*Lenvoy, Fr. A Meſſage*: Sending. Alſo the Conclusion of a Sonnet, or Ballad, ſerving oftentimes as a Dedication, Recapitulation, or Application of the whole. *Mr. Prior's Addreſs to the Earl (now Duke) of Dorſet, at the end of his Converſation, is of this kind. See p. 100, 429, &c.*  
*Leonine corage*: The Spirit, or Courage of a Lion, *Mo. 671.*  
*Leos, No. 113, 116.* People. *Gr. Λεῶνες.*  
*Lepande*: Leaping, jumping. *RR. 1928.*  
*Lepe, No. 2079, 2086.* A Town in *Spain*.  
*Leperloge*: A Lodge, or Hoſpital, for Lepers. *CCr. 27.*  
*Leprus*: Leprous. *Magd. 175.*  
*Lez, Ber. 1219.* Leer, void, empty; as we ſay a *Leer horſe*, for a Spare horſe. *AS. Gelap.*  
*Lere*: To learn, to know; To teach. *Lered, Lerid*: Learned; Taught.  
*Lere*: The ſkin. *No. 3362. Cr. 155.* Complexion, colour. *Sp.* But *Sk.* thinks it rather ſignifies the Symmetry of the lineaments of the face, from the *Fr. L'air du viſage*, The Air of the Face: But when it ſignifies Face, it rather comes from the *Cimbr. Læge*, a Cheek, or the *AS. Pleape*; A cheek, jaw, the chin; The countenance, the face; whence we ſay, to Leer, to Lowr: And in *Ber. 2467.* *Leris* ſeems to ſignify Cheeks. See *Gibſon's Notes on Polemo-Medin. in Lyre.*  
*Les*: Leſs. *Ber. 1115.* But in *No. 46.* it ſhould be *lees*, (as in *H. 1. and al.*) to rhyme to *pres*, *Ib. 44.* *Withoutin les*; Without ceaſing. *Sk. Out of reles, MS. Ch. Without delay. See Lees.*  
*Leſe*: To looſe; Loſt. *Di. 22.* To lie; A lie; Lying; Falſhood, treachery; Falſe. *RR. 8.* *Withoutin leſe, RR. 5728.* Doubtleſs. See *Lees. Luſtie leſe, Tr. L. 2. 752.* is the ſame with *Levis lace*, *RR. 5093.* See *Laas*.  
*Leſyng*: Lying; A miſtake. *Leſyngour*: A lyer, a flat-terer. See *Loſengeour*.  
*Leſir, Leſire*: Leiſure.  
*Leſſe*: Leſt. *p. 413. Verſe 17.* Leſſer, ſmaller. *More and leſſe*; Greater and ſmaller.  
*Leſſid*: Eaſed, relieved. *Prol. 2438. Fr. 2726.* See *Liſſe*.  
*Leſt, Leſte*: To liſt, to like, to pleaſe, or to be pleaſed; Pleaſed. *Prol. 789.* Will, pleaſure, deſire, fancy. *Tr. L. 2. 787. Fa. L. 1. 287.* See *Luſt*. Alſo, *Laſt. Tr. L. 2. 1330.*  
*Leſt, p. 484, b. Leſted*: Laſted.  
*Let, Lett, Lette, Lettin*: To hinder, to ſtop; To omit, neglect; To delay, put off. *Mo. 1199. Let be, Fr. 25.*  
*Letin be, WB. 242.* Let alone. Hindered. *Tr. L. 3. 718.* Delayed. *Fr. 1419.* Alſo, Delay, hindrance. *Tr. L. 3. 700.* Leadeth. *RR. 6111.* To cauſe; Cauſed. *Luc. 185, 187.*  
*Lette*: To leave. *Prol. 1325.* Til he his life gan lete, *No. 417.* Till he dyed. To leave off, give over, forſake. *La. 332.* To diſmiſs, put away. *Fr. 1765.* Alſo *Lethe*, the River of Oblivion. *Fa. L. 1. 71.*  
*Letgame*: A hinderer of pleaſure, or diverſion, Every pie

and every letgame, *Tr. L. 3. 528.* Every chattering Tel-tale, and hinderer of mirth. See *p. 483, a. l. 65, &c.*  
*Letby*: Soft. *Teſt.* See *Liib*.  
*Letours*: Hinderers. *Teſt.* See *Let*, &c.  
*Letow*: Lithuania. *Prol. 54.*  
*Lettrature, Lettrure*, *Mo. 410. RR. 6751.* Literature, Learning.  
*Lettrid*: Learned. *RR. 7601.*  
*Letmarie*: An Eleſtuary. *No. 1821.*  
*Leud*: Unlearned; Ignorant; Fooliſh. *Fr. 3048.* See *Léande. Leudily, Leudlyc*: Unlearnedly; Ignorantly.  
*Leudineſſe*: Ignorance; Folly.  
*Leve*: Dear; Loving; Love, deſire, inclination. *Mo. 59.*  
*Leve, Levin*: To believe. *Sp. 1722. Tr. L. 1. 659.* may be thus read from *MS. Sp.*  
*Miſtrowin al, or ellis al to leve*;  
 To diſtruſt all, or believe all. *Levin on no mortal, Mo. 2390.* Believe no mortal. To Live; To Love. *He leviſh more than he may do, RR. 3519.* He loves more than he ought. To grant, permit. *God leve him werken*; God grant he may work. *Tr. L. 3. 56.* See *Lene. Leved, RR. 4535.* Believed.  
*Leveleſſe*: Without leave. *Ch. Dr. 74.*  
*Leviſell, Leviſell, MR. 953. Leſſel (umbraculum)* A buſh, or hovel. *Sp. Sk.* thinks it comes from the *Fr. Lais, Vepres, virgulta*, the Termination *ell* being added. But *Lais* ſignifies alſo a Stander-tree; of which *Leſſel* or *Leviſell* may be a Diminutive, ſignifying a young Stander. In *Part. p. 198, a.* it plainly ſignifies a Buſh.  
*Levir, Levre*: Dearer; Rather.  
*Levide*. See *Léande*.  
*Ley*: To lay. See *Lia*.  
*Leyden, as Leden*.  
*Leyis, Prol. 58.* *Sp.* takes it to be *Leviſſa* on the Continent, not far from *Rhodes*: But *Sk.* ſuppoſes it may be *Libyſſa*, a City of *Bithynia*.  
*Leyſir*. See *Leſire*.  
*Liard, Fr. 299.* Nimble. *Sp.* Perhaps the ſame with *Liart*: Gentle; Pliant; Smooth. *Sk.* In *Dougl. Virg.* it ſignifies Grey-haired, white *Albos crines, AEn. VI. Liart hanc. Incanaq; menta, Ib. VII. Lyart berde. Canities inculta, Ib. VI. Liart felterit tatis, i. e. Locks entangled for want of combing; an Expreſſion like that in Cr. 162, 163. His liart lockis late Feltrid unſure*; His white locks lay filthily entangled, felted, or twinted together.  
*Libart*: A leopard. *Prol. 2183. Libartes*: Leopards. *Mo. 375.*  
*Libel repudy, Cr. 74. Libel of deprivation, p. 508, b.* A Bill of Divorce; *Libellus repudij*.  
*Licande*: Agreeable; Well-liking. *Sq. 1294. MS. Ch.* reads the place thus;  
 — Venus hurt him with her bande,  
 As that ſhe bar daunſyng in her bande.  
*Licentiate, Prol. 220.* One that hath a Licence in any Faculty. *RR. 7693, 7694.* Or one that is licenced to admit others to any Degree, or Order.  
*Lich*: Like. *Liche even, Fa. L. 1. 13.* All alike. See *Like*.  
*Liche-wake, Prol. 2965.* A Cuſtom anciently uſed, and ſtill practiſed in ſome places, of Watching the Dead every night till they are buried; from the *AS. Lacc*, A Body, or Corpſe: It is called *Wigile*, *Tr. L. 5. 305. Pygyles, Ca. and Wake-places by Lidg.* in the Story of *Thebes*, Part. III. from the Games and Exercises therein uſed, as Wicſtling, &c. there deſcribed.  
*Liches, for Leches, p. 483, b.* See *Leche*.  
*Licorons, WB. 466. Likerous, Lycorons*: Dainty, gluttonous; Lecherous; Luxurious; Curious; Vile; wicked. *Lycorons ſhrew, p. 376, b. Scurra nequeſſimus AS. Liccepa, Guloſus, belluo; Aſſenator. Licorouſneſſe*: Lechery, wantonneſſ; Luxury. *Part. Licorouſſ; De-liciously, &c.*  
*Licour*: Liquor, moiſture. *Prol. 3.*  
*Lide, Mo. 752. Lydia in Aſia Minor.*  
*Lie, Gam. 320. Thy londe that lyth lie*; or as, *MS. Ch. that lygh leye*; Thy land that lieth unadwaited. Untilled grounds are called *Leye* in *Scotland* and we ſay



- to let Lands *Lay*, i. e. lye fallow, a year or two; and *Lay-land* is land that lieth untilled. See *Somn.* in *Ley*, and *Gl. V.* in *Leyis*.
- Liege, Liegenman*: A subject, one that owes allegiance to his Liege, or lawfull Lord. *RR.* 4647. *Liegeis*: Subjects. *Fr.* 1097.
- Lies*: Lees. *Fa. L.* 3. 1040.
- Lith*, *RR.* 4143. *Layeth*.
- Lifelich, Lifely*: Lively. *Lifely hewed*; Of a lively complexion. *Dr. Ch.*
- Liste*: Left. *p.* 441. *A liste halfe*; On the left side. *RR.* 163.
- Lige*, *Mo.* 1944. *Ligge, Liggin*: To lye down. *Ligging*: Lying.
- Light*: To alleviate, to make light, or easy. *Tr. L.* 3. 1058. *Her loking gan she light*, *Tr. L.* 1. 293. She looked pleasantly. *Alighted*. *La.* 787. It is put for *lie*, i. e. little, in *Mo.* 1047. Also, *Easy*. *Lightly*: Easily; Probably.
- Lighnesse*: Light. *AF.* 263.
- Ligne*, *Ch. Dr.* 1517. *Ligne*: Lineage, descent; A line. *Disfending by ligne*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1480. Descended lineally, or in a direct line.
- Ligner*, *p.* 493, b. *Liketh*, yieldeth. *Sp.* Pleasure. *Sk.*
- Like*: Alike. *Like ewin*, *RR.* 6144. In all places, or things alike.
- Likely*: Like. *A likely thing him till*, *RR.* 4852. A thing like himself, or his own likeness, *Ib.* 4855.
- Likorous, Likerousnesse*. See *Licorous, Licorousnesse*.
- Likin*: To please, to be agreeable to. *Tr. L.* 1. 432. *f. leg.* *Liking*, *Fr.* 1536. Agreeable, as in *RR.* 868. And perhaps in *Tr. L.* 1. 309. it should be so read instead of *loking*: *Ca.* reads it, *lykyng*.
- Likir*: More like. *Tr. L.* 3. 1030.
- Limaile* (*Fr. Limaille*) Filings of Iron, Steel, or any other Metal. *No.* 874. *Silver limaile*, *Ib.* 1183. *Silver-duft*, or *Shaving of Silver*, *Ib.* 1260.
- Lime his fethirs*: Stick his feathers together, as with bird-lime. *Tr. L.* 1. 354.
- Lymere, Lymere*, *Dr. Ch.* 362, 365. A *Lymere, Levriner* or *Leamer* (so called from the *Leam*, or *Line*, wherewith he is led) is a middle sized Hound between a Harier and a Greyhound both for kind, and frame of body, being active, light and nimble. *Holme's Acad. of Armory.* See *Cains De Canibus.* fol. 3, b.
- Limerod*: A Lime-twigg. *Mo.* 801.
- Limes, Limis, Limmis*: Limbs. *CL.* 228. *AS.* Lima, *Membrum*.
- Limid*: Polished. *Fa. L.* 3. 34.
- Limit*, *p.* 158, b. To appoint, to set a day.
- Limitation*, *WB.* 877. A certain Precinct, allowed to a *Limitour*, *V.*
- Limitour*, *Prol.* 209. A Fryer that had a particular Grant, or License for begging, or exercising other Functions within certain Limits, or Bounds; as the *Limitour* of *Holdernesse*, *Fr.* 455, 456, &c. See *p.* 590, b. *Paragr.* II. *Why hire you to ferme*, &c. It will give more light to the meaning of the word if the whole Paragraph be read as it is in *Mr. Rawlinson's MS.*
- Whi sette ye al the Kyngis londe to ferme to your Lymytours*, as ye weren lordis of al menes goodis and ye woll not suffre o frere to begge in anothers lymytacioun unpunished.
- Limmis*. See *Limes*.
- Linage*: Family. *RR.* 258.
- Linde*: A Teil-tree, or Lime-tree. *Fr.* 2226. *Lindis*: Teil-trees, Lime-trees. *RR.* 1385.
- Lipful*: Lipped. *Prol.* 266.
- Lis*: To ease, to comfort. *Ber.* 216. See *Lisse*.
- Lisse*: To ease. *Bal.* 954. To be eased. *RR.* 3758. To ease; To be lessened. *RR.* 4128. *Ease*. *Tr. L.* 5. 550. Instead of *blisse* read *lisse*, or *lysse*, as *Ca.* *Respite*. *Fr.* 2794. *Abatement*. Also, A list, or border; Limit, end. *Sp.*
- List*: Will, pleasure. *RR.* 1957.
- Lise*, *Tr. L.* 4. 394. Should be read *lyse*, i. e. doſt lie down. So *MS. Sp. Ca.* and *al.*
- Litis*: Lits, a place for Combatants, or Wrestlers, &c. to fight or exercise in. *Prol.* 63, 1864. *Fr. Lice.*
- Litarge*: Lithargy: White Lead, "The foam that riseth from Lead when tried: It is cold of operation, and used by Chirurgions in Ointments and Plaisters, be-
- "ing of a gentle, drying, cleansing, and binding nature. *Bo.* See *Ceruse*.
- Lite*: Little, small.
- Lith*, *RR.* 5909. *Lyeth*. *Thereby lithe a tale*; Thereby hangs a tale. *AL.* 21. In *Tr. L.* 4. 228. instead of *Lithe*, i. e. *Lyeth*, *Ca.* hath *Ryght so*. Also, Gentle, tractable; Smooth, plain; Soft. *Fa. L.* 119. *RR.* 3762. To lessen, to ease. *Tr. L.* 4. 754. Also, A joint, a limb, a nerve. *Mo.* 990. *AS.* *Lith*, *Lenis*, &c. *Ar-*  
*tus*, &c.
- Lither, Lithir*, *Ber.* 727. Naughty, wicked; Froward, unacceptable. *AS.* *Lithir*, *Nequatus*, *ingratus*. *Lithirly*: Ill, wickedly, &c. *Lithirly beset his while*; Spent his time ill. *MR.* 191.
- Lithin*, *Gam.* 1. To hearken, attend, listen. *AS.* *Lithan*, *Applicare*, *conferre*.
- Lithir, Lithirly*. See *Lither*.
- Lithy*: Humble, quiet, mild. *Sk.* See *Lith*. It seems to be the same with *Lither*. *CN.* 14. and perhaps should be so read.
- Lithynge*; *Fa. L.* 3. 133. Very small or little. *AS.* *Lithing*.
- Litrage*: A Lethargy. *Booth*.
- Little*, *Tr. L.* 4. 884. *Into little*; Within a little, almost.
- Littrature*, *No.* 867. Literature, learning, scholarship.
- Livande*: Living. *Ch. Dr.* 1628.
- Live, Lyve*: Life. *On live*, or *lyve*; *AMve.* *RR.* 5294.
- Livelishe*, *CL.* 782. *f.* as *Lifelich*.
- Livelod, Livelode*: A livelyhood.
- Liveray* (*Fr. Livree*) Livery. It properly signifies Wages, Salary, or Fee allowed to Officers, whether in money, or necessaries in kind. *Gam.* 1018. *Payith him gode liveray*; Pay them good wages, spoken ironically for, Beat them soundly.
- Living*, for *Levin*: To believe. *Mo.* 2835.
- Livis body*: A living body, or person. *Fa. L.* 2. 555. *Livis creature*; A living creature. *Fr.* 1924.
- Loce*: Loose. *Fa. L.* 3. 196. *p.* 393, a.
- Lodemanage*, *Bal.* 250. *Lodemenage*, *Prol.* 405. The Skill, or Art of Navigation. It seems to be the *AS.* *Lað-man*, A Guide, and perhaps a Pilot, with a *French* Termination. In *Gen. XXXIII.* 15. *Eſau* presseth *Jacob* to take him guides of his people that knew the way, *ic* biððe þeſ þu nýme þe Laðmenn, &c. *Wotſman, Kilian* is a Pilot from *Wot*, Lead, because he useth a Plummet for founding. See *Mynſhew*.
- Loder*, *Ber.* 837. for *Lodesterre*, *V.*
- Lodemen*, *Hyp.* 121. *Lodifmen*, *Ber.* 823. Pilots; guides, or Leaders. The *Loadstone* is so called from the *AS.* *Læðan*, To lead, or guide; *qu.* a Leading-stone, *Somn.* in *Læðan*. See *Lodemenage*.
- Lodesterre*: The North-star, by which Sailors steer their Course. *Prol.* 2061. and thence it is taken to signify any sure Guide, or Director. *Tr. L.* 5. 232. where instead of *Lodesterre* it is *Lodis sterre* in *MS. Sp.* as it is, *Ib.* 1391.
- Loft*: High, from Lift. *On loft*; *On high*. *La.* 278.
- Loge*: A lodge, a lodging, habitation. *Lepir loge*; A Lodge, or Hospital for Lepers. *CCR.* 27. A hen-roost. *Mo.* 966.
- Loggit*, as *Alogit*.
- Loigne*: A line. *RR.* 7100.
- Lollers*, *Mo.* 2013. *Lollards*, A name of Infamy bestowed on the Followers of *Wicklif*; supposed by some to be so called from one *Walter Lolhard*, the Author of a Sect in Germany and the Low Countries, in the Thirteenth Century: Others think they had the name from *Lolium*, as being Tares among the Lord's Wheat; to which *Chaucer* alludes. *Sq.* 12, 15, 21. *Sk.* from a certain Tower called *Lollard*, where they were imprisoned; but probably the Tower was so called from them. In later times the word hath been used to signify all Opposers of, or Dissenters from, the Established Religion.
- Lombardes*, *No.* 2875. Bankers, so called from the *Lombards* of Italy, who were notorious Usurers, and as such are joyned with Jews in *PP. Paß.* 5.  
*I lerned amonge Lumberdes and Jewes a lesson  
To wey penyes with a peyes, and pare the heuyest,  
And leue it for loue of cresse, &c.*



*Lombis*: Lambs. *Bal.* 267, &c.

*Of lombis, as in forshastneß,  
Tho Clerkis makin mencoun;  
Ther kind is frei with doubleneß.*

Though Clerks, or Scholars, represent Women to be like Lambs for their truth and sincerity, yet they are all fraught, or filled, with doubleness or falshood.

*Lome*: Often. *Ber.* 968. How oft. *ib.* 1367. *AS.* Ge-lome.

*Londe*: Land. *Londet, Londis*: Lands.

*Londewoys*: A Londoner, one born in London. *p.* 488, b.

*Londe-tillers*: Husbandmen. *Boeth. Tiff.*

*Londlese, qu. Landless*: Having no Lands. *Mo.* 2013.

*Lone*: A loan, a thing lent; Lending. *God be thankid of his lone*, *Fr.* 597. There seems to be a corruption both in this verse and the next, of *love* into *lone*, and *above* into *alone*, which might easily happen, *u* and *n*, *h* and *l*, being very like in the old MSS. Those two Verses may be easily understood if thus read;

*Thei may now (God be thankid of his love)  
Makin ther Jubilee, and walke above;*

That is, They may now (God be thanked for his Love) walk above, in Heaven, and keep their Jubilee there. In *Ca.* 1. they are so read with a very little variation, viz. *Maken her Jubilee, and walkyn al above*. But all the subsequent Editions read *lone* and *alone*.

*Long*, *RR.* 3377. *Of long passid*; A long time ago.

*Longe*; To b-long. *Longth*: Belongeth. *Tr. L.* 2. 1346.

*RR.* 2197.

*Longius*, *Magd.* 176. or *Longetus*, is said to be the Name of the Soldier who pierced our Saviour's side with a spere, and being blind was restored to his sight by wiping his eyes with his hands which were bloody. See *Nicodemus's Gospel*.

*Loos*. See *Loße*.

*Lop, Lope, Loppe*: A spider. *p.* 440, a: 442, a. *Sk.* charges the Interpreter of *Chaucer* with a mistake in explaining *Loppe*, a Spider, whereas it signifies a Flea: But it can scarce bear that sense in *p.* 440, a. It seems rather to be a mistake of the Transcribers in writing *Loppe* for *Coppe*; *Atter-coppa* in *AS.* being a Spider, which is still called *Attercop* in the North, and in *CB.* *Cop* or *Coppyn*. See *Ray's Coll.* *p.* 123, 139.

*Lordlingis, Lordingis, Lordingis*: Sirs, Masters; A Dim. of *Lords*. *Lord* sometimes signifies no more than Master, as *No.* 2820. *Ray* says, that *Loert* (which seems to be a corruption of *Lord*) is used in the *Peak* of *Derbyshire* for Gaffer, Lady, Gammer. See *Gl. V.* in *Lard*.

*Lordship*: Power, authority.

*Lore*: Direction; Rule. *Tr. L.* 1. 646. Learning. *La.* 4. Advice. *Tr. L.* 1. 755. Doctrine. *Pro.* 529. Knowledge. *Fr.* 1808. Also, for *Lorne*, *Mo.* 2671.

*Lorell*: A devourer. *Sp.* *Sk.* thinks it to be a Dim. of *Lurco*, a Glutton. *WB.* 273. *Mo.* 2314. A loose, vile, or lewd fellow. Every *lorell*; *Perditissimum quemq;* *Boeth.* *p.* 363, b.

*Lorne*: Lost, undone. *Sq.* 649. *Fr.* 2092, 2583.

*Lose, Loos, RR.* 1161. Praise; Fame; Reputation. *Lat.* *Laus*. Also, *Loß*. *Tr. L.* 4. 27. *Loses*: Praises. *Fa.* *L.* 3. 598.

*Loßell*: A crafty fellow. *Sp.* A lyar, a hypocrite, a cheat, a counterfeit. *Mo.* 3206. From the *AS.* *Leaf*. *Mendax, falsus*.

*Lofengeour, Lofengere*: A lyar, a flatterer. *Lozengier* in old *Fr.* is a Deceiver. See *Men Fr.* in *Lozenger*, and *Men. It.* in *Lusinga*.

*Lofengery, Lofengrie, Mo.* 2575. *Lofery, Ber.* 193. Lying; Flattery; Deceit, a cheat.

*Lofengis, Lofynges*: Lies; Flattery. *Fa. L.* 3. 227. Also Scutcheons of Arms, born by Ladies in a Lozenge. *Lofingis and scachons, RR.* 893. Coats of Arms of Ladies, and Gentlemen.

*Loßid*: Loosed, set at liberty. *RR.* 4511.

*Loß*, for *Loß*, *Ber.* 2819.

*Loibly, RR.* 6339. A Companion, or Love. *Sp.* See *Sk.* We find *Lemmans* and *Loiblies* joyned together in *PP.* *Paß.* 3. as being synonymous.

— And priestes maineineth  
To have lemmanis and loiblies all her lyue dayes  
And bring forth barnes agayne forbidden lawes.

*Loib*: Unwilling; Hatefull, odious, loathsome. *Re him loib or dere, Tr. L.* 2. 808. Whether it pleases him, or no. *Loibe unto Christ*; Hated by Christ. *Hen* 250. *Loib*: More odious, &c. *As to me, nis lezur non ne loibur, LW.* 191. I neither love nor hate the one more than the other.

*Loibely*: Loathsome. *WB.* 1100.

*Loibir*. See *Loib*.

*Love dayis*: Meetings for pleasure and diversion. *P. ol.* 260. *Fa. L.* 2. 187. *Lovedaie, p.* 481. b. signifies Peacemaking, reconciliation.

*Lovejome*: Lovely. *Tr. L.* 5. 465.

*Lough, No.* 1990. *Loughr, Ber.* 2317. Laughed.

*Lowris*: Lovers. *Hyper.* 4.

*Louke, MR.* 1307. A fellow-receiver. *Sp.* A Receiver to a thief; An Overseer, or Examiner of Accounts. *Sk.* Perhaps it may signify a Setter to a thief, one that looks out, and gives notice of booty.

*Loupe, Bal.* *Lad.* 92, 93. See *Depe loupe*.

*Lour, Loure, Ber.* 728. *RR.* 7099. To lowr, to look askint, to look lowr, fullen or crabbed.

*Loune*: To submit; To kneel. *RR.* 7336. To honour; To stoop, bow, cringe. *RR.* 1554, 4384. To lurk or hide one's self. *No.* 197. See *ib.* 322, &c.

*Louteden*: Bowed, made obeysance, &c.

*Low*: Law. *Ch. Dr.* 324.

*Lone*: To praise. *RR.* 4932. *Ber.* 920. To allow, approve.

*Lontlyhed*: Lowliness, humility. *Bl. Kn.* 315.

*Loylite*: Truth, sincerity. *AL.* 98.

*Luce, Prol.* 54. *Livonia, Liefland. Sk.* Also, A Pike, or Jack. *Prol.* 352. *RR.* 7089.

*Lucerne*: A lamp, a candle. *CN.* 303.

*Lucina*: *Juno, or Diana*; The Moon. *Fr.* 2591.

*Lufe*: Love. *Prol.* 2787.

*Lukir*: Lucre, gain. *Ber.* 3162.

*Lure*: A Device used by Falconers for bringing their Hawks to fist: Whence the Expression *Bring to lure, Reclaim to the lure*. To make a hawk familiar, to bring him to fist; and thence it is used for To bring a person to ones purpose, &c.

*Lusshburghis*: Base Coins imported from foreign parts, and dispersed here in the time of *Edward III.* to called (as *Sk.* thinks) from *Luxenburgh*, where they were first coined. *No lusshburghis payin ye, Mo.* 74. You make true payment, not in counterfeit coin; *Vos solutionem præstatis non fictam.* *Spelm.*

*Lust*: Will, pleasure, desire; To be pleased. *Lust to sey, No.* 282. Was pleased, or list, to say. *Lusty*: Gay, pleasant; Earnest; Earnestly. *Lustie lese, Tr. L.* 2. 752. The snare, or bond, of love or pleasure. See *Les*.

*Lustliche, Hyp.* 163. *Lustihed, Lustneß, Tr. L.* 3. 177. *Lusty*.

*Luxury*: Lechery, lust.

*Lycorous*. See *Licorous*.

*Lyseliche*: Lively. *Teff.*

*Lygeaunce*: Allegiance. *Bl. Kn.* 552.

*Lyurge*: *Lycurgus*, the famous *Spartan* Law-giver.

*Lymere*. See *Limer*.

*Lymme*: A limb. *Dr. Ch.* 499. *Lymys*: Limbs. *Ber.* 162.

*Lynd*. See *Linde*. Under the wode lynd, *Gam.* 1339. perhaps may signify no more than, In the wood, under the trees, in general, as the Expression, *Under the lynd*, seems to be used in *Doug. Virg.* *p.* 220, 40.

*Lyne*: Line. *Lyne right*; In a right line. *p.* 446, b.

*Lynne*: To loyter, to tarry. *Gam.* 1105.

*Lisse*: To lessen. *Boeth.* See *Lisse*.

*Lyte*: Little. *Fr.* 971.

*Lyve*. See *Live*.

*Livere*: Livery; Apparel. *Prol.* 365. See *Liveray*.

*Livery*: Delivery. *Ber.* 1163.

*Lyvinge*: Living. *Her daies lyving*; All the days of her life.

*Livlade, Ber.* 2464. See *Livlade*.



## M.

**M***Acc*, Prol. 2126. A Batoon; A club, a staff.  
*Adach*, for *make*, PT. 83. A mate, a match, an equal; To match, to be even with. *Ib.* 540.  
*Machabe*, Mo. 604. The Apocryphal Books of the *Machabees*; particularly the first six Chapters of the First Book, wherein are described the Actions and Death of *Antiochus Epiphanes*.  
*Mad*: To be mad. *RR.* 1072.  
*Mafie*, *Maifae*, Fr. *Ma foy*, *Sur ma foy*: Faith, upon or by my Faith. *Tr. L.* 3. 52.  
*Magicine*: A Magician. *Fr.* 2797.  
*Magike naturele*, Prol. 418. "He meaneth (says *Sp.*) this Physician was skilfull in Astrology; and could make his election of fortunate hours, wherein to minister his potions to his Patient; and likewise that he was practised in *Magick Natural*, as in making of Sigils, or Characters stamped on metal in their due times fitted to that Sign that governed that part of the body wherein the Malady was; as the stamp of *Aries* for the disease in the Head, and of *Leo*, for the Reins, &c. Hereof he speaketh, *Fa. L.* 3. 178, &c.  
*Magre*, as *Maugre*.  
*Mahound*: *Mahomet*. *La.* 225. Perhaps mistaken by the Transcribers for *Mahomid*, as it is often written in the MSS.  
*Maifae*, *RR.* 7580. See *Mafae*.  
*Maile*: A Coat of Mail. *Fr.* 2217.  
*Mainie*: Mixed, mingled. *Bl. Kn.* 230.  
*Mainieine*, *Mainieiners*, *Mainieynours*. See *Champartie*.  
*Maintenance*: Countenance, looks, carriage. *Dr. Ch.* 834. *Fr. Mainien*. See *Champartie*.  
*Maisondere* (Fr. *Maison-Dieu*) A Hospital for sick persons. *RR.* 5619.  
*Maisterie*, *Maistiry*, *Maistre*, *Maistrie*: A Mystery: A masterly action; Magistracie; *Magistratus*, p. 362, a. Command, Authority, *Mo.* 3057. Government, power. *Ib.* 525, 2741. *Bacchus* had of her mouth no maisterie, No. 1573. She was not given to wine. Imperiousness. *Fr.* 2310, 2311. Masterly workmanship. *RR.* 842.  
*Maistifull*: Magisterial, imperious, domineering. *Tr. L.* 2. 756.  
*Maistir strete*: The principal Street. *Prol.* 2904. *Fr.* 3506.  
*Maistris*: Mistress. *LIV.* 88.  
*Maistrise*: Curious, masterly workmanship. *RR.* 4172.  
*Make*: A match, a mate, a fellow, a companion, a confort; A husband, or wife. *WB.* 84. *LIV.* 158. In *Prol.* 2558. it signifies the Person engaged with in fight. But *MS. Ch.* reads that passage thus;  
*And yif that so befall, that the Cheverayn  
 Bee take on either side, or ellis slayn, &c.*  
*Make*: To compose, make Verses. *LIV.* 69, 74, 364.  
*Makings*, *Ib.* 413. Compositions in Poetry. A *Maker* seems to have been the common Appellation for a Poet in *Q. Elizabeth's* time; wherein (says *Sir Philip Sidney*) "I know not whether by lucke or wisdom we Englishmen have met with the *Greekes*. Defence of Poetic. p. 494.  
*Make one's berde*: To impose upon, or deceive one. *WB.* 361. *Faire la barbe*, is a *Fr.* Phrase for To abuse, affront, &c.  
*Makeless*: Matchless. *Tr. L.* 1. 172.  
*Makid*: *Makidin*: Made. *MS. Sp.* *Madyn al the wallis*, *Tr. L.* 4. 121. Built the walls.  
*Makin his fort*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1404. *Ca.* has it, *Marryng his fort*, and *beryg*, &c. which is intelligible. Others read *Ma-kyng*.  
*Malapert*. See *Apert*.  
*Mali*: A Mail, a packet. No. 2438. To unblock a male: To open one's budget. *MR.* 7. No. 2499.  
*Malebouche*: A foul mouth, an evil tongue. *Fl.* 84. *BD.* 741.  
*Male talent*, *RR.* 273, 330, 3438. Ill will, evil intent;

Displeasure; Indignation. *Gl. Lob.* See *Talent*.  
*Malgre*, as *Maugre*.  
*Malifice*: Evil doing; *Maleficium*, *Boeth.*  
*Malison*, *Fr.* A curse. No. 1266. Contracted from *Malediction*, as *Benison* from *Benediction*.  
*Malt*: Melted. *Tr. L.* 1. 583.  
*Malvese*: *Malmesie* wine. No. 2578.  
*Malure*: A misfortune, a mischance. *Ch. Dr.* 599. *Fr. Malheur*.  
*Man*, *RR.* 6055, 6059. A Vassal, a Homager.  
*Manace*, *Manacing*, *Manassynge*: Threatning. *RR.* 4007, 4051. *Boeth.*  
*Manere*: Carriage, behaviour. *Prol.* 140.  
*Mangerie*, *Fr.* Eating, feasting. *Gam.* 681, 858, 919. See *Gl. Lob.* in *Manducarium*.  
*Mangonell*: A Warlike Engine to batter walls withall. *RR.* 6279. See *Gl. Lob.* in *Mangoneaux*.  
*Manhede*: Manhood, courage.  
*Manie*, *Fr.* Madness. *Prol.* 1376. *Gr. Mavia*.  
*Mannishe*: Wicked. *La.* 783. from the *AS. Man*, *Sec-lus*. Also, Proper to man or mankind, humane. To done sinne is mannish, p. 152, a. *Humanum est peccare*.  
*Masculine*, manly. *Tr. L.* 1. 284. *Fl.* 149.  
*Minor*: A Mansion, a habitation. *Dr. Ch.* 1004.  
*Mnre*: Manner.  
*Mansuete*: Meek. *Tr. L.* 4. 194.  
*Manslet*, *Prol.* 2160. Dim. of *Mantle*. *MS. Ch.* has it;  
*A Mantell upon his shoultris hanging*.  
*Marchandrie*: Merchandize. *Mo.* 2740.  
*Marcia Catoun*, *Fl.* 198. *Marcia* the daughter of *Cato*. So *Hectoris Andromache*. *Virg.*  
*Marcian*: Martial, warlike. *WB.* 610.  
*Mare*: More; Greater. *RR.* 2215. *Less and mare*; Great and small, High and low.  
*Mareis*: Marshes, fens. *Boeth. Fr.* *Marais*. Also, *Marrows*, p. 383, a.  
*Margarite*: A Pearl. p. 479, b. A Daizy. *Fr. Marguerite*. *Bal. Lad.* 119. comp. with 124.  
*Margelaine*, *AL.* 56. *Marjerom*. *Fr. Marjolaine*.  
*Margerets*: Daisies. *AL.* 57. See *Margarite*.  
*Marie*, as *Mary*.  
*Maris*: Mares.  
*Marishe*: Marshy, moorish.  
*Mark of Adam*, *WB.* 696. All the Offspring of *Adam*, that are born after his Image, or, All that have *Adam's* Mark, or Image stamped upon them. See *Merke*.  
*Market* [or *Markit*] *beter*. One that makes quarrels in Markets. *MR.* 828. *Mo.* 2811. See *Beter*.  
*Marrid*: Mar'd; Undone. *Magd.* 112.  
*Marris*: A marsh. *WB.* 970. See *Mareis*.  
*Mart*, *Marte*: *Mars*, the God of War. It is often put for War. *Prol.* 2023. *MS. Ch.* reads the place thus;  
*Nowght was forgetyn by the infortune of Mart  
 The carter overryden by his cart,*  
*i. e.* In the Temple of *Mars* was not forgot to be described the Charioteer run over by his own Chariot through the mischance of War. This sense is very proper and easy; but as it is printed the first Verse is scarce intelligible. Instead of *for the love of Marte*, *Tr. L.* 2. 988. *Ca.* and *Py.* read it, *for loue and charite*, and departed *be*, instead of *departe*, *Ib.* 990.  
*Martire*, *Fr.* Martyrdom; Torment. *RR.* 2547. *Marrid*: Martyred. *Test.*  
*Martyrdome*: Any pain, or suffering. *Prol.* 1462.  
*Martyrith*: Tormenteth. *Prol.* 1564.  
*Mary*, *Marie*: Marrow. No. 2058. *Marie-bones*: Marrow-bones. *Prol.* 382.  
*Mase*: A whim, a fancy. *Mo.* 1208. *Tr. L.* 5. 468.  
*Masid*: Amazed, astonished, confounded, confused.  
*Masidneß*: Amazement, confusion, astonishment, surprise. *Fr.* 2082.  
*Masin*: To doat, rave. *Sq.* 1919. To be in confusion.  
*Masseday*, *Massedays*: Holy-days, whereon *Mas* is celebrated with more than ordinary Solemnity. *Sk.*  
*Masterte*: for *me asterte*: Escaped me, came from me un-awares. *Tr. L.* 1. 1051.  
*Mastirship*, as *Maistrie*.  
*Mastling*, *Mo.* 2127. Shining. *Sp.* Glistering. *Com.*  
*Mastrie*, as *Maistrie*.  
*Mate*: Pined, consumed; Daunted, abashed, dejected, fati-



fatigued. *Prol.* 957. *RR.* 1739. *BD.* 35. From the old Lat. *Mattus*. See *Men. Fr.* in *Echec*, and *Gl. V.* In *Tr.* L. 4. 342. *MS.* *Sp.* hath *mad* instead of *mate*.

*Mattre*, *Hyp.* 215. *Mattire*, *Tr.* L. 4. 818. *Matter*.

*Mangre*, *Malgre*, *Fr.* Ill-will; Disgrace. *Cup.* 376. *Thou canst me grete mangre*, *RR.* 4399. *Thou takest it unkindly of me. Should I con him mangre*, *Ib.* 4559. Should I take it ill of him. These Expressions are purely *Fr. Scavoir bon*, ou *mauvais gre*. In spite of. *Mangre her bed*; In spite of her head, In spite of her teeth. *Malgre his*; With an ill will, as it were in spite of himself. *RR.* 2386, 5933.

*Mavis*, *Mavise*: A Thrush, or Song-thrush. *CCr.* 24. *RR.* 619, 665. Also, A bushel. *Ib.* 5590.

*Maumet*, *Maumette* (a Contraction of *Mahomet*) A false God; An Idol. *Pars.* *Maumetrie*: Mahometanism, *La.* 237. Idolatry. *Pars.* p. 205, a.

*Maundement*: A command, an order, a commission.

*Mave*: The belly, the stomach. *No.* 3328.

*May*, often signifies Can; May do. *A man may godlye* [i. e. godely] i. e. may do it. *To may*, *Ber.* 1284. To be amazed, or amazed.

*Maydinhode*: Maidenhead, Virginity. *Prol.* 2331.

*Mazeline*: A Mazer. *Sp.* That is, a wooden cup made of Maple. *Sk.* No. 3357.

*Mealtime*: Meal-time, Dinner-time. *Tr.* L. 2. 1556.

*Meanliche*: Moderate; Mild. *Boeth.* p. 365, b. l. 2. *Lenibus* is there rendered *light* and *meanliche*: The Translator doubting whether it was *lenibus* or *levibus*, made use of two words to express both senses.

*Meddell*, *Medell*, *Medle*: To mix, mingle. *Boeth.* *Medeling*, *RR.* 898. A mixture. *Medled*, *Medlid*: Mixed, mingled; from the *Fr. Mêler*.

*Mediacion*: Means. p. 439, a.

*Mealey cote*: A coat of mixt Stuff. *Prol.* 330.

*Mede*, *Mede*: A reward. *AS.* *Mede*, *mede*. *God do you mede*; God reward you. *AL.* 293. It is often put for Wealth in general in *PP.* Also, A meadow. *Prol.* 89.

*Medis*: Meadows. *Tr.* L. 4. 770.

*Mees*, *Cup.* 334. Meadows. *Sp.* contracted from *Meades*, says *Sk.* Rather a *Messuage*, or *Messuages*, in old *Fr.* *Mees*, and now called *Mees-places* in some parts.

*Meine*, *Meinie*, *Meinye*: A Company, a Retinue; All that live together in a House. *Tr.* L. 1. 127. from the *AS.* *Menigeo*, *Multitudo*, or the old *Fr.* *Mesnie*, a Family.

*Meint*: Mingled. *RR.* 2296.

*Meith*: Mead. *Prol.* 2281.

*Meke*: Meek, humble, submissive. Also, To be meek, to submit; To humble. *Ar.* 313. Became meek, pliable. *RR.* 3534. *Mekin* and *souplin*; To grow meek and supple. *RR.* 2244.

*Melancolius*: Melancholy. *Fa.* L. 1. 30.

*Melis*: Meals. *Dr.* Ch. 612.

*Mell*: To meddle. *Mo.* 2797. *Fr.* *Mêler*. Also, A mill. *MR.* 815.

*Memoure*: Memory. *Cr.* 50.

*Menace*, *Fr.* Threatning. *Prol.* 2005.

*Menasuh*: Threateneth. *Fr.* 1152.

*Mende*, *Ber.* 2417. f. *Men*.

*Mendement*: Amendment. *PT.* 46.

*Mendicants*: Beggars; Begging Fryers.

*Mendicience*, *Mendicite*, *Mendience*: Begging; Beggery, poverty.

*Mene*: Moderate. *Mene differance*; Moderate distance. *CL.* 783.

*Menge*: To mix. *Mengid*: Mixt. *CCr.* 32.

*Meninge*, *Tr.* L. 1. 285, 289. should be *Mering*, i. e. Moving, motion: It is *meuing*, or *meuyng* in all the *MSS.* and old Editions that I have seen; nor is it sense, if it be read otherwise.

*Menis*: Means. *Fr.* 220. Substance.

*Menivere*, *RR.* 221. Miniver, a fine white Furr.

*Menuse*: To diminish. See *Amenuse*.

*Menye*, as *Meine*.

*Merciabile*: Mercifull, compassionate. *RR.* 1864. *Fr.* 2582.

*Merciaments*: Amerciaments, penalties, fines. *Pars.*

*Meritorie*: Meritorious.

*Meritote*, *MR.* 662. A Sport used by children, by swinging themselves in Bell-ropes, or such like, till they be

giddy. *Sp.* Some Annotators on the place, correct it, on her to dote; but produce no Authority for it. It is in other Copies, *verytote*, *viristote*, *beristote*.

*Merke*: A mark, an image. *Fr.* 2426. Also, Dark. *RR.* 5339. *Merknesse*: Darknes. From the Dan. *Merke*. *Mirk* and *Mark* are still used in some parts of the North for Dark.

*Merkenrike*, *Mo.* 1227. The Kingdom of *Mercia*. *AS.* *Myrcna-rixe*.

*Merle*, *CCr.* 24. *Mersula avis*; A Black-bird.

*Merlion*, *AF.* 339. A merlin, a sort of Hawk. See *Emerton*.

*Merthe*: Mirth. *Mo.* 1285.

*Mervayle*: Marvel, wonder. *Fr.* *Merveille*.

*Mery*: Pleasant. *Mo.* 1186.

*Mes*, *RR.* 3462. *At gode mes*; In good humour.

*Mese*, *Ch. Dr.* 2116. *Mais*, which used to be celebrated at Nuptials. *Sk.*

*Mesell*: A Leper. *Pars.* It seems to be used in *PP.* for common Beggars, such persons often pretending to be afflicted with Sores and Ulcers.

*Messagerie*, *AF.* 228. Diligence in doing a Message. *Sk.* The business of a Messenger. Also, A pimp, a bawd.

*Messangere*: A messenger. *Ch. Dr.* 133. *Messangis*: Messengers. *Tr.* L. 2. 936. In the *MSS.* it is generally (if not always) *Messenger*, &c.

*Messe*: Mass. *Fr.* 464.

*Mest*, *Meste*: Most; Greatest.

*Mesurable*: Moderate. *Prol.* 437.

*Mesure*: Moderation. *No.* 1563. *Mo.* 2447.

*Mes*, *Mete*, *Metin*: To dream; Dreamed. *WB.* 577.

*Metamorphoseos*, *Metamorphose*, *CL.* 1260. *Ovid's Metamorphosis*.

*Mete*: To measure. *Afr.* Also, Meet; Meat. During the *metis* space; During the Entertainment. *La.* 1015. See *Met*.

*Mezborde*: A table. *Test.* L. 2.

*Mezely*: Meet; Comely, of a proper size. *RR.* 822. *AL.* 79.

*Metriciens*: Poets. *CL.* 30.

*Mette*: Dreamed. *Tr.* L. 1. 363. Also, Measure. By *mette* or by *mesure*, p. 206, b. By *mesure* seems to be added as a Gloss to explain *By mette*.

*Mevable*: Moveable; Unconstant. *RR.* 4736.

*Meubles*, as *Meuble*.

*Meve*, *Mevin*: To move.

*Mewards*: Towards me. *Test.*

*Mewe*, *Sq.* 663. *Tr.* L. 3. 1790. "A kind of Cage where Hawks are wintered, or kept when they *Mew*, or change their Feathers: Whence those great Stables belonging to *Whitehall* took denomination; that place having been anciently full of *Mews*, where the King's Hawks were kept. *Bo.* in *Mew*. From hence it is taken to signify a Cage in general, or any sort of confinement. *RR.* 4778. Also, Secrecy. In *mewe*, *Tr.* L. 1. 382. In secret. *Tr.* L. 3. 603. should be read thus; *Ther he beset, fith midnight, was in mewe.* *Ca.* and *Py.* read it thus; *Ther he shet was fith mydnight in a mewe.*

*Mewet*, as *Muet*, *V.* In *mewet*; As a dumb person *CL.* 148.

*Meyne*, as *Meine*.

*Mfold*: A thousand fold. *Tr.* L. 3. 1546.

*Micher*: A covetous, fardid fellow. *Sk.* It seems to signify rather a lazy, loytering Vagabond, a Truant. *RR.* 6541.

*Middillist*: The middlemost.

*Midward*: The middle.

*Mighelmess*: Michaelmas. *Fort.* 97.

*Might*: Strength. *Mighty*: Strong. *RR.* 6573.

*Mikel*, *Mikil*. See *Michill*.

*Mildrop*: Droppings of the nose. *Cr.* 158.

*Minen*, *Minin*: To undermine; To make a Lodgment by digging; To lodge. *Tr.* L. 2. 677.

*Minge*: To mix. *CCr.* 197. *Mingid*: Mixed. *Cr.* 236.

*Minishe*: To diminish.

*Ministers*: Magistrates. *Mo.* 1158.

*Minoreffe*, *RR.* 149. It may be the fem. of *Miner*, An underminer. But *Sp.* will have the right reading to be *Mueresse*, A stirrer of debate; for so it is (says *h*)



- in the French Verses in the oldest written Copies, *Sembla bien estre moueressse*.
- M'nour*: A digger, a miner. *ProL*. 2467.
- Minstraleie*: Musick. *ProL*. 2199. *Mo*. 1690. *Minstrallis*: Musicians.
- M'ntinge*: Minding; Endeavouring. *Mintyng to gone*, p. 360, a. *Tendit ire*.
- M'rrour*: A looking-glass. *Fr*. *Miroir*.
- M'rbelisse*: Sad, void of mirth. *AF*. 592.
- M'ribid*: Cheered, comforted, made merry. p. 494, a.
- Mur*, *An*. 282. *Misse*, *Tr*. L. 4. 1267. *Amis*. In Composition it betokens Error, or mistake.
- Miscomptid*: Misreckoned, counted wrong. *Tr*. L. 5. 1184.
- Misventure*: Mischance, misfortune.
- Miswise*: To act unadvisedly. *When they hem miswise*; *When they do not rightly consider, or are not well advised*. *WB*. 239.
- Misbeleve*: To distrust. *Misbelevid*: Distrustfull. *Tr*. L. 3. 840.
- Misbeide*: A mishap, a mischance.
- Misbodin*, *ProL*. 911. To wrong. *Sp*. It seems to signify To misinform, from *Mis*, and the *AS*. *Boba*, *bobe*, *Nuncius*, *nuncium*. *MS*. *Ch*. reads instead of it, *Mysdo*: Done amiss, wronged.
- Misborne*: Misbehaved. p. 159, b.
- Misbese*: To chuse amiss. *Sc*. 188.
- Mischief*: Misfortune. *RR*. 6731. *At mischief*, *ib*. 4552. In the time of distress.
- Misdepyng*: Naming amiss.
- Misorden*: To disagree. *Test*.
- Misouering*: Unlawfull desire, coveting that which one ought not. *RR*. 196.
- Misdeparie*: To distribute, or divide amiss. *La*. 107.
- Misericorde*, *Misericordies*, *Boeth*. Pity, mercy, compassion.
- Misese*: Uneasiness, trouble. *Misese*: Uneasy. p. 483, b.
- Misfill*: Fell amiss, miscarried.
- Misforgave him*, *Tr*. L. 4. 1426. *Misgave*, failed him.
- Misgo*: Gone amiss, or astray. *Mo*. 2697.
- Misgovernance*: Mismanagement, misbehaviour, ill conduct. *No*. 2501.
- Mishap*: To disappoint. *RR*. 5543. To miscarry, to be disappointed. *Tho it mishap one*, *PW*. 87. Though one miscarry.
- Misleden*: To misbehave. *Tr*. L. 4. 48.
- Mislivid man*: A man of evil life. *Tr*. L. 4. 330. *Mislyving man*, *MS*. *Sp*.
- Mismetre*, *Mismetre*. See *Misse-metre*.
- Mispleasure*: Displeasure, discord, disagreeableness. p. 482, b.
- Misquene*: To displease. *Mo*. 2587. See *Quene*.
- Misraie*, *Misraie*: To say amiss, to speak evil of. *RR*. 1260. To contradict; To hinder. p. 514, a. *Misrayere*: An evil speaker, a slanderer. *RR*. 2231.
- Misraie*: Misbecame. *RR*. 1194.
- Misse*, as *Mis*. *Misse manere*; A wrong manner. *Mo*. 3137.
- Misse-entchanged*: Wrong changed. *RR*. 6581. *Vice versa mutatus*, p. 391, b.
- Missie*. See *Misraie*.
- Misfementing*: Evil meaning, mistaken, p. 506, b.
- Misse-metre*, *Tr*. L. 5. 1795. To destroy the Metre or Numbers in Poetry by incorrect Writing, or wrong Reading: But *Chancer* having particularly mentioned the fault of Miswriting in the foregoing Verse, it is rather to be supposed he means there that of Reading amiss, which generally happens, for default of tongue, i. e. for want of a perfect understanding of his language. He owns in *Fr*. L. 3. 9, Sec. that he chose sometimes to leave a Verse too short by a Syllable, where he had a greater regard to the sense than the Metre: But whether he be to be imitated in this, as some, who have writ in his style, have affected to do, is not my business to determine. It seems plain from this Passage, as well as his words to *Adam Scrivenere* at the end of the Book, and his care about Pointing, *RR*. 2157, 2161. that he was not so loose in his Metre, as some may imagine; for by collating any part of his works with *MSS*. or old Editions, it will appear, that Verses, which in one Copy or Edition are defective, may out of others be made compleat; and that very often without the use of *i* or *y* prefixt to Verbs, the distinct pronunciation of the final *in* or *e*, or useless Expletives.
- Mistake*: To take amiss, to be offended. *RR*. 1540.
- Mister*, *Mistere*, *Mistir*: A Mystery. *Fr*. 2898. A profession, or trade. *ProL*. 615. *RR*. 6332. *Fr*. *Mestier*. Hence it is used in general for any Sort, kind, or condition. *ProL*. 1242. *Mister men*, *ib*. 1712. *Mo*. 2696. *Mister folk*, *CL*. 227. Kind of men. *As mister was*, *RR*. 1426. f. According to the quality of the ground, or of what it produced. Also, Business, occasion, need, necessity. *ib*. 2787, 5614, 6078, 6519, 6581. *In mister*, *Sq*. 970. Upon occasion. In *Tr*. L. 3. 859. instead of *more nede is*, *Ca*. hath, *more myster is*, which is the same.
- Misterye* for *Ministry*, p. 208, b. l. 68. In some Copies it is read, *As by the mistery of her dignity*.
- Mistidingr*, p. 378, b. l. 53. perhaps for *Mistledings*. *Lat*. *Devia*.
- Mistibed*: A Mystery. *CM*. 71.
- Mistily*: Darkly, obscurely. *No*. 1415.
- Mistir*. See *Mister*.
- Mistrift*: Mistrust. *No*. 1883.
- Mistrustid*, or (as *MS*. *Sp*.) *Mistruid*: Distrusted. *Tr*. L. 2. 431.
- Misturnid*: Turned upside down. *Mistournish you*; Turns you aside. *Boeth*.
- Miswaie*: The wrong way. *RR*. 4766.
- Miswent*: Gone amiss, or astray. *RR*. 7280.
- Miswoman*: A lewd woman. *RL*. 15.
- Miswrite*, *Tr*. L. 5. 1794. To copy wrong, so as to prejudice the Sense or Metre in Poetry. See *Misse-metre*.
- Mitches*, *RR*. 5585. Mites, the smallest pieces of money; *Manchets*. *Sp*.
- Mitigative*: Tending to mitigate, or allay, *sc*. the fervency of love. *Pr*. *RL*. 20.
- Mittaine*: A mitten, a glove. *No*. 1886, 1887.
- Mixins*: Dunghills. *RR*. 6496. *AS*. *Mixen*.
- Mo*: More. In *Tr*. L. 5. 1508. *Mo* has been printed in some Editions, and has escaped in this, for *Wo*.
- Moblis*: Moveable Goods. *Ber*. 779. See *Moble*.
- Moch*, *Mochill*, *Mokel*, *Mokil*, *Muchel*, *Muchil*: Much; Great; Many; Very. *Moch* shew; Very wicked, a great villain. *Gam*. 11. *Mochesfold*: Manifold. *Test*. p. 488, a.
- Mockeren*: To mucker or hoard up. *Boeth*. See *Muckre*.
- Mode*: Mind; Courage, spirit; Mood, manner. Also, Passion, anger; Measure, moderation. *AS*. *Mob*, *mobe*. Also, Time, or measure in singing; *Modus*, p. 366, a.
- Moder*, p. 441. The *Matrix*, or principal Plate of the *Astrolabe* into which the other parts are fixed.
- Modise*: To moderate, to qualify. *Cr*. 299.
- Moeble*: Moveables; Personal estate; Household-stuff. *Fr*. *Meeble*.
- Moidil al ther patis*, *PT*. 139. Sprinkled water upon all their heads; from the *Fr*. *M. uiller*, To wet.
- Moison*, *RR*. 1677. Ripeness. *Sk*. From the *Fr*. *Moisson*, Harvest, a crop.
- Moisse*, *Mo*. 1637. *Moissie ale*; Strong ale.
- Moistir*: Moisture. *CR*. 318.
- Mokel*, *Mokil*: Stature; Size. *Dr*. *Ch*. 454, 861. See *Moch*.
- Mold*: The ground, the earth. *AS*. *Molbe*. *Molt of man of mold*, *Ber*. 1309. f. leg. *Molt of man on mold*; The molt of any man upon the earth. *Tgravin undir molde*; Buried under ground. *Gam*. 1783.
- Molestie*: Anxiety, trouble. *Boeth*, p. 380, a.
- Molles*, *Mo*. 3268. Kittrells. *Sp*. Kittrells, or Kattrells, a kind of Hawk. *Sk*.
- Mollock*: Earth, or dung. *Sp*. From *Muck* (as *Sk*. thinks) produced into *Mollock*.
- Molte*: Melted. *Tr*. L. 5. 10. *Fr*. L. 2. 414.
- Momblistness*, *AL*. 61. Talk. *Sp*. from *Mumble*. *Sk*.
- Mon*: A man. *CN*. 85. Also, May; Might; Mult.
- Monche*, *Tr*. L. 1. 915. To eat, devour; from the *Fr*. *Manger*.
- Mone*, *ProL*. 405. A Globe, either Celestial or Terrestrial; A Map; from the *Fr*. *Monde*, The World. See *Sk*. Also, The Moon. *Wintir mone*, *Tr*. L. 1. 525. The Winter-season. Also, Moan; complaint.

Monsi:



**Moned**: Bemoaned; Lamentable.

**Moneste**, RR. 3579. **Monishe**, CCr. 196. To admonish, to advise.

**Moniours**: Mint-men, Coiners. RR. 6811. Fr. *Monnoyeurs*.

**Monstre**: A sample, or pattern. Dr. Ch. 912. Fr. *Monstre*.

Also, To shew, to express. No. 1321. Fr. *Monstrer*.

**Monstrefull**: Monstrous. Ber. 2033.

**Morcills**: Morfels. RR. 6179.

**More**: Greater. AS. *Maye*. *More and less*, Fr. 1961, 2600. Great and small; Greater and lesser.

**Mormall**, ProL. 388. A canker. Sp. A gangreen. Sk.

**Morne**: The morning. To *morne*, [f. leg. *morne*] Ch. Dr. 948. To morrow.

**Morowe**, *Morwynnye*: The morning. CML. 26. WB. 875. The dawning of the day. Mo. 1416.

**Morter**, Tr. L. 4. 1245. A Lamp. Sp. Sk. "This word

"doth plainly intimate our Author *Jeffrey Chaucer* to

"have been an Esquire of the Body in Ordinary to the

"King, whose office it is, after he has charged,

"and set the Watch of the Guard, to carry in the

"*Morter*, and set it by the King's bed-side; for he

"takes from the Cupboard a Silver Basin, and there-

"in pours a little water, and then sets a round cake of

"Virgin-wax in the middle of the Basin; in the middle

"of which cake is a wick of Bumbast, which being

"lighted, burns as a Match-light all night at the

"King's bed-side. It has as I conceive, the name of

"*Morter* from the likeness it has, when near consumed,

"to a Mortar wherein you bray Spices; for the

"flame melting first the middle of the Wax cake which

"is nearest to it, the wax by degrees, like the sand in

"an hour-glass, runs evenly from all sides to the middle

"to supply the wick. This Royal Ceremony

"*Chaucer* wittily fancies to be in *Creside's* Bed-chamber,

"calling this kind of Match-light by the Name

"of *Morter*, which very few Courtiers besides the

"Esquires of the Body (who only are admitted, after

"all Night is served, to come into the King's bed-

"chamber) do understand what is meant by it. *Kyn*.

**Mortifie**, No. 1147, 1452. Quicksilver is *mortified* when it is dissolved in an Acid *Menstruum*: And spirits are said to be *mortified* when they are mixt with such things as destroy their Strength, and hinder their Operation.

**Mortreis**, ProL. 386. Meat made of boiled hens, crummed bread, yolk of eggs, and saffron, all boiled together. Sp. So called, because the Ingredients are all pounded together in a Mortar. Sk.

**Morne**: Morrow, the morning.

**Mosill**: The muzzle, the mouth, or snout of a beast. ProL. 2153.

**Moss**: Greatest. ProL. 2200.

**Moss**, **Mossin**: Must. Tr. L. 5. 1507.

**Mote**: Must. *Mote nede*, Tr. L. 3. 1293. *Mote nede*, or *nede*, Dr. Ch. 42. Must needs, or Needs must. May. *The falsir soule mote him besalle*; May evil befall the falsir of the two. Mo. 2024, &c. Also, A mote, an Atom. *It ne might not a mote suffice*, Tr. L. 3. 1609. It would not signify so much as the least trifle in the world. In *Gam*. 737. it is perhaps put for *Mode*: Passion, anger.

**Mote-hall**: A Hall where Courts of Judicature are kept. *Gam*. 1421.

**Motife**: A motive; Advice. Sq. 1007. Encouragement.

*Caught a grete motife of this witness*; Was much encouraged by the Information of this witness to enquire, &c. La. 629. Fr. *Motif*.

**Motin**, as *Mote*.

**Mouble**, Tr. L. 5. 300. as *Mooble*.

**Mouche**, Mo. 2887. To devour, to eat all up. Sk. See *Monche*.

**Mouche herte**: The courage of a mouse. Tr. L. 3. 737.

**Moud**: Mood, temper. PT. 502. See *Mode*.

**Mought**: May; Might. La. 398.

**Moughthes**, p. 147, b. *Moughis*, WB. 560. Moths.

**Moule**, Mo. 3205. To moulder way; To grow mouldy.

**Moulded**, **Mouldid**: Mouldered; Mouldy. p. 492, b.

**Moultiplying**, No. 1412. See *Multiplic* and *Multiplication*.

**Moun**: May. Test.

**Mountaunce**, **Mountenaunce**, No. 2381. RR. 1562. Quantity; Value, amount. ProL. 1572. Space. Tr. L. 2

1707. In old Fr. *Montaunce*. In Tr. L. 3. 1738. instead of *mountenaunce* of a gnat, which is hence intelligible, MS. Sp. and al. read, *mountenaunce* of a knot, which makes the sense easy, i. e. Could not unwind so much as one knot of *Creside's* net.

**Mourlaunt**, RR. 1094. The tongue of a buckle. Sk.

**Mourningly**: Mournfully. MS. 212.

**Mow**, **Mowe**, **Mowin**: May; Can. To *mowin done*: To be able to make. Tr. L. 2. 1594. *Mowin him gis*: Be able to govern, or behave himself. RL. 342. *Don't that not mowin suffer*, i. e. be obliged to suffer. p. 154, b.

**Mowe**: The mouth. **Mowis**: Mouths. *Mowin him the mowe*, Tr. L. 4. 7. Makes mouths at him.

**Mowish**: The mouth. PT. 481. Ber. 3098.

**Mowlin**, La. 32. as *Mowle*.

**Mowynge**: Being able. Berth. See *Mow*.

**Much**: Great: Many. No. 694. *Much or lit*; Great or small. ProL. 496.

**Muchel**, **Muchill**. See *Muchell*, *Muchill*.

**Mucker**: To hoard up; *Coacoon*, p. 369, b. See

*Mucker*. **Muckers**: Covetous persons, misers.

**Muckre**: To hoard up. Tr. L. 3. 1381. From the AS.

*Macg*, A heap, whence *Muk*: Riches. Ber. 112.

**Muc**, Tr. L. 3. 1790. as *Muc*. Also, To change. Tr. L. 2. 1258. Fr. *Muer*.

**Muc**, Fr. Mute, dumb, silent. Tr. L. 5. 194. Ber. 1331.

**Muc**. See *Muckre*.

**Mullocke**: Rubbish. No. 959. See *Mullock*.

**Multiplicacion**: The Art of multiplying Gold and Silver. No. 570.

**Multiplic**: To understand Arithmetick; To multiply Gold and Silver by Chymisttry. No. 692, 752.

**Murthel**: Made glad. p. 470, a.

**Musarde**: A dull, heavy, lazy fellow. RR. 3250, 4334. A lingerer, that amuses himself with trifles.

**Muse**, RR. 1592. To amuse ones self; To meditate. Also, to stop, to delay.

**Mut**, for *Mote*: May. PT. 57.

**Mymorowe**: The middle of the morning. PT. 13.

**Myre**: Mire. PT. 304.

**Myneche**: Throatcut. Test.

**Mysowe**, as *Misroure*.

**Mysloide**: Misinterpreted. Test. I. 2.

**Myslake**: Mistaken. Dr. Ch. 525.

**Myswandringe**: Uncertain, wavering. Berth.

## N.

**N**: No. *Na force*; No matter for that. AIR. 1-68.

**Nad**, Ber. 3168. A Contraction of *Ne had*; Had not. It is generally in the MSS. written *Ne had*, though to be often pronounced *Nad*: The same is to be observed of the like words, *Nam*, *Not*, &c.

**Naid**: Denied. *Naieth*: Denieth, refuseth. Berth.

**Nakid**: Made naked or bare, stript; Deprived. Cup. 353.

**Nakones**, ProL. 2513. (*Crotalum*) Cimbals. Sp. Brazen horns. Sk. Military Instruments of Musick. Fr. *Arquaires*. Gl. Lob.

**Nale**: An Ale-house. Sp. qu. *Inn-ale*, an Inn for Ale.

Sk. Mo. 2310. Fr. 85.

**Nalle**: A nail. Sc. 229. *Nallic*: Nails. WB. 760.

**N'am**, for *Ne am*: Am not. WB. 148. See *Nad*.

**Name**: Took. No. 1318. from *Nim*.

**Namiliche**, **Namilly**: Namely, particularly, chiefly, especially.

**Nane**: No one, none.

**Nappith**: Noddeth, sleepeth.

**Napron**: An apron. PT. 33.

**Nar**: Narrowly. *Nar' avise*, for *narue' avise*, or *narue' avise* (as *MS. Ch.*) Are well advised, have well considered. Sq. 1504.

**Narcotikes and Apies**, Hyper. 109. The same with *Narcotise* and *Opie*. ProL. 1474. Narcotics and Opates, stupifying Medicines causing sleep.

**Nart**, for *Ne art*: Art not. See *Nad*.



*Narwe*: Narrow. *Mo.* 935.  
*Nas*, for *Ne was*: Was not. See *N'ad*.  
*Nat*, for *Ne nat*: Knew not. Also, *Not*. *Nat* and *Not* are often printed for *Naught*, or *Nought*.  
*Natall*: Belonging to ones birth. By *natal Jovis fest*, *Tr.* L. 3. 150. By the feast of *natal Jovis*; who may be so called, for being invoked by Men on their Birthday, as *Juno* by Women, who is therefore called *Natalis Juno*. *Tibull*.  
*Nath*, for *Ne bath*: Hath not. See *N'ad*.  
*Nubt*: Nevertheless.  
*Nation*, *WB.* 1068. seems to signify Kindred, Family, as *Gens* in Latin.  
*Naught*, *Nought*: *Not*. *No.* 280.  
*Ne*: Nor; Not; Never. *Ne were*; Were not, were it not.  
*Nebule*: A cloud. *Bal. Lad.* 53.  
*Neece*: A niece.  
*Necessaire*: Necessary. *Tr.* L. 4. 1021.  
*Nede*, *Neede*: Need, necessity; Business, affair. *RR.* 6174. For *nede*; Upon occasion. *Ib.* 1123. *Must defend her nede*; Must needs defend her. *Mo.* 3024. *Nedis*: Business, affairs, occasions. *Nedis mote*; Must needs. *Must it be nedis*: It must needs be. *Test.* L. 3. *Nedis cost*, *Pro.* 1479. Of necessity. *Sp. Sk.* If we read *cast*, instead of *cost*, the sense will be natural and easy:  

—fast by was the day  
 That nedis cast he mote himself in hide;

 i. e. It was near day, that he must needs cast, or contrive, how and where to hide himself  
*Nedefully*, *Nedely*, *Nedily*: Necessarily, of necessity. *WB.* 968.  
*Nedirs*: Adders, snakes, serpents. *CL.* 120. Instead of *Adders*, *MS. Ch.* hath *Neddre*, *Sq.* 1302. *AS.* *Neddr*, *CB.* *Neidr*, A snake.  
*Neigh*, *Neighin*: To approach, to draw near. *Test.* *RL.* 148.  
*Neither nohir*: Neither the one nor the other. *LIV.* 192.  
*Nelde*: A needle. *Mo.* 2720.  
*Nemen*, *Nemene*, *Nemene*, *Neven*: To name, to tell  
*Nemnid*, *Nempr*: Named.  
*Nene*: Noon.  
*Ner*: Near. *Ner bonde*; Near hand, almost. *PT.* 474.  
*Nere*: Near, nearer. *Tr.* L. 1. 449, 450. *Nighest nere*; The nearer you approach. *RR.* 2572. Never. *Nere the nere*, or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Nevere the ner*; Never the nearer. *No.* 742. In the oldest MSS. it is written *nevere*, and not *nere*, for Never, though often to be pronounced as one Syllable.  
*Nere*, for *Ne were*: Were not; were it not for. *No.* 1383.  
*Nerfe*: A nerve, or sinew. *Tr.* L. 2. 642.  
*Nerthe*: A Neat-heard; A shepherd. *p.* 156, a.  
*Neshe*: Nice, tender. *CL.* 1092. *Nash* is used in the same sense in some parts of England.  
*Nest*: Next. *Cr.* 109.  
*Nete*: Neat, black cattle, kine. *Pro.* 599.  
*Nethelst*, *Nethirles*, *Ber.* 672. Nevertheless, however.  
*Netherst*: Nethermost, lowest. *Boeth.*  
*Nettle in*, *Dock out*, *Tr.* L. 4. 461. p. 482, a. or, as we say now, *In Dock*, *out Nettle*, spoken of unconstant and fickle persons, chiefly in love.  
*Neven*, *Nevin*: To name; Named. *Tr.* L. 1. 877.  
*Neverthelater*, or *Never the later*: Never the less. *Boeth.* *Test.*  
*Nevone*: A nephew. *Hyp.* 73. A grandson. *Hyper.* 98.  
*Newe*: Now; Lately. *No.* 208. Anew, afresh. Of *newe*; Lately. *But it befall of newe*, *Fr.* 1959. or (as in *MS. Ch.*) *But it be fallen newe*; Unless it has otherwise happened lately. *Newe and newe*; Now and then. *Tr.* L. 3. 116. For *the newe*, *Mo.* 2866. al. of *the newe*, *sc.* fashion. Also, To renew. *Tr.* L. 3. 306. *Newed*: Grew fresh and new. *Dr. Ch.* 906.  
*Newfangel*: Desirous of novelty. *Mo.* 1770. *Newfangelness*: Love of novelty and change; Inconstancy. *An.* 142.  
*Newlyche*: Newly.  
*Nexie*: The last foregoing. *Fa. L.* 3. 685.  
*Nice*: Foolish, simple, silly, ignorant; Rude. *Fr.* *Niais*. *Nice fare*; Silly actions, trilling. *Lende and nice*, *No.* 658, 946. Ignorant and foolish. Also, a niece. *Ib.* 2608.

*Nicete*, *Nicite*: Folly; Coynets; Simplicity. In *Tr.* L. 2. 1286. instead of *nicete*, *Ca.* reads *nyce shame*, i. e. Foolish bashfulness. *Ib.* 1500.  
*Nigardie*: Niggardliness, stinginess. *No.* 2680.  
*Nigges*: Niggards. *Mo.* 2697.  
*Nigh*, *Nighin*: To approach. *Tr.* L. 2. 1555.  
*Nightertale*, *Pro.* 97. By night. *Sp.* The night time.  
*Nightspell*: A Prayer against the Night-mare. *Sp.* A Charm against Thieves. *Gl.* to *Spenser's Sheph. Cal.*  
*Nigon*: A scold, a niggardly fellow.  
*Nill*, for *Ne will*: Will not. *Nilt*, for *Ne wilt*: Wilt not.  
*Nim*: To take. *AS.* *Niman*.  
*Ninithe*: Ninth. *Tr.* L. 5. 1103.  
*Nis*: Is not, for *Ne is*, as it is written in the old MSS. but to be pronounced either as one Syllable or two, as the Verse requires.  
*Nise*, as *Nice*.  
*Nist*, for *Ne nist*: Knew not. *Nistest*, for *Ne nistest*: Knowest not. *Boeth.*  
*Nirtale*, *CL.* 999. as *Nightertale*.  
*Nixte*: Next, nearest.  
*Noblay*, *Nobley*, *Nobles*, *Noblest*, *Nobli*, *Nobly*: Nobility; Pomp, splendour; Honour; Renown. Of great nobley; Very famous for their Enterprizes; *Felix*, *Boeth.*  
*Noekid*: Notched. *RR.* 942.  
*Noie*: Harm, hurt, trouble. *RR.* 3772. *Noien*: To annoy, to hurt. *RR.* 4416. *Noisfull*, *Noious*, *RR.* 2449. Hurtfull, noysome, troublesome. *p.* 148, b. See *Anney*, *Anoious*.  
*Noisen*: To make a noise, to boast. *p.* 378, b.  
*Nold*, *Nolde*, for *Ne wolde*: Would not.  
*Noll*: The noddle. *Ber.* 2524.  
*Nom*, *Nome*, *Nomen*, *Nomin*, *Nommen*: Took; taken; from *Nim*, *V.*  
*Nombir*, *Nombre*: Number.  
*Nompere*: An umpire, an arbitrator. *p.* 481, b.  
*Nor*: None; No; Not. *No.* 627. *Fr.* *Non*. *Nan unrighs*; No injustice, nothing wrong or amiss. *Tr.* L. 2. 453.  
*Nuncertaine*: An uncertainty. *Test.* L. 3.  
*Nonne*: A Nun.  
*Non obstant*: Notwithstanding. *Ber.* 1733. *Lat.* *Non obstante*.  
*Non power*, *No power*: Impotence, want of power. *p.* 498, b.  
*None*: None; No. See *Non*.  
*Nore*: Comfort, nourishing. *Sp.* In *MR.* 618. *MS. Ch.* hath it, *thyin oore*, *H.* 1. and al. *thyin ore*. See *Ore*.  
*Norice*, *Noris*, or *Nourice*, *Fr.* A nurse; A foster-father; A cherisher, a nourisher. *Cr.* 171, 199. Also, for *Norie*, *V.*  
*Norie*: A foster-child, a pupil; from the *Fr.* *Nourri*, Nourished, brought up.  
*Nourture*: Breeding, education, nursing or bringing up.  
*Northrin*: Northern. *Cr.* 17.  
*Norirly*, for *Nortilry*, *MR.* 859. or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Nortary*; Nursing, or bringing up.  
*Norture*, as *Nourture*.  
*Noste*, for *Ne waste*: Knowest not.  
*Not*, *Note*, for *Ne wor*, *Ne wore*: Know not. *Tr.* L. 2. 35. But the whole Verse may be better read as in *MS. Sp.*  

I note, me semeth hit no wondir thing.

*Notabilie*: A remark, an observation, a notable thing.  
*Note*, *MR.* 960. Business. *Kilian.* *Spod.* *AS.* *Not*, note. By *note*, *Tr.* L. 4. 583. By *St. Neote*. *Sk.*  
*Notefull*: Notable, remarkable.  
*Nother*, *Nothir*: Nor, neither.  
*Notis*: Nuts. *RR.* 1377.  
*Nut hede*: A round head, with the hair cut short. *Pro.* 109.  
*Novelrie*, *Novellerie*, *Novilrie*: Novelty.  
*Naught*: Not; Nor; Nothing.  
*Nonghrie*, *f.* *Naughty*. *Mo.* 3037. *Nasty*. *Com.*  
*Nourice*, for *Nourie* or *Norie*: A pupil; *Alumnus*, *Boeth.* See *Norice*.  
*Noube*, *Pro.* 464. *Tr.* L. 1. 986. *Noweth*, *Ber.* 3097.  
*Nowith*, *Ib.* 2478. Now.  
*Nowe and nowe*: Now and then. *Sq.* 450.  
*Nowher*: Nor, neither.

*Nowell*:



*Nowell*: Christmas. Fr. *Noel*.  
*Noyances*: Nufances, troubles. *Pars*.  
*Noye*, as *Noie*.  
*Noyfauance*: A nufance. *Ch. Dr.* 255.  
*Nuncupation*: Naming. *Test*.  
*Nycite*. See *Nicete*.  
*Nye*: Nigh, near. *Magd.* 89.  
*Nyffes*, Fr. 496. Trifles; Trifling news. *O cité de nêflet*, is explained by *Enret*. Pitiful and despicable city.  
*Nyghirtale*, CL. 1356. as *Nighirtale*.  
*Nygmance*, Ber. 2039. *Nygmancy*, PT. 339. for *Nygmancy*: Divination by calling up Dead mens Ghosts.  
*Nys*, as *Nis*.

## O.

**O**, Often signifies One. It is sometimes put for *n* in the beginning of a word, especially in *PT.* and *Ber.* as *Oppon*, *Onknow*, *Onto*, &c. for *Upon*, *Unknown*, *Unto*, &c.  
*Obay*, No. 1615. should be *Abaye*, or (as *MS. Ch.* and *al.*) *Abeye*: Abide; To suffer for. See *Abie*.  
*Obediencer*: Obedient, subject. *Test. L.* 3. Bound upon the obedience due to a Superiour.  
*Obeisance*: Obedience. *Tr. L.* 3. 479. Fr. *Obeissance*. *MS. Sp.* reads it, *Obeisance*.  
*Obeisin*: To obe; To make obeisance. *CL.* 738.  
*Obeising*, *Obeissing*: Obedience; Obeying. *RR.* 3380. Obedient, humble. *Di.* 341.  
*Obombid*: Overshadowed. *Bal. Lad.* 102.  
*Observances*: Observations. Fr. 2845.  
*Observe*: To countenance, overlook. *No.* 3140.  
*Obstant*. See *Non-obstant*.  
*Occasion*: Opportunity. Words of occasion; Words of reproach used upon occasion. *RL.* 279.  
*Occian*: The Ocean.  
*Occident*: The West.  
*Occifer*: A slayer, a murderer. *La.* 306. *MS. Ch.* reads it, *Oo a tazir*. H. 1. *O Atazir*. *al.* *Occifer*. *al.* *occitaser*.  
*Occupier*: A possessor, an owner, a proprietor. p. 496, b.  
*Ocy*, *Ocy*, CN. 124, 127, 135. The Nightingale's Note, alluding to the Lat. *Occidere*, To kill, so perish.  
*Oerthraw*: Overthrown, overwhelmed. *Ch. Dr.* 1151.  
*Offendid*: Hurt. *Prol.* 2396.  
*Offensoun*: Offence. *That never yet ne felt offensoun Of ra- four ne of shere*; That was never shaved, nor cut. *Prol.* 2418.  
*Offertorie*: An Anthem sung in the time of Offering. *Prol.* 712. See *Fr. Gl.*  
*Offrende*: Offerings. *Mo.* 2430. Fr. *Offrande*.  
*Offrin*: To offer.  
*Ofster*: Oftener.  
*Ofstiches*: Oftentimes.  
*Oilvete*, for *Oliver*, *Magd.* 319.  
*Olibane*, *RL.* 214. *Olibannum*, Frankincense.  
*Olifantes*: Elephants. *Boeth.*  
*Olivrees*, *Oliveris*: Olive-trees, *RR.* 1314, 1381. Fr. *Oli- vier*, an olive-tree.  
*Omer*: The Poet *Homer*. *Tr. L.* 1. 46. *Fa. L.* 3. 376.  
*On*: One. *Prol.* 2336.  
*Onbide*: To abide, to continue. *Test. L.* 3.  
*Onde*, *RR.* 148. Breath. *Allo*, *Fury*. *Sp.*  
*Ondo*: Undone. *PT.* 341.  
*One*: Alone. *WB.* 66. *I mine one*, *Ch. Dr.* 1019. *I my self. One and one*, *Ch. Dr.* 1785. *One by one*.  
*Onched*, *Onhed*: Unity. *Test.*  
*Onerous*: Burthensom, chargeable. *RR.* 5633. Fr. *Oner- reux*.  
*Ones*, *Onis*, *Onys*: Once.  
*Onid*: Made one, united. Fr. 704. *Oning*: Uniting.  
*Onily*: Only.  
*Oo*, *Oon*, *One*. *Were at oon*: Were united, agreed. *We ben at oon*, *RR.* 5817. *We are agreed. Thei fel at one*, *Tr. L.* 3. 566. *They agreed. Ewir in oon*; Continu- ally. *Prol.* 1773. *MS. Ch.* reads it, *Thei wepten everiche ooc*. *Allo*, A Proclamation, an *O Yes*. *Prol.* 2535.

*Oofe*: An host.  
*Opie*: Opium. *Prol.* 1474.  
*Opinable*: Ambiguous, disputable, apt to create different opinions. *RL.* 62.  
*Optubede*, *WB.* 645. Barcheaded.  
*Opposuite*: Opposite.  
*Oppress*: To ravish. Fr. 2939, 2960, 2965. To suppress. *Tr. L.* 5. 398. where *Ca.* hath it, *forcess oure oppresse*, i. e. forget the grief which oppresseth us. *Oppressoun*: A Rape, ravishment. *Luc.* 189.  
*Or*: Before, ere; *Or death*, Fr. 1540. Before death; or (as *MS. Ch.*) *till death*. Instead of *Or*, Before, is generally printed *Er* in this Edition. *Allo*, *Over*.  
*Oratory*, *Prol.* 1907. *Oratore*, Cr. 120. *Orature*, lb. 8. A Temple, a private Chappel, or any place wholly dedi- cated to Divine Worship, particularly to Prayer.  
*Ordain*: To order, dispose. *RR.* 7069.  
*Ordal*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1048. *Ordeal*, a kind of Purgation used in the *Saxon* times, and continued to the time of *Henry* the Third, of which there were Two sorts; one by Fire which *Emma*, the Mother of *Edward* the Confessor un- derwent, by passing over hot burning Culcers of Iron bare-foot; the other by Water. Concerning the me- thods used in both, see *Kilian*. in *Diactero-ordel*, and *Spelm.* and *Somn.* where the Forms are described at large. As to the Etymology of the Word, see *Hick.* *Dist. Epist.* p. 149.  
*Orde*, Cl. 66. A point. *Sp.* Beginning. *Orde and end*, *Mo.* 746. Beginning and ending. See *Hick. Gr. AS.* p. 50, 115.  
*Orderly*: Orderly, in good order. *Boeth.*  
*Ordered*, *Orderit*, [not *Ordent*, as it is printed, *Ch. Dr.* 1096.] *Ordred*: Ordained, in Holy orders.  
*Orders four*, *Prol.* 210. The four Orders of Fryers, which were these, 1. Fryers Minors, or Gray Fryers, *Franciscans*. 2. Fryers Preachers, or Black Fryers, *Dominicans*. 3. Fryers *Carmelites*, or White Fryers. 4. Fry- ers *Augustines*. *Sp.*  
*Ordinable*: Capable of being ordered. *Test. L.* 2.  
*Ordinaunce*: Order, disposition, direction; Provision. Fr. 2449. *Aray in ordinance*, lb. 1982. Set in order.  
*Ordour*, for *Ordure* (as in *MS. Ch.*) p. 200. a. l. pen.  
*Ore*, *Gau.* 277, 461. By *Christis ore*. *MS. Ch.* reads *Goddis ore*, lb. 316, 637. It seems to have been a common Oath, By *Ch—s* or *G—s Ore*, or *Nore*, V.  
*Orwell*, *Prol.* 279. A Sea-port in *Essex*. *Sk.*  
*Orfrays*, *RR.* 562, 869. "*(Aurifrisum)* Frizzled cloth of Gold, made and used in *England*, both before and since the Conquest, worn both by the Clergy, and the Kings themselves, as may appear out of *Math. Paris*, "where he speaks of the Ornaments sent by the Abbots "of *England* to the Pope; and also by a Record in the "Tower, where the King commands the Templars to "deliver such Jewels, Garments and Ornaments as "they had of his in keeping, among which he names "Dalmaticum velatum de *Orefreis*, that is, a Damask "Garment guarded with *Orfraies*. *Sp.* Of old the "Jackets or Coat Armors of the King's Guard were "also termed *Orfraies*, because they were covered with "Goldsmith's work. *Blo.*  
*Orfrei*, [not *or frei*] Cr. 163. Overspread. See *Pret.*  
*Orient*: The East.  
*Origines upon the Maudelaine*, *LW.* 428. The Lamenta- tion of *Mary Magdalen*, taken out of *Origen*. See the Title of that Poem. p. 520.  
*Orison*, *Orisoun*: A prayer. Fr. *Oraison*.  
*Orison*: The Horizon.  
*Orloge*, as *Horologe*.  
*Orphelyn*: An orphan. *Boeth.* Fr. *Orphelin*.  
*Orpiment*: A lost yellow kind of Arsenick, like Brimstone, found very deep in the earth, commonly taken for Ratsbane. *Blo.* There are several Medicines Chymically prepared out of it.  
*Orwhelid*: Overwhelmed, overcast. Cr. 401.  
*Ofrye*: A lodging. *Mo.* 1110. See *Eitru*.  
*Other*, *Othir*, *Outber*, *Outbir*: Or; Either; Other. *Othir- gate*: Otherwise. *RR.* 2158.  
*Otherwised*, p. 491, a. f. Falling out contrary to expecta- tion.  
*Ouche*: A kind of Collar of Gold, or such like orna- ment, which Women did wear about their Necks: It is mentioned *An.* 24. *Id.* 8. c. 13. and it is sometimes used



used for a Boss or Button of Gold. *Blo.* Also, A wedge of gold. *Sp.* Sometimes it is taken for a Socket, where in precious Stones are set.

*Over, Ovir* : Upper, uppermost. In Composition it denotes Excess. *Ovirmoche* ; Too much. *Ovirmerily* ; Too merrily. *CL.* 384, 406.

*Overcome.* See *Ovircome*.

*Overiff*, *Prol.* 292. Uppermost. *MS. Ch.* reads it, *His over courtsey*, i. e. His upper coat.

*Overkerueh* : Divideth, cutteth. *Astr.*

*Overleide* : f. Imposed upon. *Mo.* 23. *MS. Ch.* *Overlad*, which *Lidg.* uses for Overpowered. Fall of Princes. *L.* 2. *Ch.* 7. al. *Overledde*, Led away, abused. See *Ovirlede*.

*Overleth* : Lay'd over, covered. *Test. L.* 3.

*Overlippe* : The upper lip. *Prol.* 133.

*Overlowe* : Too low. *Boeth.*

*Overte* : Open. *Fa. L.* 2. 210. *Fr.* *Ouvvert*, fem. *Ouvverte*.

*Overthinkeh*, p. 481, a. l. pcn. f. *Forthinkeh* : Grieveth. See *Forthinke*.

*Overthrowing*, f. leg. *Overthrowin*, p. 364, b. l. 51. Headlong ; Precepts.

*Overthwart* : Cross-ways, across. *Prol.* 1993. Over against. *Tr. L.* 3. 686. Squinting. *Dr. Ch.* 863. Upside down. *Test. L.* 3.

*Overtimeliche* : Unseasonable ; Importunus, p. 359, a.

*Oughe* : Oh ! A Note of Admiration ; *Papa*, p. 359, a.

*Ought* : Owed. *Cl.* 10. It behoves. *No.* 14. Any. *Ought where* : Any where.

*Ovir.* See *Over*.

*Ovircome* : Come or passed over. *Tr. L.* 4. 1069. Covered over. *Magd.* 129.

*Ovirgo*, *RR.* 3784. *Ovirgone*, *Tr. L.* 1. 847. To go or pass over, to pass away ; To overcome, to overpower. *RR.* 6821.

*Ovirlede* : To overload, oppress. *Hyper.* 194.

*Ovirlive* : To outlive. *WB.* 1260.

*Ovirspradde*, *Tr. L.* 2. 769. *Ovirsprat*, *Ib.* 767. Over-spread.

*Ovirthwart*, as *Overthwart*.

*Ounding* : Waving. See *Paling*.

*Oures*, *Bl. Kn.* 422. It should be *lesingoures*, in one word.

*Outcast* : Vile, mean, base : *Abiectus*, *Boeth.*

*Outforthe* : Outwardly. *Test.*

*Outin* : Out. *Prol.* 454. It is *owt*, or *out*, in all the MSS. and Editions which I have consulted : Some read it, *out of alle charite* ; others, *all out of charite*.

*Outrage* : Hurt : Affront ; Excess ; Luxury. Also, Outragious, excessive, extravagant. *Bal.* 555.

*Outraie*, *Outrayen* : To grow outrageous, to rave. *Fr.* 1663. *Fr. Outrer.* Also, To degenerate, p. 378, a. To overcome. *Lidg.*

*Outrede* : To give better advice. *Prol.* 2451.

*Outren* : To out-run. *Prol.* 2451.

*Outstraught* : Stretched out. *RR.* 1515.

*Out-take* : Except. *RR.* 948.

*Outwaiegoynge* : Wandring, straying. p. 488, a.

*Outmaile* : An outcast, the refuse, off-scourings. *Cr.* 129. See *Outweal*. See *Gl. V.* in *Wale*.

*Outwongen* : Wrung or squeezed out. *Test. L.* 3.

*Owande* : Owing. p. 492, a.

*Owe*, *Mo.* 2485. *Owin*, *Fl.* 23. Ought ; To own.

*Oweth*, *RL.* 5. *Owethe*, p. 501, a. Ought.

*Owber* : Any where. *Prol.* 655.

*Owndid*, *Tr. L.* 4. 736. A Corruption in transcribing for *Undaunt* or *Undee*, Waving, flowing. *Kyn.* See *Owndie*. *MS. Sp.* hath it, *her ornyd heere*, i. e. her hair which was adorned, or dressed.

*Owndie*, *Fa. L.* 3. 296. Waving ; from the *Fr.* *Ondoyer*, To wave to and fro, or *Ondé*, Waving.

*Owtbir.* See *Oiber*.

*Oxenford*, *Oxenforth* : Oxford. *The Clerk of Oxenford* : The Oxford-Scholar.

*Oyse*, *Fa. L.* 3. 838. *Sk.* will have it to be the River *Isis*, by Oxford, which was commonly called *Onse* : But there are other Rivers of that name, particularly the *Oyse* in *Picardy*, which falls into the *Seine*, not many leagues from *Paris*.

## P.

*Pas* : To pass ; A pace or step. *Tr. L.* 3. 282. Instead of *gone* or *paas*, *Ca.* hath, *go a paas* ; *Sir* a step, which is better. *Paas two* ; The space of two paces. *CMV.* 121.

*Pace* : To pass, go, proceed : To surpass.

*Paie* : Content, satisfaction. *RR.* 5938. Also, To content, satisfy. *Ib.* 3599. *Paid* : Contented, satisfied. *Ch. Dr.* 426.

*Paine* : Endeavour. *Fr.* 2276. *Fr. Peine*. Also, To endeavour.

*Paine de maine*, *No.* 3234. Whitebread. *Sp.* See *Sk.*

*Painenis*, as *Paynims*.

*Paire* : Damage, hurt. *RR.* 6103. To impair.

*Palafins*, *RR.* 6862. *Ladies palafins* ; Ladies of Honour attending a Court. Perhaps it should be read *Palatines*.

*Palastre*, *Bal. Lad.* 69. Put in *palastre* : Brought to a combat, or dispute ; from the *Lat. Palestra*, The place where Games or Exercises were performed.

*Palathy*, *Prol.* 65. It seems (says *Sk.*) to be some Country in *Asia*, perhaps *Palestine* ; *Palathia* in *Anatolia*. *Sp.*

*Palays*, as *Paleis*.

*Pale*, *Fa. L.* 3. 750. A spangle. *Sk.* A Robe of State. *Sp.*

See *Pall*.

*Paleis* : A Palace. Also, a Fortification, a fortified place ; *Vallum*, *Boeth.*

*Palerbe* : Maketh pale. *Boeth. L.* 2.

*Paleys*, as *Paleis*.

*Paling*, p. 198, a. seems to be an ornament used upon Clothes, as *Lace*, &c. layd on lengthwise, as *Barring*, that layd on cross-ways, and *Ounding*, that layd on waving. They are all Terms used in Heraldry in the like sense.

*Pall*, *Mo.* 2046. A Robe belonging properly to Archbishops, and must be had new for every Archbishop from *Rome*, at a dear rate. By their superstitious order it should be made of the Wool of those two Lambs, which being on *St. Agnes's* day offered upon the High Altar in *St. Peter's* Church, are after the hallowing of them committed to the Subdeacons of that Church, and kept by them in a pasture appointed. The whole Garment is not made of that Wool, but only that List, or Plate of it, which falls down before and behind, and compasses the Neck about. *Com.* It is described more at large in *Fr. Gl.* in *Pallium*.

*Palladion* : The Image of *Pallas* at *Troy*. *Tr. L.* 1. 161.

*Palleis* : A Palace.

*Pallid* : Grown pale with age. *No.* 2610.

*Palmerie*, *Mo.* 361. *Palmyra*, a City of *Syria*, on the borders of *Arabia Deserta*, supposed by some to be *Tadmor* in the *Wilderness*, built by King *Solomon*. It is famous for having been the Seat of the Empire of *Zenobia*.

*Palmers*, *Prol.* 13. Pilgrims that visited holy places ; so called from a Staff or Boughs of Palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the Holy places at *Jerusalem*. *Fr. Gl.* "A Pilgrim and a Palmer differed thus ; a Pilgrim had some dwelling place, a Palmer had none ; the Pilgrim travelled to some certain place, the Palmer to all, and not to any one in particular ; the Pilgrim must go at his own charge, the Palmer must profess wilfull poverty ; the Pilgrim might give over his profession, the Palmer must be constant. *Blo.*

*Palomown* : *Palamon*. *Bl. Kn.* 369.

*Palse* : The Palsy. *Test.*

*Pampired* : Pamper'd up. *CL.* 177.

*Pan* : The Crown of the head. *Mo.* 64.

*Panier*, *Pantir*, *RL.* 226. A sort of net. *Fr. Pantiere*.

*Paniers*, *RR.* 1621. Nets. *Panier* : A Pitfall. *Sp.*

*Panymes*, as *Paynims*.

*Papelarde*, *Fr.* A Hypocrite, a false Zealot. *RR.* 7233.

*Papelardie* : Hypocrisy, dissimulation. *Ib.* 415, 6796.

*Papere* : Pepper. *No.* 783.

*Par* : For. *Par company* ; For company. *MR.* 731. By.

*Par caus* ; By chance.

*Parablis* : Parables ; The Proverbs of *Solomon*. *RR.* 6530.

*Parage* : Birth, parentage. *WB.* 250. It properly signifies



fies High birth; whence *Disparage*, To lessen one's birth, &c. But it is used indifferently; for *Lidgate* hath *Low parage*, as well as *High parage*. Fall of Princes, L. 1. C. 13. L. 2. C. 16. See *Gl. V.*

*Paraments*: Ornaments, rich furniture; Robes of State. Di. 181. Fr. *Paréments*.

*Paramour*: A Lover; A Gallant, or Mistress.

*Paraventure*, *Peraunter*, Dr. Ch. 556. Perhaps, peradventure. Where it is printed *paradventure*, *peradventure*, *peravinture*, it is generally to be read *peraventure*, as it is commonly written in the MSS.

*Parcaas*. See *Par* and *Cads*.

*Parca* *sustrin thre*, Tr. L. 5. 3. The three Sisters, called *Parca*, Fates or Destinies.

*Parchemine*, Fr. Parchment; Paper. *Boeth.*

*Parcell*: A parcel, a part; In part, partly.

*Parde* (Fr. *Par Dieu*) By God. It is most commonly used (as other Oaths generally are) as merely Expletive. *MS Sp.* hath *By God*, instead of it in Tr. L. 2. 183. and they are indifferently used in other places in different Copys and MSS.

*Pardieux*, Tr. L. 2. 759. By the Gods: But it is *Parde* in *MS Sp.* and *Ca.* hath *pardieux*, Ib. 1319.

*Pardonere*: One that sells Pardons, or Indulgences.

*Perdurable*: Everlasting. See *Perdurable*.

*Parel*, Ber. 2325. The Furniture, or Rigging of Ships. Fr. *Apparax*.

*Parentele*: Kindred. p. 209, a.

*Parentyne*: Parentage; Good birth. Ber. 109.

*Parfaie*, *Parfay*, *Parfei*: By my faith. RR. 6228.

*Paril*: Peril, danger. *CMV.* 108.

*Parishens*, (so it should be read in *Prol.* 484. according to the general current of the MSS) Parishioners. It often occurs in *PP.* Some printed Editions read it as it is in this.

*Parlirs*: Parlours. *AL.* 162.

*Parodye*: So it is in Tr. L. 5. 1547. in *MS Sp.* and the old Editions instead of *jeopardie*. It is *Parady* in *Lidg.* Fall of Princes. L. 1. C. 4.

Till their *Parady* say to them *checkmate*.

It seems to mean Fate, Destiny.

*Parrill*: Apparel. *WB.* 561.

*Partable*; Partaking; A partaker, an accomplice.

*Parten*, *Partin*: To partake, to share. *LW.* 465.

*Participant*: Partaking. Cr. 289.

*Partie*, Fr. A part. *Test.* L. 2. See *Party*.

*Partineris*: Partners. Ber. 2441.

*Partise*: Parts. In some *partise*: In some part, degree, or measure. *BD.* 746.

*Partivere*, RR. 4796. *Sk.* takes it to be a Corruption of *Parcuere*, Fr. *Par coeur*, By heart, which is confirmed by the next Verse, *Mine herte*, &c. and *Ib.* 4800. That all by *herte*, &c. which is wrong printed, all mine *herte*.

*Partiles*: Without a share; Void of; *Expers*, p. 388, b.

*Party*: A part; Partly; side, course. p. 153, a. In *partie*, RR. 5338. In part. Fr. *En parti*.

*Parvis*, Fr. Contracted from *Paradis*. *Thesaurus*, *Toms* & *memoria*. *Helych.* *Locus porticus & deambulatoris circumdatus*; A Portico, or Court, before a Church. Fr. *Gl.* in *Paradisus*. The place before the Church of *Notre dame* at *Paris*, called *Parvis*, RR. 7158. was anciently called *Paradis*. Men. Fr. in *Parvis*. *Spelm.* says in *Parva*, &c. that our Lawyers used formerly to walk in such a place to meet their Clients, and not for Law-Exercises, as *Blo.* and others write; being perhaps led into that mistake by that passage, *Prol.* 312. and others, considering the Context more than the Sense of the word *Pervise*, explain it a Barr.

*Passid*: Surpassed, excelled, *Prol.* 450. A passing man; An extraordinary person. No. 625.

*Patte*, RR. 6794. *Patrin*, Ib. 7195. To pray, to say a *Pater noster*.

*Pavade*: A dagger. *MR.* 852.

*Paumis*: The palms of the hands. Tr. L. 3. 1120.

*Paufacion*: A pause; Rest. *Bal. Lad.* 61.

*Pax*, p. 197, b. It was an ancient Custom at the celebration of Mass, that when the Priest pronounced these words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*, i. e. The peace of the Lord be always with you, both Clergy and People kissed one another, which was called *Osculum Pacis*, The Kiss of Peace: But now that Custom being

abrogated, the Deacons, or Subdeacons, at the pronouncing of those words, present to the Clergy and People standing, a certain Image to be kissed, which is called the *Pax*. See Fr. *Gl.* in *Osculum Pacis*.

*Pay*: Satisfaction, content. RR. 1721. *AL.* 255. *PT.* 582. See *Apay*.

*Paynims*: Pagans, Heathens.

*Payfaunce*: Pausing, or stopping. Ch. Dr. 1673.

*Paytrell*: The Breastplate of a Horse-Furniture. No. 575. Fr. *Poitral*, from the Lat. *Pectorale*.

*Pec*, *Pees*: Peace.

*Pecis*: Pieces.

*Peere*, as *Perre*.

*Peice*, *Peisen*, *Peysen*: To poize, to weigh. Fr. *Peser*.

*Peire*: To impair, disparage; from the Lat. *Pejorare*. *Test.* [1. 2. i. e. It] *peirith not your worship nor your fame*; It is no disparagement to your honour, nor reputation. *BD.* 228

*Pellirell*, as *Peyrell*.

*Pell*, Fa. L. 3. 220. A House, a cell. *Sp.* and *Sk.* f. A Palace.

*Pellit*: A pellet, a bullet, a ball. Fa. L. 3. 553.

*Pelour*, Ber. 3194. *Pelure*, *Test.* L. 2. Furr.

*Penaunce*: Penance; Repentance.

*Pendaunts*: Robes hanging down. *Mo.* 2879.

*Pende*, *Mo.* 2590. To pen or shut up. *Com. f.* Hang up; as *Pent*, Ib. 2897. Hang down. Fr. *Pendre*.

*Pene*, *CCr.* 17. A pin. The countre of *Pene*; The Country of the *Peni*, or the *Carthaginians*. p. 375, b.

*Penible*: Painfull; Full of aches and pains. Fr. 582.

*Penitencer*, p. 211, b. It seems there to signify in general, A Confessor, a Priest that enjoyes Penance; but it signifies properly a Dignitary in Cathedral Churches, who has power to absolve in Cases reserved to the Bishop.

*Penitens*: Penance. p. 206, b.

*Pennir*: A pen, a pencil. *Sq.* 1395.

*Pens*: Pence; Money.

*Pensell*, RR. 6280. A Dim. of *Penon*, A Pendant:

*Pensifchede*: Pensiveness, thoughtfulness. *Bl. Kn.* 102.

*Pensis*, *AL.* 62. The *Paunsie*, a Plant; *Viola tricolor*. Fr. *Pensée*.

*Pent*. See *Pende*.

*Peplishe appetite*, Tr. L. 4. 1677. A vulgar, or mean, taste or desire.

*Peraventure*, Tr. L. 1. 669. The Verse is better read in *MS Sp.* thus;

And yet *peraventure* can I redin the.

See *Paraventure*.

*Peraunter*. See *Paraventure*.

*Percase*, as *Parcaas*. See *Par*.

*Perce*: To pierce. *Percedde*, *Percid*: Pierced.

*Perce*: *Persia*. *Perciens*: *Persians*. *Mo.* 362.

*Percel*: A part, a parcel; Partly, in part. *Bl. Kn.* 225.

*Percever*: To persevere, continue.

*Perchemen*, Ber. 788. for *Prechement*, V.

*Perchemene*, *Perchemine*: Parchment.

*Perde*, Fa. L. 2. 332. as *Parde*.

*Perdurable*: Very durable, perpetual; Everlasting, eternal; *Diuturnus*, *perpetuus*, *Boeth.* *Perdurabilite*: A long duration; Immortality.

*Pere*: A Peer; A match, a fellow, an equal. *Sq.* 697.

To appear. *CL.* 55. *Perelesse*: Matchless. *Bl. Kn.* 347.

*Peregal*: Equal. Tr. L. 5. 840.

*Peregrine*: Strange. *Sq.* 448.

*Perfelliche*: Perfectly. *Boeth.*

*Perfte*: Perfect.

*Perie*, *Prol.* 2938. *Perrie*, *MS.* Ch. Precious Stones, Jewells. Fr. *Pierrieries*.

*Perienet*: A young Pear-tree. *Sk.*

*Permagal*: An equal. *Mo.* 2070.

*Permutacion*: A change. *Magd.* 60.

*Pernafo*: Mount *Parnassus*.

*Perpetualtie*: Perpetuity; Perpetual duration. *Test.*

*Perre*, *Perrey*: Precious Stones. In gold and *perrey* wright, Di. 276. Covered with Gold and Jewels; unless it should be rather read *perrerie*, instead of *perrey* wright. See *Perie*.

*Perfaunt*: Piercing. RR. 2809. Fr. *Perçant*.

*Perse*, *Prol.* 441. Sky-colour. *Sp.* Fr. *Pers*, Blewish-gray. See Fr. *Gl.* in *Persia*.

*Perfelle*, as *Percel*.



*Perfeyte*: Perceived. *Ber.* 3051.  
*Personer*, p. 492, b. A Parson; one possessed of Ecclesiastical preferment, *Persona*, *personator*. Lat. Barb.  
*Perse*, p. 511, a: 516, b. f. Corrupted for pure, or *perfitte*.  
*Pertelote*: A fictitious name of a Hen in the Tale of the Nonne's Priest. See *Gl. V*.  
*Pertinacie*: Stiffness, stubbornness, obstinacy. *Test.* L. 2.  
*Perturb*, *Perturbin*: To disturb, to trouble, to vex. *Perturbing*: Disturbing, vexation.  
*Pervinke*: A periwinkle. *RR.* 903.  
*Pervise*, *Prol.* 312. See *Parvis*.  
*Pery*: A pear-tree.  
*Pese*: Peace. *RR.* 4703. Also, To appease.  
*Pesen*: Pitch. *Cl.* 69.  
*Pesible*: Peaceable, calm, easy, quiet. *RR.* 7413. Fr. *Paisible*.  
*Pete*: Pity. *Ber.* 1492.  
*Petous*: Pitiful, miserable, wretched. *Petously*. See *Pitously*: So *MS. Sp.* hath it, *Tr. L.* 4. 1248.  
*Peynis*: Pains. *Peynous*: Painfull. *Peynous ordinance*; Orders enforced with great penalties. *Ber.* 1875.  
*Phane*: A fane, or vane, a weathercock.  
*Phetoneffis*, *Fa. L.* 3. 171. for *Pythoneffes*; from the Lat. *Pythionissa*, A woman possessed with a *Python*, or prophesying spirit.  
*Phi*, *RR.* 5739. The Poet plays upon the first syllable of *Phisicke*, and *Phiscien*, both beginning with *Phi*, a Note of Abhorrence; and from thence pleasantly infers the folly of trusting in them.  
*Pie*: A map-pye; A prating, tattling gossip. *Tr. L.* 3. 528. *Fa. L.* 2. 195.  
*Piement*, as *Piment*.  
*Pierre*, as *Perre*.  
*Piggelnye*: A word of fondness, as my duck, my honey. *RR.* 257. From the *AS. Piga*, *Puellula*, A little maid. *Sk.*  
*Pight*: Struck; Peaked; Picked. *Sq.* 438. Pitched his habitation, dwelt. *No.* 2979. Threw. *Pight him on the pomell of his hede*, *Prol.* 2691. Pitched, or threw him on the crown of his head. *Undir pight*; Supported, bore or born up. *He dronk, and well his girdle undir pight*; He luffed himself with Liquor so, as to fill up his girdle. *La.* 790.  
*Pik*, *Pike*: To pitch, or rather To pitch upon; To pick out. *Tr. L.* 4. 1274. But *MS. Ch.* instead of *pik* reads *steke*, i. e. stick. Also, To peep. *Tr. L.* 3. 60. To pick; To take away by stealth. *Phyl.* 74.  
*Pikis*: Prickles, sharp points, or pikes. *Pikis on ther shone*, *Mo.* 2870. Shoes with long sharp Toes turning upwards, peaked like Scates; which in another place are called *Pikid shoes*.  
*Pilche*, *Bal.* 166. A Furr-gown. *AS. Pylce*. See *Gl. V*.  
*Pilere*: A pillar. *Dr. Ch.* 739.  
*Pilgrim*. See *Palmer*.  
*Pilid*: Peeled; Made bald. *A pilid [al. pelid] berde*; A thin beard. *Prol.* 629. Fr. *Piler*, To make bald.  
*Pill*: To pillage, to plunder. *Fr.* 98. *Di.* 337. Fr. *Piller*.  
*Pillid skull*: A bald pate. *MR.* 1198. See *Pilid*.  
*Pillir*: A Pillar; Fit for making Pillars or Columns of. *AF.* 177. *Pilliris*: Pillars. *Bal.* 601.  
*Pilloure*, *Mo.* 2046. A Pillor is one of the Ensigns, or Marks, which is usually carried before Cardinals, to signify, that they forsooth are Pillars of the Church. *Com.* It rather signifies Furred robes, as *Pelour* and *Pelure*, *V*.  
*Pillours*: Pillagers, plunderers. *Prol.* 1009. See *Pill*.  
*Piment*, *MR.* 270. *RR.* 602. A Drink made of wine, honey, and spices. See *Boeth.* p. 371, a. *Thet ne could not medell the yeste of Bacchus to the clere honie, that is to saine, they could make ne piment or clarre*; i. e. They could not mix wine with clarified honey, and therefore could not make *Piment*, or clarified wine.  
*Pinaunt*: A Starveling, that pines away for hunger. *Mo.* 46. But it should rather be there read *penaunt* (as *MS. Ch. H. 1. Ca. and Py.*) One that doth penance.  
*Pinchin*, *Prol.* 328. To jeer, or banter. Fr. *Pincer*.  
*Pinde*, *Mo.* 2421. Tormented, plagued, afflicted, put to pain; Pined away, starved.  
*Pine*, *Mo.* 1174. *Pinin*, *RR.* 3511. To put to pain, to torment, to put to the torture. *Pine*: Pain.  
*Pipe with an yve lese*, p. 516, a. A Proverbial Expression

of the same signification as *Blow the bukis borne*, *MR.* 297. See *Bukis borne*. *Ldg.* expresses the same by *Blowe in an borne*, and *pipe in a rede*. Story of *Thebes*, Part. II.  
*Pirate*: Perry. *CCr.* 30.  
*Pire*: To peer about.  
*Pirrie*, *Mo.* 2099. See *Perie*.  
*Piscine*, *Bal.* Lad. 127. A pond, a fish-pool. See *Prebatise*.  
*Pisill*, *Pistle*, *Fr.* 2175. An epistle. *Rownid a pisill*; Whispered a secret. *WB.* 1021.  
*Pitauunce*, *Pitence*, *Fr.* *Pitance*, A Monk's Mefs, Commons, or Allowance for a Meal.  
*Pith*: Vigour. *WB.* 475.  
*Pitously*: Pitifully.  
*Plages*, p. 440, b. *Plagis*: Climates, Regions. Lat. *Plaga*. *Plagis of the North*, *La.* 544. The Regions of the North; if not rather to be read (as in *MS. Ch.*) *The people of the north*.  
*Plaie*, as *Play*.  
*Plaine*: To explain, declare. *Tr. L.* 5. 1229. To complain. Also, Perfect; Full. *Tr. L.* 5. 1817. *Pleyne*, *MS. Sp. Fr.* *Plein*, Full. In *No.* 2567. it is put for *Playing*, *V*.  
*Plainliche*: Plainly. *Tr. L.* 2. 272.  
*Plaintis*: Complaints.  
*Plained*: Pleated, folded. *Many plained*: Manifest. *Test.* p. 488, b.  
*Plat*, *Fr.* Flat, plain. *He goth forth plat*, *Mo.* 1952. He goes forth directly, without any stay, or stop. *Rather cause of plat than edge*, *Tr. L.* 4. 927. *Rather cause of ease than grief*. *Sp.* It is flat in *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.*  
*Platis*: Plates of Armour. *Prol.* 2123.  
*Play*, *Plays*, *Playin*: To take ones pleasure; To divert one's self. *Playe a pilgrimage*, *No.* 2741, 2742. [*pleye*, *MS. Ch. H. 1. Ca. 1, 2. and Py. 1. f. ply*] Go on pilgrimage. *Playing*, *RR.* 598. Diversion, pleasure; Jesting, a jest. *In playe*, *Fr.* 2051. In jest.  
*Ple*: A Plea, a dispute, debate. *AF.* 485. *Plees*: Pleas, Pleadings, Law Suits, Tryals at Law. *AF.* 101.  
*Pleasant*: Pleasing. p. 157, b.  
*Pleide*: Played.  
*Pleinte*: Complaint.  
*Plenere*: Full, perfect, compleat. *Hyp.* 240. Fr. *Pleni-ere*, fem.  
*Plentivous*, *Plentuous*: Plenteous, plentiful. *Ber.* 764. *Boeth.*  
*Pleauunce*: Pleasure; Pleasantness.  
*Plesing*, p. 206, b. l. 33. The place is scarce intelligible as it is printed. *MS. Ch.* reads it thus — *chirche*. And playnly and generally, &c.  
*Plete*: To implead, to sue at Law. *Tr. L.* 2. 1468. *Ber.* 3104.  
*Pley*, as *Play*.  
*Pleyne*, *Pleyin*: To complain.  
*Plight*, (from *Pluck*) Plucked. *RR.* 1745. *Tr. L.* 2. 1120. *Pulled*. *La.* 15.  
*Plight my troth*: Plighted my troth. *Tr. L.* 4. 1610.  
*Plite*: To plait, to fold up. *To sowe and plite*; To seal and fold. *Tr. L.* 2. 1204. See *Sowe*.  
*Plites*: Plaits, foldings. *Test.*  
*Plitid*: Turned in her mind, or thoughts. *Tr. L.* 2. 697.  
*Plumtuous*, p. 360, b. for *Plentuous*, *V*. Lat. *Fertilis*.  
*Plungi*: Rainy, bringing or causing rain; *Imbriser*, p. 374, b.  
*Point*, *Pointe*: To appoint. *Bal.* 518. A point. *In good point*; In good case, or condition. *Prol.* 200. *At the point to brest*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1638. *In point for to brest*, *RR.* 3186. Ready to burst. See *Magd.* 189. *And here a point*, *No.* 1501. Here I conclude, make a full stop. *That cannot set his pointis double*; That hath not two strings to his bow. *BD.* 524.  
*Pointell*, *Pointell*: A Pencil, a writing pen; *Stylus*, *Boeth.* p. 359.  
*Pointen*: To prick with a point. *RR.* 1058.  
*Point devise*, *RR.* 1215. The utmost exactness. Fr. *A points devisez*; i. e. *Secundum puncta multo cum studio designata*. *Sk.*  
*Poisye mater*: Poetical Compositions. p. 359, a.  
*Polive*: A pulley. *Sq.* 204.  
*Poll*: The head. *Ber.* 2525.



x. In the MS translation of the N. T. Supposed to be Wicliff's in the  
Harleian Library, John V. 2. is thus translated: and in israhm  
is a waschyng place: pat hap syus porchis in Ebrw is named  
Bothsayday; where the translator not knowing what to make of  
probatia piscina (for he translates from the Vulg. Lat. and seems  
never so much as to have look'd upon the greek text) renders it  
in general terms, a waschyng place



**Pomelles of gold** : Balls of gold. *AL.* 479.  
**Pomelly grey**, *Prol.* 618. **Pomily grey** : Dapple-grey. *Fr.*  
*Gris pommelé.*  
**Pomill** : The pommel of a saddle, the hilt of a sword;  
 Any ball or round thing; The head, or top of the  
 head. *Prol.* 2691.  
**Pompery**, *Ber.* 1934. *f.* Pompous appearance, or plausible  
 pretension.  
**Popelere** : A poplar-tree.  
**Popelat** : A puppet, or young wench. *Sk.*  
**Popere**, *MR.* 823. A bodkin. *Sp.* and *Sk.*  
**Popet** : A puppet. *No.* 3210.  
**Popingay** : A parrot. *Sq.* 1840. See *Sk.* on Poppinjay.  
**Popped** : Dressed up like a puppet. *Ne popped here*, *RR.*  
 1019. Nor hair over-nicely dressed. See *Sk.*  
**Poraille**, **Porayle** : Poor, mean people. *Prol.* 247.  
**Porismes** (so it should be read, *p.* 381, *b.* 1. 46. as well  
 as 1. 61.) Corollaries, Theorems deduced from Propo-  
 sitions demonstrated before. *Gr. Πορισματα.*  
**Portatife** : Portable. *Astr.*  
**Porte** : Carriage, behaviour. *Meke of port* : Affable,  
 complaisant. *Prol.* 69. *Stout of port* : Haughty, dis-  
 dainfull. *RR.* 4015.  
**Porthes** : Parts. *Boeth.*  
**Portiofe**, *No.* 2643. A kind of Service-Book, called *Por-*  
*treff* by *Spenser*, *Portoos* by *Blo.* who says it was an  
 ancient name for a Breviary. *Sommer* in his *Rom.*  
*Ports and Forts*, *p.* 6. mentions a Legacy left to *Rich-*  
*borough* Chappel of one *Portuys* printed, with a *Mas-*  
*book*, &c. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Portiforium*.  
**Portraie**, *Prol.* 96. **Portrey** : To paint, to draw a picture.  
**Portraitour** : A painter of Portraits.  
**Portrayed**, for *Portrayed*, *RR.* 140. See *Portraie*.  
**Portrid** : Portrayed. *Mo.* 2077.  
**Pose**, *Mo.* 1639. A Rheum, or humour, which falls into  
 the nose, stopping the nostrils, and hindering the voice.  
*Blo.* The same with *Catarre*. Also, To suppose. *Tr.*  
*L.* 3. 572.  
**Poshid**, *RR.* 4625. **Possid**, *Ib.* 4479. Pushed, thrust, tof-  
 sed. *Fr.* *Pouffer*, To push.  
**Possid**, as *Possid*.  
**Posse** : Power. Perhaps contracted from the *Lat. Pote-*  
*stas*. *Is full of grete posse*, *RR.* 2095. Hath an extra-  
 ordinary vertue in it. See *Ib.* 6484, 6533, 6957,  
 7679.  
**Postome** : An impostume. *p.* 376, *b.* See *Boche*.  
**Potent** : A crutch. *RR.* 368, 7417. *Fr.* *Potence*.  
**Potestate**, *Fr.* 753. The chief Magistrate, or Judge of a  
 Place. *It. Podestà*, from the *Lat. Potestas*, which is used  
 in the same sense, *Juv.* *Sat.* X.  
*An Fidenarum Gablorumq; esse potestas*  
*Et de mensurâ jus dicere.*  
**Pothegwares**, **Potiguaries** : Apothecaries.  
**Powder marchant**, *Prol.* 383. Powders (says *Sp.*) where-  
 of Gingerbread is made. *Sk.* disapproves this Explica-  
 tion, but gives none of his own.  
**Poudre**, *Fr.* Dust, powder. *Fa.* *L.* 2. 28.  
**Pover**, **Povir** : Poor. *Poverly* : Poorly.  
**Povert**, **Poverie** : Poverty. Also, Poor. *Fr.* 1262. if not  
 rather to be read (as in *MS. Ch.*) *Povre*, there and *Ib.*  
 1925. Glad poverie; Poverty with content. See a no-  
 ble Description of it in *Lidg.* Fall of Princes. *L.* 1.  
*C.* 1.  
**Poulce** : The pulse. *Tr.* *L.* 3. 1120.  
**Paulis windows**, *MR.* 210. The Windows of *St. Paul's*  
 Church, London. See *Decapla*.  
**Pounced** : Cut, punched. See *Gl. V.*  
**Pouped** : Made a popping, or hooping noise with a horn.  
*Mo.* 1514.  
**Powde** : Poured. *RR.* 1148.  
**Poure** : To pore upon. *RR.* 1640. *Tr.* *L.* 2. 1708.  
**Powse** : A purse.  
**Poursue** : To pursue.  
**Powdiring** : Embroidery, or rather Ermine-spots. *AL.*  
 530.  
**Poyse** : Poetry. *Ber.* 1930.  
**Praise** : To praise, value.  
**Prakike** : Practice, custom, usage. *WB.* 187.  
**Preasin on** : To press forward. *Tr.* *L.* 5. 1011.  
**Prece**, *Sc.* 222. Praise; A press, a crowd. *Put in prece*,  
*prees* or *prese*; To set ones self forward; To endeavour,

attempt, undertake. *AF.* 602.  
**Precelling** : Pre-eminence, advantage. *Fr.* *RL.* 31.  
**Preceen**, perhaps for *Perceen* : To pierce, penetrate. *Boeth.*  
*L.* 2.  
**Prechment**, *Fr.* Preaching, a Sermon. *Ber.* 531.  
**Precious** : Precise, over-nice. *WB.* 148. *Fr.* *Precieux*.  
**Predestine** : Predetermination. *Tr.* *L.* 4. 966.  
**Predication** : Preaching, a Sermon.  
**Prees**, **Preise**, *Ch. Dr.* 267. A press, a crowd. See *Prece*.  
**Prese** : A proof.  
**Preseft** : The chief Magistrate of a Place.  
**Preide** : Prayed, entreated.  
**Preise**. See *Praise* and *Prece*. *Is not to prise*; Is of no  
 value. *RR.* 4476.  
**Prentise** : An apprentice. *No.* 2808. These three Verses,  
*No.* 2807, 2808, and 2809. are thus in *MS. Ch.*  
*Thee mowren com, and thee Marchaunt ridyht*  
*To Flandris wardes, his prentis well him gidyht*  
*Unill he come to Bruggis merily.*  
 In *RR.* 687. *A prentise*, should be read *aprentise* in one  
 word, i. e. Apprentices, novices, learners. *Were not*  
*aprentise*; *Were not to learn*.  
**Prentishode** : Apprenticeship.  
**Prese**, *Tr.* *L.* 4. 1473. To praise. Also, A press, a  
 crowd; Price, value, esteem; To press. *Prese to bond*,  
*RR.* 4194. To come near. See *Prece*.  
**Presence**, for *Prescience*, *Tell.* *L.* 3.  
**Present** : Presence. *In present*; Just then. *RR.* 1191. *In*  
*Isopis present*; In the presence of *Isop.* *Ber.* 2062.  
**Presentarie** : Present; *Presentarium*, *p.* 403, *b.*  
**Presin** : To press, to crowd.  
**Prest** : Ready. *Tr.* *L.* 2. 785. *Fr.* *Prest*.  
**Preterit**, **Preterite** : Past. *RR.* 5011. *Preterities* : Times  
 past. *p.* 402, *a.*  
**Preve** : To prove; Proof. *Tr.* *L.* 1. 470; *L.* 3. 1004. *Pre-*  
*veit*, for *Repreveit*, *p.* 154, *a.* 1. 68.  
**Price**, for *Prise*, *Phyl.* 141. *Premium*, *p.* 390, *a.*  
**Prick** : A point. *p.* 372, *b.* A Ring. *p.* 337, *b.* *Fa.* *L.* 2.  
 399. To afflict, torment. *Fr.* 2059. To ride hard. *RR.*  
 2314. *Pricking* : Hard riding. *Prol.* 191.  
**Prie** : To pray, to entreat. *Fr.* *Prier*.  
**Prikasoure**, *Prol.* 189. A hard rider. *Sk.*  
**Prikid** : Rode hard.  
**Prill and poincten**, *RR.* 1058. Gore and strike. *q. d.* *Pric-*  
*kle and pointen*. *Sk.*  
**Prime**, *Tr.* *L.* 2. 1095. "Our Ancestors (says *Kyn.*) divided  
 "their morning Devotions into two spaces, 1<sup>st</sup>. From Six  
 "to Nine in the morning, which was called *Spatium*  
 "*Orationum primarum*. 2. From Nine to Twelve, which  
 "was called *Spatium Orationum Nonarum*. And hence we  
 "have our word *Noon*. *Prime large*, *Sq.* 380. Late in the  
 morning, towards nine a clock. *At prime temps*, *RR.*  
 3373. The first time, at first. *Of Ver the prime*, *Tr.*  
*L.* 1. 157. The beginning, or perfection, of the spring.  
*At prime face*, *Tr.* *L.* 3. 921. *p.* 485, *b.* At first view,  
 at first sight. *Prime temps*, *RR.* 4747. Spring. *Fr.*  
*Printemps*.  
**Princes** : A Princess. *Bal.* 589.  
**Printishode** : Apprenticeship. *MR.* 1292.  
**Pri**, **Prise** : Praise. *Tr.* *L.* 2. 181, 376.  
**Prise** : Price; Value, esteem. *In prise upborn*, *Tr.* *L.* 1.  
 376. (for so it should be read; *In pryce up born*, *Ca.*)  
 Valued, esteemed.  
**Prisonment** : Imprisonment. *Test.*  
**Prived** : Proved. *Test.*  
**Privy and apert**, *WB.* 1114. In publick and private. *Pri-*  
*vy man*, *Fr.* 1548. A Confident, a person employed  
 in secret affairs.  
**Probacy** : Proof by witnesses. *Ber.* 1861. It is called *Pro-*  
*bat Law*, *Ib.* 1335.  
**Probatife piscine**, *Bal.* *Lad.* 127. or rather *Probatike piscine*,  
 i. e. The Sheep's pool, or pond; which *Blo.* says was a  
 Pond at *Jerusalem*, where those Sheep were washed,  
 that were by the Law to be sacrificed, otherwise called,  
 the Pool of *Bethesda*. The Poet here plainly alludes to  
*John V.* 2. where instead of *ἐν τῇ πρὸς βοῦν κολυμβήθρῃ*  
 a Pool in the Sheep-market, or at the Sheep-gate, [See  
*Neh.* III. 1. and XII. 39.] some Copies read *πρὸς βοῦν*  
*κολυμβήθρῃ*; and so the *Vulg. Lat.* translates it, *Est*  
*autem Jerosolymis Probatica piscina*; There is at *Jerusa-*  
*lem* a Sheep-pond. X

Probati



*Probat* law. See *Probacy*.

*Proceffe*: A harangue, a long discourse. *Bl. Kn.* 127.

*Procurator*, *Mo.* 2673. A Proctor, or Farmer, employed by the Clergy to gather in their Tithes and other Duties. *Com.*

*Profession*, *RR.* 4910. The solemn and entire Dedication which a religious person makes of himself by a Triple Vow of Obedience, Chastity and Poverty.

*Proheme*: A Proem, or Preface. *Fr.* 1073.

*Proinith*, *Pruneth*: A Term in Falconry; They say, a Hawk *pruneth*, or *proineth*, when she picketh her self. In *Sq.* 1527. it is applied to a person that is very nice in dressing.

*Prolle*: To look out, properly in order to pilfer. *No.* 1433.

*Promesse*, *Fr.* A promise. *BD.* 39.

*Propine*: To drink to one; To give one drink. *Bal. Lad.* 52.

*Propinquite*: Kindred, relation, alliance. *Test.*

*Proposid*: Designed. *Ber.* 1988.

*Proffes*: Proccels, proceeding. *BD.* 848.

*Provable*: Probable; To be proved, capable of being proved. *RR.* 5414.

*Prove*: Proof. *Phyl.* 1.

*Provende*, *RR.* 6931. It is properly a Prebend: But it seems here to signify any Preferment, or Provision, in general.

*Provendre*: A Prebendary. *p.* 492, *b.*

*Proverbe*, *Tr. L.* 3. 294. To speak in Proverbs; To deliver as a Proverb. But *Ca.* reads the Verse thus;

*Have wyte or thys; as yit men teche us yonge.*

*Provostry*: The Office or Dignity of a Provost; *Præfectura*, *p.* 377, *a.*

*Prove*: Honour; Profit, benefit, advantage. *No.* 1814.

*Mo.* 1065. *RR.* 5806. *Tr. L.* 1. 334.

*Provesse*: Valour; Goodness, vertue, honesty, integrity; *Probitas.* *p.* 389, *a.*

*Pruce*; *Prussia.* *Pröl.* 53. Also, A *Prussian.*

*Pruse*: *Prussia.* *Dr. Ch.* 1025.

*Pfalter*: The Psalter, or Psalms of David. *p.* 507, *a.*

*Pucell*: A virgin, or maid. *Bal. Lad.* 54. *Fr. Pucelle.*

*Pucella* and *Rubeus*, *Pröl.* 2047. "The names of two figures in Geomancy, representing two Constellations "in Heaven: *Pucella* signifieth *Mars* Retrograde, and " *Rubeus*, *Mars* Direct. *Sp.*

*Pulchritude*: Beauty. *CL.* 613.

*Pullaile*: Fowl, poultry. *RR.* 7094.

*Pullid* hen, *Pröl.* 177. He gave not of the text a pullid hen; A Proverbial expression signifying, He valued it not a straw, a pin, &c.

*Punice*: To punish. *RR.* 7187.

*Pappe*: The Pope. *Hen.* 383.

*Pur*: Pure. *PT.* 500. *Purid*: Purified. *Bal. Lad.* 81.

*Purchase*, *Purchase*, *Purchase*: To procure, obtain, attain; To gain or engage one; To provide. *Tr. L.* 2. 1125. comp. with *lb.* 1160. Also, Buying, paying dear for.

*Purfil*, *AL.* 87, 524. *Purfile*: A guard, border, or fringe about a garment. *Fr. Pourfile.* *Purfilid*: Fringed. *Pröl.* 193.

*Purpose*: A discourse. *Fr. Propos.* Instead of the purpose, *Tr. L.* 2. 897. *Ca.* hath that purpose, which is the true Reading.

*Purple*: Purple.

*Purprise*: An enclosure. *RR.* 3987. *Fr. Pourpris.* The whole compass of a place.

*Portreings*: Paintings, Drawing, *Pourtraitures.*

*Portreiture*: Paintings, Drawings. *Pröl.* 1970. In former Editions it is *Purgatory.*

*Purvayid*, *Purveyed*. Pre-ordained. *Tr. L.* 4. 1009. Provided.

*Purveie*, *Tr. L.* 2. 504. *Purveigh*, *p.* 482, *b.* To provide, prepare.

*Purveiable*: Carefull, provident. *Boeth.* *p.* 375, *b.*

*Purveiance*, *Purveighaunce*, *Purveyance*: Providence, foresight; Provision.

*purveid*, *WB.* 591. *Purveighed*, *Boeth.* Provided.

*Purvyde*, *Bl. Kn.* 497. See *Purvayid.*

*Pusell*, as *Pucell.*

*Putaigne*: A whore. *Ber.* 543. *Fr. Putain.* It should rather be read *Putage*, Whoring. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Putagium.*

*Putons*: Whoremongers.

*Putre*, *Mo.* 2227. *Patrie*, *p.* 208, *b.* Whoredom.

*Puttocks*, *Mo.* 3268. Bitterns; Kites. *Sk.*

*Pyes*. See *Pie.*

*Pynande*: Painfull. *Test.*

*Pyne*, as *Pine.*

*Pyrid* fast and pourid, *PT.* 149. Peer'd, looked hard and pored.

*Pry*: A pear-tree. *Ber.* 583.

*Pythoneß*: A witch. *Fr.* 246. See *Pythoneßis.*

## Q.

*Quad*, *Quade*: Bad. *Kilian.* *Quaen.* *Surbe* play, *quade* play, *MR.* 1249. A true jest is a bad jest, or, as we say, No jest like a true jest. *Quad* yere, *No.* 2946. *MS.* *Ch.* hath it;

*God yeve this Monk a thousand last of quad yere.*

A Curse; *f.* May this Monk have very many unhappy yéars.

*Qualite*: Strange, odd; Neat, nice. See *Queint*, &c.

*Quaire*, *Bl. Kn.* 675. A quire of paper; A little book, or Pamphlet.

*Quakk*, *MR.* 1044. The inarticulate sound which one makes at any hard labour. See *Gl. V.* in *Quaiks.*

*Qualme*, *Pröl.* 2016. Grief. *Sp.* a Fit. *AS.* Eyealme: *Mors*, exitium. Not of qualme ysturve; Not dead of any sickness, or of a natural death, but slain.

*Quappe*: To shake, quake. *Sp. Sk.* To pant, to tremble. *Th.* 160. *Tr. L.* 3. 57. *Ca.* reads it *whappe*. See *Whaped.* Yet will the water quappe a day or two, *Luc.* 88. Yet the water will continue in motion, and beat against the shoar, for a day or two after the storm is over.

*Quarelis*, *RR.* 1823. Short, thick squate darts shot out of Cross-bows. *Fr. Carreaux*; In old *Fr. Quadrils.* It. *Quadrilli.* See *Fr. Gl.* in *Quadrilli.*

*Quen*: A Quean, a whore. *RR.* 7082. *Sonn.* in *Quena.* See *Quene.*

*Queint*, *Quinte*: Quenched, put out. *Mo.* 1980. I madin of that lese full queint, *RR.* 3079. I made very much of that leaf, put a great value upon it. Also, Delicate, neat, dainty, nice, *Mo.* 2953. *Queinte* aray; A neat drefs. *RR.* 2251. Strange; odd. *Queint* a sweven: A strange, odd dream.

*Queintice*, *Queintise*, *RR.* 2250. Neatness; Strangeness, oddness. *Covetise chaungen wih queintise*, *Mo.* 2567. Colour their covetousness with devices, making it seem other than it is. *Com.* *Serpentine queintises*; Cunning, crafty, subtle devices. *p.* 487, *a.*

*Queintlie*: Strangely, oddly; Curiously.

*Quek*, *Ber.* 2210. A sort of Game.

*Quel*, *Quell*: To destroy, to kill; To overcome. *AS.* *Epellan.*

*Queme*, *Quemen*: To please, *Pr. RL.* 69. *AS.* *Epoman.*

*Quene*, *Quen*: A Queen. Also, A quean. See *Quen.*

*Queintise*, as *Queintise.*

*Quently*, as *Queintlie.*

*Quere*, *Cr.* 40. as *Quaire.*

*Querelouse*: Querulous, full of complaints. *Ber.* 1337.

*Querne*: A hand-mill. *Fa. L.* 3. 708. *AS.* *Lyeojin.*

*Querrour*: A stone-digger, one that works in a quarry. *RR.* 4149.

*Quest*: An Inquest, a Jury. *Gaw.* 1558. *Quest-mangers*: Jury-men, or perhaps Packers of Juries. *p.* 206. *Fa. L.* 3. 648. *Achevid* all their questes: Obtained all they desired.

*Queib*: To bequeath. *RR.* 6999.

*Quiske*: Alive. *That quicke wol selle her by her life*, *RR.* 5056. That will in her life-time sell her self alive. Also, To quicken; To save alive. *No.* 492.

*Quiente*, as *Queint.*

*Quike*: Quick, alive, living. *Bal.* 462.

*Quinible*, *MR.* 224. A Treble. *Sp.* See *Sk.*

*Quisben*,



*Quishin*, Ib. L. 3. 966. *Quishen*, Tr. L. 2. 1229. A Cushion.

*Quistron*, RR. 886. A beggar; One that goes about begging alms for himself or others, under pretence of preaching, or selling indulgences. See Fr. Gl. in *Questionarii*.

*Quite*: To pay, requite, repay. *Quite her cost*, Mo. 488. To bear her ordinary expences; To acquit, deliver. Also, Quit, free. *Gon al quite*: Are acquitted. No. 459. *Quitte*: Required. RR. 3146. *Quitte him*: Acquitted, behaved himself. Ib. 3069.

*Quoth*, *Quoth*: Quoth, said.

## R.

*R* *Ra*, MR. 978. *Rae*, RR. 7098. A roe.

*Rabiate*: Enraged, mad. *Adagd*. 232.

*Race*, for *Arace*, V. Fr. 1592, 2124. *Mo*. 3205.

*Racine*, Fr. A root. RR. 4881.

*Rad*, *Radd*: Read, or Did read. *WB*. 721. Advised. *AF*. 579.

*Radevore*, Ph. 126. Tapestry, Loom-work. *Sp. Ras* in Fr. signifies any Stuff, as *Ras de Chalons*, *Ras de Gennes*. *Ras de Vore*, or *Vaur*, may be a Stuff made at such a place; or else it may be *Ras velore*, for *Velours ras*, Shorn Velvet.

*Rae*. See *Raa*.

*Raft* (from *Reve*, V.) Deprived, took away. *Rafte her selfe her life*; Killed her self. *Luc*. 176.

*Rage*: To play the rogue. *MR*. 850.

*Ragerie*: Roguery, wanton tricks, playing the rogue.

*Ragounces*, RR. 1117. A kind of precious Stone. *Sp*.

*Raie*: Array, order. *CCr*. 26.

*Railed*, *Magd*. 181. *Reiled*, Ib. 119. Flowed. See *Reilith*.

*Raine*, as *Reigne*.

*Raines*: The City Rennes in Britany. Cloth of *Raines*; Cloth made in that City. *Dr. Ch*. 255.

*Raison*, *Raisoun*: Reason. Fr. *Raison*.

*Rakefele*: The handle of a rake. *WB*. 949. See *Siele*.

*Raket*, p. 482, a. *I have not plaid raket*; I have not been unconstant.

*Rakid*: Ragged. *A balstaff and els a rakid end*; A Quarter-staff with a ragged end. *PT*. 153.

*Rakil*, *Rakle*: Rash, hasty. *Tr. L*. 1. 1068: *L*. 3. 430.

Instead of *rakill*, *Ca. bath recheles*, V. To be rash. *Tr. L*. 4. 1648. But *MS. Sp.* reads it, *Ne rakill nyl y be*.

*Ramage*, p. 482. b. *Ramagious*, *RL*. 324. Wild. *RR*. 5384. See *Sk*. Also, The singing, chirping, or warbling of small birds. Fr. *Ramage*.

*Rammish*: Rank.

*Ranke*, *CCr*. 33. for *Rauke*: Hoarse; from the Lat. *Raucus*.

*Ranson*: A ransom. *Prol*. 1178. Fr. *Rangon*.

*Rape*: Haste. Also, Hasty. *Gam*. 202. Quickly. *RR*. 6516.

*Rapily*: Quickly, hastily. *Gam*. 839.

*Rafe*, *CL*. 868. for *Race*, V.

*Raskail*, *Tr. L*. 5. 1852. The Rabble, the Mob. Fr. *Raf-caille*, Trash, idle stuff.

*Rate*: To chide. *MR*. 355.

*Rath*: Soon, early. *Tr. L*. 5. 937. *Rathir*: Quicker, sooner. *RR*. 4514. Also, Former, first. *Boeth. Rathir speche*, *Tr. L*. 3. 1343. Former discourse. *Rathist*: Soonest. *Bl. Kn*. 428. *AS. Rað. Ciro*.

*Ravensh*: Black as a raven. *Sp. Sk*.

*Raveshing*: Rapid. p. 363, b.

*Raught*: Reached, stretched. *Prol*. 136. *Tr. L*. 2. 447. from *Reach*. Also, Went. *Sp*.

*Ravine*, *Ravineft*, *Ravyn*: Rapine; Greediness, covetousness. *Foulis of ravine*; Birds of prey. *AF*. 323. *Ravines*. Rapine, pillage; *Rapine*, p. 362, a.

*Ravinour*: A robber.

*Ravifable*: Greedy, ravenous. *RR*. 7066.

*Ravishing*, as *Raveshing*.

*Ravish*, *Gam*. 222. for *Revish*, as in *MS. Ch*. See *Reve*.

*Ransom*: To put one to ransom, to set a price for one's ransom. *Mo*. 2595.

*Ransounde*, *Mo*. 2605. Put to ransom.

*Ravyshing*, as *Raveshing*.

*Rayid*: Arraied, adorned. *Dr. Ch*. 252. See *Aray*.

*Rayith*, *MR*. 1201. for *Arayith*. [See *Aray*.] But *MS. Ch*. reads it, *Greythede* [H. i. greithen, al. greyden] hem; i.e. made them ready to go. [See *Greithe*.] Others read, *And dressed hem*.

*Raylid*: Railed in. *Ber*. 291. See *Railed*.

*Rebek*: *Rebecca*. *Sq*. 1220. Also, An old woman, an old Trot. *Sp. Fr*. 309.

*Rechafe*: To beat, or drive back. *Dr. Ch*. 379. Fr. *Rechaffer*.

*Reche*, *Recke*: To care for, to value, to regard, esteem, make account of. *AS. Reccan. Rechelesse, Rechelesse*: Rash, negligent, careless; Without pity. *Rechelesnesse*: Carelessness, heedlessness. *Prol*. 204.

*Recomfort*: To comfort again, to restore comfort to one. *Tr. L*. 2. 1672. *MS. Sp.* reads the Verse thus;

*And him with all her wyt to comfort*:

But *Ca.* hath this and the following Verses much better, thus;

*And hym with al her bert she gan disport*

*As she best conde, of sorrow hym to comfort*.

*Recommunde*: To recommend. *No*. 555.

*Recorde*: Witness, testimony. *Dr. Ch*. 934. To remember. p. 384, a.

*Recour*, p. 483, b. as *Recre*.

*Recreaunce*, *Magd*. 425. *Recreaundise*, *RR*. 2107. Distrust; Falshood, treason; Infidelity. *Ib*. 4038.

*Recreant*, *RR*. 4090. One that betrays his Trust; An Infidel; Faint hearted, cowardly. p. 204, a. See *Gl. V*. in *Reccant*.

*Recoverable*: To be recovered, recoverable. *Bal*. 1116.

*Recre*: A remedy, a cure. *Cr*. 335. Recovery. *Bl. Kn*. 682. To recover. *Recurid*: Recovered. *RR*. 4920. *Bl. Kn*. 652.

*Redde*: Advised. *Tr. L*. 5. 737. It is printed for *Rede*, *Ib. L*. 2. 1698. *Mo*. 575. where *MS. Ch*. hath, *he combe no bettir rede*.

*Reddour*: Violence. *Fort*. 13. *No force of thy reddour*; I care not for thy violence. From the Fr. *Roidcur*, Stiffness, &c. See *Gl. V*.

*Rede*: Advice, counsel; To advise. *Redith me love*, *Tr. L*. 2. 413. or rather (as *MS. Sp*.) *Ret me to love*; Advise me to love. To explain, interpret. *Dr. Ch*. 279. To guess; To read. Also, A reed. *Tr. L*. 2. 1387.

*Redemir*: Redeemer. *Magd*. 384.

*Redolence*: A sweet smell; Perfume. *RL*. 213.

*Redoubtable*, *Redoubied*: Feared; Honoured, revered. *Boeth. Fr. Redonable*.

*Redoute*: To reverence. *RR*. 2023. To fear. Fr. *Redouter*.

*Redoutinge of Mars*, *Prol*. 2052. For the honour of *Mars*. *H. i.* and *MS. Ch*. read it, *In recordyng of Mars*, and of his glory, i. e. In memory, &c.

*Redresse*, *Redressin*: To recover, reform, amend, correct. *RR*. 3423. *Tr. L*. 2. 969.

*Reed*, as *Rede*.

*Refect*: Recovered, refreshed. *Boeth*.

*Referre*: To return, requite. p. 361, b.

*Refiguring*: Recollecting. *Tr. L*. 5. 472.

*Refraine*, *Tr. L*. 2. 1571. The Burden of a Song. Fr. *Refrain*. *Refraining*: Upholding a Song. *RR*. 749.

*Refreide*, *Tr. L*. 2. 1343. To restrain. *Sp*. To cool, slacken, lessen, relent. Fr. *Refroidir*.

*Refrete*, p. 508, b. l. 19. f. the same with *Refrain*, if not corrupted from it.

*Refroidin*: To cool. *Tr. L*. 5. 507. See *Refreide*.

*Refte*: Taken away, bereaved; from *Reve*, V. Also, A chink, or crevice. *RR*. 2661. From *Rive*, V.

*Refuce*, *BD*. 755. *Refuite*, Fr. *RR*. 3840. *Refute*, *Cr*. 94. *Bal. Lad*. 222. Refuge, help.

*Regalie*, *Fl*. 121. Royalty, sovereignty, government, power.

*Regals*: The *Regalla*; Sovereignty. *Ar*. 243.

*Regarde*: A view. Fr. *Regard*. *Pleasantte regarde*, *Al*. 170. A pleasant, or beautifull prospect, which answers to the Fr. *Beauvoir*, and the It. *Belvedere*.

*Regnatise*: Fit for reigning. *Test*. Capable of government.

*Regrate*: Regret, sorrow. *Cr*. 397. Esteem or courtesy. *Sk*. 8 L



- I make regrave; I shall take it as a favour. Bal. 374.*  
 From the Lat. Barb. *Regrature*. Gl. Lob.  
*Reguerdoned*: Rewarded. *Boeth.*  
*Rehete*, RR. 6509. Seems to be synonymous to Comfort:  
 But *Reheting*, Tr. L. 3. 350. seems to have a very dif-  
 ferent signification, if that be the true Reading. Some  
 MSS. and most of the printed Editions read *richesse* in-  
 stead of it.  
*Reigne*, Prol. 868. A Realm, or Kingdom; Power, rule,  
 government, authority. To govern, to reign, &c. Al-  
 so, A Queen. Fr. *Reine*.  
*Reilid*. See *Railed*.  
*Reilith*: Rowleth; *Vagatur*, p. 365, a.  
*Rein*, RR. 1822. *Tut arrowes rein*, f. run through me:  
 Some will have it to be a Corruption of *Reigne*; Ar-  
 rows prevail over me. See *Sk*.  
*Reine*: Power, government. Ch. Dr. 677. Bl. Kn. 511.  
*Reins*, RR. 3826. f. *Reunes* in *Britany*.  
*Rejoie*: To rejoice. Tr. L. 5. 395.  
*Reise*: To raise,  
*Reisins*: Grapes. RR. 3689. Fr. *Ralsins*.  
*Reive*, CL. 192. as *Rive*.  
*Reke*, *Rekin*: To imoak. Hyper. 51. Also, as *Reche*.  
*Rekelgis*: Raking ways, revellings.  
*Rekes*: Ricks. p. 479, a.  
*Rekilneß*: Rashness. See *Rakil*, &c.  
*Rekk*, Gam. 1744. as *Reche*.  
*Relaiyes*, Dr. Ch. 362. (Fr. *Relais*) Fresh hounds; The  
 places where such hounds are kept. *Releyes* and *lymers*;  
 Standers at advantage with darts to kill deer. Sp.  
*Relese*, p. 479, a. as *Remissails*. AS. Lapa.  
*Reles*: A release, a discharge. *Haddin no reles*; Were  
 not spared. Bal. 601.  
*Releve*: Relief. Bal. 598.  
*Relved up again*: Rose up again. Magd. 197.  
*Relvid*: Relieved, delivered.  
*Religiousue*: The Religious. CL. 686.  
*Relike*: A relick. RR. 2673.  
*Remed*, Cr. 33. *Remede*: A remedy; To remedy, to cure.  
 CCr. 57.  
*Remes*: Realms, kingdoms. Mo. 1251.  
*Removed*, *Removed*: Removed. RR. 7432. See *Salved*.  
*Remissails*, p. 476, a. Remnants, remainders, leavings.  
*Remorde*, *Remordin*: To check, to cause remorse. Tr.  
 L. 4. 1491. To grieve, vex, torment; *Remordet*, Boeth.  
 p. 393, b.  
*Remuable*: Changeable, unconstant. Tr. L. 4. 1682.  
 Able to move. Boeth. L. 2.  
*Ren*, *Renne*: To run. *Rennir*: A runner.  
*Renably*: Readily. Fr. 245.  
*Rending*, Boeth. p. 359. Rent, torn. f. I. *Rendyn*; *Lacera*.  
*Renegate*: A runagate, an Apostate from the Christian  
 Faith, a *Renegado*.  
*Rency*, *Renie*: To deny, renounce, abjure. Fr. *Renier*.  
*Rengis*, Prol. 2596. *Renkis*, CCr. 26. Ranks.  
*Reniant*, as *Renegate*: One that renounces, &c. See  
*Rency*.  
*Renogates*: Renegado's. See *Renegate*.  
*Renome*, Bal. Lad. 226. *Renomie*, WB. 1159. Renown,  
 a good name. Fr. *Renommée*.  
*Renovelauicis*: Renewings. Fa. L. 2. 185.  
*Renovale*, CMV. 18. *Renovellen*, p. 212, a. To renew.  
 Fr. *Renouveler*.  
*Renoumid*: Renowned. Bal. 558. Fr. *Renommé*.  
*Reny*, as *Rency*.  
*Repaire*: Resort. Also, Return; To return.  
*Repaste*: To repaste, to return. Ber. 1803.  
*Repe and renne*, No. 1443. Rape and rend, scrape toge-  
 ther by any means, by raping and rending, by hook  
 or by crook.  
*Repent*: Repentance. CL. 667.  
*Repentaunt*: Repenting, penitent. Prol. 228.  
*Replete*: Full.  
*Report*: To refer. Pr. RL. 108. Fr. *Rapporter*.  
*Repress*: To restrain. Hyper. 30. *Repression*: Restraint.  
 Tr. L. 3. 1040.  
*Reprove*: Reproof. Tr. L. 2. 419. Scandal, reproach.  
 No. 2111.  
*Reprovable*: To be reproved, scandalous.  
*Reudy*. See *Libel repudy*.  
*Repugn*: To resist, contradict. *Repugnance*: Repugnan-  
 cy, contradiction.
- Requirable*: Desirable; *Expetibilis*, Boeth. p. 371, a.  
*Rere*, as *Arere*. Also, To rear up, to raise. *Rere a war*;  
 To raise a war, to make war. Ch. Dr. 468.  
*Res*, Gam. 1085. *Refe*, PT. 498, 548. Rage, a mad  
 prank. In Tr. L. 4. 350. instead of *in a rage*, it is *in*  
*a rees*, in MS. Sp. Ca. and al.  
*Rescous*, Prol. 2645. Rescue; Defence. *In the rescous of*  
*our laie*, RR. 6749. In the defence of our Law, or  
 Faith. Deliverance. Tr. L. 1. 479.  
*Rescowed*: Rescued, saved. Boeth.  
*Refe*, Ber. 178. To rise; To rage.  
*Resemblable*: Like, resembling one another. RR. 985.  
*Reson*: Account. *Who can lay any reson*; Who can make  
 any account. Magd. 363.  
*Resonabliche*: Reasonably.  
*Resoun*: Reason.  
*Resowne*: To resound. Fl. 167.  
*Responsaile*: An answer. Cr. 127.  
*Resporte*: Respect, regard, consideration. Tr. L. 4. 850.  
 Perhaps from the Fr. *Rapport*.  
*Reß*, Tr. L. 1. 945. or rather, *Riß* (as in MS. Sp. and Ca.)  
 Ariseth, or springeth.  
*Reßis*: Rest, quiet. Tr. L. 2. 1722.  
*Reßynge*, Cup. 415. perhaps for *Racing*. See *Racc*. *Reßing*  
*that*; Taking that away, except that.  
*Retche*, as *Reche*.  
*Retcheleße*, as *Recheleße*.  
*Rete*: A net; *Rete*, p. 440, a.  
*Rethoric*: Rhetorick, eloquence, oratory. Cr. 240.  
*Retour*, Cr. 51. *Retoure*: Return. Also, An Orator.  
 Bal. 394. Lat. *Rhetor*.  
*Reve*: A Bayliff, or Steward. See *Gereves*.  
*Reve*, *Revin*: To bereave, take away. *By forcé reve*. MR.  
 903, or rather, *By force bereve*, as in MS. Ch. To take  
 away by force. Also, To force. *Teff*.  
*Revelous*: Addicted to pleasure, or revelling.  
*Revelrie*: Revelling; Pleasure. RR. 720.  
*Reverse*: To overturn. RR. 5468. Fr. *Renverser*. Also,  
 Contrary. Fr. *Revers*.  
*Revert*: To bring back. RR. 7284.  
*Revestin*: To cloath again. Tr. L. 3. 354. Fr. *Revestir*.  
*Revill*, Ph. 28. *Revilry*: Revelling.  
*Rem*: A row, order. *Al by rem*, WB. 506. or (as in  
 MS. Ch.) *Alle on row*; All in a row. *On a rem*; In  
 a row. Fa. L. 3. 602.  
*Rew*, *Renin*: To have compassion, to pity.  
*Rewakin*: To wake again. Tr. L. 3. 1124.  
*Rewarde*: Regard. RR. 3254. LW. 375.  
*Reyis*, Fa. L. 3. 146. A kind of Songs, such as Roundels.  
 Sp. and Sk. See Gl. V. in *Ray*.  
*Reyne*: Rain.  
*Rhehor*: An Orator. See *Retour*.  
*Rial*, *Riall*: Royal. *Rially*: Royalty. *Riake*: Royalty;  
 Pomp.  
*Ribaniings*: Ribbands, or Laces, lay'd on Robes. RR. 1077.  
*Ribaude*, RR. 5673. Idle persons attending Courts and  
 Camps were formerly called *Ribalds*, or *Ribandes*; who  
 being the meanest, and commonly the most profligate,  
 of mortals, the word came to signify in general, Lewd  
 persons, Ruffians, Pimps, Bawds, Whores, &c. See  
 Fr. Gl. in *Ribaldi*. See *Harlot*.  
*Ribibe*, Fr. 113. An old bawd. Sp. Perhaps from *Ri-*  
*baude*, V.  
*Ribible*, MR. 223. A fiddle, or gittern. Sp.  
*Rice*, MR. 216. or *Rife*: Small twigs, sprigs or rods;  
 from the Cimbr. *Riss*, which signifies the same:  
 "Hinc *Rissar*, apud Islandos, loca virgultis obsta, &  
 " *Riss*, *Virgultis constat domus, casula*. A Rice-dike a-  
 " pud Septentrionales Anglos est *Sepe ex casis ramis*  
 " & *virgis texta*. Gibson in *Polemo-Medin*. See Gl. V.  
 in *Riss*.  
*Richese*, *Richesse*: Riches; Richness, valuableness. RR. 1116.  
*Richi*: Right.  
*Riddeled*, RR. 1235. *Riddilid*, Ib. 1243. Plaited.  
*Riding knot*: A running knot. Ber. 2212.  
*Rife*, Sq. 752. To pierce, thrust, stab; To split, to force  
 asunder. See *Rivr*.  
*Rifte*: A small chink. RL. 381.  
*Rigg*: The back. PT. 594. AS. *þræg*.  
*Riggin bone*: The back-bone.

Rightwife:



*Rightwife*: Righteous. *Rightwised*: Judged aright; Justified, approved. p. 488, a. *Rightwisneß*: Rightcousness.

*Rimplid*, for *Rumpled*, RR. 4495. Withered, dryed up; Wrinkled.

*Rin*: To run. Cr. 158.

*Ringin*: To ring. *Ringin trompis*; The trumpets found. Prol. 2602.

*Rining*: Running. *Tess*. p. 481, a. l. 46. unless it should be read *ryning* (as in some Editions) i. e. Raining, dropping.—*Μελιστος γλυκίων εἶεν αὐδῆς*. Hom.

*Rife*, RR. 1015. Beauty: Sk. See *Rice*.

*Rishe*: A rush. Tr. L. 3. 1167. *As rishe right*; As upright, or frait, as a rush. RR. 1701.

*Ris*: Rose. Tr. L. 2. 812.

*Ritt*: Rode, did ride. Luc. 97.

*Rivage*, Fr. The Sea-shore; The bank of a river; The water-side. *Toke a rivage*; Took a voyage by Sea. Fa. L. 1. 223.

*Rive*, RR. 5393, 5718. *Riven*, No. 2346. To thrust, stab, pierce; To split, rend. Also, Split, rent, &c.

*Rived*, *Rivid*: Rent, &c. Magd. 140.

*Riveling*: Wrinkled. RR. 7214.

*Roche*, Fr. A rock. Fa. L. 3. 26. *Rochis*: Rocks. Fa. L. 2. 527.

*Rode*, *Roude tree*, *Rode beam*: The Holy Cross.

*Rody*: Ruddy.

*Rodylese*: Pale. Ber. 219. See *Rulde*, &c.

*Rofe*, *Rofte* (from *Rive*, or *Ryve*, V.) Struck, stabbed, &c. Cl. 82. Di. 426. Fa. L. 1. 373. Bl. Kn. 373.

*Roggeth*: Rockett, joggeth, shaketh. Hyper. 147.

*Rouliche*: Royally.

*Roignous*, RR. 6190. Ruinous. Sk. Fr. *Roigneux*, Scabby. See *Roin*.

*Roill*, WB. 653. To wander, to ramble, *qu*. Rowl about.

*Roin*: A scabb; Scurf, mange. RR. 553. Fr. *Rogne*.

*Roinous*, Ib. 988. Scabby. See *Roigneux*.

*Rokette*, RR. 1240, 1242. *Rotchette*, Ib. 4754. A Linnen Garment. Sp. "Rocket, a Frock, loose Gaberdine, or "Gown of Canvas worn by a Labourer over the rest "of his clothes; Also a Prelate's *Rocher*. Blo. Fr. *Roquer*, a short Coat, or Cloak, formerly wore. See Fr. Gl. in *Roccus*, &c.

*Roking*: Rocking, trembling, quaking. RR. 1906.

*Romance myne Anctour*, Bal. 538. *Romance de la Rose*, Ib. 556. The Author of *The Romant of the Rose*.

*Romant*: A Romance.

*Romin*, Tr. L. 2. 516. To roam, rove, wander; To walk. Fr. 2389.

*Romir*: Wider, larger, having more room. MR. 1037.

*Rondils*, LW. 423. *Roundelay*, A shepherd's Dance; Sometimes used for a Song which ends as it begins. Fr. *Rondeau*. Blo.

*Rone*: Rained. Tr. L. 3. 678. MS. Sp. reads it, *And fish it rone*, instead of, *And sens it rained*, Ib. 641. Also, The City *Roan* in Normandy. RR. 1674.

*Ronge*, *Rongin*: Rung.

*Ronges*: The rounds, or steps, of a ladder. MR. 517.

Round long pieces of wood are called *Rungs* in the North of England. Gibson in *Polemio-Medin*. See Gl. V. in *Rounges*.

*Rood*: Rode, did ride. Ber. 2162. See *Rode*.

*Roos*: Arose. In Tr. L. 2. 611. MS. Sp. hath, *In the felde roos a skirmish*, instead of, *In field arose*, &c.

*Ropen*: Reaped. LW. 74.

*Ros algar*, No. 835. Flowers of Antimony.

*Rosen*, *Rosin*, *Rosy*. Bl. Kn. 657.

*Rosere*, *Rosir*, RR. 1651. A Rose-tree. See Ib. 3072, 3073. Instead of *Rosis*, should be read *Rosir*, Ib. 4188.

*Rose red*, *Rosing redde*; Red as a Rose. CCr. 49.

*Rotchette*. See *Rokette*.

*Rote*: The root. Prol. 2. A musical Instrument used in Wales, says Sp. which perhaps he mistook for *Crota*, a Crowd. On a *rote*, Prol. 236. f. By rote. *Roted*: Rotted.

*Roth*, Bl. Kn. 581. *Routh*: Pity.

*Rother*, *Rothir*: The rudder, or helm of a Ship.

*Rotid*: Rooted. Mo. 2721.

*Roting*: Rotten. CCr. 49.

*Rought* [from *Reche*] Cared, valued, regarded. RR. 1873. Dr. Ch. 244.

*Rought* [from *Rue*] Had pity, or compassion upon. Tr.

L. 1. 497. But it may there also signify Cared, valued, minded.

*Rouk*, *Roukin*: To lye, to snore. Prol. 1310. Instead of *roukin*, Tr. L. 5. 409. MS. Sp. and al. read *joukyn*: It is said of a Hawk, he *Jouketh*, when he sleepeth.

*Roume*: Room. Dr. 114. *Roume space*, for *Round space*, Attr.

*Roun*, as *Roune*.

*Rounceuil*, Prol. 672. A Town in Spain at the foot of the Pyrenean Mountains, where "Rouland, nephew to "Charlemain, was slain in a Battle against the Saracens. "The place to this day is called *Rouland's Vallie*, and "was in times past a great Pilgrimage; there being a "Chappel built over the Tomb, and dedicated to our "Lady, called commonly, but corruptly, *Our Lady of "Renceval*. *Peascham's Compl. Gent.* Ch. 10.

*Rouney*: Prol. 392. A little Poney, or Tit. Lat. Barb. *Runcinus*. See Fr. Gl.

*Roundell*: A Song beginning and ending with the same sentence. See *Rondils*.

*Roundil*: Any round thing, as a Ring, a Circle, &c. Fa. L. 2. 283, 290. A Ball or such like round substance in Blazon. Blo.

*Roufe*, Ber. 936. f. A cunning trick, a wile. Fr. *Ruse*, *Ruze*, *Reonze*, or *Ruse*, are used in the North for To extoll or commend highly. Ray's Coll. See Gl. V. in *Ruse*.

*Rouffy*: Rusty. Cr. 187.

*Rout*: A company. *Routis*: Companies. Tr. L. 2. 620.

*Route*: To snore. MR. 539, 1058. Dr. Ch. 170. To make a roing noise. Fa. L. 2. 530.

*Routhe*, as *Ruthe*.

*Routhelesse*: Unmerciful, having no pity. Tr. L. 2. 346. *Routhfully*: Sorrowfully; Pitiifully, compassionately.

*Rou*, No. 882. *Roue*, Tr. L. 1. 206. Rough. Also, A line. Fa. L. 1. 448. So we say, The *Christ-croft-row*.

*Rome*, PT. 284. f. the same with *Roune*, V.

*Romis*, Bl. Kn. 598. Streaks. Sp. Perhaps, Rays. See *Rome*.

*Romith*, Ber. 3132. for *Routh*: Pity.

*Rowne*: To whisper. MS. Runman. *Rounf'ow* for *Rownef' thou?* Whispest thou? WB. 241.

*Rowte*, Prol. 624. as *Rout*.

*Rubeus*. See *Puella*.

*Rucking*, or (as in MS. Ch.) *Roukyng*: Lying, lurking. Mo. 1241. See *Rouke*.

*Rudde*, *Rude*, MR. 209. Colour, complexion; Ruddiness of complexion, a blush. AS. *Rudu*. Cimbr.

*Rode*, *Rubor*; whence *Ruddy*.

*Ruddocke*: Robin-red-breast. AF. 349.

*Rue*: To pity, to have compassion upon: To suffer for. Tr. L. 2. 789. To be sorry for, to repent. Tr. L. 5. 1070. MS. Sp. hath the place thus;

*And that so late is me now to repente,  
To this y will be trewe in myn entente.*

*Ruel bone*, No. 3383. f. Diversly coloured, from the Fr. *Riolé*. Sp. Sk. thinks it comes from the Fr. *Rouelle*, *Rutula*, The whirl-bone; but this sense will hardly suit here. It is otherwise read *revell*, *reuel*.

*Rueh* for *Ruthe*, p. 487, b.

*Rusfull*: Sorrowful.

*Ruth*: Have compassion. Fr. 2520 from *Rue*.

*Ruse*: To praise. CCr. 157. See *Roufe*.

*Ruthe*: Pity, compassion. *Ruthefs*: Merciless.

*Ryff*: Rife, frequent, common. Ber. 660.

*Rymedin*, Fr. 2257. Rhimed, or made Verses.

*Ryve*, Gam. 1553. Ber. 1440. as *Ryff*.

*Ryve*, Luc. 114. as *Rive*.

## S.

*SA*: So. MR. 932.

*Saaf*, *Saafing*: Safe; Saving, except.

*Saal*: The Soul. Ber. 1918.

*Sabel*: Sable. Bal. 955.



*Sackes fettes*, Mo. 2411. Perhaps *Sacks* and *Fattes*, that is Dry *Fattes* and other such Vessels. *Com.* But *Sk.* supposes it may be *Feat sacks*, i. e. Neat sacks, or else *Fat sacks*, i. e. Sacks well filled, and stuffed with money.

*Sackid freres*, RR. 7462. Fryers wearing a course upper garment, called *Saccus*. See *Fr. Gl.*

*Sacre*, *Fr.* A coronation; A consecration; The solemnization of Matrimony. *Ch. Dr.* 2135.

*Sacrement*: An oath. p. 486, b.

*Sacrifice*: To sacrifice. *Fr. Sacrifier.*

*Sad*, *Saddle*: Sober, serious, modest, grave, reserved. *No.* 898. *Sad of demene*: Of a reserved behaviour. *CL.* 734.

*Sad of chere*, or, *Of chere fade*, *Ber.* 414. Of a grave countenance. Solid, studdy, stedfast. *Boeth.* It is sometimes used in an ill sense; as *CCr.* 151. Unsettled, unconstant; unless it should be read there, *Unfad*, which is used in that sense, *Fr.* 2016. *Sadly*: Gravely, soberly, &c. *Sidneß*: Sobriety, gravity, modesty. *Sq.* 1107. *Fr.* 1482. Solidity; *Soliditas*, p. 386, b.

*Saff*: Save. *Ber.* 1948. See *Saaf*.

*Saie*: Saw. *Tr. L.* 3. 993.

*Saile*, for *Sale*, Mo. 2817. *Set a sale*; Set to sale.

*Sailin*: To assail, to assault. *RR.* 7338.

*Saine*: Seen. *RR.* 7445. To say. Also, the River *Seine* in France. *Fr.* 2778.

*Saint John to borow*. See *Borow*.

*Salad*: A sort of Head-piece. *Ch. Dr.* 1554. *Fr.* *Salade*.

*Saladis*: Sallads. *FL.* 412.

*Sale*, Mo. 2084. *Some one thei sustein with sale*; Some other that are able to bribe them they uphold in their lewdness. *Com.*

*Salaw*, *Salue*: To salute.

*Salidone*, *Ber.* 2567. A kind of precious Stone: Perhaps corrupted from *Cassidone*. See *Cassidony*.

*Salne*, see *Salen*.

*Salved*, *RR.* 7431. for *salued*, or *salewed*; and so removed, in the following Verse should be, *remewed*, or *remew-ed*.

*Saluings*: Salutations, greetings. *Tr. L.* 2. 1568.

*Samette*, *RR.* 836. *Samite*, *Ib.* 873. *Tr. L.* 1. 109. *Sattin*. See *Sk*.

*Samin*: The same.

*Sance*, *Sans*, *Sauns*: Without. *Fr.* *Sans*.

*Sandall*, *ProL.* 442. A thin stuff like Cypress. *Sp.* in *Sandall*. A fine silk stuff. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Cendalum*.

*Sande*, *Hen.* 84. as *Sonde*; and perhaps it should be read on *honde* in the foregoing Verse.

*Sang*: Song. *MR.* 1062.

*Sanguin*: Of a blood-colour; Red. *ProL.* 441.

*Sare*: Sore. *Cr.* 5.

*Sarlinishe*, *RR.* 1188. A kind of Silk like *Sarcenet*. *Sp.* See *Sk*.

*Sarmoning*: Preaching; Talking. *ProL.* 3093.

*Sarplers*, or (as in some Copies) *Sarplefis*: Satchels, packs, or fardels; *Sarcinas*, p. 361, b.

*Sat*. See *Sir*.

*Sataly*, *ProL.* 58. A City in *Anatolia*, called sometime *Atalla*. *Sp.*

*Satournad*, *Bal.* 895. Swart, black. *Sp.* Yellow, or rather of a Lead-colour. *Sk*.

*Save*, *ProL.* 2716. The herb Sage. *Lat.* *Salvia*. See *Saff*.

*Saved*: Cured, healed. p. 212, b.

*Savely*: Safely. *Mo.* 1323.

*Saverid*: Savoured, relished, approved, *Ber.* 3230.

*Sause I ne vouche*, *RR.* 2002. I do not vouchsafe.

*Sausleme*, *ProL.* 627. Red-faced. See *Sk.* in *Sausleme*. f. *Fr.* *Enflamé*, All on fire. *Sawcestem*, *H.* 1.

*Sangh*, *Sanghe*: Saw. *ProL.* 1757.

*Sanghie*, *Gam.* 299. *Sanghite*, *MS.* *Ch.*

*Sawige*: The herb Sage. *PT.* 292.

*Savir*: To favour, to tast, relish. *WB.* 171. To season. *No.* 1859.

*Savite*: Safety. *RR.* 6869.

*Saul*: The Soul. *MR.* 979.

*Savorous*: Savory, sweet. *RR.* 84.

*Savouring*: The Talt. p. 193, b.

*Sautis*: Assaults. *Bl. Kn.* 419.

*Sautric*: A Pfaltery or Shalm, a Musical Instrument like a Harp. *ProL.* 298. See *Bl.* and *Fr. Gl.*

*Sawe*: An old saying; A Proverb. *Sawes*: Sayings; Precepts.

*Say*, *Sq.* 1452. *Sye*, *WB.* 645. *Say*.

*Scall*: Scabbiness; A scalled head. *Scallid*: Scabby, scurfy; Scalded. *ProL.* 630.

*Scantilone*: A scantling, a measure. *RR.* 7114. *Fr.* *Eschantillon*, A pattern.

*Scape*: To escape.

*Scaplerie*: A scapulary, a Garment worn by Fryers; covering the head and shoulders. p. 590, b.

*Scarce*: Sparing, niggardly. *RR.* 2329. *Scarfly*: Sparingly. *ProL.* 585.

*Scarmishe*, *Tr. L.* 2. 934. *Scarmishinge*, *Ar.* 25. A skirmish, a fight.

*Scathe*: Mischief, damage, harm, hurt. *ProL.* 448. *RR.* 6649. *AS.* *Scea'dian*, *Nocere*, &c. *Scathlesse*: Without harm or hurt, safe. *RR.* 1550. *Scathliche*: Hurtful. *Hyp.* 5.

*Shall* in the MSS. for *Shall*.

*Scho*: A shoe. *ProL.* 255. It is very often writ in *MS.* *Ch.* for *she*. *AS.* *Seo*.

*Schole*, *Tr. L.* 1. 635. *MS.* *Sp.* reads it, *to the schole is*: Is an Instruction or Example to thee. The old Poets frequently use it in that sense.

*Scholeie*, *ProL.* 304. To be educated. *Schoolelay*, An Exhibition. *Sp.* It may be two distinct words, *Schole aye*; and *MS.* *Ch.* has the two lines thus;

*And besily gan for the fowlis pray,  
For the fowlis that hym to skole found ay, i. e.*

He prayed heartily and diligently for the Souls of them that maintained him at School, or were the Founders of the School or College, where he had his Education.

*Sclaunder*, *Sclaundir*: Slander.

*Slaw*: Slain. *Ber.* 64.

*Slee*: To slay. *Ber.* 1593.

*Slendre*: Slender.

*Slepe*, *Slope*, *PT.* 454. To sleep.

*Sclipper*: Slippery; Treacherous. *Ber.* 908.

*Sly*: Sly, cunning. *Ber.* 2725.

*Slyt*: Slit. *Ber.* 2469.

*Slyve*: A sleeve. *Ber.* 624.

*Scachons*: Scutcheons of Arms. *FL.* 216. *Fr.* *Ecuillon*, a Coat of Arms.

*Scribable*: Fit to write upon. *RL.* 106.

*Scripe*: A scrip of paper, any writing. *Tr. L.* 2. 1130. *Script*, *Ca.* and al. *Fr.* *Esript*, now written *Ecrit*, a Writing.

*Scripture*: Writing. *ProL.* 2046. *Boeth.*

*Scrite*: A scrip, a writing. *Sq.* 1213. See *Script*.

*Scriven-like*: Like a subtle Scrivener. *Tr. L.* 2. 1026. Some read it *scriveinifhe*, which *Kyn.* renders *Padantic*, like a Pedant.

*Scylid*: Hid, covered, withdrawn. *Scylid under cure*: Hid under cover. *Cr.* 19. *AS.* *Scylan*, To withdraw.

*Se*: A feat. *Mo.* 263, 2053. *Tr. L.* 4. 1023. Also, To see. *Mo.* 163. To look upon. *Tr. L.* 3. 130. *God you se*, *Fr.* 905. *No.* 2232. A Form of Salutation; God save you, have a gracious regard to you. So in *Tr. L.* 2. 85. *God you save and se*, and *God hir se*, *Gower*, *L.* 4. f. 78. p. 2, b. in the same sense. In *RR.* 6044. instead of *se* read *fe*, *V.*

*Se of the day*: The Daisie. *Bal.* 686.

*Sech*, *Seche*, *Sechin*: To seek, look out. *Sechers*: Seekers. *Test.*

*Seche*: Cause, occasion. *No.* 950. *AS.* *Saca*.

*Secondly*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1741. *Ca.* and al. *Sikerly*, *V.*

*Secre*: Secret. *Tr. L.* 3. 287. *Secretour*, for *secret tow*, i. e. tower; *Arce abadir*, *Boeth.* p. 389. b. l. 33.

*Seculer*, *Seculere*, *Mo.* 2658. "The Popish Clergy are either "Regular, which live by Profession, severed from the "ordinary course of the World, after a certain Rule "appointed by their Founder; or *Secular*, which live "without any such restraint, in *saeculo*, in the world, "as other men commonly do, the difference of calling "excepted. *Com.*

*Seculeres*, *Sq.* 767. *Seculer folke*, *RR.* 6150. Laymen; or Secular, in opposition to Regular, who may be meant by *Religious*, *Ib.* 6149, 6152.

*Sedin*: To produce seed. *RR.* 4344.

*Sedis*: Seeds. *Mo.* 1995.

*Seduwall*: The herb Valerian, or Setwall. *MR.* 99. *AS.* *Sydepale*.

*See*: The Sea. *The grete see*, *ProL.* 59. *Mar.* *Maggiore*, The



- The *Euxine Sea*. *Sp.* *Sees*: Seas. Also, Seats. *Fa. L.* 3. 120. See *Se*.
- Sege*, *Prol.* 939. *Assège*, *MS. Ch.* A siege.
- Segge*: To say, speak. *Tr. L.* 4. 194. The whole *Verse* is in *MS. Sp.* thus;
- O Kyng Priam q<sup>d</sup> they lo thus seyn we.
- Seie*: To say. *Tr. L.* 1. 575.
- Seien*: Saw. *Tr. L.* 5. 816.
- Seigh*: Saw. *AF.* 117.
- Seignorie*: Sovereignty, power. *RR.* 3213.
- Sein*, *Seine*: Seen. *RR.* 2181. To see. *Ib.* 7468. To say. *Ib.* 2195.
- Seinde*: Singed. *Mo.* 959.
- Seint*: A girdle. *Prol.* 331. *Fr. Ceint.*
- Seintewarie*: A sanctuary.
- Sejour*: Sojourn, stay. *Fr. Sejour.*
- Seistow*: Sayest thou. *Prol.* 1127.
- Seit*: Said. *Ber.* 2142.
- Seké*: To seek. *Prol.* 17. Sick. *Ib.* 18. *Sekenes*: Sicknefs. *Ber.* 130.
- Seld*, *Selde*, *Selden*, *Seldin*: Seldom.
- Seler*: A cellar. In p. 367, a. l. 37. it should perhaps be read, *felle* or *fille*; *Limen*, A door-fill, or threshold.
- Seleris*: Cellars.
- Selie*, as *Sely*. *Selinefs*: Happiness. *Tr. L.* 3. 815.
- Selis*: Seals. *Tr. L.* 3. 1468.
- Sell*: A cell. *Ch. Dr.* 2064.
- Selve*: Self, the same.
- Sely*: Silly, simple. *MR.* 992. Plain, honest, harmless. *WB.* 370. Happy.
- Semblable*, *Fr.* Like.
- Semblante*, *Semblance*, *Semblant*: Outward shew, appearance, pretence. *Fr. Semblant.* Fair *semblant*: Fair shew, Dissimulation. *RR. passim.*
- Semelich*, *Semely*, *Semily*: Seemly, decent, comely.
- Semelyhede*: Seemliness, comeliness. *RR.* 777.
- Semilinefs*, *Fl.* 206. for *Semelinefs*. as *Semelyhede*.
- Semiram*: *Semiramis* Queen of *Assyria*.
- Semis*: Seams.
- Semifonne*: A soft, gentle noise. *MR.* 588.
- Semybonfy*: Half-drunk. *PT.* 705.
- Semy cope*, *Prol.* 264. A short Cloak. *Sp.* But *MS. Ch.* hath it, *His semely cope*. See *Cope*.
- Semyryfe*, *Ber.* 1468. Half-killed. See *Rose* and *Rive*.
- Sene*: To see; Seen. *Fairir unto sene*, *Phyl.* 32. Fairer to look upon.
- Sengel*: Single. *Mo.* 946.
- Sengin*: To singe. *WB.* 349. *Sengid*: Singed.
- Sens*: Since.
- Sent*: To assent, agree. *Ber.* 881. Also, for *Seint*: A girdle. *CL.* 817.
- Sentence*: Discourse; Knowledge; Opinion, sense, meaning, intention.
- Sentiment*, *Fr.* Sense, feeling; Mind, opinion, thought; Inclination, passion.
- Sentyn*: To scent, to smell, to perfume. *Ber.* 2031.
- Sepulture*: A sepulchre, a grave. *Tr. L.* 4. 327. In *WB.* 498. *MS. Ch.* hath *Sepulkre* instead of it.
- Sere*: Dry, withered. *RR.* 4749. p. 516, a. *AS.* Seapan. To dry.
- Serial*, *FL.* 209. as *Cerrial*.
- Serid postis*, No. 829. Pots scared up, close shut. In former Editions it was *Sered pokettis*, and therefore explained by *Sk. Loculi serati, vel clausi*; and in *MS. Ch.* it is *fyled pokettis*: But the present Reading bears an easy and obvious sense.
- Serie*: Series, proceeding. *Prol.* 3069.
- Serkill celestyne*: The Celestial circle, i. e. The Heavens. *Ber.* 355.
- Serment*, *Fr.* An oath. p. 487, b.
- Sermon*: To talk, to say. *Sermoning*, as *Sarmoning*.
- Serpentine*: Belonging to a serpent, venomous, winding, cunning, crafty. p. 487, a.
- Servage*, *Fr.* 1176, 1512. *Servise*, *Ib.* 1144. Slavery, servitude.
- Servand*: A servant. *Ch. Dr.* 1627.
- Servisable*: Officious, obliging, complaisant. *Prol.* 99.
- Servise*. See *Servage*.
- Servitour*: A servant.
- Sesid*: Possess, seized. *Ber.* 1327.
- Sejt*: Seest. *Test. L.* 3.
- Set*, *sete*: Sat. *FL.* 436.
- Seth*, *Setke*: Seeth. *Tr. L.* 2. 1254. Since. *Ib.* L. 4. 1101. Also, Seethed, boiled.
- Setrone*: Bright of hue; for a Citron colour is the brightest and livelyest of any other, says *SK. Fl.* 195. See *Citrin*.
- Sett his cap*, *Prol.* 588. Impose upon, or deceive him.
- Sette*, *Settin*: To put. *Sette case*: Put the case, suppose. To regard, to value. *Tr. L.* 3. 902. where *MS. Sp.* reads it, *I wolde sette his sorrow at a myte. I sette not on haw*, *WB.* 659. or rather (as in *MS. Ch.*) *I sette it not on haw*; I valued it not an haw, I cared not a rush for it.
- Settlinge*, p. 515, a. *Settele*, p. 518, b. A young plant.
- Sevillians*: Civilians. *Ber.* 1335.
- Sevish*, for *Sevish*: Followeth. *Bal.* 120. See *Serve*.
- Sewe*: To sow: Sown. *Mo.* 1995.
- Sewe*, *Sewin*: To follow, to pursue; To prosecute. *AL.* 117. To sue. *Ib.* 332. *Fr. Suivre, sequi.*
- Sewe and surgery*, *PT.* 290. f. Salve and chirurgery.
- Sewes*: Broths, soups. *Sp.* 87. *Fr. Jus*, Gravy.
- Seye*: To say. *Prol.* 1869. Seen. *WB.* 552.
- Seyll*: To fail. *Ber.* 2151.
- Seyne*: To lay.
- Seyng*: Seeing. *Tr. L.* 4. 363. Seeming. *Berch. L.* 1.
- Syntur*: A belt, a girdle. *Ber.* 3191. *Fr. Ceinture.*
- Shadde ovir*: Overshadowed. *Dr. Ch.* 426.
- Shadowy*: Sorry, sight; *Unbrailis*, p. 377, a.
- Shakill*: A shackle. *Ber.* 332.
- Shalmies*, *Fa. L.* 3. 128. See *Sautrie*.
- Shalons*, *MR.* 1032. Blankets. *Chalounis*, *MS. Ch.* perhaps so called from *Chalons*, where they were made.
- Shape*: To form; To prepare; To order, direct, dispose; To move, excite; To contrive, design, intend.
- Shapelich*, *Prol.* 374. *Schapelch*, *MS. Ch.* *Shapely*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1452. Likely. *SK.*
- Shaw*: A shade, a tuft of trees. *Sp.* and *SK.* A Wood, forest, grove. See *Gl. V.*
- Shede*, *Mo.* 2215. But he is so get, from it shall shede; But he that to gets his goods shall soon lose them; *shall shede*, that is, shall fall away from them. *Com.* The place seems to be corrupted. *Shede shak.* See *Abak.*
- Sheff of arrows*: A sheaf, or bundle of arrows. *Prol.* 104.
- Shesild*, *MR.* 824. *Sheffield* in *Yorkshire*, still famous for Cutlery-ware. See *Thruill*.
- Sheld*: A shield; To defend. *God sheld*: God shield, or defend us. *Sheldis*: Shields; French Crowns (*Fr. Ficus*, from *Scutum*) so called from the Impression of a Shield upon them. *Prol.* 280. But *MS. Ch.* reads the whole *Verse* thus;
- Well couth he in his eschaungis brye and felle.
- Shell*, for *Shall*, *Ber.* 142.
- Shend*, *Shendin*: To trouble, spoil, marr, ruin, corrupt; To shame, confound, expole; To blame.
- Shene*: Shining, bright; Fair, beautiful. *When the sunne shene*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1452. or (as it is better read in *MS. Sp.*) *When the sun is shene*; When the sun shines.
- Shent*: Spoiled, &c. from *Shend*, *V.*
- Shepe*, *Shepin*: Sheep.
- Shepy*: Sheepish, silly, simple. p. 486, b.
- Shere*: To cut with shears, or other Instruments. *Cl.* 62.
- Shorn*, shaved, clipped. *RR.* 6196. To reap. *Ib.* 4335.
- Sheri*: A shirt.
- Shet*, *Shett*, *Shette*: Shut.
- Shete*: To shoot. *MR.* 820. *To shete a feshirles bal*, *Ber.* 1031. To shoot an unfeathered arrow, i. e. To labour in vain. A sheet. *Tr. L.* 3. 1058.
- Sheweth*, for *Sheweith*, p. 367, b. l. 1.
- Shewe*, for *Sewe*: To follow. *Mo.* 3178.
- Shift*: To divide, distribute. *WB.* 104. To change, vary. *AS.* Scyrcan.
- Shild*, as *Sheld*. *Shildes*, No. 2860. as *Sheldis*.
- Skill*, *Cr.* 20. f. 10g. *Skrill*. *Schill* is used for *Skrill* in *Dougl.* See *Gl. V.*
- Shimiring*: Glimmering. *MR.* 1189. *AS.* Scyma, Splendor.
- Shinande*: Shining. *Test.*
- Shipins*: Sheep-pens. *WB.* 871.
- Shipman*: A tailor, a seaman.



- Shire*, Gam. 1414. The meeting of a Shire; The Assizes. *AS. Scip. Gemot.*
- Shiregereve*: A Sheriff. See *Gereve*.
- Shit, Shitte*: Shut. *Shitting*: Shutting up. *RR. 1598.*
- Shode*, Prol. 2009. Head, bush of hair. *Sp. Shod*, having shoes on. *Fa. L. 1. 98. Shode and bare*: Shod and bare-footed. *RR. 7463.*
- Shofe*: To shove, push, drive; Pushed. *RR. 534. Drove. Phyl. 19. Shofib*, for *Shofich*: Shoveth, &c. *Fr. 882.*
- Shonde*: Shame; Harm, misfortune. *Fa. L. 1. 88. See Shende.*
- Shone, Shoon*: Shoes. *Gam. 423.*
- Shonne*: To shun, avoid.
- Shop, Shope, Shoped*: Shaped; Prepared, &c. See *Shape*.
- Shore*: A cleft, a cranny. *RR. 2260. From the AS. Scypan*, To divide.
- Shot*: Shut. *MR. 250.*
- Shotir*: A shooter. The Ewe is called *Shotir*, *AF. 180.* because it is proper for making Bows. *Shottis*: Arrows, darts, any thing that is shot. *Tr. L. 2. 58.*
- Shoufe*, *MR. 804. MS. Ch. and H. 1. Showne*. By comparing these with other Copies I guess the true Reading of the two Verses to be this;
- Though I answer and somedell sette his howne;*  
*For lefull it is with force, force off to shoun,*
- for *shoven*, To shove off, oppose, or resist. See *Houfe*.
- Shoure, Shoures*. See *Stoures*.
- Showe*: A shoe. *Mo. 2401.*
- Shreudneffe*: Wickedness, &c. *Tr. L. 2. 858. See Shrewd.*
- Shrew, Shreme*: A villain, &c. *Scurra, p. 376, b. See Shrewd. Shrew his face*; Beshrew him, a curse light on him.
- Shrewd*: Impious, vile, wicked; *Impius, nequam*, Boeth. Ill-natured. *Shrewdes*: Wicked folk. *Shrewdes* and *Felons* are used as synonymous in Boeth. p. 364, a. *Ini-qui, scelesti.*
- Shrift*: Confession. No. 288. *Shrift-father*: A Father Confessor. *RR. 6423.*
- Shright*: Shricked. *Sq. 442.*
- Shrive, Shriren*: To confess one's self.
- Shroff*: Confelt. *Ber. 847.*
- Shronde*: To cover, hide. *Bl. Kn. 148.*
- Sibbe*: Kindred, alliance, relation. *AS. Sybbe.*
- Sice* fortune is tournid to an ace; so the common Editions read *Mo. 687.* The greatest fortune is changed to the lowest or meanest; A Metaphor taken from Dice, when instead of the highest cast expected, there comes up the lowest. See *Affe*.
- Sie*: To see; Saw. *Fr. 2396. FL. 194. PW. 136. To fall off. Tr. L. 5. 182.* perhaps from the *Fr. Sier*; To fall altern; unless it should be read *Stie*, from the *AS. Sorgan, Descendere.*
- Sigh*: Saw. *RR. 818. To see. Ber. 863.*
- Sight*: Sighed. *Tr. L. 4. 714.*
- Sightfull*, p. 519, b. Visible.
- Sign*: To assign, appoint. *CL. 642.*
- Signifer*: The Ecliptick, or Zodiack, so called from the Twelve Signs. *Tr. L. 5. 1020.*
- Significance*: Signification, intimation. *Tr. L. 5. 1446.*
- Sike*: Sick. For *sike*, *WB. 394.* For being sick. *Sikeliche*: Sick, sickly. *Tr. L. 2. 1528.*
- Sike, Sikin*: To seek; To ligh.
- Siker*: Firm, sure, certain, safe. *Sikerneß*: Security, certainty, assurance, firmness: But instead of *Sikerneß*, *Tr. L. 3. 833. MS. Sp. hath Selineß*: Happiness.
- Sikerde*: Made sure, assured of. *Ar. 243.*
- Sikes*: Sighs.
- Sikir, Sikre*, as *Siker*. *Sikirneß*, as *Sikerneß*. In *Tr. L. 2. 843. Ca. and al. read Secreteße.*
- Sikith*: Maketh sick. *CN. 19.*
- Sikkir*, as *Siker*.
- Sild*: Seldom. p. 902, b.
- Silfin*: Self.
- Silineße*, *Tr. L. 3. 827.* for *Selineß*, V.
- Simble*, Prol. 119. It is *simple* in all the MSS. and printed Editions of any Authority that I have seen.
- Similacion*: Dissimulation, hypocrisy. *RR. 782.*
- Similineße*, *Fl. 206.* for *Semelineß*: Deceit in behaviour.
- Similitude*: The like effect, the same sense. No. 442.
- Simpilly*: Simply, modestly. *RR. 3861.*
- Simple of attire*, *Tr. L. 1. 181.* Drest in a plain attire, or habit. But *MS. Sp.* hath it, *Simple of beryinge*; Of a modest, easy behaviour, which seems to be the better Reading, her simple attire being described before, *lb. 170.*
- Simpleße*: Simplicity, plainness, downright honesty. *RR. 954.*
- Sin*: Since. *La. 815.*
- Singid fnowt*, *Mo. 1959.* A singed nose, i. e. a tann'd face.
- Singuler*: Single; One.
- Sipher in Augrim*: A Cypher in Arithmetick. See *Augrim*.
- Siris*: Sirs.
- Sife*, see *Sice*.
- Sifouris*: Jurymen. *Gam. 1247.* See *Skene in Affiores.*
- Siferne*: Sitters. The *Parca*, or Goddesses of Destiny, are so called, *Bl. Kn. 489.*
- Sit*: To become, suit, agree with. *It sit not me*, No. 2671. It does not become me. *It sat me well bettir*, *Tr. L. 2. 117.* It would become me better. *It sat me fore*, *Tr. L. 3. 241.* It grieved me much. *It were an unsitende thing.* It were unbecoming. *Gower, f. 151. p. 1.*
- Sitb*: Time. *Sithis*: Times. *Oste sithis*: Often times. *AS. Sið, Siðon, Vice, Vices.*
- Sithe, Sithen, Sithin, Sithnes*: Since; Afterwards. *Gam. 1039.*
- Sithes*: Scythes. p. 479, a.
- Sithin*. See *Sithe*.
- Sittande*: Sitting; Fitting, becoming. *RR. 2263.*
- Sitte*: Set. *RR. 1398.* See *Sit*.
- Sixe*, No. 800. should be *fixe*, i. e. Fixed, opposed in Chymistry to Volatile.
- Scaffaut*, *RR. 4176.* An Engine of War. *Sp.* Perhaps what is in Lat. called *Testudo*, A Scaffold or Fence made of boards, covered with raw hides, under which the Befiegers of Towns approached the Walls. *Fr. Echaffaut.*
- Skall*: A scab, scabbiness. *Mo. 2222. Sk.* thinks it signifies Scalp.
- Skere*, *Mo. 2927.* To scowr, to make clean. *Com.*
- Skill*: Reason. *Tr. L. 2. 365; L. 3. 647. LW. 385. Skilles*: Reasons. p. 159, b. *Skilfull*: Reasonable. *Tr. L. 2. 392; L. 3. 288, 940.*
- Skinke*: To fill or pour out drink. *Sq. 1238. AS. Scencan.*
- Sklender*: Slender. *Prol. 589.*
- Sklere, Skleren*: To cover. p. 506, b. It was *smeren* in the former Editions in *Mo. 2647.*
- Skore*, p. 203, b. l. 29. So *MS. Ch.* Others have *Sconre*; but most of the Editions have either *scourge* or *beat*.
- Skorelith*, p. 372, a. l. 29. for *scorchith*: Scorcheth. *Lat. Torret.*
- Skippe*: A scrip, a wallet, a satchel. *RR. 7405.*
- Skriviner*: A scrivener, a writer, or transcriber of Books. *Bl. Kn. 196. p. 626, b.*
- Slaen*: To slay, to kill. *Tr. L. 1. 824. Slaeth*: Slayeth. *Tr. L. 5. 1342.*
- Slain*, *RR. 7316.* for *Flain*: Flead.
- Slake*: Slack, flow, *Prol. 2903.* To slacken; To quench; To appease; To desist, forbear. *PW. 98.*
- Slaunis*, *RR. 7092.* for *Flaunis*: Custards. *Sk. Er. Flans.*
- Slawe*: Slain.
- Slea, Sleen*: To slay, to kill.
- Slear*, *Prol. 2007. Slear*, *Hyp. 2.* A slayer, a murderer.
- Sledes*: Sledges, carriages; Vehicles; *Vehiculis*. p. 386, b.
- Sleethe, Slethe*: Slayeth.
- Sleke*, as *Slake*.
- Slen, Slene*: To slay. *La. 960, 965.*
- Slepe*: Sleep; To sleep; Slept; Sleepy, causing sleep. *P. q. 1389.*
- Slepin*: To sleep.
- Slet, Di. 295. Slete*, *RR. 2651.* Sleet, a mixture of rain and snow.
- Slethe*. See *Sleethe*.
- Sleveleß*, p. 500, a. Lifeless. *Sk. f. Idle.*
- Slider*, *Cl. 69. Slidir*: Slippery.
- Sliding of corage*: Easily perswaded, or moved to compassion. *Tr. L. 5. 825.*
- Slie*: Wise; Cunning.
- Slightly*, for *Slighly*, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) *Slely*: Slyly, wisely, prudently. *Tr. L. 2. 462. Wyfely*, Ca. In *RR. 3156.* it should be *slighly*.
- Slippir*:



*Slippir*: Slippery. *BD.* 264.

*Slithir*: Slippery. *Prol.* 1266.

*Slivere*: A small slice or piece. *Tr. L.* 3. 1015. *MS. Sp.* reads it *shyvere*, which is much the same.

*Slo*: To slay. *RR.* 1953.

*Slogardie*: Sloth, sluggishness. *Sc.* 76.

*Slombringis*: Slumbings. *Tr. L.* 5. 246.

*Slonge*: Slung. *Tr. L.* 2. 941. *Ca.* and *al.* read it, with *flyngis* and *stones*.

*Sloppe*: A sort of breeches. *p.* 198, *a.*

*Slottish*: Sluttish, slovenly. *No.* 647.

*Slough*: Slew.

*Slowe*: Slain. *Alfo*, A slough. *RR.* 4751.

*Slue*: Slew. *An.* 56.

*Sluggardie*, as *Slogardie*.

*Slyr*: Slideth. *No.* 703.

*Smalishie*: Pretty small or slender. *RR.* 826.

*Small*: Fine. *p.* 198, *a.*

*Smaragde*: An Emerald. *Lat.* *Smaragdus*.

*Smarih*, *Gam.* 373. *f.* *Smart.* *H.* 1. reads it, *smertly* [*smartlye*, *MS. Sp.*] and *skete*.

*Smaughe*: Talked; Perceived. *Ber.* 2387. From *Smack*.

*Smere*, *Smeren*: To besmear, anoint. *Mo.* 2222.

*Smertande*: Smarting. *Test.*

*Smertin*: To smart. *Smertin that*: Smart, or suffer for that. *RR.* 7107.

*Smokleß*: Stark naked, without a smock.

*Smoterlich*, *MR.* 855. Snout-fair, or painted. *Sp.* Perhaps of a fallow complexion, or freckled, from *Smut*; or Fair, clear. *Sc.* *Smout*. See *Gl. V.*

*Smryhieth*: Forgeth, as a smith. *MR.* 653.

*Snache*: To snatch, or snap. *PT.* 651.

*Snele*, *Ber.* 1972. *Snel*, *Snell*, *Ib.* 961, 1017. Presently, immediately. *AS.* *Snel*, Swift, nimble, &c.

*Sneße*: To sneeze. *PT.* 42.

*Snewid*: Snowed. *It snewid*, &c. *Prol.* 347. That is, Meat and drink were as plentiful in his house, as Snow in Winter. This Metaphorical Expression of Abundance by *Snow* is used by *Gower*, fol. 135. *p.* 2, *a.*

*He was with yestis all besnewid.*

*Snibb*, *Prol.* 525. *Snybbe*: To snubb, chide, reprove, rebuke.

*Snyffish*: Snuffeth. *PT.* 39.

*Sobirliche*, *Sobirly*: Soberly, gravely. Instead of *Sobirly*, *Tr. L.* 4. 178. *Ca.* hath, *so breuely*, i. e. so briefly.

*Soc*: The *AS.* *Soc*, signifies Power, Authority or Licence to administer Justice, and execute Laws; Also, The Precinct wherein such Power is exercised. It is sometimes used for Duties and Services due from Tenants to their Landlord, as Mowing, Carriages, Grinding at his Mill, &c. whence Toll taken for Grinding is called *Soc*, *Mo.* 2315. And Custom to a Mill is called *Sokin*, *MR.* 879.

*Socour*, *Socours*: Succour, help. *Fr.* *Secours*.

*Sodainliche*: Suddenly.

*Sodenly*, *Sq.* 1578. See *Sotelly*.

*Soficientie*: Sufficient. *p.* 206, *a.*

*Soget*: Subject. *CL.* 93.

*Soigne*: Care, diligence. *RR.* 3882. *Fr.* *Soin*, or *Soign*.

*Soile*, for *Affoile*: To absolve. *Mo.* 2926.

*Sojour*, *Sojourne*: Stay, abode, residence. *RR.* 4282, 5149.

*Thalt sojour*; *Sojourneth*. *Ib.* 4979. *Sojournant*: A sojourner. *Mo.* 2712. *Fr.* *Sejour*, Stay, &c. *Sejourner*, To sojourn.

*Sokid*: Sucked. *Fr.* 1480.

*Sokin*. See *Soc*.

*Soking of his*—*Ber.* 1394. *Chyld* seems to be wanting here, which being added will make the sense plain; The sucking of his child.

*Sokingly*: Leisurely, gently. *p.* 156, *a.*

*Solace*, *Solas*: Comfort, delight, mirth, sport, diversion.

*Sole*: Alone. *RR.* 2395. Solitary. *AF.* 505.

*Soleine*: Solitary. *Ch. Dr.* 982. Alone. *AL.* 607, 614.

*Sullen*. *RR.* 3897. *Solein* [not *sole in*] purpose; A selfish purpose. *p.* 508, *a.* 1. 13.

*Solempne*: Solemn, majestick, grave. *Solempneily*: Gravely.

*Solere*: A solar, an upper floor.

*Solere Hall*, *MR.* 881. *H.* 1. *MS. Ch.* and all the printed Editions that I have seen before Mr. *Spegh's* in 1602. read it *Soler*, or *Solere*. Tho' he retained *Solere* in the

Text of the Edition 1598. yet in his Notes he directs it to be read *Scholar's Hall*, that is (says he) "The University-Hall, founded by the Chancellor and Masters of the University, Anno. 1326. but since united to the Foundation of the Lady *Elisabeth de Burgo*, Countess of *Clare*, and called *Clare-Hall*. If *Scholar's* or *Scholler's Hall* be the true reading, perhaps it may mean a College Founded by *Edward* the Third, by the name of *Aula Sclorum Regis*, now part of *Trinity College*. See *Rymer's Fœd.* Vol. VII *p.* 239. *Pro Sclorum Aula Regis Ordinationes. Cam. Dominus Edwardus, bone memorie, nuper Rex Angliæ, Avus noster ordinasset quoddam Collegium in Universitate Canteburgiæ, in quodam manso, quod Aulam Sclorum Regis vocari fecit, perpetuis temporibus duraturum; Nos volentes, &c.*

*Slyng*, *p.* 504, *b.* 1. 61. *f.* Corrupted from *Feling*: Sense. *Somar*, *Bal.* 190. *Somir*, *LW.* 142. *Somre*, *RR.* 1430. The Summer.

*Somdele*: Somewhat. *Prol.* 448. In some measure or degree. See *Dele*.

*Somir*. See *Somar*.

*Somme*, *Fr.* A sum, A burden. With his tenthé somme. *Tr. L.* 2. 1249. Perhaps it may signify Horsesmen, or Servants on horseback. The *Fr.* *Somme* signifies a Burden or Load, whence *Sompter-horse*, *Fr.* *Sommer*; and perhaps this place should be read, with his tenthé sommes ifert. *MS. Sp.* reads it *his X Somme*, and *Kyn.* renders it *Denis stipatus servis*; but *Ca.* hath it, with his people in feere. *Sommis*: Sums.

*Sompne*, *Fr.* 313. To summon; whence *Sompnour*: An Apparitor, an inferior Officer that summons Delinquents to appear in Ecclesiastical Courts.

*Son*, *Sone*, *Sonne*: A son; The Sun. *Sonne ybrent*: Sunburnt.

*Sond*, *Sonde*: Sand. *Ch. Dr.* 2018. A message. *Tr. L.* 3. 493. A present, or whatever may be sent. *Of Goddis sonde*, *No.* 2727. Of God's sending, of what God has sent. *Sondis*, *Ber.* 3211. Presents.

*Sondid*, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) *Sandyd*: Sanded, gravelled. *Tr. L.* 2. 822.

*Sondin*: To send.

*Sone*: Soon. *Come hithir lovis sone*, *Prol.* 674. This doth not seem to be the true Reading; for *Sone* is not a proper Rhyme to *Rome*. *H.* 1. *MS. Ch.* and all the old Editions read it, *Come hithir love to me*, and in some of them, *to me*, is written *some*, and may be pronounced as one Syllable, to rhyme to *Rome*; or else *Rome* may be divided into two Syllables *Ro-me*, to answer to *to me*, which will make the numbers compleat in both Verses. See *Alouth*. *Come hithir Love [or Loves] to me*, might be the beginning of a Song well known in *Chaucer's* time. See *Son*, &c.

*Soneneße*, *AL.* 61. Noise; from the *Lat.* *Sonus*. *Sp.* Some Editions read it *soneneß*.

*Songedeß*: Didst sing. *Test.*

*Sonir*: Sooner.

*Sanken*: Sunk. *RR.* 5113.

*Sonne*. See *Son*.

*Sonnishie*: Sunnish, yellow. *Sonnishie of hewe*, *Tr. L.* 4. 736. Bright yellow.

*Sooth*, as *Suth*.

*Sape*: To sup. *PT.* 217. *Saper*, *Ib.* 286. *Sapor*: A supper. *A vere sapor*, *Ib.* 365. A second supper. *So Lidg.* describes the Luxury of *Sardanapalus* in *The Fall of Princes*, *L.* 2. *C.* 14.

*Cherishynge surfeites, watche, and glotony—*  
*Founde here suppers and fetherbeddes softe,*  
*Drynke late, and chaunge his wines of.*

*Sopheme*, *RR.* 7471. A Sophism, a Fallacy; Sophistry.

*Sophismis*: Sophisms, Subtleties. *Sq.* 574.

*Suple*: Supple, flexible; Complying. *Cr.* 138.

*Sirde*, *Cr.* 211. Sorrel-colour. See *Gl. V.* in *Sore*.

*Sorie*: Sorrowfull.

*Sorondeß*, for *Sorowedeß*: Didst lament or bewail. *Boeth.*

*Sorue*: Sorrow. *Prol.* 2824.

*Sort*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1754. *Sorte*, *Pars.* Fortune, lot.

*Sortid*: Allotted. *Tr. L.* 5. 1826.

*Sore*: Sweet. *Prol.* 1. *Soot*. *Test.* *L.* 2. *p.* 506, *b.*

*Sorelly* [so it should be read *Sq.* 1578. as in *MS. Ch.* and *al.* not *solitly*] Subtily, cunningly.

*Suth*,



*Soth, Sothe*: Truth; True. *AS.* 808. *Sorbir*: Truer.  
*Sotherne*: Southern. *Mo.* 3352. *MS. Ch.* reads it *Southerne*.  
 It seems there to signify Plain, honest, simple, &c. See *Gl. V.* in *Sodroun*.  
*Sothfast*: True. *AS.* 808. *Sothfastnesse*: Truth.  
*Sothneß*: Truth. See *Soth*.  
*Sothfaw*: Veracity. *RR.* 6125.  
*Sotik*: Subtle, cunning, crafty.  
*Sotile*; Subtily, a sleight. *WB.* 576.  
*Sottid*: Besotted, stupid, dull. *Test.*  
*Souble*, *Mo.* 1998. *f.* Supple; Tractable. In the Edition 1602. and *al.* it is *Soukle*, Poor, wretched. *Sp.* Poor and thin. *Com.* See *Sk.* in *Soukle*.  
*Soudan*, *Sowdan*: A Sultan, or Mahometan Sovereign Prince. The true Reading of *La.* 422. (as it is in *H.* 1. *MS. Ch.* and the oldest Editions) is thus;  
*O soudyn wo, that ever art successour, &c.*  
*i. e.* O suddain Wo, or Misfortune, that ever succeedeth worldly happiness, &c.  
*Soudonneß*: A Sultan's Consort, or Sultana. *La.* 359.  
*Souveraine notabilite*, *Mo.* 1324. A very remarkable observation, or occurrence. *Soverainly*: Above all, especially. *ib.* 1477.  
*Soverainnes*: Sovereignty, Government. *Test.*  
*Souir*: Sowr. *Magd.* 486.  
*Souke*: To suck; To spend, consume. *MR.* 1308. *Souking*: Sucking. *Test.* *p.* 484, *a.*  
*Soule*, *Ber.* 257. Alone. See *Sole*.  
*Souled blisse*: The bliss of the Soul, or spiritual happiness. *p.* 507, *a.*  
*Sounde*: To make sound or whole, to heal. *An.* 245. To grow sound. *Bl. Kn.* 293.  
*Soune*, as *sonn*.  
*Sounitrefß*, *Bal.* 846. Hair shining as the Sun. *Sp.* It should be *Sonnitrefse* (*u* and *n* being often confounded by the Transcribers) and perhaps it should be read in two words, *Sunny trefse*, *i. e.* Sunnith tresses. See *Sonnith*.  
*Soupe*, *Soupin*: To sup.  
*Soupir*: A supper.  
*Souple*: Supple, pliant.  
*Sourde*, *p.* 198, *b.* To proceed, to spring. *Fr.* *Sourdre*; whence  
*Sours*: Source, spring. *Fr.* *Source*.  
*Sourr*, *Fr.* 674. *Fa. L.* 2. 36, 43. *Soar* is a Term in Falconry, when the Hawk soars or flies aloft, termed also *Towering*; and *Source* is when he takes the Game in flight. *Holme's Academy of Armory*.  
*Souter*: A cobler. *MR.* 796; *Lat.* *Sutor*.  
*Southly*, *Ch. Dr.* 1324. *CL.* 140. seems to signify Softly.  
*Sowe*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1201, 1203. To seal; from the *Fr.* *Sceau*, or *Seau*, A seal.  
*Sowirs*: Sores, male fallow deer four years old. *Dr. Ch.* 429.  
*Sown*: Sound, noise. *Tr. L.* 5. 580. To sound; To signify; To tend to; To sound well or ill in a moral sense. *Sownid into bad*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1675. Savoured of evil. *Sownith into honeste*; Is agreeable to good manners. Also, To swoon away. *Prol.* 915.  
*Spanning*, *RR.* 3633. Full breadth. *Sp.* A span broad. *Sk.*  
*Spar*, *Sparre*: A wooden bar or bolt of a door. *Prol.* 992.  
*Sparande*: Sparing, niggardly. *RR.* 5363.  
*Sparrid*: Barred, bolted; Locked. *RR.* 3320.  
*Sparthe*: A double Ax; *Bipennis*. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Sparth*.  
*Species*: Sorts, kinds; Parts. *p.* 191, *a.* *Lat.* *Species*.  
*Spede*: Speed; Success; To dispatch. *Spedefull*: Successful, effectual.  
*Spell*, *No.* 3398. A history, a tale; Discourse. *AS.* *Spel*.  
*Spence*: Any place where Provision is laid up, as a Larder, a Buttery, a Cellar. Also, Expenses.  
*Spene*: To spend, consume.  
*Sperde*, *BD.* 66. *Spered*, *RR.* 2099. Lockt up.  
*Spere*: A spear; A sphere. *Fr.* 2839. A long pole or staff. *Lat. Contin.* *AS.* *Speapie*, *Surus*, a stake, &c. *Speris*: Spears; Spheres. *Fr.* 2836. *AF.* 59, 61.  
*Sperhauke*: A Sparrow-hawk.  
*Speris*: Asketh, enquireth. *Cr.* 272. See *Gl. V.*  
*Sperkel and*, *p.* 481, *b.* should be *Sperkeland*: Dispersed, wandering, strayed.  
*Sperren*: Seed. *Mo.* 121. It was so in the former Editions;

but in this it is changed to *strene*, from *MS. Ch.* which doth not alter the sense.  
*Sperrid*, as *Sperde*.  
*Spete*: To spit.  
*Spetouse*: Spightfull. *PT.* 635.  
*Spette*: Speedeth, fareth. *Gam.* 1599.  
*Spicid conscience*, *Prol.* 528. A double conscience. The meaning is, He did not distinguish upon Conscience; and divide it into many *Species*, or sorts; but had only one honest, plain one. *A sweet spicid conscience*, *WB.* 435. A sweet sort of conscience. *f.* Good humour.  
*Spill*: To dye, perish. *MR.* 170. To destroy. *Fr.* 1533.  
*Spilte*: Destroyed, lost. *Test.*  
*Spire*, *p.* 515, *a.* A sprout or twig. *Gam.* 997. See *Spere*.  
*An oaken spire*; An oaken cudgel; perhaps from the *Lat.* *Spartus*.  
*Spired*, *No.* 3311. *f.* Blowed. In the former Editions which have this Passage, it is *Spied*.  
*Spitons*: Spightfull, envious. *RR.* 979. *Spitouslich*, *PT.* 520. *Spitously*, *WB.* 223. *Spitefully*, &c. Severely.  
*Spitil house*: An Hospital. *Cr.* 391.  
*Splait*, *Bl. Kn.* 33. To display, to set forth; To dress. *Sk.*  
*Spone*, *Prol.* 2608. Some read it *span*, others *spoon*, or *spoun*: *f.* Thrust, driven, pushed; from the *It.* *Spingere*, To thrust, &c. See *Gl. V.* in *Spang*.  
*Sponis*: Spoons.  
*Sponne*: Spun. *Tr. L.* 3. 735.  
*Spontanie*: Spontaneous, voluntary. *p.* 511, *b.*  
*Spore*: A spur. *Prol.* 2605. *Sporis*: Spurs. *ib.* 1706.  
*Sporne*: To spurn at, to stumble upon. *Tr. L.* 2. 797.  
*Sponsaile*: Marriage. *Fr.* *Esponsailles*, the Marriage-vow. *RL.* 251.  
*Sprant*, *Sprenid*, *Spreynid*, *Sprint*: Sprinkled. They seem to come from an old word *sprene*, for Sprinkle; from whence comes *sprenith*, *Gam.* 997. Sprinkleth.  
*Spray*: A sprig, a small bough, or twig.  
*Sprenid*, *Sprenith*, *Spreynid*, *Sprint*. See *Sprant*.  
*Springoldis*, *RR.* 4191. Warlike engines. *Sk.*  
*Sprit*, for *Spirit*, *Ar.* 184.  
*Spronge*: Sprung. *Test.*  
*Spryngill*: An Instrument to sprinkle Holy Water withall. *PT.* 138. *Lat.* *Aspergillum*.  
*Spurnid*: Spurned, humbled upon. *MR.* 1172.  
*Spwing*, for *Spewing*, *p.* 192, *a.* 1. 58. Spuing.  
*Squaimus*, *MR.* 229. Squeamish. Adjectives in *ous*, are often written with *us*, in the MSS. So *daungerous* in the next Verse is *daungerus* in *MS. Ch.*  
*Squames*: Scales of Fish.  
*Squires*: Squares. *p.* 441, *a.*  
*Squirith*: Ushereth, attendeth, waiteth upon as a Gentleman-usher. *WB.* 305.  
*Stabill*, *Stable*: To confirm, establish. *Ber.* 1242. *Hen.* 145.  
*Stablie*: Firmly. *Boeth.*  
*Stablishment*: Establishment. *p.* 508, *a.*  
*Stace*: The Poet *Statius*. See *State*.  
*Stacke*: Struck. *RR.* 458.  
*Stad*, *Stadde*: Placed, stated; Encumbered, oppressed; Befet. See *Bestadde*.  
*Stady*: The Stadium; A Course, a place for running. *p.* 388, *b.*  
*Staker*: To stagger, to be anxious. *Hyper.* 127.  
*Stalkes*: The steps of a ladder. *MR.* 517.  
*Stallid*, *Ber.* 1876. Perhaps for *Stablid* (by an easy mistake in the Transcribers of *b* for *l*) Established, ordained.  
*Stalworthe*: Brave, stout. *Gam.* 403. See *Gl. V.* in *Stalwart*.  
*Stamen*, *Stamin*: Hemp, or course cloth made of it.  
*Stanch*, *Stannch*: To stop; To satisfy.  
*Stan dede*: Stone-dead. *Ber.* 3082.  
*Stant*, *MR.* 815. *Stante*, *Ph.* 18. Standeth.  
*Stapid*, *Stappid*: Stepped, trod. *PT.* 585.  
*Stark*: Strong; Stiff. *Sq.* 974. *AS.* *Starc*. *Kilian.*  
*Sterke*.  
*Starf*, *Starfe*: Dyed; from *Sterve*, *V.*  
*Starlinges*: Sterling Money.  
*Starling*, for *Sparkling*, *Di.* 279.  
*State of Thebis*: The Poet *Statius*, who wrote of the Wars of Thebes. *Prol.* 2296. *al.* *State*.  
*Statelich*: Stately, stiff, proud. *Prol.* 140.

*Staunche*,



*Staunch*, as *Stanch*. *Covetise that may not be staunched*, Boeth. p. 367, a. Insatiable covetousness.  
*Stede*: A place. *Gam.* 841. A steed, a horse. *Stedis*: Steeds.  
*Stedshyp*: Steadiness, firmness, assurance. p. 484, a.  
*Steerleß*: Without steerage. *La.* 440.  
*Steire*: The rudder, or helm of a ship, the steerage.  
*Stele*, Cup. 50. A handle. *AS.* *Stele*, *Kilian.* *Stele*; *Capulus, manubrium.* Also *Steel*; To heat.  
*Stellise*: To transform into a star, or to call a star or Constellation after ones name. *LIV.* 525. *Fa. L.* 2. 78. See *lb.* 91.  
*Stent*: A hint, a stop, or stay. *At one stent*, *BD.* 769. In the same case or condition, equally regarded.  
*Stent, Stentin*: To stay; To stop, desist, cease, give over.  
*Stentis*, perhaps for *Statutes*, *CL.* 1009. See *Stent*.  
*Stere*: To stir; To steer: Also, A rudder, *Phyl.* 23. A steer, or young bullock. *Stering*: Stirring. *Fa. L.* 1. 478.  
*Sterfe*, as *Starf*.  
*Sterfman*: A steersman. *Fa. L.* 1. 436.  
*Sterne*: To lay down; from the *Lat.* *Sternere*. *Sk.* Perhaps it is put for *Steren*: To stir up. p. 488, a. Also, Sharp, cruel, fierce. *Mo.* 1993. *Sterneliche*, *Sternily*: Fiercely, &c.  
*Sterre*: A star. *Sterris*: Stars.  
*Stert*, *Sterte*: To escape; Escaped. *Tr. L.* 4. 93. See *Afterte*.  
*Sterling*: Suddenly, or unexpected. *Luc.* 62.  
*Sterve*: To dye, to perish. *AS.* *Steoppan*, To kill. *Storben, Mori.* *Kilian.*  
*Steven, Stevin*: A voice, sound. *AS.* *Stefn*. An appointment. *See a Stevin*: To appoint a time. *MR.* 1275. *Was set a steven*: A time was appointed. *CMV.* 52. *At unset stevin*: Unexpected. *ProL.* 1526. So *Lidgate* in the Fall of Princes, *L.* 2. C. 21. and *L.* 3. *ProL.* *ufeth, At unset honre*; At a time when it is not expected.  
*Stewe*: A little closet. *Tr. L.* 3. 602, 699. A small pond for fish. *ProL.* 351.  
*Stey*: To stay; Also, To mount, ascend. p. 480, a. *AS.* *Stigan*.  
*Steyrs*: Stairs. p. 480, a. See *Stey*.  
*Stighed*: Ascended. *Hen.* 177. See *Stey*.  
*Stille*. See *Strete*.  
*Stille*: Quiet. *Let it be stille*, *Fr.* 2240. Let it alone.  
*Stillneß*: Quietness; Silence. *Boeth.*  
*Stint*. See *Stent*.  
*Stiib, ProL.* 2028. An anvil. *Sp.* See *Sk.* in *Stiib*.  
*Stives*: Stews, where lewd women prostitute themselves. *Fr.* 68.  
*Stobill*: Stubble. *MR.* 1243.  
*Stockid in prison*: Imprisoned. *Tr. L.* 3. 381.  
*Stokis*: The Stocks. *PT.* 490.  
*Stole*: An Ecclesiastical Vestment worn by Priests and Deacons when they officiated. *Sq.* 1219. See *Fr. Gl.*  
*Stolis*: Stools. *WB.* 288. *Stole*, *Ber.* 1669. seems to be mistaken for *Scole*, or *Schole*, V.  
*Stongin*: Stung.  
*Stonied*: Astonished, confounded. *Boeth.*  
*Stont*: Standeth. *No.* 2622. Stood.  
*Stopin in age*, *Sq.* 1030. Stept or advanced in years; as in *Mo.* 934. *Istept in age*.  
*Store*. *I told of it no store*; I made no account of it. *WB.* 203. *Mo.* 1269. See *Tell*.  
*Storiall*: Historical, in opposition to Fabulous. *CL.* 123.  
*Storke, the wreker of adconterie*. "This bird (says *Sp.*) breedeth in the Chimney-tops of houses, and, as it is written of him, if the man, or the wife commit adultery, he presently forsaketh the place; and as *Aristotle* saith, If his female play false, he will, if he can, kill her, or else utterly forsake her. Therefore *Chaucer* called him the wreker [i. e. revenger] of adultery."  
*Stor, ProL.* 618. A young horse. *Sp.* See *Somm.* in *Stobhopp*.  
*Stote*, *Fr.* 366. A fitch-bow, or pole-cat.  
*Stound, Stounde*: A while, a little space, a moment. *AS.* *Stund*, *Momentum, spatium, hora.* *Kilian.* *Stond*. In a stound, *Mo.* 1994. In stound, *RR.* 1733. *MR.* 884. All on a sudden. *At diverse stounds*, *WB.* 286. At different times. Vicissitude or change, turn, hap. *She ne maie staunche my stound ill*, *RR.* 4472. She cannot stop or help my misfortune. A smarting pain, a

fitch. *CCr.* 122. See *Gl. V.* Astonishment, sorrow. *Sk.*  
*Stoundemelt*: Various, changeable. *RR.* 3784. By turns. *lb.* 2304. *AS.* *Stundmavlam, Sensum, &c.*  
*Stoundes, Stoundis*: Moments; Seasons. *Tr. L.* 3. 1758. Courses of the Seasons; *Vices*, p. 364, b. *Stormie stoundis*, *CCr.* 126. Stormy seasons, i. e. Anxious, disturbing thoughts. *By stoundis*; By turns. *Boeth.*  
*Stoure*: A fight, an assault, a quarrel, a skirmish, an engagement. *Stiff in stoure*; Valiant in battle. *RR.* 1270. Perhaps *shoures*, *lb.* 4658. should be *floweres*; and *shoure*, *Tr. L.* 4. 47. might be *flower*. *H.* 2. reads it, *last oure*.  
*Strain*: To constrain, force, compel. *Mo.* 1364.  
*Strake*, *Dr. Ch.* 1312. f. Stretch, or straggle.  
*Straight, Straghten*: Stretched out. *ProL.* 2918. Spread. *RR.* 1021.  
*Strange*, *Tr. L.* 2. 411. for *Strangers*; or it may be read *strange folk*, as in *MS. Sp.*  
*Streight*: Stretched. p. 507, a.  
*Stremes of the sonne*: Rays of the Sun. p. 441, a.  
*Stremidin*: Streamed, flowed. *Tr. L.* 4. 247. The Verse is otherwise read in *MS. Sp.*  
*His eyen*—  
*So wepyn that thei semyn wellis tney.*  
*Strene*: Kindred, flock, race, descent. *RR.* 4830.  
*Strengit faithid*: Having the strongest faith. *Tr. L.* 1. 1008.  
*Strength* is put for the Vertue of Fortitude, p. 507, b.  
*Strepe*: To strip. *RR.* 6818.  
*Strete*. *By stile and eke by strete*, *No.* 2210. Over every stile and in every street, i. e. Every where, in town and country. In the same sense are used, *Ove stile and stonc*, *By dale and eke by doune*, in the Rhyme of *Sir Thomas*.  
*Strife*: Endeavour. *Bl. Kn.* 357.  
*Strikes*: Streaks; Stroaks; Lines. *Asr.*  
*Stripe*: Race, kindred. *CL.* 16. f. for *Sirpe*, from the *Lat.* *Stirps*.  
*Strive*, for *Strife*, *Ch. Dr.* 1191.  
*Stro*: A straw. *CCr.* 28.  
*Strode*: He was a learned Poet of *Merton College* in *Oxford* in the time of *Edw. III.* See *Leland* in *Chaucer's* *Life*.  
*Stronde*: A strand, a shore. *Ar.* 304. Water-side. *Ber.* 1146. It is put for Country in general, *ProL.* 13.  
*Strandward*: Towards the strand or shore. *Ber.* 2103.  
*Strothir*, *Ber.* 848, 1151. seems to be the same with *Rothir*; The rudder, or steerage of a ship. See *lb.* 2325.  
*Strough*: Strawed; Lying flat on the ground. *Boeth.*  
*Stroundes*: Strands. *Boeth.* p. 395, b.  
*Strout*: To strut. *Ber.* 1107.  
*Stroy*: To destroy. *Ber.* 1472.  
*Studient*: Studious, thoughtful. p. 514, b.  
*Stuffed man*, *Ber.* 997. A man well stuffed, well fed, one that eat plentifully.  
*Stultie*: Foolish, silly. p. 494, a.  
*Sturt and strive with true tillers*, *Mo.* 2808. They are able and wont to scuffle and contend with lusty strong Plowmen. *Com.*  
*Suy*, *Ber.* 856, 860. See *Stey*.  
*Stylneß*, as *Stilneß*.  
*Suasion of sweetnes Rhetorien*: Persuasion of Oratorical sweetnes. *Boeth.*  
*Subsumigations*, *Fa. L.* 3. 174. A Ceremony used by Sorcerers to drive away evil spirits by burning Incense: Or, Smoaking of Corn, Cattle, &c. by way of Charm; a Practice still used by superstitious people on certain days.  
*Subget*: Subject. *Mo.* 3152.  
*Sublimatories*: Subliming pots, Vessels used by Chymists in Sublimation, whereby the more subtle parts of a mixt body are separated from the rest, and carried to the top of the Vessel, in the form of a very fine Powder; such Powders are called Flowers, as Flower of Sulphur, Benjamin, &c.  
*Submit*: Subject. *BD.* 234.  
*Suckny*: A white Attire like a Rotchet. *Sp.* A Frock. *RR.* 1232. See *Sk.* in *Sarkney*.  
*Sued*: Followed. *Mo.* 1452.  
*Sufferaunt*, *Dr. Ch.* 1010. See *Suffraunt*.  
*Sufficuauntly*, *RR.* 6743. should be *Suffjauntly*, V.  
*Suffinable*: Patient, passive. *WB.* 442. *Suffrid*: Suffered.  
2 N *Suffjaunce*:



*Suffisaunce*: Sufficiency, contentment. *ProL*. 492. Ability. *CV*. 17.  
*Suffisaunt*: Sufficient; Able. *Phyl*. 131. *Fr*. *Suffisant*. *Suffisamment*: Sufficiently.  
*Suffise*: To bear; To be sufficiently able. *p*. 198, *b*.  
*Suffraunce*: Patience. *Mo*. 2443.  
*Suffraunt*: Suffering, patient.  
*Sugre*: Sugar. Also, Sweet; Gratefull, pleasing. *Sngrid*: Sweetened, made sweet. *Tr*. *L*. 2. 384.  
*Sum*: Some.  
*Superfyce*: The Superficies, surface, or outside. *Boeth*.  
*Superne*: Above; Supream. *Bal*. 367.  
*Supplen*: To beseech, intreat; *Supplicare*, *p*. 379, *a*.  
*Supportation*: Support. *RD*. 838.  
*Supposaille*: Supposition. *p*. 511, *a*.  
*Supprised*, *p*. 158, *a*. Surprised; Suddenly and strongly affected, taken, smitten. In *Tr*. *L*. 3. 1190. *MS*. *Sp*. has it *uprised*, i. e. raised up, elevated with his good fortune.  
*Supprize*: To suppress. *Fl*. 232.  
*Surcoat*: A gown with a hood of the same. *Sp*. An upper coat. *FL*. 141. called the *Overist courtpy*, *ProL*. 292.  
*Surement*: Security, assurance. *Fr*. 3088. or *Severie* (as in *MS*. *Ch*.) Security.  
*Surenests*: Security, safety. *Pr*. *RL*. 126.  
*Suretie*: Certainty, assurance. *WB*. 903.  
*Surid*: Assured. *Ber*. 2361.  
*Surmounting*: Surmounting, surpassing. *CL*. 356.  
*Surplus*: The remainder, overplus. *RR*. 3676.  
*Surquidrie*, *Surquidri*: Ambition; Presumption; An overweening conceit of one's own knowledge.  
*Surrey*, *Surrie*, *La*. 174, 178. *Syria* in *Asia*. Former Editions read *Surrie*, *Sq*. 30. instead of *Russy*, as it is in this. *MS*. *Ch*. hath it, *verryngge on Tartarie*.  
*Surjanure*, *Fr*. 2656. *Fl*. 75. A sore festered inwardly, and whole without. *Sp*. qu. *Sursum sanatum*. *Sk*.  
*Surveyaunce*: Surveying, overseeing.  
*Suspecl*: Suspicious, suspected. *Fr*. 1570.  
*Suspeclionne*: Suspicion. *WB*. 306.  
*Suspen*: Suspended, interdicted. *Mo*. 2223.  
*Suspiris*: Sighs. *CV*. 305.  
*Sustaanee*, for *Substance*, *AL*. 741.  
*Sustene*: To sustain. *ProL*. 195. But *MS*. *Ch*. reads there *Festine*, al. *Fusten*. Also, To stand. *An*. 178.  
*Sustene*: Sisters.  
*Sustir*: A sister. *Tr*. *L*. 2. 69. *Sustrin*: Sisters. *Tr*. *L*. 3. 734. *Fatall sustrin*: The Fates or Destinies, *Parca*.  
*Sute*: Series, order, rank. *Bl*. *Kn*. 83. *Fr*. *Suite*.  
*Suyr*: To assure, to ensure. *Ber*. 754.  
*Swa*: So. *MR*. 922.  
*Swagid*: Allwaged, appeased. *Bal*. 523.  
*Swale*: Swelled. *No*. 3069.  
*Swappe*: To strike; To cut off, or, as we say, whip off. *No*. 377. To fall down suddenly. *Fr*. 2120. To throw or fling down violently. *Tr*. *L*. 4. 244.  
*Swart*: Black, swarthy. *Ch*. *Dr*. 1862. *Swartische*: Swarthy. *Et*. *L*. 3. 557.  
*Swat*: Sweated. *Ber*. 1080.  
*Sweigh*: Force. *Sp*. A rumbling noise. *AS*. *Spez*, A violent crash; *Turbo*, *p*. 363, *b*.  
*Sweight*, *Tr*. *L*. 2. 1383. *Sk*. derives it from the *AS*. *Spez*, Sound, and quotes this place for it: But it seems here to be rather a Corruption of *Weight*. See *Gl*. *V*. in *Swecht*. *MS*. *Sp*. hath it thus;  
*The grete swerf doth hit than fall at onys*.  
See *Gl*. *V*. in *Swarf*.  
*Swele*: To dye. *Ber*. 1615. *f*. leg. *Swelte*: To kill, suffocate. *AS*. *Spelcan*.  
*Swell*, *Ber*. 388. should perhaps be *snell*, *V*.  
*Swent*, *Bal*. 903. Former Editions have it *yswent* or *iswent*.  
*Swere*: The neck. *PT*. 361. *AS*. *Speop*.  
*Swerne*: To swear. *RR*. 4834.  
*Swert*, *Bal*. 903. Swarthinels. See *Swart*.  
*Swete*: Sweated. *Magd*. 126. Also, Sweet.  
*Svette*: Sweated.  
*Sweetyng*, *PT*. 36. Sweet-heart, Darling.  
*Sweven*: A dream. *AS*. *Spepen*. Hence perhaps *Afswerved*, *Fa*. *L*. 2. 41. for *Afswecened*: Being as it were in a dream.  
*Swevines*: Dreams. *Tr*. *L*. 5. 358.  
*Swilk*: Such. *MR*. 1062.

*Swinke*: To work, to labour. Also, Labour, pains; *ProL*. 188. *Swinker*: A hard labourer. *Ib*. 533.  
*Swire*, as *Swere*.  
*Swiche*: Swiftly, quickly, presently, immediately. *AS*. *Spide*.  
*Swolowe*: The swallow, the throat. *Di*. 179.  
*Swoone*, *Swoon*: A swoon, a trance; To swoon.  
*Swough*: Sound, noise. *AF*. 248. *Fa*. *L*. 2. 523. See *Sweigh*. A swoon, a trance. *Tr*. *L*. 4. 1211. *Luc*. 137.  
*Swoom*. See *Swoone*.  
*Swove*: A swoon, a trance. *Dr*. *Ch*. 2151.  
*Swyff*: Swift. *Ber*. 1231.  
*Syghifull*: Visible. *p*. 478, *b*.  
*Syn*: Since.  
*Synglerly*: Singularly, particularly, singly. *p*. 380, *a*.

## T.

*Tas*: A heap. *ProL*. 1007. *Fr*. *Tas*.  
*Tabarde*, *Mo*. 1949. *Taberd*, *ProL*. 20. "A Jacket or sleeveless coat, worn in times past by Noblemen in the Wars, but now, only by Herald's, and is called their Coat of Arms in Service. It was the Sign of an Inn in Southwark by London, within the which was the Lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the *Hofstirle*, where Chaucer and the other Pilgrims met together, and with Henry Bailie their Host accorded about the manner of their Journey to Canterbury: And whereas through time it had been much decayed, it is now by Mr. J. Preston, with the Abbot's House thereto adjoining, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much encreased, for the receipt of many guests. It is now the Sign of the Talbot. *Sp*. It still bears the same Sign of the Talbot, and has on the Sign-Post this Inscription; *This is the Inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the nine and twenty Pilgrims lodged in their Journey to Canterbury, Anno 1363*. "A *Tabbard* (says *Verstegan*) is a short gown, that reached no farther than the mid-leg, it remaineth for the name of a Gown in Germany and the Netherlands. From the wearing of this *Tabbard* or *Taberd*, some of those on the Foundation at *Queen's College* in Oxford are called *Tabbardarii*. *Stow* in his Survey. *L*. 4. C. 1. says it was a Jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders. See *Fr*. *Gl*. in *Taberdum*, and *Dr*. *Davies's Welsh Dict*. in *Tabar*.  
*Tabouren*: To make a drumming noise, as of a Tabour. *LIV*. 354.  
*Tach*, *PT*. 84. *Ber*. 347, 727. *CN*. 192. *Teche*, *Bal*. 237. Craft. *Sp*. Pranks, tricks; from the *Fr*. *Tache*, A spot; or *Tacher*, To endeavour, to attempt; which comes from the Lat. *Tacture*, a Frequentative of the Verb *Tangere*, To touch; So we say a Touch of Ink, for a Stain or Spot of Ink. See *Sk*. Perhaps it may signify Attack, attempt.  
*Tailagiers*, *RR*. 6811. Receivers, or Collectors of Tolls, or any publick Taxes or Impositions. See *Talages*.  
*Taile*, *ProL*. 572. *Tooke by taile*; Took upon account, or upon trust. See *Tale*.  
*Take for Taken*, *ProL*. 1868. *Ber*. 1326. *Again him take*; To oppose him. *RR*. 3529.  
*Takerde*, *PT*. 190. *f*. *Taberd*. See *Tabarde*.  
*Takil*: Tackle. *RR*. 1727. Shooting tackle, as Arrows, &c. as we say, Fishing tackle. *Dr*. *Davies* explains the *CB*. *Taccl*, by *Sagitta*, An arrow.  
*Talages*: Taxes, Impositions. *p*. 201, *a*. *Fr*. *Taillages*.  
*Talcuise*: Talkative. *RL*. 334.  
*Tale*: To talk, to tell a tale. *Ch*. *Dr*. 103. Speech, discourse; *Oratio*, *p*. 364, *a*. A reckoning, account. *Litill tale be therof told*, *Mo*. 1233. He made little account of it, did not mind it. *Taling*: Talking, telling of tales. *No*. 2942.  
*Talent*: Desire, inclination. See *p*. 152, *a*. *l*. 13, 17. Affection. *Tr*. *L*. 3. 145. *Set his talent*, *RR*. 1716. Set his mind.

Tall,



*Th: No. 684, Lv. Alouth.*



- Tall*, for *Tell*, RR. 1356.  
*Tane*: Taken. Ch. Dr. 888.  
*Tapet*: Tapestry. AL. 499.  
*Tapinage*, RR. 7363. Secresie, silynefs. Sp. Perhaps from the Fr. *Tapir*, To squat down. Fr. *En tapinois*, Secretly, cunningly.  
*Tapis*: Tapes, strings. MR. 133.  
*Tapiser*: A Tapestry-maker. Prol. 363. Fr. *Tapissier*.  
*Tapistère*: A tapisser. Prol. 241.  
*Tapite*: To hang with Tapestry. Dr. Ch. 260.  
*Tare*: Tore. Magd. 150. See *To*.  
*Targe*: A target. Prol. 473.  
*Tars*: The City *Tarsus* in *Glicia*. Prol. 2162.  
*Tartarium*, FL. 212. Du Fresnoie in his *Gl.* says there was a sort of fine Cloth imported from, or manufactured in *Tartary*, called *Tartarin*; but *Sk.* thinks it was called *Tartaron*, 4. H. 8. Cap. 6. from the City *Tortona* in the *Milanese*, where that sort of fine Silk was made.  
*Tasse*: To assay. Tr. L. 5. 783.  
*Tassid*: Fringed. MR. 143. It is better in *MS.* Ch. *Tasseled with grene silke*; Having green silk tassels.  
*Tast*: To feel. No. 514. Fr. *Taster*, *tâter*.  
*Tatarwaggis*: Raggs, jaggs. Sp. Tatter'd rags. RR. 7211.  
*Tatche*: Craft. *Sk.* From the *AS.* *Tacan*, To teach. See *Tach*.  
*Tave*, Ber. 1327. To rage; a word used in *Lincolnshire*. Ray's Coll.  
*Tavernere*: One that haunts Taverns, a common drunkard. No. 2223.  
*Tauere and Mars therein*, WB. 613. "*Taurus* being properly *Venus's* House, under the which this woman was born, *Mars* then ruling in the same prognostic" catch great Incontinency. Sp.  
*Taylliagys*, p. 205, b. as *Talages*.  
*Teche*: To teach. WB. 642. See *Tach*, and *Tatche*.  
*Teene*, as *Tene*.  
*Teine*: Little. No. 1246, &c. A little piece. *Tiny* is still used for Little. See *Tene*.  
*Tel*, for *Til*, i. e. Untill. Dr. Ch. 1106.  
*Tell*: To reckon, account, make account. *Tell no store*, Mo. 1269. Make no account.  
*Temperance*: Temper, moderation. Fr. 2331.  
*Tempestuous*: Tempestuous, troublesome. Tr. L. 2. 5.  
*Temps*, Fr. Time.  
*Tenance*: To enhance, advance or help. Also, Tenants. Mo. 2963. which is thus read in some Copies,  
*Her poore tenaunce fully they flite*;  
*"That is. They fleet, take off the cream of their poor tenants, i. e. they lick the fat from their tenants' beards, taking away the best of their Estate. Com.*  
*Tend*: To attend. Ber. 1907. *Tendant*: Attending. Ib. 501.  
*Tene*, *Teine*, An. 180. Sorrow, grief, affliction, trouble; Injury, slander; Anger, provocation. Magd. 5. *AS.* *Teon*; and *Ten* is Angry. Ray's Coll. Also, to afflict, to grieve. p. 505, a: 481, a. *Newe fruit filled with winter tene*, RR. 4750. perhaps foiled; i. e. hurt with the injury of Winter-weather. *Nights tene*, Fl. 116. The injury of the night. *Tenefull*: Sad, sorrowfull, &c.  
*Tennish*: Tenth. Tr. L. 5. 642.  
*Tent*: Intent. PT. 126.  
*Tentiffy*: Diligently. Fr. 1364. See *Ententise*.  
*Tenyth*: Tenth. Ber. 1900.  
*Tercell*, *Tercellet*, Sq. 522. The Male of all large Hawks is called the *Tassil*, or *Tercell*.  
*Tere*: To tear. *It nedith not this matere oft to tere*, Tr. L. 3. 1649. It is needless often to repeat, or rip up this matter. *Ca.* and *al.* read it *tere*, i. e. stir up.  
*Terins*: A kind of Birds. RR. 665. *Sk.* conjectures that it signifies *Teals*. *Kilian*. *Tælingh*. *Tern* is a sort of Gull; but in this place it seems to signify some singing bird.  
*Term of his live*: For the term of his life, all his life time. No. 1500.  
*Termagant*, No. 3318. qu. *Termagnus*, Thrice great, or Great in the Superlative degree. Blo. God.  
*Termine*, *Termyn*: To determine, conclude, resolve.  
*Terrestre*: Earthly. p. 500, b. But in Tr. L. in-  
*stead of His paradise terrestre*, &c. *MS.* Sp. hath, *His paradis, his joye*, &c.  
*Tery*: All in tears. Tr. L. 4. 821.  
*Tesleris*, Prol. 2501. Helmets. Sp. *Tesler* seems rather to signify, the Head-stall of a Bridle. Fr. *Tessière*.  
*Testise*, MR. 896. Wild-brained. Sp. *Testy*. But in Tr. L. 5. 802. *MS.* Sp. has, *Hard and testy*, instead of *Hardy and testise*.  
*Tetis*, No. 8319. Certain Devices to try gold and silver. Sp.  
*Tetch*: A fashion. *Sk.* A trick, a stain, frowardness. Sp. *Tetches*: Frowardness. Tr. L. 3. 937. qu. *Tetchiness*. *Sk.* Stains. RR. 6517. See *Tach*.  
*Tewell*, Fa. L. 3. 559. A chimney. Sp. from the Fr. *Tuyau*, A pipe. *Sk.*  
*Tewnes*: The City of *Tunis* in *Africa*. Dr. Ch. 310. The place should be read thus;  
*So merie a soun, so swete entunis,*  
*That certis for the town of Tunis*  
*I n'olde, &c.*  
*Textuele*: Well versed in the Text of Holy Scripture. Mo. 1894.  
*Thacke*: Thatch. *Housis of thacke*; Thatched houses. Ch. Dr. 1771.  
*Thakid*, Fr. 295. *Thakkid*, MR. 196. Thumped, thwacked, beat.  
*Thank*: Service, kindness, obligation. *In thank*: Kindly. RR. 2741. *Thankes*, *Thankis*: Acts, enterprises, labour, reward. Sp. *Ther*, his *thankes*; With their, his good will. p. 213, a: 383, a. *Thankis held*, WB. 272. Make account of his services or thanks. *Thankheld*: Thank-worthy. Sp. *Thankings*: Obligations, services.  
*Thare*: There. Dr. Ch. 256.  
*Th'assiege*, Tr. L. 1. 465. for *The assiege*, or *Siege*.  
*The*: To thrive, to prosper. *AS.* *Dean*. *So mote I the*;  
*So may I thrive, As I hope to thrive*; or, as it is in Tr. L. 2. 120, 125. *As evir thrive I, As evir mote I thrive*. Wherever *The* is in this Edition printed with a Capital *T*, it stands for *Thee*; though there be no such distinction in the *MSS.* but *thee* is often written for *the*, and *the* for *thee*. *The*: They. Ber. 1726. See *Thedome*.  
*Theche*, Sq. 1907. *Thriche*, No. 2465. Plain, smooth. Sp. *Thedome*, No. 2913. (so it should be read in one word) Thriving, success. See *The*. That place is obscure as it is printed; *Py.* 1. hath a (.) after *What*. The two Verses will be intelligible, if read thus;  
*He toke me certaine golde, that wote I wele*  
*What—Evill thedome on his monkis snoute,*  
That is, He brought me some gold, I know very well how much—A P—on his Monk's snout. This Curse seems to be spoke aside.  
*Thefely*: Like a thief. Luc. 102.  
*Theff*: A thief. PT. 599.  
*Thei*: They. In p. 205, b. l. 6. it has no Antecedent; but *MS.* Ch. and *al.* have it *men ben*, &c.  
*Theiche*. See *Theche*.  
*Thenne*, WB. 1141. *Thennis*: Thence.  
*Theorike*: Theory, speculation.  
*Ther*: There; but most commonly, *Their*.  
*There*: *Their*. Sq. 363. and sometimes, *Where*; and *Thereas*, for *Whereas*. *There as*, for *There*, i. e. *Where*. MR. 543. and No. 1639. but it should rather be read as one word, *thereas*. *There gain*, for *There against*, i. e. Concerning, or touching that matter. RR. 6555.  
*Thereout*: Without. No. 1157. Gr. 38.  
*Therfro*: From thence, or from them. RR. 4941.  
*Therinne*: Therein. RR. 6260.  
*Therto*: Therunto; Likewise, besides, also.  
*Thewis*: Thieves. Mo. 2750.  
*Thewes*, Fa. L. 3. 744. *Thewis*, Sq. 1058. *Hyper.* 16. Qualifications, qualities, manners. *AS.* *Deap*, *Mos*, *modus*, *institutum*.  
*Thike*: Thick. MR. 214.  
*Thilke*: A contraction of *The ilke*: That, the same.  
*Thinke*: Seem. Tr. L. 1. 406. So *Me thinks*, *Me thought*; It seemeth, seemed to me.  
*Thirle*: To pierce through, to stab. An. 212. *AS.* *Dip-  
han*. Whence our *Drill*.  
*Tho*: Those. Also, Then, at that time. *AS.* *Da*. Al-  
though.  
*Thoforth*: Thenceforth, thenceforward.  
*Thole*: To suffer. Fr. 282. *AS.* *Dolan*.  
*Tholomeus*, Ber. 2019. *Ptolemy* the Astronomer.



*Thombe of gold*, Prol. 565. f. A ring of gold upon his thumb. See *Sk.*

*Thonderinge*: Thundering. *Tr.* L. 2. 233. In *MS. Sp.* Ca. and al. it is, *that makith the thundur to ring*. The true reading of the Verse seems to be this;

*And Jupiter, that maketh the thonder ring.*

*Thonke*: Favour. *Tr.* L. 3. 1214. See *Thank*.

*Thonkis belde*: Bestow labour, or liking. *Sp.* See *Thank*.

*Thore*, RR. 1853. It seems to be a contraction of *The yore*: Before; or a Corruption of *yore*, the *y*, and the *AS.* *y*, for *th*, being written much alike in the MSS. Or else it may be put for *there*, *metri causâ*.

*Thorpe*, AS. A village. *Thorps*: Villages. *WB.* 871.

*Thorrake*, p. 204, b. A heap. *Sp.* *Thoruk* is commonly written for *through* in Lord *Harley's MS.* of *Lidgate's Life of St. Edmund*; and perhaps in this place it may signify a Thorow-fare.

*Thoughtry*: Thoughtfull. *Test.*

*Thrages*, p. 494, b. Busy matters. *Sp.*

*Thralle*, p. 413, b. Verse 20. for *Thralle*, V.

*Thralle*: A slave, a servant. *Thrallin*: To enthrall, to enslave. *Tr.* L. 2. 773.

*Thraff*: Thrust, crowded. *No.* 1774.

*Thre*: Three.

*Threke*: To thrust. *Prol.* 2614. But in this Edition it is *threffe*, and *bresse* for *breke*, *Ib.* 2613. to answer it; and so it is in *MS. Ch.* See *Trice*.

*Thremote*, Dr. Ch. 376. The blast of a horn. *Sp.* *Mot* (says *Blo.* is a Note, which a Huntsman winds on his Horn; and perhaps *Thremote* may be such a Note thrice repeated.

*Threpe*: To blame, rebuke. *AS.* *Þneapian*. To affirm. *Sp.* To aver, urge, alledge. *Gl. V.* To call, or name. *No.* 847.

*Thresten*: To thirst; or perhaps to Thrust, or prefs forwards. *Test.* p. 482. a. l. 22.

*Threte*: To threaten. *Th.* 49.

*Thridde*: Third. *Tr.* L. 2. 56.

*Thrie*: Three, or Thrice. *Everich thrie*, Ch. Dr. 1780. Every three of them, or rather Every one thrice. *As I have told you thrie*, *Tr.* L. 2. 1285. thrice, i. e. often. But in *MS. Sp.* it is, *As I told you try*; Try as I told you.

*Thrift*: Prudence, discretion. *No.* 760. *Thrifty*: Prudent, discreet; Civil. Instead of *In thrifty wife*, *Tr. L. 1. 275.* *MS. Sp.* hath *In busy wife*; Earnestly. *Thriftily*: Civilly. *Tr.* L. 3. 212. Ca. reads it, *Honestly*. Fr. *Honêtement*.

*Thrilled*: Thrust through. *RR.* 7636. See *Thirle*.

*Thringe*: To thrust. *RR.* 7419. To throng, to croud. *Tr.* L. 4. 66. *AS.* *Þpingan*, *Premere*: Whence our *Throng*.

*Thringing*: Thronging. *RR.* 656.

*Thriste*: Thrust; Did thrust. *Tr.* L. 3. 1580.

*Thristid*: Thirsted.

*Throff*: Throve, did thrive. *Ber.* 157.

*Throng*: Thrust. *Sq.* 1871. See *Thringe*.

*Throps*: Villages. *AF.* 350. See *Thorpe*.

*Throstillcock*: A thrush. *No.* 3278.

*Throtycorve*, Prol. 2015. should be read *throt ycorve*, i. e. throat cut.

*Through-gire*: Pierced through, stabbed. *Tr.* L. 4. 627. See *Gerd* and *Grit*.

*Throwe*: Thrown. *Ar.* 75. Also, A cast, a stroke, a blow. *Chaucer* uses it as the *French* do their *Coup* (of the same signification) for A short space, a little while. *La.* 954. *Tr.* L. 2. 687. In this throw, *RR.* 1771. In this time. Fr. *A ce coup*. *Throwis*: Pangs, violent fits. *Tr.* L. 5. 206, 1200. *AS.* *Þpoyian*, To suffer.

*Thrug*: Through.

*Thrust*, for *Thurst*: Thirst. p. 483, b. l. 39. *Thrusting*: Thirsting. *Thrustes*: Thirst. *Test.* L. 3. *Thrusty*: Thirsty. *Magd.* 708.

*Thrye, Thrys, Thrys*: Thrice. *Prol.* 63.

*Thwittid*, MR. 824. In *MS. Ch.* and the former Editions it is *Thweetell*, *Thwytell*, or *Thwittell*: A whittle. *AS.* *Þwitel*, *Caltellus*, a little knife. See *Sheffield*.

*Thwitten*, RR. 933. f. Twitted. See *Twitte*. *Twyttten*; Carved out. *Sp.* See *Sk.*

*Thybir*: Thither. *AL.* 166.

*Tidde*: Happened, befell. *Tr.* L. 1. 908. *MS.* *[Sp.]* hath the whole Verse thus;

*The shold never betyd so fair a grace.*

Ca. hath it in other words of the same sense;

*That thou shold neuer have had so, &c.*

*Tidife*, LW. 154. Sq. 668. A kind of bird, perhaps that which we call a Titmouse. *Sk.*

*Tiffelers attired in trecherie*, Mo. 2135. Triflers given to treachery, and false dealing. *Com.*

*Tikilneß*: Nicety, delicacy, difficulty. *Sc.* 221.

*Til, Till*, Gam. 94. Cr. 1. Unto, to. *Him till*, RR. 4594.

To him. *There till*, *Ib.* 3482. Thither. *A likely thing him till*, *Ib.* 4852. A thing like himself. See *Hick.* Gr. *AS.* p. 65.

*Tillages*, as *Tayllaiges*.

*Tilche*: To till. p. 156, a. Tillage.

*Timbesters*, RR. 767. Players on sounding Instruments. *Sp.* Perhaps from *Timbrells*. *Sk.*

*Timbres*, RR. 770. Fr. *Timbre* is a small Bell. Also, the Crest of a Helmet.

*Tinging*, Cr. 144. perhaps for *Ring*ing, or *Tinkling*.

*Tirin*: To tear. *Tr.* L. 1. 788.

*Tising*, for *Enticeing*, *PW.* 103.

*Tissue*: A lace or tape. *Tr.* L. 2. 639. *Tassel*, Ca. and al.

*Tite*: Betideth, happeneth. *Tr.* L. 1. 334. *Tis treulich The tite*, *Ber.* 1244. Perhaps for *This*, &c. by an easy mistake of *p* [*th*] for *y*. This happens to thee.

*Tihen*: To pay tithes. *Mo.* 3149.

*Tiuring*, *Tr.* L. 2. 1744. Perswading, courting. *Sk.* f. Tittering. But *MS. Sp.* hath it, *In tarrying*, *pur-snyte*, &c.

*Titleleß*: Without a Title. *Titlelesse tiraunt*: An usurping Tyrant, that hath not a just Title.

*To*: A toe. This. *To yere*; This year. *Tr.* L. 3. 242. *To day*, for, This day. *Untill.* *CM.* 112. It is very often seemingly an Expletive before a Verb, or Participle; but it is often expressive of extraordinary violence in the action, especially when joyned with *all*; as, *All to tare*, *All to rent*, *All to broken*: Torn, rent, broken all to pieces. *To draw*, *Mo.* 3167. Drawn to pieces. *To dashed with swerdia*, *Tr.* L. 2. 640. or rather (as *MS. Sp.* hath it) *To dashed was with*, &c. Was dashed to pieces. Sometimes it is omitted before Verbs in the Infinitive Mood, as *Daring do*, *Tr.* L. 5. 387. *Daring to do*.

*Tofore*, *Toferne*: Before, formerly. *Ber.* 2721. *AS.*

*To-popan*. In *Boeth.* p. 373, a. l. 55. it should be read *to foren*, i. e. foreign; Lat. *per remotos populos*.

*Togithers*: Together.

*Tokining*: Token. *RR.* 2439. Signification, intimation; *Told*, *Mo.* 512. See *Tell*. *Told of it* [*so it should be read*] *no store*, — *no dainty*, *WB.* 203, 208. Made no account of it.

*Tole*, Clout, toy. *Sp.* A tool. *Ber.* 2607. *Lewd tole*, *Ib.* 2184. A bad instrument, or tool. *Toll.* *Mo.* 2315. If it be read, as in other Editions, *Take such cursed soche a tole*, it must mean, Betake, or commit such a tool as the key of Heaven to so cursed a wretch. *Com.*

*Tumblesteres*: Tumblers. *No.* 1991.

*Tomblynge*: Tumbling; Unconstant. *Boeth.*

*Tombystere*: A Tumbler, a woman-dancer, or Stage-player. p. 493, a.

*Tomedis*: To boot, into the bargain. See *Mede*. In *Tr.* L. 2. 1201. it is *the medis*, in *MS. Sp.* and al. f. In the mean time.

*Ton, Tone, Toon*: A contraction of *The one*, or *That one*.

*Tone*: Toes, *Mo.* 975. Claws. *Fa.* L. 3. 938.

*Tonne*: A Tun weight. *Prol.* 1996.

*Too*: Two.

*Toon*, PT. 153. as *Ton*.

*Toos*: Toes.

*Torcencious*, p. 486, b. *Torcious*, p. 493, a. Using extortion. *Sp.* Extortioners.

*Tornis*: A turn, or sleight in wrestling. *Gam.* 472, 479, 484.

*Torretes*, Prol. 2154. Rings, or the fastening of dogs collars. *Sp.* From the Fr. *Touret*, *Annulus accipitris*. *Sk.*

*Torrit*: A Turret. *Gam.* 648.

*Tort*, Fr. Wrong; Extortion. *Sp.*

*Tur-*



**Tortuous**, La. 303. "*Tortuous* the Signs are, which are called *Oblique ascendens*, that is, all from Capricorn to Cancer: So he calleth the Ascendent, unfortunate; because it is one of those Signs, and had at the same time the Lord of that Sign in his fall, which is in the Sign contrary to his exaltation. Sp.

**Toteth**: Looketh. Sp. *Who toteth on hem, thei ben untall*, Mo. 2014. Who looks on them, shall see they are low, weak, and poor. Com. *Thei toteth on her summe totall*, lb. 2359. Their large gifts is the thing that is looked after. Com. Perhaps the word signifieth, To call up, or ballance an Account, from *Tot*, the Sum total. *Toot-ting*, Prying, peeping, searching narrowly. Gloss. to *Spenser's Sheph. Cal.*

**Toth**, for *To The*. See *Alouth*.

**Totoler**: A prater. Sp. A tatling busy-body. LII. 353.

**Totty**, MR. 1145. Dizzy. Sp. *qu. Tottering*. Sk.

**Tought**, Ber. 1097. Tough; Tight. In *Tr. L.* 5. 101. it should be *tough* (or *tom*, as in *MS.* Sp.) to rhyme to *enough*, lb. 99.

**Toure**: A tower. Ar. 75. Fr. *Tour*.

**Tournaies**: Turnaments. Ch. Dr. 1987. See *Turney*.

**Tournet**: A turret. RR. 4164.

**Tout**: The backside, the tail, the breech. MR. 746.

**Towel**, Fr. 884. The tail. Sp.

**Trace**: To walk, to pass. Also, A track, a path, a foot-step; A step. RL. 58. A company, or train. LIV. 285. *To dance with her a trace*; f. *To dance a turn with her*. BD. 190.

**Tracy**: Traces, or Geers for Draught-horses or other working Beasts. Prol. 2141.

**Tragetor**, Fr. 2699. *Tragetour*, Fa. L. 3. 187. See *Tragetoris*. *Tragetrie*, Ber. 2040. See *Tragetrie*.

**Traie**, *Traine*, Mo. 2563. *Traisin*, Tr. L. 4. 438. To betray. Fr. *Trahir*. *Traied*: Betrayed. Phyl. 93.

**Trail**: An arbour. BD. 184, 695. Fr. *Treille*.

**Traise**: The Traces of horses. Tr. L. 1. 222. Fr. *Traits*.

**Traisonne**: Treason; Treachery. *Test*.

**Traiterie**, *Traitorte*, *Traitourie*, An. 187. Falseness, treachery.

**Tramifene**, Prol. 62. A City in *Barbary*, in the Province sometime called *Mauritania Tingitana*, or *Casariensis*, as hath *Melancthon*. Sp. *Ferrario Tenissa*, seu *Timici*. Sk.

**Transmewin**, Tr. L. 4. 467. or (as in *MS.* Sp.) *Transmutin*: To transform. *Transmutid*: Changed. lb. L. 4. 830.

**Transposed**: Turned, changed. p. 590, a.

**Transvers**, p. 482. a. f. *Traverse*, from the Fr. *Traverser*, To cross, to thwart.

**Trapures**: Trappings, Horse-furniture, Prol. 2501.

**Trashid**, RR. 3231. for *Beirashid*: Betrayed, deceived.

**Traval**: To labour, to take pains. Mo. 2366. Fr. *Travailler*.

**Trave**: A Trevice to shoe unruly horses in. MR. 174.

**Travell**: Labour, fatigue, trouble. Fr. *Travail*.

**Travers**: A curtain. Sq. 1332.

**Tray**, Mo. 2561. as *Traie*.

**Tre**: A tree.

**Trechour**, RR. 6308. Treacherous, perfidious; A treacherous person, a Traitor. lb. 7168.

**Tredis**, RR. 932. See *Tretes*.

**Tredesoule**, Mo. 1566. A cock.

**Treget**, RR. 6310, 6820. *Tregette*, lb. 6267. *Tregetry*, lb. 6374. *Tregettry*, lb. 6382. Impolture, tricking, cheating. *Tregetoris*, Fr. 2697. *Tregetours*, RR. 7588. Juglers, Impolitors, Cheats. Lat. Barb. *Tricator*, Deceptor. Fr. *Tricheur*, *Trigaud*.

**Tremour**: A trembling. Tr. L. 5. 255.

**Trenchant**: Sharp, cutting. Fr. *Trenchant*.

**Trend**, Ber. 1304. Perhaps it should be *wend*; it being easy to mistake *w* in the MSS. for *tt*, especially if the last stroke of the *w* be faint. See lb. 1558. where perhaps should be read, *wend how [so] men wend*.

**Trenall**: A Service performed for the dead the Thirtieth day after their decease. Sk. Or rather, a service of Thirty Masses performed for the dead, which sometimes began the next day after the person's decease, and was repeated on the Anniversary: It also signifies the Obventions, or Allowances to the Priests for performing those Services. See Fr. Gl. in *Tricenarium*, &c.

**Trepeget**, RR. 6279. A military Engine for casting Stones,

and battering Walls. Fr. *Trappe*, or *Trebucher*. See Fr. Gl. in *Trebucherum*.

**Tretable**: Tractable, mild, gentle, easy to be entreated. LIV. 411. Mildly, gently. *Magd.* 605.

**Trete**: To treat; A Treaty, a contract.

**Tretes**, Prol. 151. *Tretise*, RR. 1016, 1216. *Tretid*: Streight. Sp. Streightened, pinched up. Sk. It seems rather to signify Well-shaped or Well-proportioned, and is generally spoken of the face, or some part of it, as the Nose; and perhaps comes from the Fr. *Trait*, a Feature, or lineament of the face. It is also applied to other things made in just proportion, as to Love's Bow, RR. 932.

**Tretesse**: A Tract or Treatise. Cl. 28.

**Tretis**, *Tretise*: A Treaty. Tr. L. 4. 64, 670. See *Tretes*.

**Trew**: True. *Tremlich*: Truly.

**Treys**: Trees. Prol. 1079.

**Treacle**: Treacle. It is used in general for a Medicine, Remedy, or Cure. La. 480. *To every harm triacle*; A salve for every fore.

**Tribucion**: Retribution, reward. Tr. 7.

**Trice**: To thrust. Mo. 550. *MS.* *Duccan*.

**Trie**, No. 3363. f. Tried, or refined.

**Trill**: To turn; To thrust. Sp. 336. See *Thirle*.

**Trine compas**, No. 45. *Trinite compas*, MS. Ch. The Trinity.

**Trist**: To trust. Tr. L. 2. 247. Also, Trust, charge; A Mark, *Meta*. Sp. and Sk. Instead of *Triste*. Tr. L. 2. 1534. *MS.* Sp. hath *Tristre*. Also, Sad. *Tristesse*, Fr. Sorrow, sadness.

**Trobelid**: Troubled. Ber. 2730.

**Trompis**: Trumpets. Prol. 2513.

**Trone**: A throne. Prol. 2531. *Troned*: Inthroned. Tr. 7.

**Troubale**, *Troublie*, *Troublous*: Troubled me, boisterous; Troubled; *Turbidus*, p. 388, b.

**Troublisse**: Trouble. Ber. 685.

**Trom**, *Trome*, *Tromin*: To believe, to trust. *MS.* *Thupum*. *Thou shalt trome all by me*, Tr. L. 2. 956. Ca. and al. read, *Thou shalt trust in me*.

**Trowanding**, *Trowandise*: Truanting, loitering, strolling, wandering about. RR. 3954.

**Trowes**, f. for *Throwes*: Pains; Fits. PT. 38. See *Throwe*.

**Trowth**: Troth, truth. PT. 602. Also, Believeth, trusteth.

**Truanding**, RR. 6721. *Truandise*, as *Trowanding*.

**Truesafist**: Sincerest, truest, most constant. Bal. Lad. 78.

**Trust**, RR. 4722. for *Thrust*: Thrust, as lb. 5713.

**Tull**, MR. 1026. To lure, allure, Sp. See *Sk.* This Proverb is expressed in other words in *Goner*, f. 109, a.

*Full oft he faileth of his game  
That will with ydell bonde reclayne  
His hawk*—

Where ydell bonde, is the same with empty hand here.

**Tulser-like**, Cr. 194. Tile-kill-like. Sp. Or a red tile-colour. See *Sk.*

**Turkis**, CL. 80. *Turquois*, a sort of Precious Stones.

**Turmentise**: Torment. Mo. 542.

**Turney**: To practise the exercise of Jests and Turnaments. See *Gul. Nembig.* published by Mr. *Hearne*, p. 501, 502. and his Preface, p. 46, &c.

**Turvis**: Turfs. Sq. 1753.

**Tutle**: Defence, protection. Also, a Guardian, a Patron. Bal. Lad. 57.

**Twa**: Two. Cr. 301.

**Twene**, for *Twaine*: Both. Tr. L. 2. 1715. It were better to read it *Twaine*, or *Twyne* (as Ca.) and *Helaine*, or *Helayne*, in the foregoing Verse.

**Twey and twey**: Two and two. Prol. 900.

**Tweyne**: To twine, twist, spin. p. 486, a.

**Twhite**, for *Towite*: To twilt. Fa. L. 3. 848.

**Twifold**: Double. Sq. 1376.

**Twicht**: Plucked, pulled. Tr. L. 4. 572, 1135. from *Twitch*.

**Twin**, *Twinn*: To depart. Tr. L. 3. 1717. To separate. lb. L. 4. 476.

**Twine**, Tr. L. 5. 7. as *Twyne*.

**Twinkin**: To wink, or twinkle with the eyes.

**Twilight**: Twi-light. RL. 170.

**Twireth**, p. 375, b. Singeth. Sp. Whispeth. Lat. *Susurrat*.



*Twist*: A twig, a small bough of a tree. *Sq.* 462. To pinch, to put to pain; Twitched, pressed, squeezed. *Ib.* 1521. Struck, moved, agitated with violence. *Fa.* L. 2. 267.  
*Twyes*: Twice. *PT.* 411.  
*Twynt*, *PT.* 433. *Had not a twynt*; *f.* Had not a jot.

## V.

- Vailable*: Available, usefull, profitable. *Hen.* 142.  
*Vailed*: Aailed. *Test.*  
*Valaie*: A valley. *BD.* 24.  
*Valance*: Value. *p.* 496, *b.*  
*Valence*, *AF.* 272. *Valencia*, a Province of Spain.  
*Valerie and Theophrast*, *WB.* 672. "Some will have us read *Valerie* and his *Paraphrast*: This *Valerie* wrote a Book *De non ducenda uxore*, with a *Paraphrase* upon it, which I have seen (says *Sp.*) in the Study of Mr. *Allen* of *Oxford*, a man of as rare learning, as he is stored with rare books. His name was *Gualterus Maape* Archdeacon of *Oxford*, in the days of King *Henry* the Second, but changed his name, because he would not have the Author known, and termed it *Valerius ad Rufinum*: But yet there was one called *Valerius*, who wrote a book of the same argument, printed among *St. Jerome's* Works; and likewise one called *Theophrastus Eresius*, who among other things did write a book, wherein he reasoneth, Whether it be convenient for a wife man to marry. *Johannes Sarisburiensis* in his *Policraticon* has translated some things in this book out of Greek and Latin, as may appear, *Lib.* 8. cap. 11. *De molestiis et oneribus Conjugiorum*; out of which *Chaucer* hath taken much for this Argument, as may be seen in the *Merchants Tale*, but more in the *Wife of Bath's* Prologue, where between 30 and 40 Verses are translated from thence: And if the whole Work at this day were by some sufficient Scholar translated, it would deserve as much commendation as many Books, which learned men, not without great applause, have heretofore translated. *Sp.*  
*Valing his cappe*: Uncovering himself, putting off his cap. *Cr.* 272.  
*Van*, *Mo.* 1619. See *Wine ape*.  
*Variant*: Varying, unconstant, unsettled.  
*Varien*: To vary, differ. *It ne maie nought varien*: That should not alter the case. *Tr.* L. 2. 1621.  
*Vassalage*: Servitude, subjection; Service due from the Vassal to the Lord. *Prol.* 3056. which is thus read in some Copies;  
*For alle foryetin is than his vassalage.*  
*Vavassour, Vavesour, or Valvasour*, *Prol.* 362. One that is in Dignity next a Baron. *Blo.* Concerning the Dignity of a *Vavassor*, and the Etymology of the word, See *Fr. Gl.* and *Spelm.*  
*Vauntour*: A boaster, a *Braggadocio*. *Tr.* L. 2. 724.  
*Vecke*, *RR.* 4286, 4495. An abusive name for an old woman, An old Trot, an old Hag. *It. Vecchia*, An old woman.  
*Vees*: Voice, speech. *Rape of vees*, *Gam.* 202. A hasty speaker. *It is vees* in *H.* 1. and *MS. Ch.* See *Res.* &c.  
*Veigne*, *RR.* 447. *Veine*: Vain.  
*Veine blode*: Bleeding by opening a vein. *Prol.* 2749.  
*Veined*, perhaps for *Veived*, or *Weived*: Put away, cast off. *p.* 480, *a.* l. 48. *p.* 499, *b.* l. 25. Disappointed. See *Weive*.  
*Vel*, *Ber.* 551. *f.* for *Well*, i. e. *Very*.  
*Vendable*: To be sold, set to sale. *RR.* 5804.  
*Venemus*: Venomous.  
*Venery*: Hunting. *Prol.* 166. *Fr. Venerie*.  
*Venge*: To revenge. *p.* 152, *a.* *Fr. Vanger. Vengeable*: Revengefull. *Mo.* 2745. *Vengience*: Vengeance, revenge. *RR.* 6430.  
*Venim*: Venom, poison. *Prol.* 2753.  
*Vente*: The forepart. *AL.* 526. *Fr. Avant*, Before.  
*Ventonfinge*: Cupping. *Prol.* 2747. *Fr. Ventoufer*, To cup.  
*Ver*, *Lat.* The Spring. *Tr.* L. 1. 157.  
*Verament*: In truth, truly. *No.* 3222. *Fr. Vrayment. It. Veramente. Mo.* 3154. Should be thus read; *So is he therein verament*, i. e. truly in the Eucharist.  
*Verdite*: A verdict, opinion. *AF.* 503.  
*Verger, Vergere, Vergir*: A garden. *RR.* 3610, 3831. *Fr. Verger*, An orchard.  
*Verilayes*, *Fr.* 2494. A rustick song or dance. *Sk. Fr. Virelaie*, A roundelay, Countrey-ballad, or Free-man's song. *Blo.*  
*Veritrate*, *Fr.* 318. In some Copies it is *verry* [al. *very*] *trate*, in others *virirate*: A very trot. *Sk.* An old trot.  
*Vermaile*, *RR.* 3645. *Vermelet*, *CL.* 142. Of a vermilion colour.  
*Vernage*, *No.* 2597. A sweet wine; so called (says *Sk.*) because the best of the sort is brought from *Verona*.  
*Vernicle*, *Prol.* 687. A Cloth, or Napkin, wherein is represented the figure of *Christ's* Face; from Saint *Veronica*, whose Handkerchief is supposed to have the impression of *Christ's* Face upon it. *Sk. Misson*, in his Description of the Chappel of the Holy Handkerchief (*Le Saint Suaire*) at *Turin*, gives this account of it; "It is a pretended Veil, or Handkerchief, which was presented (says that Tradition) to our Saviour, as he was carrying the Cross (according to *St. John*) by a Maid named *Veronica*. They pretend, that *Jesus Christ* wiped his Face with it, and gave it back to her who had presented him with it; and that the Face of *J. C.* remained imprinted upon it with some colour: This is the Holy Handkerchief, *Sudarium*. And as for *Veronica* the Devout Virgin, 'tis a pretty diverting stroke of ignorance: With these words, *Vera Jeon*, that is to say, a true image or representation (viz. of the Face of *J. Christ*) those curious Doctors have made *Veronica*; and afterwards they took a fancy, that *Veronica* was the name of a woman, of the pretended young woman supposed by themselves to have presented her handkerchief to our Saviour. This *Sudarium* was carryed from *Chamberry* in the year 1532. the Chappel where it was at *Chamberry* having been accidentally burnt. There are five or six more at *Rome* and other places. See *Reiskius de Imaginibus Christi*, and *Bede de Locis sanctis. Misson's New Voyages to Italy.* London, 1714. Vol. II. Part 2. p. 388.  
*Vernishid his bede*: Varnished his head, i. e. got drunk. *MR.* 1041.  
*Verray, Very*: True. *WB.* 1204. Truly. *Fa.* L. 2. 571.  
*Verre*, *Fr.* Glafs. *Tr.* L. 2. 867.  
*Versefour*: A Poet. *p.* 156, 4.  
*Verteue*: Vertue.  
*Vertue*: Valour; *Virtus*, *p.* 157, a.  
*Vertueless*: Without vertue, of no use. *Tr.* L. 2. 344.  
*Vesselage*, *RR.* 5871. See *Vassalage*.  
*Vessel*: Plate. *Mo.* 418, 3070. *Fr. Vaiselle*.  
*Vestments*: Cloaths.  
*Veved*, *Gam.* 170. *f.* for *Reved*.  
*Viage*: A voyage, a journey; *Trave's. Prol.* 77.  
*Vicary*: A Vicar. *Mo.* 3332.  
*Vice*: The Nuel or Spindle of a winding stair-case. *Ch. Dr.* 1310. *Fr. Escalier à vis*, A winding stair-case.  
*Viendid*, *Prol.* 344. Furnished with provisions, or victuals. *Fr. Viande*, Provisions, &c.  
*Vigile*, *Tr.* L. 5. 305. The Ceremony of watching a dead Body till it was burned or buried. See *Liche-make*.  
*Vigillis*, or *Vigils*, *Prol.* 379. "It was the manner in times past upon Festival Evens, called *Vigilie*, for Parishioners to meet in their Church-houses, and there to have a drinking fit for the time: Here they used to end many quarrels between neighbour and neighbour; hither came the wives in comely manner, and they which were of the better sort had their mantles carried with them, as well for shew, as to keep them from cold at the table. These mantles also many did use in the Church at Morrow-masses, and other times. *Sp. Vigils* may be taken here for the Nocturnal Office used in the Church, to which the Citizens wives resorted in great state.  
*Villany, Villony, Vilony*: A base, rude, dishonourable, or wicked word or action, such as none but a mean fellow, a Villain, would be guilty of; Disgrace. *Ph.* 106. Foul contagion, or infection. *p.* 376, b.  
*Vinario envermilled*, *Bal. Lad.* 45. A vineyard made red. *Sp.*



*Sp.* Of a purple, or vermillion colour.  
*Vinolene*: Given to wine; Drunk. *WB.* 467. Full of wine.  
*Fr.* 667. Smelling of wine. *Sp.*  
*Visage*, *Fr.* The face. *Visage ii*, *Sq.* 1791. Face it out.  
*Vise*: A voice. *Test.* It is also put for *Avise*, *Tr. L.* 3.  
 1390. But *Ca.* and *al.* read it *denyse*, *V.* *MS. Sp.* *Wyse*.  
 See *Wise*. By thine own wise, i. e. *avise*; Of thine own  
 accord. *p.* 481, *a.*  
*Vine*: A vine. *Bal. Lad.* 113. *Lat. Vitis.*  
*Viteile*: *Viſtial*. *MR.* 460. *Viteilis*: *Viſtials*. *Ib.* 443.  
*Umple*, *AL.* 471. Fine Lawn. *Sp.*  
*Unaracid*: Not plucked or pulled afunder; *Inconvulſa*,  
*p.* 386, *a.* See *Arace*.  
*Unaservid*: Deserved not. *PT.* 56.  
*Unbarde*: Unbarred, unbolted; Enlarged, ſet at liberty.  
*CG.* 7.  
*Unbetide*: Not to happen. *p.* 402, *b.*  
*Unbide*: To abide. *p.* 515, *b.* 516, *b.*  
*Unbodie*: To leave the body. *Tr. L.* 5. 1549. *p.* 480, *b.*  
*Unbokle*: To unbuckle, to open. See *Male*.  
*Unbrace*: To unfold. *Magd.* 211.  
*Unbrennid*, *Unbrent*: Unburnt. *Fa. L.* 1. 173.  
*Unbroidin*, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) *Unbreydid*, *Tr. L.* 4. 818.  
 Unbraided, not tyed up, not twitted.  
*Uncircumſcript*: Not circumſcribed, infinite. *Tr. L.* 5.  
 1864.  
*Uncis*: Ounces.  
*Uncloſid*: Not enclouſed, open. *RR.* 3921. Untyed. *Ib.*  
 4698.  
*Uncommitted*: Not committed to one's care. *Office un-*  
*committed of anyeth*; Proffered ſervice links. *AF.* 518.  
*Unconninge*, *Uncunninge*: Ignorance. Alto, Ignorant,  
 unskillfull. See *Conning*.  
*Uncovenable*: Inconvenient, unreaſonable, troubleſome;  
*Importunus*, *Boeth.*  
*Uncouple*, *Mo.* 528. To let looſe, or To be let looſe, as  
 hounds. In the Edition 1603. and *al.* it is *Encom-*  
*ple*: To couple, joyn together.  
*Unconth*: Unknown, ſtrange. *Sq.* 304. Unuſual, uncon-  
 mon, diſagreeable. *Boeth.*  
*Uncunninge*, as *Unconninge*.  
*Undaungerid*: Not endangered, out of danger. *Ber.* 1676.  
*Undeſended*: Not forbidden. *Hen.* 224. See *Deſende*.  
*Undeparable*: Inſeparable, not to be divided. *p.* 588, *b.*  
*Undergrowe*: Undergrown, of a low ſtature. *Prol.* 156.  
*Undern*, *Fr.* 1290, 2002. The Afternoon, the Evening.  
 It is ſtill uſed in that ſenſe in ſome parts of England,  
 and may be ſo underſtood in *Chaucer*. *Mr. Som-*  
*ner* ſays it ſignifies the Forenoon, the Third hour of  
 the day, or Nine of the Clock with us; as it certainly  
 does in the *Saxon* paſſages he quotes in *Unbejn*: To  
 which *Dr. Hickes* adds another which is very expreſſive.  
*Unbejn* is *ſageþ þriððe tīð*. *Cod. MS. Can. et Conſt.*  
*Eccl.* in *Rubrica de Officiis*. *Cap.* 28. *Hick. Somn.*  
*Underneme*, *AS.* *Unbejn-niman*, To undertake, to re-  
 ceive. *p.* 591, *a.* l. 28. The ſenſe of that Paragraph ap-  
 pears clearer from the Reading of it in *Mr. Rawlinſon's*  
*MS.* which is thus; *Frere, where fynde ye bi goddis lare*  
*that preeftis ſchulden priſoun her britheren and ſo diſtroie*  
*hem? ſiþ the goſpel techith to undernyme hem in charite*  
*and ſo to wyne hem; and if he wole not be wonne bi you*  
*ne bi the chirche, goddis lare and ſeint Auſtins rule techith*  
*us to putte hym from thee as an hethen man: This is not*  
*to priſoun hem.*  
*Undernome*: Took, received; Perceived. *No.* 254. See  
*Underneme*.  
*Underput*: Subject. *Underputting*: Subjection. *Test.*  
*Underſtond*: To bear, ſupport, ſuſtain. *p.* 198, *b.* *Undir-*  
*ſtonding of temptacion*; Ability to withſtand a tem-  
 pation.  
*Undirſongen*, *Hen.* 264. Undertaken. *Undirſongith*: Un-  
 dertaketh. *RR.* 5709. See *Fong*.  
*Undirmelis*, *WB.* 875. Times of *Undern*, *V.*  
*Undirſpore*: To heave up by putting a pole or leaver un-  
 derneath. *MR.* 357. See *Spere*.  
*Undiſpithous*: Without ſpight. *Ch. Dr.* 674. See *Deſpith*  
 and *Diſpith*.  
*Undo*: To explain. *RR.* 9.  
*Undoubtous*: Undoubted. *p.* 396, *a.*  
*Undowne*: Undone. *Test.*  
*Undren*, as *Undern*.

*Uneath*, *Uneth*, *Unethes*, *Unethis*, *Uneths*: Scarcely, hard-  
 ly. *AS.* *Un-eaſe*. See *Eith*.  
*Unefchnable*: Unavoidable, *p.* 396, *b.*  
*Unefe*: Uneaſineſs, diſquiet. *Ch. Dr.* 867.  
*Unſawe*, *Gam.* 166. perhaps ſhould be read *unſawe* (as  
 it is in *H.* 1.) *Unſown*. But *MS. Ch.* reads the place  
 thus;  
*Hee thoughte on his landis, that laye unſowe,*  
*And his feyre ookis, that down were Iſbrowe.*  
*Unfeſtlich*: Sad. *Sq.* 386. See *Feſtlich*.  
*Unſilty*: Guiltleſs, innocent. *Tr. L.* 3. 1020.  
*Unſodely*: Uncivil. *RR.* 3741. Diſhonourably. *Bl. Kn.*  
 386. See *Godely*.  
*Unſreable*: Diſagreeable, ungratefull; *Ingratus*, *p.* 359, *a.*  
*Unhap*, *Unhappe*: Miſhap, miſfortune. *Tr. L.* 1. 553.  
*MS. Sp.* reads the place thus;  
 —What maie this be to mene.  
*Unhardy*: Cowardly, faint-hearted. *Unhardy is unſely*,  
*MR.* 1102. A coward is unfortunate, or *Faint heart*  
*never won fair Lady*.  
*Unhele*: Miſfortune. *No.* 1630. Want of health, ſickneſs.  
*Unhide*: To lay open, to diſcover. *RR.* 2168.  
*Unholde*: Of no account or value. *Their ſervantes be to*  
*them unholde*, *Mo.* 2413. “Their ſervants are little be-  
 holden to them, or get little by them, are little  
 eſteemed, unleſs they can find means to double their  
 Lord's Revenues. *Com.*  
*Uniale* *Bal.* 573. *f.* Smooth, plain, exact; from the *Fr.*  
*Uni*.  
*Unjoine*: To diſjoyn, ſeparate; *Diffociare*, *p.* 384, *b.*  
*Univerſe*, *Tr. L.* 3. 36. *In univerſe*; Univerſally, in ge-  
 neral.  
*Univerſitie*: The Univerſe, the World. *p.* 489, *b.*  
*Unkiſt*: Not kiſſed. *Tr. L.* 1. 820.  
*Unknowable*: Not poſſible to be known; *Ignorabilis*, *p.*  
 373, *a.*  
*Unkonninge*, *Unkunning*, as *Unconninge*.  
*Unlace his male*: Open his mail or packet. *PT.* 700.  
*Unlacid*: Opened. *PT.* 67.  
*Unlettid*: Uninterrupted, unmoleſted. *Ch. Dr.* 1829.  
*Unlovin*: Not to love, to ceate to love. *Tr. L.* 5. 1697.  
*Unluſt*: Unwillingneſs, ill will, diſlike. *p.* 203, *b.*  
*Unluſtes*, *p.* 513, *b.* l. 60. ſhould be *unluſtie*, or *unluſty*,  
 as in *p.* 514, *b.* l. 13. Diſagreeable. See *Luſt*, *Luſtie*.  
*Unmanhode*: An unmanly action. *Tr. L.* 1. 835.  
*Unmeke*: Uncivil, rude. *RR.* 590.  
*Unmete*: Unmeet, unfit, improper. *FL.* 17.  
*Unmightye*: Unable. *Tr. L.* 2. 858.  
*Unneth*. See *Uneath*.  
*Unpatience*: Impatience. *RR.* 4575.  
*Unpece*: Want of peace, diſcord. *p.* 506, *a.*  
*Unperegall*: Unequal; *Impar*, *p.* 374, *a.*  
*Unpin*: To open. *Tr. L.* 3. 699.  
*Unpitous*, *f.* for *Impious*; *Impia*, *Boeth.* *p.* 359, *a.* l. 26.  
*Unplite*: To unfold, to explain; *Explicare*, *p.* 373, *b.*  
*Unpower*: Want of power, weakneſs. *p.* 593, *b.*  
*Unpurveied*: Unforeſeen, unexpected. *p.* 365, *b.* Unpro-  
 vided, not ready. *AL.* 382.  
*Unquert*, *Ber.* 1323. *f.* Undeſerved, unfought, unexpe-  
 cted. See *Gl. V.* in *Unquirit*.  
*Unreſon*: Unreaſonableneſs. *p.* 514, *b.*  
*Unreſt*: Uneaſineſs, diſquiet. *Fr.* 231, 1739. In *p.* 393,  
*a.* l. 67. the Tranſlator ſeems to have taken *inquiet* for  
 a Noun, and ſo tranſlated it *unreſt*: Or elſe it may  
 have been put in the margin as another ſenſe of *inquiet*;  
 for the true ſenſe of it is alſo in the Text, *thou mayſt*  
*ſaie*, and if *unreſt* be omitted, the ſenſe will be plain  
 and compleat.  
*Unreſſie*: Causing uneaſineſs. *Tr. L.* 5. 1354.  
*Unright*: Wrong. *Bl. Kn.* 335. Falſhood. *Tr. L.* 3. 986.  
 But that Verſe is better read in *MS. Sp. Ca.* and *al.*  
*Ne ſhulde of right none untrouthe in hyr geſſe.*  
 i. e. Should not juſtly ſuſpect her of any falſhood.  
*Unſad*: Fickle. *Fr.* 2016. See *Sad*.  
*Unſcience*: Ignorance, want of knowledge. *p.* 398, *a.*  
*Unſely*: Unhappy, unfortunate. *MR.* 1102. See *Unhar-*  
*dy*. *Unſelyneſſes*: Miſfortunes. *p.* 390, *a.*  
*Unſet*: Not appointed. See *Sieven*.  
*Unſhete*: Opened. *BD.* 65.

Unſhrive,



- Unshrive*, Mo. 2691. for *Unshriven*: Not confessed.  
*Unsicke*: Not sick, in good health. *Ch. Dr.* 1203.  
*Unskilfully*: Unreasonably. *Not unskilfully*; Not without cause; *Non injuriâ*, p. 378, a.  
*Unflikid*: Unflaked. *No.* 827.  
*Unsleep*: Having had no sleep. *Ch. Dr.* 1834.  
*Unsolempne*: Uncommon, unusual; Not famous; *Ince-lebris*, p. 361, a.  
*Unspedefull*: Unsuccessfull, ineffectual. p. 403, b.  
*Unspere*: Unlocked, unbolted. *RR.* 2654. See *Spere*.  
*Unstanchd*, *Unstanchable*: Insatiable, unquenchable; *Inexhaustible*; *Inexplebilis*, *inexhaustus*, *Boeth.*  
*Unsurist*: Most uncertain. *Ch. Dr.* 892.  
*Unswell*: To sink down or fall after swelling. *Tr. L.* 4. 1146.  
*Unswete*: Not sweet, stinking. *Fa. L.* 1. 72.  
*Unstall*: Short, of a low stature. *Mo.* 2014. See *Toteth*.  
*Unthank*, *Unthanke*, *Tr. L.* 5. 699. Ill will; Mischance.  
*Unthank come on his hand*, *MR.* 974. A curse on his hand. See *Thanke*.  
*Unthrift*: Prodigal, indiscreet. See *Thrift*.  
*Unthrive*: Ill success, misfortune, disappointment. *CN.* 142.  
*Untill*: To, unto.  
*Unto*: Untill. *AE.* 647.  
*Untrend*, *Mo.* 2536. Some read the place, *seken the wool untrend*: But the Edition 1602. and *al.* have it, *Of hem seken the woll to rend*, that is, He takes hold of, and embraces the sheep, as the cook does, to cut him in pieces, to rend the wool off his back, when he hath taken him. *Com.*  
*Unretable*: Untractable, inexorable. p. 373, b.  
*Unrist*: To be mistrustfull, to be jealous or diffident. *Tr. L.* 3. 841.  
*Untrouche*: Falshood. *Tr. L.* 5. 1098.  
*Untrust*: Uncertainty. *Bal.* 236.  
*Unusage*: Disuse; *Insolentia*, p. 372, b.  
*Unware*: Sudden, unexpected. *La.* 428. *Unawares*. *Tr. L.* 1. 550.  
*Unweld*: Unwieldy. *RR.* 359.  
*Unwemmud*: Pure, unblemished. *No.* 236.  
*Unwetingly*: Unknowingly, ignorantly.  
*Unwist*: Unknown. *Tr. L.* 2. 1294. *Ignorant*. *Ib.* 1400.  
*Unwitt*, *CM.* 118. Folly, want of Witte, V.  
*Unwitting*: Not knowing, ignorant. *Unwitting of this Dorigene*; Without the knowledge of *Dorigene*. *Fr.* 2482.  
*Unwote*: Knoweth not. *He ne unwote nat*; He is not ignorant; *Non nesciat*, p. 402, b.  
*Unwrappe*: To discover, lay open, *La.* 103.  
*Unwrie*: To uncover. *Tr. L.* 1. 859. See *Wrie*.  
*Unwurschip*: Disgrace, a dishonourable thing. p. 484, b.  
*Unyd*: United. *Br.* 2990.  
*Unyoldin*: Without yielding or surrendring one's self. *Pro.* 2726.  
*Vaide*, *Voidin*: To empty. *Fr. Vuider*. To depart; To remove, to drive away, to put away; To leave, quit, forsake; To dismiss; To ease. *RR.* 2922.  
*To frustrate*, or make void; *Evacuare*, p. 403, a.  
*Voidid*: Gone out of the room. *Tr. L.* 2. 912; *L.* 3. 233.  
*Volage*, *Fr.* Fickle, light, unconstant, rash. *Mo.* 1816. *RR.* 1284.  
*Volatily*, *No.* 2580. Wild fowl. *Sp. Fr.* *Volatille*, Fowls.  
*Volipere*: A kercher. *Sp.* A wrapper for the head. *MR.* 133. From the *Fr.* *Enveloper*, To wrap up.  
*Volome*: A volume. *WB.* 681.  
*Volunte*: Will, pleasure. *RR.* 5276. *Fr.* *Volonté*. Of volunte; Willfully, for the nonce. *Bl. Kn.* 300.  
*Vomes*: Foam, froth; *Spumis*, p. 396, a.  
*Vouchsafec*: Vouchsafed. *ABC.* H. 1.  
*Vouchsafin*, *Tr. L.* 2. or rather (as *MS. Sp.*) *Vouchethsafe*: Vouchsafeth.  
*Vouch ye save*: Vouchsafe ye.  
*Vounde stone*, *RR.* 7113. Free-stone. *Sp.* See *Sk.*  
*Up*, *Sq.* 1899. *MR.* 1182. for *Upon*. In *La.* 796. instead of *On pain*, &c. *MS. Ch.* hath *Uppeyne*; which seems to be the genuine reading. *Up paine for to be ded*, *RR.* 667. Upon pain of death.  
*Upbrayd*: Upbraided. *Hyp.* 304.  
*Uppereft*: Uppermost, highest. *Boeth.* p. 360, a.  
*Uppeyne*. See *Up*.  
*Uphape*: Heaved, or lifted up. *Pro.* 2430.  
*Uphap*: Perhaps. p. 489, a.  
*Uphent*: Taken up or lifted.  
*Upreifid*: Raised up. *Di.* 238. Extolled. *Boeth.*  
*Upright* signifies Straight (whether lying down, or standing up) in opposition to Crooked. *Dr. Ch.* 451.  
*Uprist*: Risen up.  
*Upswale*: Swelled up.  
*Uppase*: Gave up, sent up.  
*Urchons*: Urchins. *RR.* 3135.  
*Ure*, *Bl. Kn.* 152, 303, 483. Fate, destiny, chance, hap; *Usc. Sp.* Contracted from the Lat. *Ufura*, *Usc.* Or from the *Fr.* *Heure*, *Hora*; whence *Bonheur*, *Malheur*, Good or Bad fortune. See *Sk.* *Ured*: Fortunate. *I was well ued*: I had good fortune. *Ch. Dr.* 144. *Enured* is used in the same sense, *Ib.* 796.  
*Usage*, *Fr.* Use, experience. *Pro.* 2450. Custom. *No.* 2580.  
*Usant*: Using, wont, accustomed. *MR.* 833.  
*Usances*: Usages, custom. p. 377, a. l. 31.  
*Ufen*: To enjoy. p. 373, b.  
*Uferere*: An usurer. *Ib.* 5691.  
*Ufure*: Usury. *RR.* 5797.  
*Utter*, *Uttir*: Outward, external. *No.* 509. The outermost. *Tr. L.* 3. 665. *Uterliche*: Utterly. *Ib.* L. 2. 1710.  
*Utterest*: The utmost, uttermost, or outermost.

## W.

- Wachet*, *MR.* 213. Sky-colour. *Sk.*  
*Wade*, *Tr. L.* 3. 615. He told a tale of *Wade*, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) the tale; A Romantick Story, famous at that time, of one *Wade*, who performed many strange Exploits, and met with many wonderful adventures in his Boat *Guingelot*. *Sq.* 940.  
*Waserers*, *No.* 1993. qu. *Wayfarers*: Way-faring men, vagabonds.  
*Wast about*, *Gam.* 1556. Wandered about, went up and down; f. Cast about, contrived: But instead of *he wast about*, *H.* 1. and *MS. Ch.* have, *he was fast aboute*.  
*Wage*: Wages, hire. *BD.* 243, 684.  
*Wailid*: Changed, old. *Sp.* Choice, picked out, selected.  
*Wailid wine*, *CCr.* 29. Choice wine. See *Sk.* and *Gl. V.* in *Wale*.  
*Waimenting*: Lamenting, bewailing. *Tr. L.* 2. 65. But *Ib.* 68. it is better to read (as it is in *MS. Sp.* and *al.*) *chytering*, i. e. chattering; it being very improbable that the Poet should use the same word at the end of two Verses rhiming to one another, which seldom or never happens, unless the word is used in different senses.  
*Wake*: To watch. *Fr.* 636.  
*Walachie*, *Dr. Ch.* 1024. *Wallachia*, a Province tributary to the Turk, bordering upon *Poland*, part of the ancient *Dacia*.  
*Wall*, *Mo.* 2023, 2238. seems to signify a Well.  
*Walnote shale*: A walnut shell. *Fa. L.* 3. 191.  
*Waloweth up*: Vomiteth, or casteth up; *Eructare*, p. 371, a.  
*Waltring*: Weltring, tossing, tumbling or rolling about. *MR.* 508. *MS. Ch.* hath it *Walwyng*, i. e. Wallowing.  
*Waltsome*: Loathsome. *Sp.* Hatefull. *Mo.* 1168.  
*Wan*, *Pro.* 444. Won, or gained.  
*Wane or wax*, *No.* 1539. Decrease or increase.  
*Wanger*: A male, or budget. *Sp.* A pillow. *No.* 3417. *AS.* *Pangepe*; from the *AS.* *panç*, The cheek.  
*Wangis*: The Grinders. *MR.* 922. from the *AS.* *panç*, The cheek; qu. Cheek-teeth. See *Somm.*  
*Wangtothe*, *Mo.* 1956. The *Wanges* are the great teeth, which in a dog are called *Fangs*. See *Wange*.  
*Wanhope*: Despair. p. 480, b.  
*Wanisheth*: Vanisheth. *Test. L.* 2. The *w* and *v* are often confounded in the MSS.  
*Wantruff*: Distrust, diffidence, jealousy. p. 488, a: 500, b. *Tr. L.* 1. 805.  
*Wapid*: Troubled, sorrowful. *An.* 217. See *Awëapid*.  
*War*,



- War**, as **Ware**.  
**Warrantise**, Bal. 896. f. The same with **Warrantise**, V.  
**Wardain**: A Guardian, a Keeper; One that is upon Guard. *Tr. L.* 3. 666. **Wardainis**, **Wardinis**: Guards. *WB.* 1216. Keepers; Judges, or Arbitrators. *Gam.* 553.  
**Wardcorps**: A Life-guard-man. *WB.* 359. *Fr.* *Garde de corps*.  
**Wardrobe**, **Wardrope**, No. 3081. A house of office. *Fr.* *Garderobe*.  
**Ware**: Wary, cautious. *ProL.* 311. Also, Wore or did wear. *FL.* 340.  
**Warriangles**, *Fr.* 144. "A kind of birds full of noise, and very ravenous, preying upon others, which when they have taken, they use to hang upon a thorn or prickle, and tear them in pieces and devour them: And the common opinion is, that the thorn, whereupon they thus fasten and eat them, is afterwards poisonous. In *Staffordshire* and *Shropshire* the name is common. *Sp.*  
**Warie**, **Warien**: To curse. *La.* 373. *Tr. L.* 2. 1619. *AS.* *pepian*, *pepigan*. To grow weary of. *Tr. L.* 5. 1377. *My life I warie*; I am weary of my life; *Tædet me.* Also, To worry.  
**Warin**: Warned, cautioned. *Tr. L.* 1. 647.  
**Warishe**: To cure, heal, ease; To be healed, to mend, recover. *p.* 147, *b.* *Fr.* *Guerir*. *Warishing*, *p.* 148, *a.* *Warison*, *RR.* 1537. Cure; Recovery. *Fr.* *Guerison*.  
**Warne**: To encourage; To assure. *Fr.* 2094. To hinder, forbid. *RR.* 5840. To deny, refuse. *Ib.* 3652, 3730. To refrain, forbear.  
**Warnishe**, *p.* 498, *b.* 158. f. A Guard; To guard.  
**Warnstore**, *p.* 152, *b.* 153, *a.* To fortify; To defend.  
**Warrantise**: Guaranty. *On warrantise*, *AL.* 406. For certain; I'll warrant you.  
**Warray**, **Warrey**, **Warrie**: To make war upon, to disturb, or molest; To worry. *AS.* *pepigan*, *Luceffere*, *molestare*.  
**Warriangles**, as **Warriangles**.  
**Wafe**: A wisp. *Ber.* 1617.  
**Wafell bread**, *ProL.* 147. Fine Cymnel. *Sp.* Bread or cakes made of the finest flower. For the original signification of the word see *Verfeg.* Chap. V.  
**Wate**: To know. *RR.* 5399.  
**Watlynge strete**, *Fa. L.* 2. 431. See *Galaxie*.  
**Watti's pack**, *RL.* 67. To bear *Watti's pack*, seems to have been a Proverbial expression signifying, To be duped, fooled, or imposed upon.  
**Wave**: Wove. *Ph.* 138.  
**Wawe**: A wave. *RR.* 4712. **Wawis**: Waves. *Ib.* 3776.  
**Wavy**: Waving. *Ch. Dr.* 695.  
**Wax**. See **Wane**.  
**Wayin**: To weigh. *EW.* 398. **Wayinb**: Weigheth. *Luc.* 109.  
**Wayuin**: To depart, to turn. *Sq.* 999.  
**Waywarde**: Froward; Cruel. *Magd.* 237.  
**Webbe**: A weaver. *ProL.* 364. *AS.* *pebba*.  
**Wed**, **Wedde**: A pawn, a pledge. *AS.* *peb*. To wedde; In pawn. No. 2631.  
**Wede**: Weeds, apparel. No. 2342. *Mo.* 2151. **Wedis**: Weeds. *Tr. L.* 1. 947.  
**Week**: Wicked. *Tr. L.* 2. 1273. See **Wike**.  
**Weelful**, as **Welefull**.  
**Weened**: Thought.  
**Weer**, for **Were**, *Ber.* 2833.  
**Wegging**: Wagging, moving. *Tr. L.* 2. 1745.  
**Weikid**: Weakened. *RR.* 4737.  
**Weilith**: Bewaileth. *Tr. L.* 5. 211.  
**Weine**: To wane, to decrease. *RR.* 2080.  
**Weive**, **Weivin**: To wave, put off; To refuse, neglect, forsake. *Tr. L.* 2. 284. To move to and fro; To let go, to drive away. *Boeth.* Instead of **Weivith**, *Tr. L.* 4. 602. *MS. Sp.* hath, *Flieth from*.  
**Wekin**: To weaken; To lessen, or abate. *Tr. L.* 4. 1144.  
**Wekid**: Weakened; Tired.  
**Welaway**: An expression of grief or surprize. *Welaway the found*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1701. *Welaway the while*, *Ib.* L. 4. 1. Alas the time! *Welaway for to sing*: To make a woful cry, or lamentation. See *Gl. V.*  
**Weld**, **Weldin**: To wield, rule, manage, govern, command. *Fr.* 683. *AS.* *fealban*. **Weldid**, **Weli**: Ruled, govern-  
**ed**. **Welding**: Management; Power. *p.* 150, *b.*  
**Weldy**: Nimble, active. *Tr. L.* 2. 636. *Ca.* and *al.* read, *so worthy*.  
**Wele**: Health; Welfare, prosperity. *La.* 176. where instead of *lizin wele*, it may be better read, *live* [or *lizin*] *in wele*, as in *MS. Ch.* and *al.* Also, Wealth, riches. *AS.* *pelan*.  
**Weleful**, **Welful**: Blessed. *La.* 452. Happy; Healthy.  
**Welefulnesse**, **Welenesse**: Happiness, Prosperity. *Boeth.*  
**Welke**: Did walk, walked. *Ch. Dr.* 828.  
**Welkid**, No. 2254. Withered. *Sp.* or rather, Full of wheels or wheals. **Welkel**: Shortened, impaired. *Gloss.* to *Spenser's Works*. See **Welknith**.  
**Welkin**: The Sky; The Firmament. *Dr. Ch.* 339. *AS.* *pelan*, from *peale*, The Revolution of Celestial Bodies.  
**Welknith**, *Hyper.* 214. f. Turneth, changeth; from the *AS.* *fealcan*, To revolve, to rowl up and down, &c. See *Gl. V.* in *Walkyn*.  
**Well**, **Wellin**: To flow; To spring. *Tr. L.* 4. 700.  
**Wellynge**: Flowing; Springing. *p.* 480, *b.* See **Welknith**.  
**Wellis**: Wells, springs. *Tr. L.* 5. 1373.  
**Well-willy**: Well-wishing, bearing good will, favourable. *Tr. L.* 3. 1263.  
**Wellynge**. See **Well**.  
**Welmiib**, *RR.* 1561. **Riseth**. *Sp.* From the *AS.* *peallian*, *Scaturire*. *Sk.*  
**Welny**: Well nigh, almost. *Dr. Ch.* 3.  
**Welplich**: Like a whelp. *PT.* 481.  
**Welle**: Governed, ruled; Had the power, command, or use of. *Mo.* 122. See **Weld**.  
**Welshed**: Wealthy, rich, *Test*.  
**Welshemid**: Having good qualities, or morals; *Bene moratus*, *Boeth.* See **Thewis**.  
**Wem**, *Sq.* 141. **Wemme**, *RR.* 930. A spot, a blemish; A fault. *AS.* *pem*, *pemme*. Also, Hurt, damage. *Sk.*  
**Wemleß**: Unspotted, innocent. *Pars.*  
**Wend**, **Wende**, **Wendin**: To go; Went. *Tr. L.* 2. 1654. Thought; from *Wene*, *V.* *Wendin her delight*, *Tr. L.* 4. 683. — *her disport*, *Ib.* 724. Thought to divert her.  
**Wendé comé**: Thought to have com'd, or got by heart.  
**Wende**: Guess, conjecture. *Bl. Kn.* 463.  
**Wende**, for **Winde**, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) **Wynle**, i. e. Turn; revolve. *Tr. L.* 3. 1547.  
**Wene**, **Wenin**: To think, suppose, imagine. *AS.* *penan*.  
**Wene**: A supposition, doubt. *Withoutin wene*; Doubtless.  
**Wengeresses**, for **Vengeresses**: Revengers. *Boeth.*  
**Wenstow**, for **Wenest thou**? Thinkest thou? *WB.* 311.  
**Went**: A doubt, a thought; from *Wenc*. Going, passing. *Tr. L.* 5. 605. A way, a passage. *Tr. L.* 3. 783. *La.* 1. 182. Gone. *p.* 491, *b.* from *Wend*. To go. Also, A turn. *Tr. L.* 2. 63. from the *AS.* *penan*, To wind, to turn. *Want.* *FL.* 150.  
**Wepelie**: Weeping, mournful. *Test*.  
**Wepen**, **Wepin**: Weapons. *Mo.* 3033. *Ar.* 255.  
**Wer**: War. *Ch. Dr.* 2110. Also, Were.  
**Werbelles**: Warblings. *p.* 492, *a.*  
**Werch**, **Werchin**: To work, to do.  
**Werdis**, *Hyper.* 19. as **Wierdis**.  
**Were**, **Where**: Doubt, delay. *Withoutin were*; Without doubt. *RR.* 1776. *His herte in soche a were is set*, *Ib.* 5699. *His heart is in such a maze or uncertainty. In soche a were*, *Hyper.* 125. In such confusion. Also, A wear. *Tr. L.* 3. 35. *AF.* 138. To wear.  
**Werin**, **Werin**: Were.  
**Werie**: Weary, faint. *RR.* 440. *Wieried me*, *Tr. L.* 5. 584. should be read (as in *MS. Sp.*) *werried*, or (as in *Ca.* and *al.*) *werreyed me*, i. e. made war upon me. See **Werrey**.  
**Werke**: Work; A deed; To work.  
**Werne**, for **Weren**: Were.  
**Werne**, **Wernin**, as **Warne**.  
**Werre**: War. *In his Lordis werre*, *ProL.* 48. He served in the wars under his Lord, from whom he held by Knight-Service. Also, Grief, sorrow, *Tr. L.* 5. 1392. *Dr. Ch.* 616. Perhaps for *Were*, *V.* Also, for **Werrey**, *ABC.* P. 4.



- Werrey*, See *Warray*.  
*Wers*: *Worfe*. *Werst*: *Worst*.  
*Werth*, Cr. 385. CCr. 886. *Worth*, deserving. *Sp.* and *Sk.*  
 But perhaps it may be the same with *Wierde*: *Fate* or *Destiny*. See *Wierdes*.  
*Weryin*, Prol. 1545. or (as in *MS. Ch.*) *Werrien*, as *War-ray*.  
*Wesh*: *Washed*. *La.* 454.  
*Westrin*: To draw towards the West. *Tr. L.* 2. 906.  
*Westrich*: Sets as the Sun. *Hyper.* 186.  
*Wetche*: *Watch*. *RL.* 96.  
*Wete*: To wet, to bath. *Tr. L.* 3. 1121.  
*Weten*: To know, to understand. *AS. Pitan.*  
*Wetbir*: The weather; A weather. *Tr. L.* 4. 1374.  
*Weve*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1050. See *Weive*.  
*Wexacionne*: *Vexation*. *Ber.* 2317.  
*Wexing*: *Waxing*, increasing. *Prol.* 2080.  
*Wext*: *Waxed*, grew.  
*Weymenting*. See *Waimenting*.  
*Weyve*, *Weywin*, *Gan.* 1742. as *Weive*.  
*Whare*: *Where*. *Fr.* 186.  
*What*: Somewhat, wherewithall. *RR.* 6737. *Ellis* *what*; Any thing else. *Fa. L.* 3. 651. In *Mo.* 2417. it is mistaken for *with*, both being in the *MSS.* writ with the same Abbreviation. The sense of that passage is this; Since I can find no more *English* words to agree or rhyme to the word *fall* (with which almost every Stanza of the First part of this Tale ended) he would now make use of another word [*amende*] having much more to lay upon the same subject.  
*Whele*: A wheel. *Tr. L.* 1. 840. *MS. Sp.* hath it, *will*; but the other seems to be the genuine reading. See *Ib.* 851.  
*Whelmin*: To overwhelm, overturn, oppress. *Tr. L.* 1. 139.  
*Wher*, *Where*: *Whether*; *Wherefore*. See *Were*.  
*Wherethrough*: *Whereby*, by which means. *RR.* 3733.  
*Wherto*: *Wherefore*, to what end.  
*Whiche*: *Who*, *what*, *what* sort or manner of. *p.* 153, *a.* 1. 70. *Mo.* 1570.  
*Whight*: *White*. *Bl. Kn.* 2.  
*While*: *Time*, *space*. *The Devil quit him his while*, *Ar.* 342. *The Devil requite him in his turn. In the same while*; *At the same time*. *Bl. Kn.* 624.  
*Whilere*: *Ere while*, *some time before*. *No.* 1349.  
*Whilis and whilis*: *One while and another*; *Now* — then. *Cr.* 224.  
*Whilke*: *Which*.  
*Whilome*: *Formerly*, *a long time ago*.  
*Whiso*: *Why* so. *Dr. Ch.* 30.  
*White wordis*: *Fair words*. *Tr. L.* 3. 1573.  
*Whitin*: To grow white and clear. *Tr. L.* 5. 276.  
*Who*, for *How*. *p.* 206, *b.* 1. 68.  
*Whyle*, as *While*.  
*Wiche*: A whitche, a kind of chest.  
*Wicke*: *Bad*; *Stinking*, *noisom*. Also, *Counterfeit*. *Sp.* Contracted from *Wicked*.  
*Wide where*: *Every where*, *far and near*. *Tr. L.* 3. 405.  
*Wierdes*: *The Fates*, or *Destinies*, *Parcae*. *Tr. L.* 3. 618. *AS. Pypd.* *Fate*, *Destiny*. See *Gl. P.* in *Weird*.  
*Wifehode*, *Wivehode*: *The duty or affection of a wife*; *Dutifulness*. *Fr.* 3005.  
*Wifely*: *Becoming a wife*. *Fr.* 1459.  
*Wight*: *Weight*. *Tr. L.* 2. 1385. Any person, *He*, or *She*. *AS. Pitan.* *Animal*, *creatura*. *Nimble*, *active*, *swift*. *Mo.* 381. *RR.* 4761. *CL.* 1300.  
*Wik*, *Wike*, *Wikk*, as *Wicke*.  
*Wike*: *Week*. *Tr. L.* 2. 1273.  
*Wild fire*, *p.* 198, *b.* *Brenninge of wild fire*; *Highly seasoned*.  
*Wilfully*: *Willingly*. *Bl. Kn.* 554.  
*Wilfulness*: *An immoderate desire of revenge*. *p.* 153, *b.* But in *p.* 363, *b.* 1. 3. and *p.* 366, *a.* 1. 27. it should be read *Wilefulness*; *Felicitas*.  
*Willers*, *Mo.* 2720. *Wyllfull*, or *wily men*. *Com.*  
*Wilky*: *Willing*, *favourable*. *Willy fond at all*; *Found favourable on all occasions*. *Bl. Kn.* 628.  
*Wilne*: To will.  
*Wimple*: A woman's hood, or veil. "It is most commonly taken for a linnen plaited cloth, which Nuns and Religious women wear about their necks. *Bl.* *Peplum* is translated *Wimpill*, by *Dougl.* Also, To cover, hide, veil one's self. *Wimpled*: *Covered*, *wrapped up in a Wimple*. *Prol.* 472.  
*Winde*: To go. *Fl.* 263. See *Wend*.  
*Windir*: To trim, or adorn. *RR.* 1020. See *Sk.*  
*Windlas*: A machine for weighing Anchors. It is used more generally for any Machine for lifting up heavy Bodys.  
*Wine ape*, *Mo.* 1621. "Vinum Apianum (says *Sp.*) which maketh one in such taking, that he cannot with a straw hit a broad fawn: The cause is for that after the drinking thereof unmeasurably, one thing seemeth two to the eyes, &c. But as all Wines drunk to excess have this effect, it may as well be read as it is in this Edition, *Wine*, *yon ape*; for which correction no doubt Mr. *Herry* had good Authority.  
*Winers*, *p.* 515, *a.* 1. 46. *Welked winers*: *Withered vine branches*. *Sk.* Perhaps that passage should be read — *welked wivernes and venomous serpentes*. See *Welkid* and *Wivere*.  
*Winlas*, *Sq.* 204. See *Windlas*.  
*Winning*: *Gaining*, *getting riches*. *Mo.* 2758.  
*Wintrid*: *Wrinkled*, or rather *Grey* or *hoary*, as the *Winter*. *RR.* 1018.  
*Wirch*: To work. *Prol.* 2761.  
*Wirid*, *Ber.* 1512. for *Wierid*. See *Werrey*, or *Warray*.  
*Wirry*: To worry. *RR.* 6264.  
*Wis*, *Wisy*, *Wisyly*: *Certainly*, *verily*, *truly*.  
*Wise*: To direct. See *Wisse*. Instead of *But thou wise*, *thou wost*, &c. *Tr. L.* 1. 1053. *MS. Sp.* hath it thus;  
*But thou woste, thou mayst, thou canst, thou art all*;  
*Wise*: *Manner*, *custom*. *In his birds wife*, *Tr. L.* 2. 920. After the manner of a bird. It is often printed for *Wis*, *Dr. Ch.* 550, 683. and *Wisely* for *Wisy*. See *Wis*.  
*Wische*: *Washed*. *RR.* 96.  
*Wishin*: To wash; *Washed*. Also, To wish.  
*Wishr*: *Washed*. *ABC. Z.* 2.  
*Wissil*: A weazel. *MR.* 126.  
*Wisse*: To direct, shew, teach, instruct. *WB.* 1008. *Tr.* *L.* 1. 623. *Mo.* 2175. *AS. Pitan.*  
*Wissely*. See *Wis*, &c.  
*Wishre*, *Prol.* 2285. *Wishrin*: *Washed*.  
*Wisyly*. See *Wis*.  
*Wist*, *Wistin*: *Knew*. *AS. Pitan.* To know.  
*Wit*, *Tr. L.* 2. 312. *Wite*, *RR.* 7661. *Witten*, *Ib.* 2693. To know. *AS. Pitan.* See *Witte*.  
*Wit*, *Wite*: To blame; To charge one with, to impute. *AS. Pitan.* *Culpere*. Also, A fault. *AS. Pite.* *It wol be wit to me*, *Ber.* 652. It will be imputed to me. *Wite all thy self the care*, *Tr.* *Wite thy self thy care*. *Ca.* and *al. f. leg.* *Wite thy self all the care*; *Thank thy self for all the trouble that shall ensue. It should be wittid hir*; *She should be blamed for it*. *Ber.* 644.  
*Wittholde*: To retain; To employ one, as a *Chirurgion*, &c. *p.* 148, *a.* To stop. *Mo.* 108.  
*Withoutforthe*: *Without*. *p.* 383, *a.*  
*Wishfain*: *Withsay*; To contradict; To deny, renounce.  
*Wishfeten*: *Opposed*. See *Wishfure*.  
*Wishfey*, as *Wishfain*.  
*Wishfure*: To contradict, withstand, resist. *p.* 498, *b.*  
*Wishfante*: Do withstand, hinder. *Boeth.* *p.* 365, *b.*  
*Wist*: *Blame*. See *Wit*, *Wite*.  
*Wisse*: *Senseless*.  
*Witnesfully*: *Better attested*; *Tessatus*, *p.* 391, *b.*  
*Witte*: *Sense*; A good disposition of mind; *Ingenium*, *p.* 368, *b.* *Thought*. *Tr. L.* 4. 1425. *To my witte*; *In my opinion*, *As far as I know*, *To the best of my understanding*, *To my thinking*. *Fr.* 2421. *Fa. L.* 2. 194.  
*Witten*. See *Wit*.  
*Witterly*: *Certainly*. It is frequently in *MS. Ch.* for *utterly*.  
*Wittes*, *p.* 154, *a.* *Wittis*: *Senses*.  
*Witting*: *Knowledge*; *Knowing*.  
*Wive*: To wed, marry.  
*Wivchode*, as *Wifehode*.  
*Wively*, *Fr.* 2071. as *Wifely*.  
*Wivere*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1012. A kind of Serpent much like to a Dragon. *Sp.* A wivern.  
*Wlate*: To hate, to loath. *Mo.* 3039. *AS. Pitan.* *Nauseare*.  
*Wd*: To plague, to torment. Also, *Wofull*. *RR.* 312.



- I wold be wo*, CL. 34. I would be sorry. Mourning;  
*Wo* is me. *Mo*. 518. *Wo* begon, or bygon. See *Begon*.  
*Wo be ye*, *Mo*. 2274. *f.* for *Who be ye*.  
*Wodde*: Wood. *Fr*. 909.  
*Woddiſh*: Groweth mad. *No*. 478.  
*Wode*: Mad. In a *wode* ſentence, *No*. 461. In a wrong opinion. *Wodely*: Madly, furiously.  
*Wodebende*: Woodbind, honey-suckle. *Bl. Kn*. 129.  
*Woden*: To grow mad, to rage; *Saviunt*, p. 389, b.  
*Wodevale*, *RR*. 658. Witwall or Golden Ouzel, a Bird of the Thrush-kind.  
*Wol*, *Woll*: Will. Also, Wool.  
*Wollin*: Will.  
*Wolueſhede*, *Gam*. 1387, 1407, 1430. There was anciently a price ſet upon the Heads of Wolves, as of Foxes, Pole-cats, and other noxious Beasts and Vermin; from whence Out-laws came to be called *Wolues-heads*, as being out of the protection of the Laws, and liable to be killed by any that would take them, if they made any reſiſtance, or fled. See *Selden* de *Synedruiſ* Ebraorum. L. 2. Cap. 2. Sect. 3.  
*Womanhede*: The ſex, dignity, good qualities or virtues of a woman. *Fr*. 2096.  
*Womanly*: Becoming a woman. *Dr. Ch*. 850.  
*Won*, *No*. 3013. *Wonne*, *Pro*. 337. Uſage, cuſtom, manner. Also, Got, begot. *Hyper*. 3.  
*Wonde*: To turn back. *Sp*. Perhaps Turn or change its nature, from the *AS*. *penſan*, To turn, bend, change. That it almoſt to *wonde*, *CMV*. 102. That it almoſt bent.  
*Wonde*, *Ph*. 26. *Wonidin*, *Th*. 7. Dwelt, inhabited; Stay'd, abode.  
*Wondir*: Wondrous. *Pro*. 2075.  
*Wondirliche*, *Wondirly*, *Wondirſly*: Wonderfully, wondrously.  
*Wone*: A habitation, a houſe. *Fr*. 841. Also, Store, plenty. *RR*. 1673. A full grete *wone*, *Ar*. 276. A very great company. *AS*. *puman*, *Habitare*, frequentare.  
*Woned*, *Tr. L*. 1. 511. *Wonnid*, *Dr. Ch*. 150. *Wont*.  
*Wonne*, *Tr. L*. 4. 1181. A remedy. *Sp*. See *Won*. Also, To dwell, inhabit. See *Wone*. *Woning*, *Pro*. 390. Dwelling.  
*Wood*: Mad. *Pro*. 184. *Woodneſſ*: Madneſs. *Woodman*: A madman.  
*Woof*: A wolf. *Pro*. 2049.  
*Woofte*: Knoweſt. See *Woſt*.  
*Wopen*: Wept. *Boeth*.  
*Worch*, *Worchin*: To work.  
*Word*, *AL*. 88, 207, 306, &c. A *Motto*.  
*Worde*, for *World*, *Tr. L*. 2. 420. as it is in *MS. Sp*. and *al*.  
*Wordleſſ*: Speechleſs. *Ch. Dr*. 514.  
*Worſhip*: Honour.  
*Worth*, *Worthe*: Is, be; *Eſt*, *ſit*, *ſiat*. *AS. peopſan*, To be, to become. *Wo worth*, *Tr. L*. 2. 344, &c. Curſed be. *Worthé hym full wele*, *Gam*. 955. Happineſs attend him. *Wo worth that day*; Curſed be the day. *Tr. L*. 4. 763. But the place is thus read in *MS. Sp*.  
*And curſid be that day which that Argyue*  
*Me of her body bare to bene on lyue.*  
*Worth up*, p. 367, a. Get up, mount. *Lat. Aſcēdo*. So *Tr. L*. 2. 1011.  
*Worthie*, p. 157, a. 1. 55. If it be worthy, al. if he be worthy.  
*Worthied*: Honoured. p. 481, b.  
*Woſt*, *Tr. L*. 1. 1053. Thou knoweſt. See *Wiſt*. *Woſt'ow*, for *Woſteſt thou*? Knoweſt thou?  
*Wot*: Know. That ye *wot*, *Tr. L*. 2. 1196. That you know of; but I ſhould rather chuſe to read it, as in *MS. Sp*.  
*How like [l. likyth] ye the lētre that he wrote?*  
*Kan he thereon? for be my trogh y note.*  
That is, How do you like the letter that he [*Troilus*] hath writtē to you? Doth he underſtand that matter? For by my troth I know not.  
*Wote*, *Wotte*: To know. See *Weir*.  
*Would*: Willed, permitted, ſuffered; p. 154, a. As himſelf bath *would*, *Di*. 284. As he pleaſed himſelf.  
*Woundes of Egypt*: The Plagues of Egypt. *Dr. Ch*. 1207.  
*Wowe*: To woo, to court. *Tr. L*. 5. 971. *Wowid*: Court-  
*ed. Di*. 322.  
*Wwath*: Waveth, toſſeth up and down. *Tyt. T.* 2.  
*Wraie*, *Tr. L*. 3. 285. *Wray*: To bewray, to diſcover.  
*Wrake*, *Cr*. 307. Revenge, vengeance. See *Wreke*.  
*Wral*: Beſtow in brawling, or wrangling. *Sp*. and *Sē*.  
*In winning all ther witte thei nral*, *Mo*. 2310. They ſtrain their wittes to the uttermoſt to get all they can.  
*Com.* Dougl. uſes *Wreil* for *Wriggle*. See *Gl. V*.  
*Wrang*: Wrung. *Magd*. 150.  
*Wrate*: Wrote. *Cr*. 64.  
*Wrathe*, *Mo*. 1657. *Wrathin*: To provoke. *Wrathe the* naught; Be not angry. *Gam*. *Wrathed*: Provoked, angry. p. 192, a.  
*Wrawe*: Wrath, anger. *Mo*. 1623. *Wrawneſſ*, p. 223, b. Frowardneſs. *Sp*.  
*Wray*. See *Wraie*.  
*Wrech*, *Wreche*: Revenge. *Mo*. 628. *Tr. L*. 5. 890.  
*Wrechis*: Wretches.  
*Wrechidlice*, *Wrechidliche*: Wretchedly, wickedly.  
*Wreke*: To revenge. *Sj*. 474. See *Anreke*. *MS. Ch*. hath that Verſe thus;  
*For yee yowre ſelf uppon yowr ſelf anreke.*  
*Wrekerie*: Vengeance; Punishment. *Boeth*. It ſhould be *Wreckere*, p. 390, b. 1. 64. A revenger.  
*Wrenches*: Wiles or cunning ſleights, ſnares, traps. See *Sonn*. in *pence*.  
*Wrene*, for *Wrien*: To hide. *RR*. 56. See *Wrie*.  
*Wreche*, *Tr. L*. 2. 784. for *Wreche*, as it is in *MS. Sp*. See *Wrech* and *Wreke*.  
*Wrechileſſe*, *Mo*. 1556. for *Recheleſſe*, or (as *MS. Ch*.) *Recheles*, V.  
*Wretching*, *Tr. L*. 3. 855. miſ-printed for *Dretching*. See *Dreche*.  
*Wrethe*, p. 504, b. *f.* Corruptly for *wercheth*, i. e. worketh, acteth.  
*Wrey*, *Wrie*, *Wrien*, *Wrine*: To hide. *RR*. 6795. To cover. *Th*. 29. Hid, concealed. *Tr. L*. 3. 621. From the *AS*. *pſigan*, *Velare*, or *pneon*, *Tegere*, &c. Also, To diſcover. *CMV*. 91. From the *AS*. *pnegan*, *Prodere*. To incline, bend it's courſe. *Tr. L*. 2. 906. *Wried*: Turned off; from *Wry*.  
*Wright*: Covered. *Di*. 276. See *Perrey*.  
*Wright*: A carpenter. *AS. pnyhta*, *Opifex*; whence *Shipwright*, *Wheelwright*, &c.  
*Wrine*. See *Wrey*.  
*Wriſhe*, *Wriſhin*: To wreſt, to turn aſide. *Tr. L*. 4. 986. But *MS. Sp. Ca.* and *al.* inſtead of *Wriſhe*, have *Wry*, V.  
*Wriſhin*: Wreathed, twiſted. *FL*. 57.  
*Wro*: Grief, anger. *Sp*. Perhaps it may ſignify A ſhade, a cover. *Mo*. 2021. From *Wrie*, V. *Wra*, is Company, ſociety. *Gl. V*.  
*Wrokin*: Avenged, revenged. *RL*. 350. See *Wreke*.  
*Wronge*: Wrong. *Tr. L*. 4. 1171.  
*Wrote*, p. 192, b. 1. 33. 34. *f.* To wallow in the dirt, to deſile. *Lidgate* applies it to a worm working its way into a tree. *Fall of Princes*. L. 1. C. 19.  
*Or lyke a worm that wroreth in a tre.*  
*Wrothly*: Wrathfully, angrily. *Boeth*.  
*Wrought*: Wrought. *Tr. L*. 3. 14. *Ca.* and *al.* *Worthe*, V.  
*Wry*, *Wryen*. See *Wrie*.  
*Wurch*: To work. *RR*. 6662. Perhaps it ſhould be read *werche*, and *cherche* for *church*, in the foregoing Verſe.  
*Waſt*: Frighted, driven away. *Mo*. 3032.  
*Wycke*, as *Wicke*.  
*Wyf*: A wife.  
*Wyld*: Plotted, combined, conſpired. *Ber*. 1957.  
*Wyll*: Will. Of *ther wyll*; Willingly, of their own accord; *Utro*, p. 377, a.  
*Wymp*. See *Wimple*.  
*Wynd*: Whined. *PT*. 481.  
*Wyſely*, for *Wyſly*, *An*. 290. See *Wyſly*.  
*Wythat*, for *Wyth that*, *Ber*. 2469.  
*Wyyn*: Wine. *Ber*. 956. But it ſhould rather be *Wyne*, to answer *ſyne*, in the following Verſe.  
*WB.* Other words beginning with *Wj*, may be found in *Wj*.



## Y.

**Y** From the *Sax.* *Ye*, is most frequently prefixed to Verbs in the Perfect Tense, and very rarely to any other. This Initial addition of *Y*, or *I*, in many cases making the whole difference between the Old and the Modern word, the latter may be found by casting away the *y* or *i*: And therefore many such words are wholly omitted in this Glossary. It is also put sometimes before Nouns, but very seldom, as *Ylike*, for *Like*, *ProL*. 594. In some of the oldest MSS. it is very often used for the First Person, *I*: Hence perhaps arose that mistake in *Tr. L.* 2. 1595. *Left ye too long ydwell*, for, *Left I* (or *y*, as in *MS. Sp.*) *to long ydwell*; and again, *Ib. L.* 3. 160. *As ye can*, for *As y can*, *MS. Sp.* See *Z*.

*Yaf, Yafe*: Gave.

*Yall*: To yell. *Mo.* 2326. To go. *Sk. Yalte*, *RR.* 4904. *Goeth. Sp.*

*Yape, Yaper*. See *Fape, Faper*.

*Yard*: A rod. *ProL*. 149.

*Yare*: Ready. *Th.* 43. *AS. Geapye*.

*Yate*: A gate. *Yates, Yates*: Gates.

*Yete*. See *Bete*.

*Ybled*: Caused to bleed. *Tr. L.* 3. 1530. The whole Verse is thus in *MS. Sp.*

*And with such voys as thogh his heart bled;*

where, if we read *ybled*, the Verse will be compleat, and the sense much more natural than in the other Reading.

*Ybled*: To bleed. *Mo.* 2291.

*Yblent*: Blinded, deceived. *RR.* 1610.

*Ybore*: Bore or born, carried. *ProL*. 380.

*Ybourid*: Jested. *AF.* 589. *Well ybourid*; A pretty jest. See *Bourde*.

*Ybrayid*: Drawn out. *Ber.* 3201. from the *AS. Bpædan*, *Exerere, fringere*. See *Braide*.

*Yceffe*: To cease, desist. *Tr. L.* 2. 692.

*Yclouid*: Patched up with clouts. *RR.* 223.

*Ycongerid*: Conjured, bewitched. *PT.* 489.

*Ycorve*: Cut. *ProL*. 2015. See *Kerve*, and *Throtycorve*.

*Ycothe*: Could; Understood. *RR.* 771.

*Yconchit*: Set. *Ber.* 2565. See *Couchen*.

*Ycrased*: Broke, cracked. *Dr. Ch.* 324. *Fr. Ecrasé*.

*Ydamnid*: Condemned. *Ar.* 154.

*Ydeles*: Dealeth, distributeth. *RR.* 5419.

*Ydey*: To dye. *Tr. L.* 2. 172.

*Ydide*: Dyed. *Hen.* 190.

*Ydight*: Dressed, adorned, furnished, ordered. *Tr. L.* 5. 541. Equipped. *Phyl.* 87. See *Dight*.

*Ydil*: Idle. *Luc.* 18.

*Ydo*: Done; Ceased.

*Ydolaster*: An Idolater. *Pars.*

*Ydradle*: Dreaded, feared. *Tr. L.* 3. 1653.

*Ye*: Yea, ay, yes. *Ye nisse*, *Tr. L.* 2. 887. *Ye ywis*; Yes surely.

*Yeare*: Ready. *Ph.* 43. See *Yare*.

*Yedding*, *ProL*. 237. (*Jurgandi*) of brawling (some say) of gadding up and down (others) of loud singing. *Sp.* It is *yeddingis* in *MS. Ch.* and *al.*

*Yede*, *RR.* 5151. *Yedin*: Went.

*Yef*: If. *Ber.* 2246. Also, To give. *Mo.* 2897.

*Yeft*: A gift.

*Yelde, Yeldin*: To yield, to give.

*Yelke*, p. 518, a. *That yelke*, f. for *That ilke*: That same. See *Ilke*.

*Yelp*: To prate, to talk idly. *Tr. L.* 3. 308.

*Yelio*: Yieldeth. *Tr. L.* 1. 396.

*Yemie*, *Gam.* 1633. f. Altogether, one and all; from the *AS. Germane*, *Commun.* *MS. Ch.* reads that Verse thus; *Yee jonge men take yemie*; and *H. 1.* *Take jonge men yemie*.

*Yen*, *Ber.* 1313. *Yene*, *Ch. Dr.* 352. Eyes.

*Yer*: Ere, before. *Mo.* 1968.

*Yerde*: A rod; A scouge. *Tr. L.* 2. 154. A court-yard. *Ib.* 820. Also, Rule, direction. *Ib. L.* 3. 137. *Ca.* and *al.* read *swerde* instead of *yerde*, *Ib. L.* 2. 1427.

*Yerne*, *MR.* 150. Shrill. *Sk.* Earnest, eager, diligent;

Nimble, quick; Earnestly; Presently, quickly. *RR.* 6719. Soon, early. *Tr. L.* 3. 377. *AS. Geopm.* Also, To gain, deserve, to profit, obtain. *Ib.* 152. *CL.* 368. *AS. Eapnian, Mereri, consequi, affequi.* See *Cardi-*  
*acle.*

*Yerning*: Compassion; Relenting, compassionating. *RR.* 5951. *AS. Eapnunge.*

*Yerth*: The Earth.

*Yeten, Yetin*: Got; Lay'd up. *RR.* 5702. Also, Eaten.

*Yett*, No. 1298. f. A throw, or cast. *Fr. Jct.* See *Ib.* 1293.

*Yewe*: Give. Also, If. *La.* 739.

*Yeur, Yewr*: Your.

*Yew, Ber.* 2638. *Yewe*, *Ib.* 720. You.

*Yexinge*: Sobbing. *Sp.* In *MR.* 1043. *MS. Ch.* hath *He yixede*, *H. 1.* and *al. yexeth*, instead of *He galpith*. See *Galp*.

*Yfaileth*: Faileth; Fainteth. *Tr. L.* 1. 601. It is *faileth* in *MS. Sp.* *saylth* in *Ca.* &c.

*Yfak*: Fallen. *ProL*. 25.

*Yfalsid his outh*: Falsified, or broke his word. *Sq.* 647.

*Yfalsith*: Proves false, deceiveth. *RR.* 5416. See *False*.

*Yfarcid*. See *Farcid*.

*Yfare*: Gone.

*Yfere*: In company, together. See *Fere*.

*Yferid*: Fared.

*Yfleting*: Floating, swimming. *Fa. L.* 1. 133. See *Flett*.

*Yflitted*: Pait, removed, transferred. *Tr. L.* 5. 1543. See *Flit*.

*Yflowe*: Fled. *Gam.* 265.

*Yfostrid*: Fostered, bred up. *MR.* 838.

*Yfrained*: Asked, examined. See *Fraine*. Also, Refrained.

*Yfrend*, *Yfrende*: Estranged. *Mo.* 2566. See *Fremde*.

*Yfretbid*, *PT.* 292. f. Cut like Fret-work.

*Yfreid*: Inlaid, set like Fret-work. *Ber.* 3192. See *Fret*.

*Yfretin*: Devoured. *Ar.* 66. See *Frete*.

*Yfrouncid*: Wrinkled. *RR.* 155. See *Frouncid*.

*Ygetin*: Got. *MR.* 456.

*Ygo*: Gone. *ProL*. 288.

*Ygrave*: Engraven, carved; Dug.

*Ygravid*: Buryed. *Magd.* 429. See *Grave*.

*Ygreite*: Greeted. *RR.* 7430. See *Gret*.

*Ygrinte*: Grindeth. *Fa. L.* 3. 708.

*Yhallowed*: Hallowed, kept sacred, celebrated. *Luc.* 192.

*Yhalie*: Holdeth, keepeth. *RR.* 4979.

*Yhed*, f. *Yheved*, i. e. Heaved, or lifted up. *Dr. Ch.* 175. *Hed yhed*; f. Head to head.

*Yhere*: To hear. *Tr. L.* 4. 1313.

*Yhered*, or *Yherde*: Hairry. *MR.* 629.

*Yhette*: Heated. *RR.* 3709.

*Yholde*: Holden, accounted.

*Yholdin*: Obligated, bound, held. *RR.* 429. Beholden. *Ar.* 69.

*Yhotin*: Be called. *CN.* 185. See *Hote*.

*Yiapid*: Imposed upon, deceived. *Mo.* 1722. See *Japt*.

*Yin*: Eyes. *ProL*. 152.

*Ying*: Young. *Gam.* 295.

*Yis*, *Ber.* 1244. See *Tue*.

*Yit*: Yet.

*Yled*: Laden. *Ber.* 794.

*Ylessid*: Eased. *Tr. L.* 1. 1090. See *Lisse*.

*Ylete*: To lose. *No.* 534. See *Let*.

*Yleye*: Layn. *PT.* 648.

*Ylich*: Alike. *ProL*. 2528. *Ylike*: Like. *Ib.* 594.

*Ylimed*: Caught or taken, as birds are with bird-lime. *IVB.* 934.

*Yloggit*: Lodged. *PT.* 304.

*Yloke*: Locked up, clasped, embraced. *Ber.* 2472.

*Ylome*: Often. *Ber.* 580. See *Lome*.

*Ylofid*: Loosened. *Gam.* 830.

*Ylough*: Laughed.

*Ylucidet*, *Bal.* 604. *Full ylucidet*, for *Fully lucident*; Very bright or shining.

*Ymedlid*: Mixed. See *Meddell*.

*Ymeint*, as *Meint*.

*Ymmagyys*, for *Imaginative*, *Ber.* 2796. Thoughtful, Cuning. See *Imaginatif*.

*Ymmemoras*: Unmindful, forgetfull. *Ber.* 1892.

*Ymoned*: Bemoaned. *Test. L.* 2.

*Ymyrid*, *Ber.* 2654, Bemired, puzzled.

*Ynayid*: Denied. *Ber.* 2095.

*Ynde*: Black. *Sp.* See *Inde*.

*Ynempnid*: Named.



*Yode*: Went. *R. L.* 182. From *Yede*.  
*Yolde, Yoldin*: Delivered up. *Tr. L.* 3. 1217. Paid, required. *RR.* 4556. Yielded. *Tr. L.* 1. 802. Yielding, submissive. *Ib. L.* 3. 95.  
*Yonghede*: Youth. *RR.* 351.  
*Yore*: Before, formerly. *Naught yore ago*; Not long ago. *AF.* 17.  
*Yove*: Gave. *CL.* 688. From *Yeva*.  
*Yours*: Yours.  
*Youshed, Mo.* 2364. *Youthede, RR.* 4931. Youth.  
*Yow, Yowe*: You.  
*Yowish*: Youth. *Ber.* 307.  
*Ypeint*: Painted. *Ch. Dr.* 1845.  
*Ypeisd*: Weighed. *Bal.* 280. See *Peice*.  
*Ypight*: Pitched down, fell. See *Pight*.  
*Ypikid*: Picked, &c. *Prol.* 367. *PT.* 174. See *Pike*. *Ypikid shoes*; Peaked shoes. See *Pikis*.  
*Ypilt, PT.* 559. seems to signify Beaten, struck; *f.* Pelted: But in *Gam.* 1771. it bears a very different sense; *f.* Put, placed. *H. i.* hath it *pilt*. *MS. Ch. pelt*.  
*Yplegg*: Pawned, put in pledge. *Ber.* 1033.  
*Ypocrisye*: Hypocrisy. *Mo.* 2743.  
*Yqueint*. See *Queint*.  
*Yquit*. See *Quit*.  
*Yraft*. See *Raft*.  
*Yrasid*: Shaved. *Ber.* 2201.  
*Yre*: Anger.  
*Yreight*: Reached. *Fa. L.* 3. 284.  
*Yreke*: Raked up.  
*Yrent*: Rent. *On thy croß yrent*, or rather *on the croß*, or (as in *MS. Ch.*) *on a crosse yrente*, al. to rent, *La.* 845. It is sometimes used in the same sense as *Rive*.  
*Yrobin, Mo.* 3234. Some Editions read it *roben* or *robben*, and others *roven*, which may signify, To rove, or perhaps to be ravenous. In *Com.* the place is thus explained; "Because they are alike, that is, the Griffon "and the Popish Clergy, and rob and raven every "where by their kind, or with their kinds ravin; they "and their kind are ravenous. The Pelican should begin to speak at Verse 3232. as it does in some Editions and in *Com.*  
*Yron*: To run. *Yronne*: Did run.  
*Yrowned*: Whispered. See *Rowne*.  
*Yryvyn atwain*: Burst in two. *Bl. Kn.* 577. See *Rive*.  
*Ysaine, Ysene*: Seen.  
*Yse*: Ice. *Fa. L.* 3. 40. Also, Seen.  
*Yseid*: Seized. *Ber.* 1147.  
*Yseft*: Ceased. *Ch. Dr.* 2166.  
*Yshent*: Spoiled, &c. See *Shent*.  
*Yshet*: Shut.  
*Yshrive, Yshriven*: Confessed.  
*Ysie*: Saw. *Fa. L.* 3. 339.  
*Yslake, as Slake*.  
*Yslo, as Slo*.  
*Ysmelde*: Smelled. *Fa. L.* 3. 595.  
*Ysod*: Sodden, boiled. *Ber.* 485.

*Yfold, for Yfoiled*: Absolved. *Mo.* 2308. See *Saile*.  
*Yfotid*: Belotted. *Ber.* 406.  
*Yfow*: Sown. *WB.* 71.  
*Yspreint*: Sprinkled; Dispersed. *Prol.* 2170.  
*Ystakid, PT.* 292 *f.* Staked up, supported with stakes.  
*Ysteke*: Stuck; Confined. *Gam.* 649.  
*Ystrove*: Dead. See *Sterve*.  
*Ystreight*: Stretched. *Fa. L.* 3. 283.  
*Ytake*: Taken.  
*Ytelle, as Tell*.  
*Ytemen, Fa. L.* 3. 654. *Ytemen*: To bind, or lay up. *Sp.*  
*Ythe*: To thrive, prosper. See *Thr*.  
*Ythendid well*: Having good qualities. *RR.* 108. See *Thewis* and *Wel-thendid*.  
*Ytwight*: Pulled, drawn. *Fr.* 299. See *Twight*.  
*Ytwinn*. See *Twin*.  
*Ytyd*: Tyed, bound. *Cup.* 226.  
*Yve*: Ivy. *Test. L.* 3. p. 516, b.  
*Yvelles*: Evils.  
*Yvelnesse*: Wickedness, badness.  
*Yvoire*: Ivory. *Dr. Ch.* 946. *Fr. Ivoire*.  
*Ywarry, Mo.* 2437. *f.* as *Wurray*. Some Editions have it *warry*, others *varry*; but that of 1687 *vary* (I know not upon what authority) They go away from the truth. *Com.*  
*Ywerde*: Wore. *RR.* 875.  
*Ywerne*: To deny. *Gam.* 1310. See *Warn*.  
*Ywerid, Bl. Kn.* 666. See *Wurray*.  
*Ywete*. See *Wete*: To know.  
*Ywexith*: Groweth. In *Tr. L.* 1. 950. instead of *The rose ywexith soie and, &c.* *MS. Sp.* has it,  
*The lilie ywexyth white and fmothe, &c.*  
*Ywis, as Iwis*.  
*Ywurch, as Wurch*.  
*Ywit*. See *Wit*: To know.  
*Ywrie, Ywryen*: Covered. See *Wrie*.  
*Ywrong, as Wronge*.

## Z.

**Z** Or rather *z*, in the MSS. is often put for *g*, and *gl*, from its likeness to the *MS. z*; and for *y*, the *g* being in English frequently softened into *y*: But for want of a proper Type, it has been thought fit to keep the modern Orthography in this Edition, except in very few words, where *z* is put instead of *g*; as, *Dispyir*, which should have been *Dispiir*. See *Gl. V.* in *Z*.  
*Zedeories*, p. 485, b. l. 51. This place is so corrupted, that it is not easy to imagine who is meant by this name.  
*Zenxis*, No. 1532. A famous *Grecian* Painter.



# A Translation and Explanation of the Latin in CHAUCER.

## A.

**A**d *adjuvandum me*, Magd. 591. It is taken from *Psal.* XL. 13: LXIX. 2. *Domine ad adjuvandum me respice, festina*; O Lord make hast to help me.  
*Agnus castus*; A Drug, the seed of the Chast-tree, a Plant growing in Italy, Sicily, &c.  
*Alma redemptoris mater*. See *O alma*, &c.  
*Amor vincit omnia*: Love overcometh all things. *Prolog.* 162.  
*Angelus ad Virginem*, MR. 108. The Angel's Salutation of the Blessed Virgin. *Luk.* II. 28. *Ave Maria*, &c.  
*A questio quid juris*, *Prolog.* 648. *H.* 1. and *MS. Ch.* read it *Ay* [i. e. Ah!] *questio*, &c. The Sumner it described rapping out Latin, and (among the rest) scraps of Law. The oldest Editions have it *Aye*, *questio quid queris*; but the other seems to be the true Reading. *Questio juris* and *Questio facti*, are known Distinctions in the Civil Law.  
*Associat profugum Tydeus*, &c. *Tr. L.* 5. 1497, &c. These Twelve Verses contain the Arguments of the Twelve Books of *Statius* of the War of *Thebes*, which the Poet comprehends in Three Stanza's of this Poem, beginning at Verse 1484. The Latin is more correctly printed in the *Paris* Edition of *Statius*, 1600.

*Argumentum Thebaidos Libb. 12.  
Ex veteribus libris.*

*Associat profugum Primus Tydeo Polynicen.*  
*Tydea legatum docet, insidiasq; Secundus.*  
*Tertius Hemonidem canit, et vates latitantes.*  
*Quartus habet reges, ineuntes praelia, septem.*  
*Mox furie seni Quinto narrantur & anguis.*  
*Archemori bustum, Sexto, ludiq; geruntur.*  
*Dat Graios Thebis, & vatem Septimus umbris.*  
*Octavo cecidit Tydeus, spes fida Pelasgis.*  
*Hippomedon Nono queritur, cum Parthenopeo.*  
*Fulmine percussus Decimo Capaneus superatur.*  
*Undecimo se perimunt per vulnera fratres.*  
*Argiam flentem memorat Duodenus, & ignes.*

*Ave Maria*; Hail Mary. p. 143, a. See *Angelus ad Virginem*.

## B.

**B**enedicite! Bless ye. It is used by way of Exclamation, as we now say, Bless us! Taken perhaps from the Hymn beginning, *Benedicite, omnia opera Domini*.  
*Benedictus*: Blessed. *CL.* 1423. Perhaps alluding to *Luk.* I. 68.

## C.

**C**eli enarrant; The Heavens declare. *CL.* 1367. It is the beginning of *Psal.* XIX.  
*Confessio amantis*; The Confession of a Lover. p. 479.  
*Confiteor*, p. 197, a. I confess, The Confession.  
*Consumere me vis*? Wilt thou destroy me? *Magd.* 504.  
The words of *Job*, Ch. XIII. 26. taken out of the Vulg. Lat. as the rest of the Quotations are. *Consumere me vis peccatis adolescentia mee*? Wilt thou consume me in the sins of my youth? Our Translation hath it, *Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth*.  
*Consummatum est*; It is finished. *Magd.* 161. Our Saviour's words in giving up the Ghost. *Joh.* XIX. 30.  
*Cor meum eructavit*, Fr. 670. My heart hath belched out, or, (as it is in our Translation of *Psal.* XLV. in the marg.) *boileth, or bubbleth up*.  
*Corpus Domini*; The Lord's Body. No. 1829, 2943.  
*Corpus Madrian*, Mo. 4. f. The holy Relicks of St. *Maternus*.  
*Cum iniquis deputatus est*, *Magd.* 174. He was reckoned with the wicked; Or (as it is in our Translation) *He was numbred with the transgressors*. *Isai.* LIII. 12.  
*Cur me dereliquisti*? Why hast thou forsaken me? *Magd.* 710. Our Lord's words on the Cross, out of *Psal.* XXII. 1.

## D.

**D**e animalibus; Of Animals. p. 478, b.  
*De Accidia*; Of Sloth. p. 203, b. See *Accidie* in the Gloss.  
*De Avaritia*; Of Covetousness. p. 205, a.  
*De Invidia*; Of Envy. p. 199, b.  
*De Ira*; Of Anger. p. 200, b.  
*De Luxuria*; Of Lechery. p. 207, b.  
*De septem peccatis mortalibus, et de eorum dependentiis, circumstantiis et speciebus*; Of the seven deadly sins, and of their dependencies, circumstances and several Species. p. 197, b.  
*De polo antartico*: From the South Pole. p. 500, a.  
*Deus hic*, Fr. 506. God be here; a Form of Salutation.  
*Dolorem meum*; My grief or sorrow. *Magd.* 33. The words are taken from the Lamentations of *Jeremiah*, Ch. I. 18.  
*Videte dolorem meum*; Behold my sorrow.  
*Domine labia, &c.* O Lord, open thou my lips. *CL.* 1357. Taken from *Psal.* LI. 15. *Domine labia mea aperies, & os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam*; O Lord, open, &c.  
*Domine, Dominus noster*; O Lord, our Lord. *CL.* 1365. This is the beginning of the first and last Verses of *Psal.* VIII.  
*Domini est terra*, *CL.* 1371. The earth is the Lord's. *Psal.* XXIV. 1.  
*Dominus regnavit*, *CL.* 1409. The Lord hath reigned. *Psal.* XCII. 1.  
*Domus Dadali*, Fa. L. 3. 830. The House of *Dadalus*, i. e. The Labyrinth contrived and made by him, for *Minos* King of *Crete*, in which he and his son *Icarus* were afterwards confined.

## E.

**E**xPLICIT carmen, &c. Here endeth the Poem of the Recommendation of Peace, composed to the Praise and Memory of the most serene Prince, King Henry the Fourth, by his humble Orator, John Gower.  
*Explicit liber primus, secundus, tertius, quartus*; Here endeth the first, second, third, fourth Book. p. 277, 291, 305, 318.  
*Explicit pars prima penitentiae, et incipit pars secunda*; Here endeth the first part of Repentance, and beginneth the second part. p. 195, b.  
*Explicit proemium*; Here endeth the Proem, or Prologue. p. 278, &c.

## F.

**F**aciem tuam abscondis, *Magd.* 507. Thou hidest thy face. This seems to be taken from *Isai.* LXIV. 7.  
*Fuerunt mihi lacryma mea in deserto panes die ac nocte*; My tears have been my bread in the wilderness day and night. *Magd.* 349, 350.

## I.

*Iesus filius Sirach*, Sq. 1768. *Iesus* the Son of *Sirach*, the Author, or Collector of the Apocryphal Book of *Ecclesiasticus*.  
*Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudeorum*; *Iesus* of *Nazareth* King of the Jews. p. 195, a. The Inscription put upon our Saviour's Cross.  
*Ignorant per ignorantem*; One obscurity explained by another more obscure. No. 1478.  
*In manus tuas*, MR. 1179. *Magd.* 714. Into thy hands I commit my spirit. *Psal.* XXI. 5. *Luk.* XXII. 46.  
*In nomine Iesu*, p. 202, a, &c. In [or At] the name of *Iesus* every knee shall bow. *Phil.* II. 10.  
*In principio*; In the beginning. *Prolog.* 256. They are the first words of St. *John's* Gospel; *In the beginning was the Word*, &c. *As sikir as* *In principio*, Mo. 1278. As sure as St. *John's* Gospel is true.  
*Ira scimini, et nolite peccare*, p. 200, b. Be angry, and sin not. *Psal.* IV. 4. *Eph.* IV. 26.

Jube



*Jube Domine*: Command, Lord. *CL.* 1374. The Poet profanely alludes to *Math.* XIV. 28.  
*Jubilare*: O be joyfull. *CL.* 1412. The beginning of *Psal.* C. *Jubilare Deo*.

## L.

**L** *Audate*: Praise ye. *CL.* 1416. *Hallelujah* is translated *Laudate Dominum*; Praise the Lord.  
*Libera me*, *Magd.* 573. Deliver me. *Job* XVII. 13. and in several *Psalms*.

## M.

**M** *Ea culpa*, *Tr. L.* 2. 525. My fault; a Form of asking pardon.  
*Melius est nubere quam uri*, *RL.* 364. It is better to marry than to burn. *1 Cor.* VII. 9.  
*Minerva loquitur ad Parin*; *Minerva* speaks to *Paris*. *p.* 557, b.  
*Montana Jude* [*1. Montana Judea*] The mountainous parts of *Judea*. *Magd.* 321.  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*: Woman is the confusion of Man. *Mo.* 1278.

## N.

**N** *On est aliud nomen sub celo*, &c. *p.* 201, b. There is none other name under heaven, &c. *Act.* IV. 12.

## O.

**O** *Admirabile*, *CL.* 1417. O wonderfull. *Psal.* VIII. 12.  
*O alma Redemptoris mater*; O holy or pure [Virgin] Mother of our Redeemer; the beginning of a Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.  
*O Deus, Deus, non est dolor sicut dolor meus*; O God, O God, there is no sorrow like unto my sorrow. *Magd.* 608, 609. The words seem to be taken from *Lam.* I. 12.  
*O pulchrior sole*! O thou that art fairer than the Sun. *Bal.* 604.

## P.

**P** *allas loquitur ad Parin*; *Pallas* speaksto *Paris*. *p.* 557, a.  
*Pallas loquitur primo*; *Pallas* speaks first. *p.* 557, a.  
*Pater noster*, *p.* 435, a. The Lord's Prayer beginning with *Pater noster*, i. e. Our Father.  
*Placebo*: I will please. *p.* 202, a.  
*Polus arcticus*: The North Pole. *p.* 500, a.  
*Pone me juxta te*, *Magd.* 574. Set me beside thee. *Job* XVII. 3.

## Q.

**Q** *uia non est qui consoletur me*, *Magd.* 514. Because there is none to comfort me. *Lam.* I. 2, 17.  
*Quia tulerunt Dominum meum*, *Magd.* 30. Because they have taken away my Lord. *Job* XX. 13.  
*Qui cum Patre*, &c. Who with the Father, &c. *p.* 214, b.  
*Quid mali feci tibi*? What evil have I done unto thee? *Magd.* 500. Perhaps he alludes to those places in the Gospel, *Math.* XXVI. 52. *Mar.* XV. 14. *Luk.* XXIII. 22.  
*Qui gladio percussit*; He that smiteth with the sword. *Mo.* 2185. He seems to refer to *Math.* XXVI. 52. *Rev.* XIII. 10.  
*Quid dilexi multum*; That [or Because] I have loved much. *Magd.* 610. He alludes to the words of our Saviour concerning *Mary Magdalen*. *Luk.* VII. 47.  
*Quod sic repente precipitas me*; That thou dost so suddenly cast me down headlong. *Magd.* 616. They are the words of the Vulg. Lat. in *Job* X. 8.

## R.

**R** *adix* [omnium] *malorum est cupiditas*, No. 1848, 1940. Covetousness is the root of [all] evil. *1 Tim.* VI. 10.  
*Remedium contra peccatum Accidia*; Remedy against the sin of Accidy. *p.* 204, b. See *Accidie* in the Gloss.

## S.

*Relevatio contra peccatum Avaritie*; Relief [or Remedy] against the sin of Covetousness. *p.* 206, b.  
*Remedium contra peccatum Luxuria*; Remedy against the sin of Lechery. *p.* 209, a.

**S** *agitta tue infixæ sunt mihi*, *Magd.* 609. Thine arrows are fixed [or stick fast] in me. *Psal.* XXXVIII. 2.  
*Salve Regina*; Hail Queen. *Bal. Lat.* 216. The beginning of a Hymn to our Lady.  
*Sanctus Deus*: Holy God. *Mo.* 2169. *Sanctissimus*: Most Holy. *ib.* 2170.  
*Sed non respondet mihi*; But he doth not answer me. *Magd.* 498.  
*Sequitur de gula*: Here followeth [a Discourse] concerning Gluttony. *p.* 207, a.  
*Sequitur secunda pars penitentia*; Here followeth the second part of Repentance, or Penitence. *p.* 210, a.  
*Significavit*, *Prol.* 664. "It is a Writ which issues out of the Chancery, upon a Certificate given by the Ordinary of a man that stands obstinately Excommunicate by the space of forty days, for the laying him up in prison without Bail or Mainprize, until he submit himself to the authority of the Church: And it is called so because *Significavit* is an Emphatical word in it. There is also another Writ of this name, directed to the Justices of the Bench, willing them to stay any Suit depending between such and such, by reason of an Excommunication alleged against the Plaintiff; because the Sentence of the Ordinary that did excommunicate him, is appealed from, and the Appeal yet depends undecided. *Bl.* L. D.

*Solum* [mihi] *superest sepulchrum*, *Magd.* 612. The Grave alone remains for me. *Job* XVII. 1.  
*Summum bonum*; The chiefest Good. *p.* 350.  
*Suspensus in patibulo*; Hanged upon a Gallows [or Cross] *Magd.* 168.

## T.

**T** *ablis Toletanis*, *Fr.* 2829. *Tabele Toletane*, *Alphon-* u.  
*fus's Tables* to calculate the Motion of the Planets for the Meridian of *Toledo*. *Sp.*  
*Tanquam cera liquefens*, *Magd.* 147. Like melting [or melted] wax. *Psal.* XXII. 14.  
*Tarditas*: Slowness. *p.* 204, b.  
*Te Deum amoris*; Thee the God of Love. *CL.* 1402.  
*Trake me post te*, *Magd.* 512. Draw me after thee. *Cant.* I. 4.  
*Tuam* [ipsius] *animam pertransibit gladius*, *Magd.* 450. A sword shall pierce through thine own soul. *Simon's* words to the Blessed Virgin, *Luk.* II. 35.  
*Tu autem*; But thou—*CL.* 1401. It very often occurs in the *Psalms*.  
*Turpe lucrum*: Filthy lucre. *Mo.* 2261.

## V.

**U** *bi posuerunt eum*; Where they have laid him. *Job* XX. 2.  
*Velociter exaudi me*, *Magd.* 570. Hear me quickly. *Psal.* LXVIII. 18.  
*Venite*: Come ye. *CL.* 1360. The beginning of *Psal.* XCV. *Venite, exultemus*.  
*Venus loquitur ad Parin*; *Venus* speaks to *Paris*. *p.* 557, b.  
*Via Appia*: A High-way or Causey leading from *Rome* through *Capua* to *Brundisium*; so called from one *Appius* who made it.  
*Ut Achisophel ad Absalom*; As *Achisophel* to *Absalom*. *p.* 202, b. The Poet seems to allude to *2 Sam.* XVI. 21.

A Trans-



## A Translation of the French in CHAUCER.

## A.

*A* *Moy qui voy*; To me who see. *AL.* 308.

## B.

*B* *Alade de bon conseil* [*l. conseil*] A Ballad of good counsel. *p.* 543, *b.*

*Bien monesté*; Well warned or advised. *AL.* 675.

*Bien et loyalement*; Well and dutifully or faithfully. *AL.* 88.

*Bonne* [*l. bon*] *hospel*; A fine, fair or good Palace. *Fa.* *L.* 2. 514.

## C.

*C* *'Est sans dire*; It is without saying. *AL.* 627.

*Comment raison diffiniit amice*, *p.* 251, *a.* Corruptly for *definit amitié*; How Reason defined Friendship.

*Comment raison vient a l'amant*, *p.* 247, *a.* How Reason cometh to the Lover.

## D.

*D* *ont vient la destinie* [*l. destinée*] *Bal. Lad.* 185. The destiny (or appointment) whereof cometh [to pass.]

## E.

*E* *n dien est*, *AL.* 489, 654. In God is—*sc.* my trust. See *lb.* 655.

*Entierement vostre*; Intirely yours. *AL.* 616.

*Estreignes moy de cœur joyeux*; Embrace me with a joyfull heart. *Bal. Lad.* 231.

*Et je sçay bien que ce n'est pas mon tort*; And I am sure it is not my fault. *Bal. Lad.* 236.

## J.

*J* *ay en vous toute ma fiance*; I put all my trust in you. *Bal. Lad.* 147.

*J'ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour*; I have quite lost my time, and my labour. *For.* 7. And so it should be read in *p.* 194, *a.*

*Je serve Joveffe*, *Hyper.* 224. I serve—*Jouesse*, *f. l.* *Jouesse*, the Fem. of *Joueur*, A Gamester, a Jester, one that plays the Wag; and it is either applicable to this *Ballade*, or to his Lady, whom he prays to accept in game the imperfections of it. *lb.* 222.

*Je voudray*, *Hyper.* 198. Perhaps for *Je voudrois*; I would [*fain.*]

*Je vous die* [*l. dis*] *sans dout* [*l. doute*] I tell you without doubt, *i. e.* for truth. *Fr.* 574.

## L.

*L* *a belle dame sans mercy*; The fair Lady without mercy. *p.* 442, *a.*

*La belle margarete* [*l. marguerite*] The fair Daisie. *Bal.* 588. See *Margarete* in the *Gloss.*

*L'amant*: The Lover. *p.* 424, &c.

*La dame*: The Lady. *p.* 424, &c.

*L'ardent espoir en mon cœur point est mort*,

*D'avoir l'amour de celle que je desire*;

The ardent hope is not dead in my heart to obtain the love of her whom I desire. *Bal. Lad.* 233, 234.

*La priere de nôtre dame*; The Prayer of [or, to] Our Lady. *ABC.* *p.* 588.

*L'assemble* [*l. L'assemblée*] *de dames*; The Assembly of Ladies. *AL.* 752.

*L'envoy de Chaucer a les mariz* [*l. aux maris, or mariez*] *de nôtre temps*, *p.* 105. The Address of Chaucer to the married [persons] of our time. See *L'envoy*, in the *Gloss.*

## M.

*M* *enlx un*, *Hyper.* 177. One best [in heart]. *Sp. f.* *Moulx, mol, or mou.* Soft, tender.

## O.

*O* *ngues* [*f. ne*] *puis lever*; I can never rise. *AL.* 598.

*Or a mon* [not *amon*] *cœur*; Now hath my heart. *Bal. Lad.* 193.

*Or a mon cœur ce qui* [*l. qu'il*] *vouloit*; Now hath my heart that which it desired. *Bal. Lad.* 192.

## P.

*P* *leures pour moy s'il vous plaist amonreux*; Weep if you please for me that am in love. *Bal. Lad.* 182.

*Plus ne pourroy* [*f. pourray*] I can do no more. *AL.* 364.

## Q.

*Q* *ui bien aime tard onblie*; He that loves well forgets late, or slowly. *p.* 413.

*Qui est là*? Who is there? *No.* 2722.

## S.

*S* *ans que jamais*: Without ever——*sc.* giving occasion. *AL.* 583.

*Sans ose je dire*; Without ceremony, without saying *Ose-je dire*; May or Dare I say it?

*Si douce est la margarete* [*l. marguerite*] So sweet is the Daisie. *FL.* 350. See *Bargaret* in the *Gloss.*

*Sine* [*f. son*] *et mon joly cœur est endormi*, *FL.* 177, 178.

It seems to be the beginning of a French Song in use in Chaucer's time. *f. l.* *Sus la fenille devers moy, son ce mon, &c.* Upon the Leaf by me, his and my pleasant heart is asleep.

*Soyes assuré*: Be assured, be of good cheer. *AL.* 666.

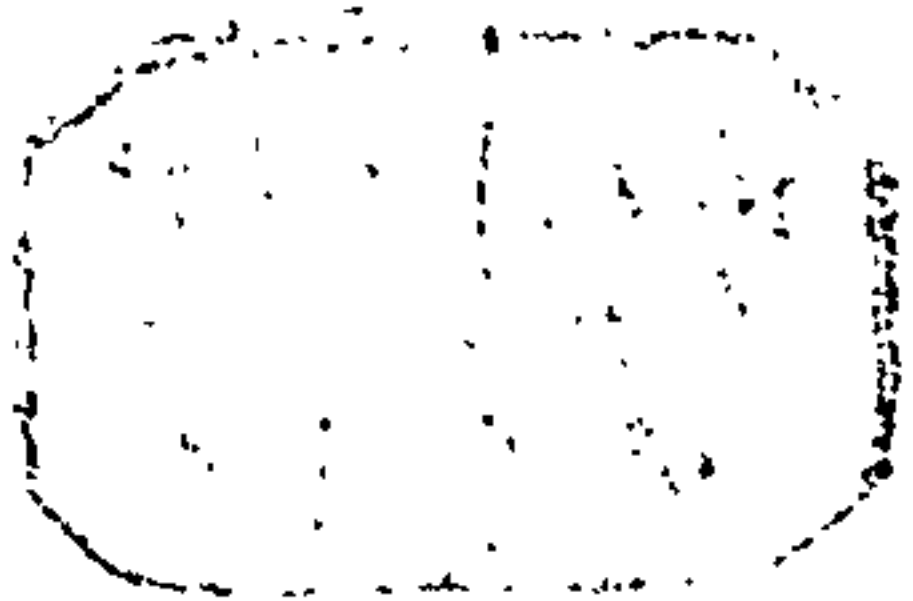
## T.

*T* *ant me fait mal de partir de ma dame*; So much does it grieve me to part [or, to be absent] from my Lady. *Bal. Lad.* 189.

*Tant que je puis*; As much as I can. *AL.* 208.

## U.

*U* *n sans changer*: One without changing. *AL.* 590.





## A short Account of some of the Authors cited by CHAUCER.

### A

**Æsculapius**, is said to be an antient Physician before the *Trojan War*, very skilfull in that Art, which gave occasion to many Fables of his bringing the Dead to life again. *Toforthrus*, the first King of *Memphis* in *Egypt*, was so called from his skill in Physick and Anatomy, concerning which he wrote several Books. See *Hoffm.* in *Toforthrus*. There is a Book under that name entituled *De morborum, infirmitatum, corporisque accidentium origine, causis, descriptionibus & cura*, printed at *Strasburgh* 1544. There was also a Philosopher of that name, who wrote something in Arithmetick.

**Æsopus**, a Philosopher born in *Phrygia*, in the time of King *Cræsus*, to whom he dedicated the Fables which he wrote.

**Agathon**, a Philosopher of *Samos*, who wrote several Histories. See *Plutarch* in *Parall. minoribus*.

**Alanus**, a *Sicilian* Poet and Orator, wrote, among other things, a Book *De planctu Nature*, i.e. Of the Complaint of Nature, partly in Prose, and partly in Verse.

**Albumasar**, otherwise called *Japhar*, a great Astrologer, wrote of sundry things in that Art.

**Alcabutius**, a Writer in Astronomy; as of the Conjunction of the Planets, &c.

**Albazen**, an *Arabian*, wrote seven Books of Perspective.

**Alphonse**, see *Petrus Alphonsus*.

**Ambrose**, the worthy Bishop of *Milan*, in the year of our Lord 373.

**Anselme**, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, wrote of the Origine of the Soul, of Predestination and Free Will, of the Misery of Man, of Original Sin, &c. He flourished in the Eleventh Century.

**Anticlaudianus** is the name of a Book written by *Alanus*. *Gesner*.

**Arion**, a *Greek* Lyrick Poet, who flourished in the 38 Olympiad. *Fa. L. 2.* 497.

**Aristotle**, a famous Philosopher, Scholar to *Plato*, and Master to *Alexander the Great*: He was 345 years before Christ.

**Arnoldus de Villa nova**, wrote among other Works in Physick, Chymistry, &c. a Book called *Rosarium Philosophorum*.

**Averroes**, a Physician of *Corduba*, and a great Philosopher, who flourished about the year 1149.

**Augustine**, Bishop of *Hippo* in *Africa*, wrote more Books than ever did any in the *Latin Church*.

**Avicen**, a Physician of *Sevil*, wrote a multitude of Books in that Faculty.

### B.

**Basilus Magnus**, Bishop of *Cæsarea* in *Cappadocia* in the Fourth Century.

**Bernardus Abbas Clarevallensis**, a *Burgundian*, wrote of the Contempt of the World, the degrees of Humility, of Grace and Free Will, of Conscience, and many other Subjects in Divinity. He flourished *A. D.* 1140.

**Bernardus Gordonius**, a *Frenchman*, Reader of Physick at *Montpelier*, wrote many things in that Faculty. He flourished *A. D.* 1498.

**Boccace**, a famous *Italian* Poet, born at *Florence*, Contemporary with *Chaucer*.

**Bradwardine**. See *Thomas Bradwardine*.

### C.

**Cassiodorus**: *Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus* of *Ravenna*, once Senator of *Rome*, afterwards a Monk and Abbot in *Ravenna*, and Secretary to *Theodorick King of Italy*, was a very learned man, and wrote several things in Divinity, History, and other parts of Learning, and died about the year 562. *Petrus Cassiodorus*, an *Italian*, wrote that the Pope was Antichrist; and there-

fore was taken up out of his grave, and burnt about the year 1300.

**Cato**, a learned man amongst the *Romans*, flourished 182 years before the Incarnation. The Moral Disticks which go under the name of *Cato*, were written since his time.

**Chrysippus** wrote *De Situ principatus Animæ*, which is confuted by *Galen*: He wrote many other Books, as *Diongenes Laertius* says in his Life. He is often quoted by *Athenæus*, *Stobæus*, and *Plutarch*.

**Claudian**, a famous *Latin* Poet, born at *Alexandria* in *Egypt*: He flourished under the Emperors *Theodosius* and *Honorius*, in the Third and Fourth Centuries, being the most modern of the Antient Poets. He wrote, among other things, Four Books *De raptu Proserpine*, i.e. Of the stealing away of *Proserpine*.

**Constantine** the Monk wrote and translated many things in Physick; and amongst others wrote a Book *De Coitu, quibus profit aut oblit, quibus meascan inibus & alimentis augeatur, impediaturve*. See *Sq.* 1317.

**Corinna**, a *Theban* Woman, and a Lyrick Poet: She wrote 50 Books of Epigrams, as *Suidas* and *Pausanias* report.

### D.

**Damascenus Presbyter**, called also *Manzarim*, wrote in *Greek* 4 Books concerning the Orthodox Faith, and several other things in Divinity and other Sciences. He flourished in the Fourth or Fifth Century. *Johannes Damascenus* wrote some things in Physick. There was another Physician so called, who is said to have writ in the same Faculty.

**Dante**, called *Dantes Aligerus*, an *Italian* Poet, born in *Florence*. He flourished *A. D.* 1341.

**Dares Phrygius** wrote the History of the *Trojan War* in *Greek*, in which he himself was a Soldier. He lived 1123 years before Christ.

**Diæty Cretensis**, or *Historicus*, wrote the History of the *Trojan War*, supposed to be translated into *Latin* by *Q. Septimius Romanus* in the time of *Constantine the Great*: But *Vossius* thinks that Work was not so antient, and that it was originally writ in *Latin*, though collected with very good judgment out of the *Greek* Writers. *De Hist. Lat.*

**Dioscorides**: There were two Physicians of that Name, and both Writers in their Profession; the one called *Phacas*, or *Lentinus*, of *Alexandria*, lived in the time of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, and wrote of the Names of Medicines: The other, *Pedacius Dioscorides* of *Anazarbus* in *Cilicia*, lived under *Nere*, and wrote *De materiâ medicâ, & Alexipharmacis*. But they are confounded by some Writers.

### G.

**Galen**, an excellent Physician of *Pergamus* in *Asia*, famous in the time of *Trajan* and the succeeding Emperors. Many of his Works are still extant in *Greek*. He dyed *A. D.* 140. in the 70<sup>th</sup> year of his Age.

**Galsfridus Monumethensis**, or *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, translated a Book of the *British History* brought from *Armorica*, or *Basse Bretagne*, by *Walter Mages* Archdeacon of *Oxford*, out of that Language into *Latin*; which he dedicated unto *Robert Duke of Gloucester*. He lived in the Twelfth Century.

**Galsfridus de Vino salvo**. See *Gaulfride* in the *Glossary*.

**Gatysden** [*John*] called by some *Johannes Anglicus*, was a famous Philosopher, and Physician of *Merton College* in *Oxford*. He wrote a Book of Physick, entituled *Rosa Medica*. He lived about the Fourteenth Century.



*Gilbertus Anglicus* wrote a Book entitled, *Practica & Compendium Medicinæ*, much read by young Practitioners in Physick. *Lel. de Script. Brit.* p. 291.

*Gregory*, the first Pope of that name, surnamed the Great, wrote many Homilies and Comments, and other Works in Divinity. He flourished in the Seventh Century.

*Guido de Columna*, a Judge of *Messina* in *Sicily*, wrote the History of the Destruction of *Troy* in Latin after *Dictys Cretensis* (as he says) in the year 1287.

## H.

*Hali*, an *Arabian* Physician, wrote a Book of the Composition of Medicines.

*Helowis*. See the *Glossary*. There is a Volume of Letters extant which passed between her and *Abelard*.

*Hermes Trismegistus* was Counsellor to *Osiris* King of *Egypt*. The Invention of Writing, Hieroglyphicks, the Laws of the *Egyptians*, and divers Sciences is attributed to him. There was another of that Name, a Disciple of *Plato*, who is said to have translated the Works of the former concerning Physick, Astrology and the *Egyptian* Theology, which are lost: Those that now go under his Name are supposititious.

*Hieronymus Stridonensis* [*St. Jerome*] wrote, amongst a multitude of other Books, some Discourses of Virginité and Monogamy.

*Hippocrates of Cos*, a most ancient Physician, and Prince of all others, wrote many Books in Physick, which are extant. He flourished about 500 Years before Christ.

*Homer*, the famous *Greek* Poet, and the Father of Poets, lived about a Thousand years before the Incarnation of our Lord.

## I.

*Innocent*, the Fourth Pope of that Name, born in *Campania*, lived in the Thirteenth Century. He wrote, among other things, a Book *De utilitate humanæ conditionis*.

*Johannes Damascenus*. See *Damascenus*.

*John Som*, or *Some*, a Carmelite, wrote some things in the Mathematics. See *Lel. de Script. Brit.* p. 347.

*John Somar*, or *Somer*, a Franciscan of *Bridgewater*, was a great Mathematician, and wrote several Tracts in Astronomy. *Lel.*

*Josiphus*, a learned *Jewish* Priest, wrote in Greek Seven Books of the Wars of the *Jews*, and Twenty Books of their Antiquities, from the beginning of the World to the fourteenth year of the Emperor *Domitian*, in whose time he flourished.

*Justinian*, the Emperor, caused the *Roman* Laws, which lay scattered in above 2000 Books, to be collected into the 12 Books of the *Code* and *Digests*, and composed 4 Books of *Institutes*. He reigned in the Sixth Century.

*Juvenal*, a Latin Poet, famous for his Satyrs, flourished in the Reigns of the Emperors *Domitian* and *Trajan*.

## L.

*Lollus*, an Italian Historiographer born at *Urbino*, who lived under the Emperors *Macrinus* and *Heliogabalus*, in the beginning of the Third Century, is said to have written the History of his own Time, and also the Life of the Emperor *Diadumenus* the Son of *Macrinus*. *Tr. L. 1. 395. Fa. L. 3. 380.*

*Lucan*, a Latin Poet living in the time of *Nero*, wrote a Poem of the History of the Civil War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*.

## M.

*Macrobius*, a famous Critick and Antiquary, who, among other things, wrote a Comment on *Cicero's* *Somnium Scipionis*. *RR. 7, &c. Mo. 1238. Dr. Ch. 283, &c. AF. 31, 111.*

*Martianus Capella* wrote of the Seven Liberal Sciences, and 6 Books *De nuptiis Philologie & Mercurii*; in the last of which he describes the Situation of Coun-

tries. *Fa. L. 2. 478.*

*Maximianus*. See *Basse* in the *Glossary*.

## N.

*Nicholas Lynne*, a very learned Carmelite, was a very excellent Mathematician, and wrote several Tracts in Astronomy, and amongst others, *Canones Tabularum*.

*Nigellus Wirker*. See *Burnel the Ass* in the *Glossary*.

## O.

*Ovid*, a famous *Roman* Poet in the time of *Augustus*.

## P.

*Pamphilus Presbyter*, Kinsman to *Eusebius*, transcribed a great part of *Origen's* Works with his own hand, and wrote an Apology for him, and some other Tracts. He suffered Martyrdom at *Cæsarea* in *Palestine* in the Persecution of *Maximus*.

*Petrarch*, a famous *Italian* Poet, Coremporary with *Chaucer*, and thought to be of his acquaintance. See *Chaucer's* Life.

*Petrus Alphonsus*, a Jew converted to the Christian Faith, wrote a Dialogue between *Moses* a Jew and *Peter* a Christian, against the *Jews*, and a Book of Science and Philosophy, and some other things. He flourished *A. D. 1100.*

*Petrus Cassiodorus*, a learned *Italian* Nobleman, did write to the Church of *England*, and persuaded them to cast off their obedience to the *Roman* Bishops, and to beware of their Tyranny, 1302. *Sp.* See *Cassiodorus*.

*Ptolemy*, an *Egyptian* Astrologer of *Pelufium*, who was famous in the time of *M. Aurelius Antoninus*. He wrote 8 Books of Geography, *Almagestum* in 13 Books, and 4 Books of Judicial Astrology.

*Pythagoras*, a famous Philosopher of *Samos*, lived 500 years before the Incarnation. He is at this day worshipped in *India* under the name of *Brahma*. See *Hoffm.* in *Pythagoras*.

## R.

*Rasis*, an *Arabian* Physician, wrote many things in Physick.

*Rufus*, a Physician of *Ephesus* in the time of *Trajan*, wrote in Greek several Tracts in that Faculty.

## S.

*Seneca*, a famous *Roman* Philosopher, Tutor to *Nero*, who suspecting him to be engaged in a Conspiracy against him, ordered him to chuse what Death he would dye: He chose to open a Vein, and accordingly bled to death in a Bath.

*Senior Zazith* wrote a Book of Alchymy. *Gesner.*

*Serapion*, an *Arabian*, wrote of the Composition of Medicines.

*Statius*. See *State* in the *Glossary*, and the Translation of the Latin in *Chaucer*, in *Associat profugum Tydens*, &c.

*Strode*, a learned man of *Merton-College*, *Oxon.* in *Chaucer's* time, and Tutor to his Son *Lewis*. See *Chaucer's* Life, and *Strode* in the *Glossary*.

*Suetonius*, lived under *Trajan* and *Adrian*, and wrote the Lives of the Twelve *Cæsars*.

## T.

*Tertullian* wrote, among other things, a Book concerning the Attire of Women, &c.

*Theophrastus Eresius*, Disciple to *Aristotle*, among many other Works, wrote Moral Characters, wherein there is an Article of Niggardliness.

*Thomas Bradwardine*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, flourished in the Thirteenth Century, and wrote a Book *De Causâ Dei* against *Pelagius*, which he dedicated to the Society of *Merton-College*. He also wrote many other Discourses; as, Of the Trinity, Of Predestination,



tion, and other Subjects in Divinity; and also of Geometry, Arithmetick, and Proportions.

*Titus Livius* wrote the History of *Rome*, from the Foundation of the City to the Death of *Drusus* in 142 Books, many of which are lost.

*Trotula*, an ancient Author, wrote a Book of the Cure of Diseases in and after Child-birth.

*Tullius*: *M. Tullius Cicero*, a Senator of *Rome*, Father of Eloquence, and pure Fountain of the Latin Tongue, flourished about 40 years before *Christ's* Incarnation.

## V.

*Valerius Maximus* wrote to *Tiberius Caesar* a Book of the memorable Deeds and Sayings of Worthy Men,

collected from the best Authors, and digested into Common places in 9 Books.

*Virgil*, a famous *Roman* Poet in the time of *Augustus*.

*Vitellio*, a learned Mathematician, wrote 10 Books of Perspective.

## W.

*William S. Amour*, a Frenchman, wrote a Commentary on the *Apocalypse*, much inveighing against the Pope, and was therefore banished, and his Books burnt. *Gesner* says that he was a Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, and wrote Three Books against the Begging Fryars, entitled, *De periculis temporum*. He lived under *S. Lewis*.

## Additions to the GLOSSARY.

*Argumentis*, Fr. 2833. See *Expans yeres*.

*Attamed*. *Atame* or *Attame* in *Lidg.* signifies To tast, to try; To attempt, undertake. Also To tell or declare; as, *The truth I dare attame*. *The truth to attame*; I dare tell the truth, To tell the truth.

*Bord*. Concerning the *Round Tables*, to which Knights were formerly invited for the performance of Military Exercises, and the Ceremonies used upon those occasions, see *Selden's Tit. of Hon.* Part II. Ch. 5. §. 41.

*Centris*. See *Expans yeres*.

*Cheste*: Strife. The nature of *Cheste* is particularly described in *Gower's Conf. Amantis*, Edit. 1554. Fol. XLIX, b.

*Clum*: From the *AS.* *Clumian*, To mutter.

*Collete*, Fr. 2831. See *Expans yeres*.

*Doseperis*: Add to the Authors refer'd to in the Glossary, *Selden's Tit. of Hon.* Part II. Ch. 3. §. 17.

*Entame* seems to signify To hurt in *Gower's Conf. Amantis*, Fol. XI, b. *If thou thy conscience Entamed hast; If thou hast wounded thy conscience.*

*Expans yeres*. In Fr. 2829, &c. the Poet describes the *Alphonse* Astronomical Tables by the several parts of them, wherein some Technical Terms occur which were used by the Old Astronomers, and continued by the Compilers of those Tables. *Collect Years* are certain Sums of Years, with the Motions of the Heavenly Bodies corresponding to them, as of 20, 40, 60, 80, 100, &c. disposed into Tables; and *Expanse Years* are the single Years, with the Motions of the Heavenly Bodies answering to them, beginning at 1, and continued on to the smallest *Collect* Sum, as

20, 40, &c. A *Root*, or *Radix*, is any certain Time, taken at the Author's pleasure, from which as an *Era*, the Celestial Motions are to be computed. By *Proportional Convenientes* are meant the Tables of Proportional Parts. *Centre*, *Argument*, and other Terms there used have peculiar significations in the Old Astronomers and the *Alphonse* Writers, well known to Astronomers, which it would be too tedious to explain here, as well as unnecessary for common Readers.

*Fese*; To drive away. PT. 351. from the *AS.* *Festian*, *Fugare*.

*Fret* often signifies Adorned, garnished, &c. From the *AS.* *Fretpan*, *Ornare*, &c. Also an Ornament, &c.

*Hokir*: Abusiveness; from the *AS.* *Docep*, Reproach, ignominy.

*Loppe*: The *AS.* *Loppe* signifies a Silkworm; and also a sort of Spider. Vide *Alfrici Gloss.* p. 59, b.

*Potenciall*, Fa. L. 3. 5. should perhaps be *Poetical*.

*Proportional Convenientes*. See *Expans yeres*.

*Reddour*: Rigour.

*Rotis*, Fr. 2833. See *Expans yeres*.

*Shapely*: Proper.

*Sinet*, *Synet*, is often in *Aslr.* put for the *Zenith*, or the Vertical Point in the Heavens, which is directly over our heads.

*Tall*. Instead of *humble and thrall*, CMV. 38. the former Editions had *humble and tall*: And *Junius* in his MSS. Additions to the *Gloss. Goth.* in Lord *Harley's* Library, says, the word signifies Obedient, obsequious, every way flexible. P. 368. in *Antalan*.

*Weize*: To avoid.

## F I N I S.





## ERRATA.

**I**N the Life of Chaucer, p. 3. l. 23. read *Virgil*. l. 32. Discourse. p. 4. marg. a. l. 2. in *Oxfordshire*. p. 6. l. 36. he took up. ib. marg. b. l. 8. T. R. p. 7. l. 48. in *Oxfordshire*. p. 4. l. 6. Fathers.

In the Testimonies. p. 2, a. l. 7. *dele* [.] l. 26. choyse. p. 3, a. l. 27. aftertith. l. ult. *dele* of. p. 5, b. l. 50. prostrate. p. 7, b. l. ult. put a (.) after *relinquens*. p. 8, a. l. 1. monte. p. 10, a. l. 10. own'd.

In the Preface. p. 7. l. 29. in a fair hand. p. 8. l. 43. *purse*, &c. p. 12. l. 60. Notices. p. ult. l. 21, 22. to run the risk. Before the Cut of Sir *Thopaz*, read The following Cut.

In the Royal Licence. l. 28. Hands.

In *Chaucer's Works*. p. 1. *Y*. 23. read *Hofstely*. p. 2. 119. simple. p. 3. 187. bid. p. 7. 727. curtesie. 734. He mote. 741. spake. 749. us. p. 9. 939. thereaboutin. 1051. yellow. p. 11. 1308. your et. 1310. roukith. 1356. tell. p. 14. 1745. And. 1754. soche. 1806. wenin. p. 16. 2020. beris. 2052. of Mars. 2060. turnid. p. 22. 2917. raught. p. 26. 269. *dele* as. p. 31. 824. *dele* he. p. 32. 1061. flepitt. p. 35. 1286. rift. p. 41. 622. seler is. p. 45. 1300. men. p. 48. 1774. wrake him of. p. 50. 116. *dele* to. p. 53. 428. cometh. p. 56. 845. the crosse. p. 58. 1075. hundred. p. 62. 437. *dele* and. p. 64. 640. hem. 671. Thus. p. 66. 742. the. p. 71. 1371. Than. p. 77. 203. told of it. p. 81. 790. *dele* [.] after plight. p. 82. 860. Elfuene. p. 91. 910. an. 545. God save me. p. 92. 569. this must. p. 103. 1890. your. p. 118. 349. as a man. p. 119. 449. *dele* [.] after n'is. p. 122. 800. fixe. p. 130. 1800. you. p. 138. 2506. It shall. p. 140. 2773. *dele* thing. p. 143. 3091. evangeliste. p. 150. b. l. 21. thy counsaile. p. 151. a. l. 36. but he have more love of the peple than drede. p. 152. b. l. 7. wickednesse. p. 155. b. l. 42. For. p. 158. a. l. 4. they. p. 159. a. l. 28. lordship. p. 164. 447. madin. p. 169. *Y*. 1037. Nothing, God wore, but. 1047. lite. p. 172. 1385. Mermaide. p. 173. 1558. and. p. 175. 1644. In lifting. p. 176. 1840. ybraff. 1856. retchelefs. p. 180. 2198. Eche one. 2221. riotours. p. 182. 2417. accorde with this. 2422. kende. p. 183. 2619. Hereto. 2623. understonde. p. 184. 2680. feke. p. 185. 2843. offren to now. 2869. shewe. 2876. thei. p. 186. 2888. this. 2961. ovrise. 2968. er [or ever] bite. 3006. making. p. 188. 3146. hem. p. 189. 3289. or flight. p. 196. a. l. 2. worlde. b. l. 32. or my praie. l. 51. shriste, they. p. 198. b. l. 5. on other. l. 29. malison. p. 203. b. l. 59. doeth. p. 205. b. l. 12. rightfull. l. 35. of soche. p. 210. a. l. 13. it is mer. l. 48. lecherie. p. 211. b. l. 17. be shriven. l. 38. thou that shrivest. p. 216. *Y*. 140. Portrayed. p. 217. 321, 343. forwe'full. 339. forwe. p. 218. 396. elden. p. 226. 1620. hath he set. p. 227. 1762. drewe. p. 228. 1949. bidding. p. 234. 2751. fleeth. p. 235. 2953. compendiously. p. 236. 3086. the. p. 237. 3202. well an high. p. 244. 4200. brade. p. 246. 4478. Thei doin. p. 253. 5560. gevith. p. 255. 5867. Thus. p. 257. 6044. fe. p. 259. 6405. plainin. p. 260. 6448. thriving. p. 261. 6851. Or. p. 265. 7186. eyen sight. p. 268. 7637. It n'ere. p. 270. 234. skornin. p. 272. 432. bethe to me hen. p. 275. 814. he. p. 279. 229. ye it. p. 280. 420. worlde. p. 281. 462. slightly. p. 283. 761. knight that is. 800. hem. p. 290. 1672. And him with all. p. 295. 507. stonding. p. 297. 818. that is. 855. dretching. p. 298. 875. would him in sorowe. p. 302. 1411. diddin. p. 308. 390. define. p. 310. 650. be ware. p. 312. 888. for to. 932. I him hither. p. 317. 1495. O gode. p. 318. 1626. a waie. 1655. Me glad. 9. clene. p. 319. 37. gan him to dresse. p. 321. 303. glede. p. 324. 769. throughout. p. 330. 1471. this Bore to se. 1567. he bad. p. 331. 1624. on e-vill. p. 335. 242. penne and ink. p. 337. 65. forthwith. 131. gentilnesse. p. 339. 150. obervaunce. p. 341. 389. nat. p. 349. 92. the. p. 352. 72. for to be. p. 359. a. l. 9. overcome. p. 367. b. l. 1. sheweth. p. 368. a. l. 40. fairnesse. l. 42. 43. overwhelmeth. l. ult. rightfullie. p. 371. a. l. 5. piemente. p. 373. a. l. 9. festivally. b. l. 46. laft. p. 374. b. l. 31. nathes. p. 376. b. l. 16. *dele* ur. p. 378. a. l. 55. *ab ortu*. b. l. 50. *vie devia*. p. 379. a. l. 32. entrailes. b. l. 49. celebrité. p. 380. b. l. 51. in to [or two]. p. 381. b. l. 46. porifmes. p. 386. b. l. 9. fyxe. p. 387. b. l. 10. that is. p. 389. a. l. 16. ne defouleth. p. 398. a. l. 46. wote. p. 399. a. l. 14. forme. p. 401. a. l. 7. in sensible. p. 402. a. l. 37. 38. by the propertie of. p. 403. a. l. 49. flie. b. l. 44. an [or on] high. p. 404. *Y*. 30. whi so. p. 407. 526. amendes. p. 408. 638. hed. 668. I shulde. p. 410. 887. rought. p. 411. 1094. wolde. p. 412. 1254. ferthir. p. 413. b. l. 20. thralle. p. 414. 154. shove in at. p. 415. 180. shotir. p. 416. 363. The Ravin wife, the Crowe with, &c. 398. his shape. p. 417. 510. *dele* the. 540. these Egles. p. 418. 606. retche. 685. they. p. 420. 180. sayin. 185, 186. See *Hylye in the Glossary*. 211. witte full. p. 422. 47. knowin. p. 425. 342. workis. 366. A will. 394. malice is set. p. 429. 739. a vaun-tour. 753. distain. 774. *dele* for. p. 431. 136. mete. 169. false. p. 439. 741. substaunce. p. 441. b. l. 40. heddes. p. 442. b. l. 28. which is partie. l. 43. and it serveth. p. 443. b. l. 49. make of it. p. 444. a. l. 22. spirit. p. 446. b. l. 58. pole. p. 452. *Y*. 159. on live. 209. offence. p. 454. 422. lefigoures. 458. Iment. p. 455. 553. sit. p. 457. 72. fere. p. 460. 327. Knowin. 371. counsaillid. p. 461. 397. rechèles. p. 462. 35. fle yng. 47. spake. p. 463. 206. amiddis. p. 467. 316. Goddesse. p. 468. 381. eke de *Columpnis*. p. 469. 616. tho. p. 470. 723. wickednesse. p. 473. 51. turvid. p. 475. 194. 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In the Explanation of Abbreviations, &c. Col. a. l. 33. Compl. of *Venus*. 533. l. 52. *Gamelyn*.

In the Glossary. p. 4, b. l. 70. *angre*. p. 7, a. l. 16. *mote*. p. 11, b. l. 31. corrupted. p. 23, a. l. 32. *D'owaie*. p. 26, a. l. 21. To embarasse, engage. p. 28, b. l. 14. There is no credit. p. 31, a. l. 20. *Gatteridge-tree*. l. 50. Particle. p. 33. b. l. 15. *diceremur*. p. 38, b. l. 22. Raked. p. 39, a. l. 10. See *Wis*. p. 45, b. l. 10. *Aerula*. p. 46, a. l. 67. here. b. l. 21. *Mistily*. p. 51, b. l. 15. *Pejorare*. p. 52, a. l. 45. *Tr. L. 2.*—*MS. Sp.* p. 54, b. l. 20. A quire of paper. p. 56, a. l. 6. Reading. Some, &c. p. 61, a. l. 21. *MS. Ch.* p. 68, b. l. 29. *Versefour*. p. 70, b. l. 13, 14. I was well ured; I had, &c. p. 76, a. l. 35. *sefe*. b. l. 45. *tuam*. p. 77, b. l. 39. *Tabula*.





THE  
WORKS  
OF  
JEOFFREY CHAUCER.

The PROLOGUES of the Canterbury Tales  
of CHAUCER, from the MSS.

**W**HEN that Aprilis with his Shouris sote,  
The drought of March had percid to  
the rote,  
And bathid every veyn in such licour,  
Of which vertue engendrid is the flour;  
When Zephyrus eke, with his swete breth  
Enspirid hath, in every holt and heth  
The tender croppis; and that the yong Sunn  
Hath in the Ramm his halye cours yrunn: f  
And smale foulis makin melodye,  
That slepin alle night with opin eye,  
(So prickith them nature in ther corage)  
Then longin folk to go on pilgrimage;  
And Palmers for to sekin strange strondes,  
To servin Hallowes couth in sondry londes:  
And specially fro every shir'is end  
Of England, to Canterbury they wend,  
The holy blisfull Martyr for to seke,  
That them hath holpin, whan that they were seke.

Befell that in that seson on a day  
In Southwerk at the Tabberd as I lay,  
Redy to wendin on my Pilgrimage  
To Canterbury, with devote corage,  
At night wer come into that Hostery  
Wele nine and twenty in a company

Of sundrie folk, by aventure yfall  
In felasship; and Pilgrimes wer they all;  
That toward Canterbury wouldin ride.

The Chambers and the Stablis werin wide,  
And well we werin esid at the best:  
And shortly whan the Sunne was to rest,  
So had I spokin with them everychone,  
That I was of ther felasship anone;  
And made forward erli for to rise,  
To take our weye, ther as I did devise.

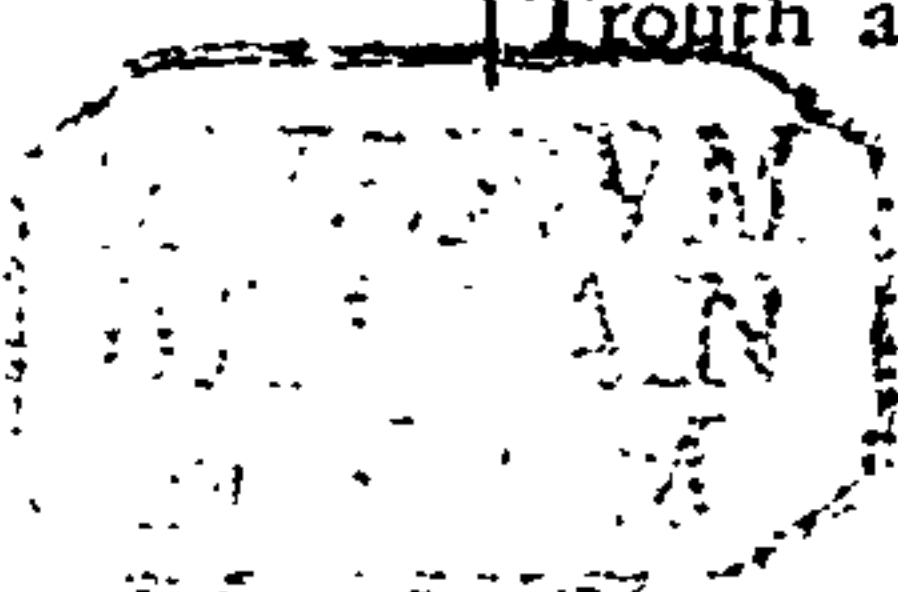
But natheles while that I have time and space,  
Er' that I farther in this Tale pace,  
Methinkith it accordaunt to reson,  
To tell you alle the Condition  
Of ech of them, so as it semid me,  
And which they werin, and of what degree,  
And eke in what array that they wer in:  
And at a Knight then woll I first begin.

The Knight.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,  
That fro the tyme that he first began  
To ridin out, he lovid Chevalrie,  
Trough and Honour, Fredome and Curtesy.

B

Full





Full worthy was he in his Lord's werre,  
And thereto had he riddin' nane more ferre"  
As well in Christendom, as in Hethnes;,  
And evyr honoured for his worthines.

At Alessandre' he was whan it was won;  
Full oft timis he had the bord begon  
Abovin alle Naciouns in Puce;  
In Lettow had he riddin, and in Luce,  
No Christen-man so oft of his degree  
In Granada; in the Sege had he be  
Of Algezir, and ridd in Belmary;  
At Leyis was he, and at Sataly,  
Whan that they wer won; and in the grete Seg  
At many a noble army had he be:  
At mortal battails had he ben fiftene,  
And foughtin for our feith at Tramesene,  
In listis thrys, and alwey slein his fo.

This ilke worthy Knight had ben also  
Sometimis with the Lord of Palathy,  
Ayens anothir hethin in Turkey;  
And evirmore he had a Sov'raigne priße;  
And though that he was worthy, he was wise;  
And of his port as meke as is a Maid,  
He nevir yet no villany ne said  
In all his life unto no manner wight:  
He was a very parfit gentil Knight.  
But for to tellin you of his array,  
His hors wer good; but he was nothing gay,  
Of Fustian he werid a gipon,  
Alle besmotrid with his haburgeon:  
For he was late ycome from his viage,  
And wente for to do his pilgrimage.

### The Squire.

With him there was his Sonn, a yonge Squire,  
A Lovir, and a lusty Bachillere,  
With lockis curle, as they were leid in preß,  
Of twenty yere of age he was, I ghesse,  
Of his Stature he was of evin length,  
Wondirly delyver, and of grete Strength;  
And he had ben sometime in Chivauchie  
In Flandris, in Artois and Picardye,  
And born him wele, as of so littil space,  
In hope to standin in his Lady's grace.  
Embroudid was he, as it were a Mede,  
All full of fresh flouris both white and rede;  
Singing he was or floyting all the day,  
He was as fresh as is the Month of May.  
Short was his gounce with slevis long and wide,  
Well couth he sit an hors, and feire yride;  
And Songis he couth make, and wel endite,  
Just, and eke daunce, and wel portraie and write.  
So hote he lovid, that by nighter tale  
He slept no more than doth the Nightingale.  
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,  
And karft before his faðir at the table.

### The Squire's Yoman.

A Yoman had he, and Servantes no mo,  
At that time, for him list to ridin so.  
And he was clad in Cote and hode of grene,  
A sheff of Pecoock arrowes, bright and kene,  
Undir his belt he bare, full thriftily;  
Wel couth he drefs his tackle yomanly,  
His arrowes droupid not with fethris low;  
And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.  
A nott hede had he, with a brown visage,  
Of wood-craft wel couth he all the usage.  
Upon his arme he bare a gay bracer,  
And by his side a Swerd and bokeler,  
And on that othir side a gay daggere  
Harnisid wele and sharp as point of Spere;

A Christopher on' his brest of silver shene,  
An horne he bare, the baudrick was of grene,  
A Foster was he sothly, as I ghesse.

### The Prioreße.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioreße,  
That of her smiling was simple and coy; <sup>full</sup> <sup>p</sup>  
Her gretist oth was but by Seint Eloye. <sup>120</sup>  
And she was clepid Madame Eglentine;  
Full wele she song, tho the Service devine, <sup>12</sup>  
Entunid in her nose full semly;  
And French she spake full fayr and fetisly,  
After the School of Stratford attē Bowe,  
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.  
At Metē was she well ytraught withall,  
She let no morsell from her lippis fall;  
Ne wet her fingris in her saucē depe;  
Well couth she carry' a morsell, and well kepe, <sup>130</sup>  
That no dropē ne fell upon her brest;  
In curtesie was fett full much her lest.  
Her over-lippē wipid she so clene,  
That in her cup there was no ferthing sene  
Of grece, whan she dronkin had her draught;  
Full semly aftir her mete she raught;  
And sikerly she was of gret disport,  
And full plefaunt and amiable of port;  
And painid her to counterfete chere  
Of Court, and to ben stately of Manere, <sup>140</sup>  
And to ben holdin digne of reverence.

But for to spekin of her conscience,  
She was so charitable and so pitous,  
She wouldē wepe, if that she saw a Mous  
Caught in a Trapp, if it were ded or bled.  
Of smale houndis had she that she fed,  
With rostid flesh, or milk and wastel bred,  
But fore wept she, if any' of them were ded,  
Or if men smotē them with a yard smert,  
And all was conscience, and tendir hert. <sup>150</sup>

Full semly her wimple pinchid was:  
Her nose was tretes, her yin gray as glas,  
Her mouth full smale, and thereto soft and red,  
But sikirly she had a fayr forehed;  
It was almost a spannē brode I trow;  
For hardily she was not undergrow.

Full fetise was her cloke, as I was ware;  
Of smale corall about her arm she bare  
A pair of bedis, gaudid alle with grene,  
And theron hong a broch of gold full shene, <sup>160</sup>  
On whiche ther was first writ a crownid A,  
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.  
Another Nonn also with her had she,  
That was her chapēlein, and priestis thre.

### The Monke.

A Monke ther was fayr for the Maistery,  
An outrider, that lovid Venery;  
A Manly man, to ben an Abbot able,  
Many a dainty horse had he in stable:  
And when he rode, Men might his bridle here  
Gingiling in a whistling wind as clere <sup>170</sup>  
And eke as lowd, as doth the Chappell bell  
Ther as this Lord was keper of the Cell;  
The rule of St. Maure and of St. Benet,  
Because that it was old and somdele streit,  
This ilke Monke let old thingis to pacc,  
And heldin after the new world the trace.  
He gave not of the text a pullid hen,  
That faith, that Hunters be not holy men, <sup>180</sup>  
Ne that a Monke, whan he is recheles,  
Is likenid til a fish, that's waterles:  
This is to say, a Monke out of Cloystre,  
This ilk text yeld he's not worth an Oystre:

I seide: But thith.

\* But thith. text helde he. n. w. 811



*And* I seide his opinion was good, *right*  
 What shuld he study, or make himself wood,  
 Upon a boke in cloystre alweie poure,  
 Or swinke with his hondis, or laboure, *or*  
 As Austin did. How shall the world be served?  
 Let Austin have his swinke to him reserved.  
 Therefore he was a Priakoure aright; *— eke —*  
 Greihounds he had as swift as foule of flight: 190  
 Of pricking, and of hunting for the hare  
 Was all his lust, for no cost would he spare.  
 I see his sleeves purfild at the hande *o*  
 With grys, and that the finist in a lande. *o*  
 And to sustene his hood under his chin,  
 He had of gold wrought a full curious pinn;  
 A Love-knot in the greter end ther was.  
 His hed was bald, and shone as any glas,  
 And eke his face as he had ben anoint;  
 He was a Lord full fat, and in gode point: 200  
 His eyin stepe, and rolling in his hed,  
 That stemid as a furnis of led,  
 His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate;  
 Now certainly he was a fayr Prelate!  
 He was not pale as a forpinid gholt,  
 A fat Swann loved he beste of any rost.  
 His palfry was as browne as is a berry.

A Frere

A Frere there was, a wanton and a merry,  
 A Limitour, and a full solempne man,  
 In all the Orders four is none that can  
 So much of daliaunce and fair langage.  
 He hadd made full many a marriage  
 Of yonge women, all at his own cost, *What*  
 Till his Order he was a noble post.  
 Full wele beloved, and familier was he,  
 With Frankelins all over his Contré,  
 And with the worthie Women of the towne;  
 For he had powir of confessioun,  
 As he seide himself more than a Curate,  
 For of his Order he was Licentiate: *— ve —* 220  
 And full swetely herde he their confessioun, *And*  
 And plefaunt was his absolutioun.  
 He was an cly man to give pennaunce,  
 Ther as he wist to have a gode pittaunce;  
 For unto a pore Order for to give  
 Is a signe that a man is wele yshrive: *It*  
 For if he gave ought, he durst make avaunt,  
 He wist wele that that man was repentaunt;  
 For many a man so herde is of his herte,  
 That he may not wepe, although him fore smert; 230  
 Therefore instede of weping and prayers,  
 Men more give silver to the pore Freres.  
 His tippet was ay farfid full of knives,  
 And pinnis for to givin to faire wives.  
 And certainly he had a merry note,  
 Wele couth he sing and playin on a Rote:  
 Of yedding, he bare utterly the price. *5*  
 His neck was white as is the Floure de lis.  
 Therto stronge was he as a champioun,  
 And knewe the Tavernes wele in every toun, 240  
 And every hostiler and tapstere,  
 Better than a Lazere, or a beggere;  
 For unto such a worthy man as he  
 Accordith naught, as by his faculte,  
 To have with such like Lazares acqueyntaunce;  
 It is naught honest, it may not avaunce,  
 For to have deling with suche base poraile;  
 But alle with rich and fellers of Vitayle;  
 And over alle, as profit shulde arise,  
 Courtis he was, and lowly of servise.  
 Ther na's no man no wher so vertuouse,  
 And He was the best beggere in alle his house,

And gavin a certaine ferme for the graunt,  
 None of his brethren camin in his haunt.  
 For though a Wedowe had nought but a Scho,  
 (So plefaunt was his *In principio*)  
 Yet would he have a ferthing er he wente,  
 His purchase was wele better than his rente:  
 And rage he couth as it werin a whelpe. *small*  
 In love-dayis ther couth he mikill helpe, 260  
 For ther he was not like a Cloisterere,  
 In a thred-bare Cope, like a pore Scolere,  
 But he was like a Maistere or a Pope;  
 Of double worstede was his semy Cope;  
 So roundid twas as a bell out of presse. *at. roundly*  
 Somewhat he lipsid for his wantonnesse, *that rounded as a b. out of the pr.*  
 To make his English swete upon his tonge;  
 And in his harping whan that he had songe,  
 His eyin twinkelfd in his hede aright,  
 As don the Sterris in a frosty night. 270  
 This worthy Limitour was cleped Huberde.

A Marchaunt.

A Marchaunt was ther with a forkid berde,  
 In motley, and high on his horse he sat,  
 Upon his hed a Flaunders bevir hat,  
 His bootis claspid faire and fetisly, *more*  
 His retons ay spake he full solempnly,  
 Shewing alweye the encrease of his winning,  
 He would the See wer kept for any thing,  
 Betwixte Middleborough and Orewell;  
 Well couth he in eschaunge his Sheldis sell. 280  
 This worthy man so wele his wit bifett,  
 That there wist no wight that he was in debt.  
 So statly was he with his governaunce,  
 With his bargeins, and with his chevifaunce.  
 Forsooth he was a worthy man with all;  
 But sooth to saine, I n'or what men him call.

The Clerke of Oxenford.

A Clerke there was of Oxenford also,  
 That unto Logik longe time had y go.  
 As lené was his horse as is a rake,  
 And He was nothing fat I undertake, 290  
 But lookid hollow, thereto soberly: *at. o.*  
 Full thredbare was his overist Courtpy; *at. o.*  
 For he had gettin him no benefice,  
 Ne was so worldly for to have office:  
 For him had lever han at his bedshed  
 Twentie bokis, yclad with black or red, *in*  
 Of Aristotle and his Philosophie, *or*  
 Than robis riche, fithell, or gay fautrie. *all if*  
 But albe that he was a Philosopher, *more*  
 Yet had he but little gold in his Coffer, 300  
 But alle that he might of his frendis hent,  
 On bokis and on learning he it spent;  
 And busily gan for the Soulis praye  
 Of them, that gave him wherewith to Scholcie.  
 Of studie toþkin he most cure and hede  
 Nought oo word spak he more than ther was nede,  
 And that was seide in forme and revèrence,  
 And short and quick, and full of high Sentence.  
 Sowning in moral vertue was his speche,  
 And gladly would he learn, and gladly teche. 310

The Sargeant at Law.

A Sargeant of the Law both ware and wise,  
 That oftin had yben at the Pervise, *a*  
 That was also full rich of excellence,  
 Discrete he was, and of grete reverence, 250  
 He semid suche, his wordis were so wise:  
 Justice he was full oftin in Assise,

By



By Patent, and by pleine Commissioun;  
For his Science, and for his high renoun,  
Of fees and robes had he many oon.  
So grete a purchasour was no wher none.  
All was fee simple to him in effect,  
His purchasynge might not ben in suspect.  
No wher so hely a man as he ther n'as,  
And yet he semid besier than he was.  
In termis had he caas and domis all,  
That fro the time of King William were fall.  
Thereto he couth endite, and make a thing;  
Ther couth no wight pinchin at his writing,  
And every statute couth he plaine by rote.  
He rode but homely in a medley cote,  
Girt with a Seint of Silk, with barris smale;  
Of his aray telle I no lenger tale.

## The Frankeleyn.

A Frankeleyn was in his company;  
White was his berde as is the Daiſey,  
Of his complexion he was sanguine;  
Well loved he by the morrow a sop in wine:  
To live in delight was ever his wonne,  
For he was Epicurus his own Sonne,  
That held Opinioun, that plaine delite  
Was the verray felicity perfite.  
An Houſholder, and that a grete, was he,  
St. Julian he was in his Countre;  
His brede, his Ale was alweye after one;  
A bett viandid Man was no wher none;  
Withoutin bake mete never was his house,  
Of fishe and fleshe, and that so plenteouse,  
It shewid in his house of mete and drinke,  
And of all dainties that men couth of think:

After the sondre selys of the yere  
So chaungid he his mete and his suppere.  
Many a fat Partriche had he in mewe,  
And many a Brewe, and many a Luce in stewe.  
Woe was his Coke, but that his faucis were  
Poyntant and sharp, and redy alle his gere.  
His table dormaunt in his halle alwey  
Stode redy covered all the longè dey.  
At Cessiounes ther was he Lord and Sire,  
Full often times he was Knight of the Shire.  
An Anlas, and a gipsire alle of silk  
Hing at his girdill, white as morowe milk.  
A Shereve had he ben, and Coroner, - our  
Was no wher such a worthy Vayvor.

## Haberdasher, &amp;c.

An Haberdasher and a Carpenter,  
A Webbe, a Dier, and a Tapiser,  
All they were clothid in oo lyverè,  
Of a solempne and grete fraternite,  
Full fresh and newe their gere y pikid was,  
Their knives y chapid ne wer not with brass,  
But al with silver wrought ful clene and wele,  
There gurveles and there pouchis every dele.  
Well semid eche of them a faire burgeys,  
To sittin in a yelde-Hall on the deys;  
Everich for the wisdom that he cany,  
Was Shape lich for to ben an Alderman.  
For Catraile had they right inough and rent,  
And eke their wivis woude it wele asent,  
And ellis certain thei werin to blame,  
It is full fair to ben clepid Madame,  
And to gone to Vigillis all before,  
And have a Mantell roialiche y bore.

## The Coke.

A Coke thei haddè with them for the nones  
To boyle the chickens and the marie-bones,

And poudre-Marchaunt, tarte, and galingale;  
Well couth he know a draught of London Ale.  
He couth rostè, boilè, grillè and frie;  
And make mortreis and well bake a Pie.  
But grete harme was it, as it semid me,  
That on his Schinnè a Mormall had he;  
For blank manger that niade he with the best.

## The Shipman.

A Shipman was there wonning ferre by West;  
For ought I wote he was of Dertemouth;  
He rode upon a rouncy, as he couth,  
In a gowne of falding to the knee:  
A dagger hanging on a lace had he,  
About his neck, under his arm adoun:  
The hot Sommer had made his hew all broun.  
And certeynly he was a gode felaw,  
Full many a draught of Wine had he ydraw  
Fro Burdeux ward while the chapmen slepe,  
Of nycè Conscience toke he no kepe.  
If that he faught, and had the higher hand,  
He sent them home by water to eche land.  
But of his craft to rekin wele his rides,  
His stremis, and his daungeres him besides,  
His herbrough, his mone, and his Lode menage,  
There was none such fro Hull unto Cartage.  
Hardie he was, and wise to undertake;  
With many a tempest had his berde ben shake:  
He well knew all the Havins as they were,  
Fro Scotland to the Cape of Fynytere;  
And every creek in Brittain and in Spain,  
His barge y calid was the Maudelain.

## The Dr. of Phisick.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisick,  
In all this world ne was ther none him like  
To speke of Phisike and of Surgery;  
For he was groundid in Astronomy;  
He kept his pacient a full gret dele  
In houris by his Magike naturele;  
Well couth he fortune the ascendent  
Of his images for his pacient.  
He knewe the cause of every maladic,  
Were it of hote, or cold, or moist, or drie;  
And where engendrid, and of what humour,  
He was a very parfit practisour.  
The cause yknow, and of his harme the rote,  
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.  
Full redy had he his Potheccaries,  
To send him druggis and leccuaries,  
For eche of them made other for to winne:  
Their frendship n'as not new, now to beginne.  
Well knew he the old Esculapius,  
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus,  
Old Hippocrates, Haly, and Galen,  
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen,  
Averrois, Damascene, Constantine,  
Bernard, and Gatifden, and Gilbertin.  
Of his diete mesurable was he,  
For it was of no superfluite,  
But of grete norishing, and digestible.  
His studie was but litil in the Bible;  
In Sanguine, and in Perse he was clad all  
Linid with Tafata, and with Sandall.  
And yet he was but esy of dispence,  
He keptè that he wan in Pestilence;  
For gold in Phisike is a cordialk;  
Therefore he lovèd gold in special.



The Wife of Bath.

A gode wife there was also beside Bathe,  
But she was somdele defe, and that was feathe.  
Of Clothmaking she hadde such a haunt,  
She passid them of Ipre, and of Gaunt.  
In all the Parish wife ne was there none,  
That to the offryng should before her gone,  
And if there did, certaine so wroth was she,  
That she was outim of all charite.

Her covercheifes were large and fine of ground,  
I durst to swere that thei weyid thre pound,  
That on a Sunday were upon her hedde;  
Her hofin werin of fine Scarlet redde,  
Full strait ystrainid, and her shoos full new;  
Bold was her face, and fayr and red her hew:

She was a worthy woman all her live,  
Husbandes at the Chirche dore had she had five,  
Withoutin other companie in yowth,  
But thereof nedith not to speke as nouth:

Thries hadde she ben at Jerusalem,  
And she had passid many a straunge streme,  
At Rome had she ben, and als at Boloine,  
In Gallice, at Seint Jame, and at Coloine;  
She couth much talk of wandring by the way;  
Gap-tothid was she, soothly for to say:

Upon an Ambler esily she satte,  
All wimplid well, and on her hed an hatte  
As brode as is a bokeler or a Targe;  
A foot-mantill about her hippis large,  
And on her fect a paire of Spuris sharpe.  
In felawship wele couth she laugh and carpe,  
Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,  
For she couth of that art the oldè daunce.

The Parson.

A gode Man there was of Religioun,  
And he was a pore Parson of a Toun:

But riche he was of holy thought and werke,  
He was als a lernid Man, and a Clerk,

That Christ's gospell trewly wolde preche,  
His Parishners devoutly wolde he teche.

Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
And in Adversite full pacient:

And soch one he was provid oftè sithes.

Full loth were him to cursin for his tithes,

But rather wolde he gevin out of dout,

Unto his pore Parishners all about,

Both of his offryng and of his substaunce;

He couth in lityl thing have suffisaunce.

Wide was his parish, and housis asonder,

But he ne left, neither for raine, ne thonder,

In Sikeness, ne in mischief to visite

The ferthist in his parish, much or lite,

Upon his fere, and in his hand a staffe;

This gode ensample to his shepe he yaffe,

That first he wrought, and afterward he taught;

Out of the Gospell he the wordis caught,

And this figure he addid eke therto,

That if gold rustid, what should iron do?

For yef a Priest be foule, on whome we trust,

No wonder is it a lewde man to rust:

And shame it is (but that a Priest take kepe)

To see a shittin Shepherd and clene Shepe.

Well ought a Priest ensample for to yve,

By his own clenesse how his Shepe should live.

He sette nor his Benefice to hire,

And let his Shepe acomber in the mire;

And ren to London, unto Seintè Poles,

To sekun him a chaunterie for Soules;

Or with a broderhede to ben withhold:

But dwellid at home, and kepte well his fold,

- lre

So that the wolf ne made hem not miscary,

He was a shepherd, not a mercenary.

And though he holy were and vertuous;

He was not to sinfull men dispitous.

Ne of his speche daungerous, ne digne,

But in his teching discrete and benigne,

To drawin folk to hevin bi fairenesse,

Bi gode ensample, this was his besnesse.

But if were any person obstinate,

Whether he were of high or low estate,

Him woulde he snibb sharpely for the nonis:

A better Priest I trowe no where none is.

He waitid after no pompe ne reve'ence,

Ne makid him no spicid Conscience,

But Christ's lore and his Apostles twelve

He taught, but first he followed himselfe

The Ploughman.

With him there was a Ploughman his broder,

That had lad of dong many a sother;

And a trewe Swinker, and a gode was he,

Living in pece and perfite charite.

God lov'd he best with all his whole herre,

At alle timis, though him gained or smerte;

And then his neighbouris right as himselve;

And he would thresh, and thereto dike and delve,

For Christ's sake, for every pore wight,

Withoutin hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithis payid he full faire and well,

Both of his proper swink, and his cattell:

In a Tabbarde he rode upon a Mare.

There was also a Reve, and a Millare,

A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,

A Manciple, and my self, ther' was no mo.

The Millare.

The Millare was a stout Carle for the nones,

Full bigge he was of braune and eke of bones;

That prov'd he wele, for o're all there he cam

At wraffling he would have away the Ram.

He was short shulder'd, and a thickè gnarr,

There n'as no dore but he would have the barr,

Or breke it at a renning with his hedde;

His berde as anie Sow or Fox was redde,

And thereto brode as though it were a Spade:

Upon the Coppe right of his nose he hade

A wert, and thereon stode a rustle of hères,

Red as the bristelles of a Sow's eres;

His nostrilles also black werin and wide,

A Swerde and bokeler bare he by his side;

His mouth as wide was as a grete forseis,

He was a jangler and a Goliërdeis,

And that was most of Sinne and harlotreis;

Wele couth he stèle corne, and tollè thrys,

And yet he had a thombe of gold parde.

A white Cote, and a blew hode werid he;

A Bagge pipe well couth he blow and sowne,

And therewithall brought he us out of towne.

The Manciple.

A Manciple there was of the Temple,

Of which all Catours might take ensample,

For to ben wise in buying of Vitaile;

For whether he payid or toke by taile,

Algate he waitid sojin his affare,

That he was ay before in gode estate.

Now is not that of God a full faire grace,

That such a lewde Mann's wit shall pace

The wisdome of a hepe of lernid Men?

Of Maisters had he mo than thryis ten,

C

That



That were of lawe expert and curious,  
Of which ther were a doȝin in that houe,  
Worthy to ben Stuzards of house and londe  
Of any Lordè that is in Englonde,  
To make him livin by his proper gode,  
In honour detteles, but if he were wode,  
Or live as scarfly as him list desire,  
And able for to helpin al a Shire  
In any caas that might fallin or hap:  
And yet this Manciple set all ther cap.

## The Reve.

The Reve was a skelender colerik man,  
His berde was shave as nie as e're he can;  
His here was by his cris round, shorne,  
His top was dokkid like a priest before:  
Full longe were his leggis; and full lene,  
Ylike a Staf, ther was no calfe yfene.  
Well couth he kepe a Garner and a Binn,  
Ther was none Auditour couth on him winn.  
Well wist he by the drought and by the raine  
The yelding of his fede, and of his graine.  
His Lord's shepe, his nete, and his deirie,  
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,  
Were wholly in this Reve's governing,  
And by his Covenaunt yave he rekening,  
Syn that his Lord was twenty yere of age,  
Ther couth no man bring him in arrerage.  
There ne was Bailie, herd, nor other hine,  
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine;  
They were adradd of him as of the deth.  
His wonning was full fayr upon an heth;  
With grene trees yshadowd was his place;  
He couth better than his Lord purchase;  
Full rich he was astorid prively;  
His Lord he couth wele plesin subtilly,  
To yeve and lenin him of his own gode,  
And have a thank, and get a Cote and hode.  
In youth he had ylernd a gode mistere,  
He was a Whelewright and a Carpentere.  
This Reve sat upon a right gode Stot,  
That was all pomelly gray, and hight Scot.  
A longe Surcote of Perse blew he hade,  
And by his Side he bare a rustie blade.  
Of Norfolk was this Reve of whiche I tell,  
Beside a town men clepin Baldifwell.  
Tuckid he was as is a Frere about,  
And ever he rode hinderest of our rowte.

## The Sompnour.

A Sompnour was ther with us in the place,  
That had a fry red cherubimes face,  
For faulsemè he was, with eyin narow,  
All hore he was, and lech'rous as a Sparow,  
With scallid browis blak, and pilid berde,  
Of his visage childern were fore afferde.  
Ther n'as quyksilver, litarge, ne brimstone,  
Borace, Ceruse, ne oile of Tarter none,  
Ne Ointement, that would clense or bite,  
That him might helpin of his whelkis white,  
Ne of his knobbis sitting on his chekes.  
Well loved he garlike, onions, and Jekes,  
And for to drinkin strong wine, red as blode;  
Then would he speke and crie as he were wode.  
And when that he well dronkin had the wine,  
Then wolde he speke no word but Latine:  
A few Schole-termis couth he, two or thre,  
That he had lernid out of some decre:  
No wonder is, he herde it all the day;  
And ye well knowin eke, how that a jay  
Can clepe watt, as well as can the Pope,  
But who so couth, in other thinges, him grope,

Then had he spent all his Philosophie;  
(A questio quid juris) wolde he crie.  
He was a gentil harlot and a kind,  
A better felaw sholde a man not find;  
He wolde suffer for a quarte of wine,  
A gode felaw to have his Concubine  
A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full;  
Full prively eke a finch couth he pull,  
And if he found owher a gode felawe,  
He wolde techin him to have none awe  
In sochè caas of the Archdekin's curse,  
But if a Mann's Soule wer in his purse,  
For in his purse he sholde punissh'd be,  
Purs is the Archdekin's hellè, seid he.  
But well I wor, he lyith right indede:  
Of cursing ought eche synfull man to drede:  
Cursing woll flay, right as alloiling savith,  
And alsware him of a significavit.  
In daungere had he, at his ownè gife,  
All the yong girlis of the diocise,  
And knew ther counsaile, and was of ther rede.  
A Garlond had he sette upon his hede,  
As gret as it werin for an Alestake,  
A Bokeler had he made him of a Cake.

## The Pardoner.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardoner,  
Of Rouncivall, his frend and his compere,  
That strait was comè from the Court of Rome;  
Full loude he song, come hi'er lov'is sone;  
This Sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,  
Was never tromp of half so gret a Sown.  
This Pardoner had here as yellowe as wax,  
And smothe it heng as doth a strike of flax;  
By ouncis heng his lokkis that he had,  
And therewith he his shulderes oversprad,  
Full thynne it lay, by culpons one by one;  
But hode for jollitie werid he none,  
For it was truffid up in his walet;  
Him thought he rode all of the newe fet,  
Dischevele, saaf his cappe, he rode al bare:  
Such glaring eyin had he as an hare.  
A vernycle had he sewd on his cappe.  
His Walet lay before him in his lappe.  
Bret full of pardon come fro Rome al hote,  
A voice he had as smale as hath a gote.  
No berde he had, ne never shuldin have,  
As smothe it was as it were late shave.  
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare;  
But of his craft, fro Barwike unto Ware,  
Ne was there such another Pardoner:  
For in his Male he had a pilowbere,  
Which, as he seide, was our Ladies vaile:  
He faide, he had a gobbet of the Saile  
Which Seint Peter haddè, whan that he went  
Upon the See, till Jesu Christ him hent.  
He had a croos of Laton full of stones,  
And in a glas haddè he piggis bones;  
But with thesè relikis, whan that he fonde,  
A pover parfone dwelling up on londe,  
Upon o day he gat him more money,  
Than that Parfone got him in monthis tweye.  
And thus with fainid flatering and japes,  
He made the Parson and the peple his apes.  
But truly for to tellin at the last,  
He was in Church a nobill ecclesiast;  
Well couth he rede a lesson or a storie,  
But alderbest he songe an offertorie:  
For wele he wistè, whan that song was songe,  
He must prechè, and well afile his tonge,  
To winnè silvir, as he full wele cou'd,  
Therefore he songe so merrily and lowd.

Now



Now have I tolde you sothly in a claufe,  
The State, aray, and number, and the Cause,  
Why that assemblid was this companie  
In Southwerke, at this gentil hostelrye;  
That hight the Tabbarde, faste by the Bell.  
But now it is time to you for to tell,  
How that we barin us that ilke night,  
Whan we wer in that hostelrye alight,  
And after wolle I tellen our viage,  
And all the remnaunt of our Pilgrimage.  
But first I pray you of your curtasie,  
That ye n'arett it nought my villanie,  
Though that I plainly speke in this mattere,  
To tellin you ther words, and eke ther chere,  
Ne though I speke ther wordis properly.  
For this ye knowin al as wel as I,  
Whofo shall telle a tale after a man,  
Mete reherse, as nygh as ever he can,  
Everich word, if it ben in his charge,  
Al speke he never so rudely ne large:  
Or ellis he more telle his tale untrewre,  
Or feyne thingis, or find wordis newe:  
He may not spare, tho he wer his brother,  
But as wele say o word as another.  
Christ speke himself full brode in holie writ,  
And wele ye wote no villanie is it.  
Eke Plato sayith, whofo can him rede,  
The wordis mote be Cosin to the dede.  
Also I pray you to forgive it me,  
All have I not set folk in ther degre,  
Here in these talis as thei sholden stonde,  
My wit is short ye may well understonde.  
Grete chere made our host as everichone,  
And to the suppere set he us anone:  
And servid us with vitales of the best,  
Strong was the wine, and wele to drink us left.  
A semely man our hoste was withal,  
To ben a Marshall in a Lord's Hall;  
A largen man he was, with cyin stepe,  
A fayrer Burgeis is there none in Chepe.  
Bold of his speche, and wise, and well ytaught,  
And of manhode lakkid him right naught.  
And eke thereto he was a mery man,  
And after suppere, playin he began,  
And spake of mirth amongis other thinges,  
Whan that we hadd made our rekeninges;  
And seide thus, now Lordingis trewly,  
Ye ben to me welcome right hertely:  
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,  
I saw not this yere soche a companie  
At onis in this herbrue as is now,  
Fain would I don you mirthe, wist I how.  
And of a mirth I am right now bethought,  
To don you ese, and it shall coste nought.  
Ye gon to Canterbury, God you spede,  
The blisfull Martir quite you your mede:  
And well I wot as ye gon by the way,  
Ye shapin you to talkin and to play:  
For trewly comfort ne mirth is there none,  
To ridin by the way as domb as stone.  
And therefore wolle I makin you disport,  
As I seide erst, and done you some comfort.  
And if you likith all by one assent  
For to stondin at my will and judgement;  
And for to workin as I shall you say,  
To morrow, whan we ridin on the way;  
Now by my faðer's Soule, that is dede,  
But ye be mery, I wolle give my hede;  
Holdith up your hondis without more speche;  
Our Counsaile was not long for to seche:  
Us thought it was not worth to make it nice,  
And grauntid him withoutin more avise,

And bad him say his verdict as him left:  
Lordinges, quoth he, now herk'nith for the best, 790  
But take it not I pray you in disdaine,  
This is the point to speke it plat and plaine,  
That eche of you to shortin other's way  
In this viage, shall tellin talis tway;  
To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,  
And homewardes he shall tellin other two,  
Of Aventures, whilome that have befall;  
And which of you, him berith best of all,  
That is to sayn, that tellith in this case, 800  
Talis of best Sentence, and most solace,  
Shall have a Suppere at our alder cost  
Here in this place sitting by this Post,  
When we come ayen fro Canterbury.  
And for to makin you the more mery  
I wolle my felvin godelic with you ryde,  
Right at mine owne cost, and be your gyde.  
And whofo wolle my judgement withsay,  
Shall pay for all we spendin by the way.  
And if that ye vouchsaaf that it be so,  
Telle me anon withoutin wordis mo, 810  
And I wolle crely shapin me therefore.  
This thing was grauntid, and our othis swore,  
With full glad herte, and praydin him also,  
That he wolden vouchsaaf for to do so,  
And that he wolden ben our governour,  
And of our talis judge, and reportour:  
And set a Suppere at a certaine price,  
And we wolden rulid ben at his devise,  
In hie and low; and thus by one assent  
We ben accordid to his judgement. 820  
And thereupon the wine was fet anone,  
We dronkin, and to rest went ilke one,  
Withoutin any longer taryng.  
The Morrow whan the day began to spring,  
Uprose our Host, and was our alder Cock,  
And gaðrid us togethir on a flock.  
And forth we riddin all a litil space  
Unto the watering of St. Thomas:  
And there our Host began his horse arest,  
And seide, Lordingis, herk'nith if ye lest, 830  
Ye wote your forþword, and I it record,  
If Evensong and Morrowsong accord.  
Let see now who shall tellin the first tale.  
As ever mote I drinkin wine or ale,  
Whofo is rebell to my judgement,  
Shall pay for all that by the way is spent.  
Now drawith Cut ere that ye farther twin,  
The whiche that hath the shortist shall begin.  
Sir Knight, quoth he, my Maister and my Lord,  
Now drawith Cut, for that is mine accord, 840  
Come nere, quoth he, my Ladie Prioreste,  
And ye, Sir Clerke, let be your shamefacednesse,  
Ne studie not, lay hand to, every man;  
Anone to drawin every wight began.  
And shortly for to tellin as it was,  
Were it by Adventure, or Sort, or Caas,  
The sothe is thus, the Cut fell to the Knight,  
Of which full blithe and glad was every wight.  
And tell he must his tale, as was reson,  
By forþword, and by Composition, 850  
As ye han herde; what nedith wordis mo?  
And whan this gode Man saw that it was so,  
As he that wife was, and obedient,  
To kepin his forward by free assent,  
He seide, sithin I shall begynn the game,  
Th'art welcome, Cut, to me a Godd's name.  
Now let us ride, and herk'nith what I say,  
And with that word, we ridin forth our way,  
And he began, with a right mery chere,  
His Tale, the which anon right shall ye here. 860



Mr. Dryden says he once thought that the Knight's Tale was Chaucer's own invention; but finding in the seventh Giornata of Boccaccio mention made of a Duke of Athens & Palamon, he judges it to be his Tale formerly written by an Italian before Boccaccio's time. Pref. to his Tales.



## I. The KNIGHT's TALE.



Hylome, as old stories tell us,  
There was a Duke, that highte Theseus,  
Of Athens he was Lord and Governour,  
And in his time soche a Conquerour,  
That greter was there non under the Son:

Full many a rich countrie had he wonn,  
What with his wisdom, and his chivalrie,  
He conquer'd all the reign of Feminie,  
That whilome was yclepid Scythia:  
And weddid the Quene call'd Hypolita,  
And brought hir home with him to his Countrie,  
With mikill glorie and solempnitie,  
And eke hir yonge Sister Emelie.

And thus with victorie and melodie  
Let I this worthy Duke to Athens ryde,  
And all his host in armis him beside.

And certis if it n'ere too long to here,  
I would have toldè fuily the manere,  
How wonnin was the reign of Feminie,  
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie.  
And of the grete bataile for the nones,  
Betwix Athenis and the Amazones.

And how besegit was Hyppolita,  
The feire, yonge, hardie Quene of Scythia.  
And of the feste that was at their wedding,  
And of the tempest at their home-coming.  
But al these thynges I mote as now forbere,  
I have, God wor, a largè felde to ere,  
And wickid ben the oxen in the plow,  
The remnaunt of my tale is long inow.

I will not lettin eke none of this rout,  
Let every felaw tell his tale about;

And let see now who shall the Suppere win:  
But there I lest I woll agayn begin.

This Duke, of whome I makin mencion,  
When he was come almost unto the toun,  
In all his welè, and in his most pride,  
He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,  
Where that there knelid in the highè wey  
A companie of Ladys twey and twey,  
Eche attir other, cladde in clothis blake,  
But soch a crie, and soch a wo they make,  
That in this world ne is creature living,  
That evir herdè such a weymenting.  
And of this crie they n'oldè nevir stentin,  
Till they the reinis of his bridde hentin.

What folk be ye, that at my home-comming  
Perturbin so my feest with your crying,  
Quod Theseus? have ye so grete envie  
Of mine honour, that thus compleine and crie?  
Or who hath you misbodid, or offended?  
Now tellith me, that it may be amended,  
And why that ye be clothid thus in blake?

The oldist Lady of them allè spake,  
Whan she had fownid with a dedelie chere,  
That it was rushe her for to see and here:  
She seide, Lord, to whom Fortune hath geven  
Victory' and as a conquerour to liven,  
Nought grevith us your glorie and honour,  
But we besechin mercie and succour,  
Have mercie on our wo and our distres,  
Some drop of pitè through thy gentilnes,  
Upon us wretchid wymin, let thou fall;  
For certis, Lord, there is none of us all,

900

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920

lords

That



That she n'ath ben a Duchesse or a Quene,  
 Now be we Catives, as it is wele sene.  
 Thankid be Fortune, and her false whele,  
 That none estate assurith to be wele.  
 Now certis, Lord, to abide your presence,  
 Here in this Temple of the Goddesse Clemence, 930  
 We have ben weyting all this fourtènyght;  
 Help us, Lord, sith it lyith in thi might.  
 I wretch, which that wepe and weyle thus,  
 Was whilome wyf to King Capanèus,  
 That starfe at Thebis, cursid be the day;  
 And allè we that ben in this aray,  
 And makin all this Lamentacioun,  
 We lostin all our husbondes at that toun,  
 While that the Sege there about is lay;  
 And yet now the old Creon (Welaway) 940  
 That Lord is now of Thebis the Citè,  
 Fulfillid of ire and iniquité,  
 He, for despite and for his tirannie,  
 To doin the dede bodies villanie,  
 Of all our Lordis which that ben yslaw,  
 Hath all the bodies on an hepe ydraw,  
 And woll not sutre them by none assent  
 Neither to ben buried, nowther ybrent; 950  
 But makith houndes to ete them in dispite.  
 And with that worde withoutin more respite  
 They fallin gruf and cridin pitouslie,  
 Have on us wretchid wymmen some mercie,  
 And let our Sorow sink into thine herce.  
 This gentil Duke down from his Courser sterte,  
 With herte pitous, whan he herde them speke,  
 Him thoughtin that his herte wou'de al to breke,  
 Whan he saw them so pitous and so mate,  
 That whylome werin of so gret estate,  
 And in his armis he them al uphent,  
 And them comfortith in full gode entent, 960  
 And swore his ooth, as he was a trew Knight,  
 He wold doin so ferforthly his might,  
 Upon the Tiraunt Creon them to wreke,  
 That all the pepyl of Grece shuld speke,  
 How Creon was by Theseus y served,  
 As he that hath his dethe ful wele deserved.  
 And right anon withoutin more abode  
 His baner he displayd and forth rode 970  
 To Thebis-ward, and all his host beside.  
 No nerre Athenis wolde he go ne ride,  
 Ne takin his ese fully half a day,  
 But onward on his wey that night he lay:  
 And sent anon Hippolita the Quene,  
 And Emelie her yongè Sustir shene,  
 Unto the Toune of Athenis to dwelle,  
 And forth he ritte, ther n'is no more to telle.  
 The red Statue of Mars with spere and targe  
 So shinith in his white banner large,  
 That alle the feldis glittrin up and doun:  
 And by his banner borne is his pennon 980  
 Of gold ful rich, in which there was ybete  
 The Minotaur, which that he wan in Crete.  
 Thus ritt this Duke, thus ritt this Conquerour,  
 And in his host of chivalrie the flour,  
 Tyl that he came to Thebis, and alight  
 Feire in a felde, ther as he thought to fight.  
 But shortlie for to spekin of this thing,  
 With Creon, which that was of Thebis King,  
 He fought, and slew him manly as a Knight  
 In plain bataille; and put his folke to flight. 990  
 And by assault he wan the Citie after,  
 And rent adoun both wall, and sparre, and rafter;  
 And to the ladies he restor'd ageyn  
 The bonis of ther frendis that were sleyn,  
 To don obsequies, as tho' was the gife.  
 But it were all too long for to devise  
 The grete clamour, and eke the weymting,  
 That the Ladies madin at the brenning

Of the bodies, and the gretè honour  
 That Theseus the nobil Conquerour 1000  
 Dorth to the Ladys, whan they from him went.  
 But shortly for to telle is mine entent:  
 Whan that this worthy Duke, this Theseus  
 Hath Creon slaine, and wonne Thebis thus,  
 Stille in that felde he toke all nyght his rest,  
 And did with alle the Countrie as him lest.  
 To ransake in the raas of bodys dede,  
 Them for to strip of harnais and of wede  
 The Pillours did their besinesse and cure,  
 Astir the bataille and discomfiture. 1010  
 And so befell, that in the raas thei found  
 Through grit with many grevous blodie wound  
 Two yongè Knightis, ligging by and by,  
 Both in armis same, wrought full richly.  
 Of whichè two Arcite hight that one, 1020  
 And that othir Knight hightè Palamon.  
 Not fully quik, ne fully dede they were,  
 But by their Cote-Armoures, and by their gere  
 The Heralds knew them best in speciall,  
 As thei that werin of the blode riall 1030  
 Of Thebis, and of Sustir two yborne;  
 Out of the raas the Pillours han them torne,  
 And han them caried soft into the tent  
 Of Theseus, and he ful sone them sent  
 To Athenis, to dwellin in prisoun  
 Perpetuelly, them n'olde he ransoun. 1040  
 And whan this worthi Duke hath thus ydone,  
 He toke his hoste, and home he goth anone,  
 With laurell crounid, as a Conquerour;  
 And there he livith in joy and honour 1050  
 Terme of his life, what nedith wordis mo?  
 And in a Toure in anguish and in wo  
 Dwellith this Palamon, and eke Arcite  
 For evir more, there may no gold them quite.  
 Thus passith yere by yere, and day by day,  
 Tyl it fell once in a morrowe of May,  
 That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene  
 Than is the lilly upon the stalk grene,  
 And fresher than the May, with flouris newe,  
 For with the rose colour strofe hir hewe, 1060  
 I n'ote which was the fayrer of them two;  
 Er it was day, as was her wont to do,  
 She was arisin, and all redie dight,  
 For May woll have no fluggardy anight. 1070  
 The Sefon prikkith every gentill herce,  
 And makith it out of his slepe to sterte,  
 And saith, aryse, and do May observaunce:  
 This makith Emelie have remembraunce  
 To don honour to May, and for to rise,  
 Y clothid was the freshe for to devise, 1080  
 Her yellow heer was broidid in a tresse,  
 Behind her back, a yardè long I gesse;  
 And in the gardyn, as the sunn up riste;  
 She romid up and down, and as she lisse  
 She gaðrith flouris party white and rede;  
 To make a sotill garland for her hede;  
 And as an Aungel hevynly she song  
 The gretè Tour, that was so thik and strong,  
 [Which of the Castell was the chief Dongeon,  
 Ther as the Knightis werin in Prison, 1090  
 Of which I toldè you, and tellin shall]  
 Was evyn joynaunt to the gardyn wall,  
 There as this Emelie had her playing.  
 Bright was the Sunn, and clere in the morning,  
 And Palamon, this woful Prisonere,  
 As was his wont, by leve of his gaylere  
 Was up, and romid in a Chambr on high,  
 In which he all the nobill citie sigh;  
 And eke the gardyn, full of braunchis grene  
 There as this freshe Emilia the Shene 1100  
 Was in her walk, and romid up and down;  
 This sorowfull pris'oner, this Palamon  
 D  
 Goth



Goth in his chambre roming to and fro,  
 And to himself compleyning of his wo;  
 That he was born, ful ofte he seide alas!  
 And so beset by aventure or caas  
 That through a window, thik of many a bar  
 Of iren grete, and square as any spar,  
 He cast his eyin on Emilia;  
 And therewithall he blent, and cryid A!  
 As though he stongin were unto the herte;  
 And with that crie Arcite anon up-ster;  
 And seide, Cosyn myne, what eylyth The  
 That art so pale, and dedly for to se?  
 Why cridistow? Who hath The don offence?  
 For Godd's love take al in pacience  
 Our Prison, for it may none othir be:  
 Fortune hath geve us this Adversite.  
 Some wikk' aspect, or disposicion  
 Of Saturne, by some constellacion  
 Hath yeve us this; although we had it sworn,  
 So stood the hevyn whan that we were born!  
 We mote endure it: This is short and playn.  
 This Palamon answerde, and seide agayn,  
 Cosyn, forsoth of this opinion  
 Thou hast a vaine imaginacion;  
 This Prison causid me not for to crie,  
 But I was hurt right now thorough min eye  
 Into myne hert; that woll my banè be:  
 The fairnesse of that Lady, that I se  
 In yondir Gardyn roming to and fro,  
 Is cause of all my crying and my wo.  
 I n'ote wher she be Woman or Godeffe!  
 But Venus it is sothly, as I gesse;  
 And therewithall on knees adown he fyll  
 And seide, Venus, if it be thy will,  
 You, in this gardyn, thus to transfigure  
 Before me sorowfull wretchid creature,  
 Out of this Prison help that we may scape;  
 And if so be my destinie be shape,  
 By eterne word to dyin in Prison,  
 Of our lynage have some compassion,  
 That is so low ybrought by Tirannie.  
 And with that word, Arcite gan espie  
 Whereas the Lady romid to and fro:  
 And with that sight her beauty hurt him so,  
 That, if that Palamon was woundid fore,  
 Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more;  
 And with a sike, he seide pitouslic  
 The fresh beaute, slayich me bodilic  
 Of her, that romith in the yondir place  
 And but I have her mercy and her grace,  
 That I may seen her at the lestè wey,  
 I n'am but dede: ther n'ys no more to sey.  
 This Palamon, whan he these wordis herde,  
 Dispitously he lokid, and answerde  
 When seistow this in ernest or in play?  
 Nay, qd Arcite in ernest by my fay:  
 God help me so, me list full ill to pley.  
 This Palamon gan knyght his browis twey,  
 It were, qd he, to The no grete honour  
 For to be false, ne, to be a Traytour  
 To me, that am thy Cosyn, and thy broðir  
 Ysworne full depe, and ech of us to othir.  
 That never for to dyin in the peyne  
 Tyll that the deeth departin shall us tweyne,  
 Neither of us in love to hindir othir,  
 Ne in none othir caas, my leve brothir;  
 But that thou shuldist trewly furthir me  
 In every caas as I shuld furthir The;  
 This was thine Oth, and mine also certayn.  
 I wot right wele thou dar'st it not withsain:  
 Thus artow of my counseill out of doute,  
 And now thou woldist falsly ben aboute  
 To love my Lady; whom I love, and serve,  
 And evir shall, till that myne herte sterve.

Now certis, false Arcite, thou shalt not so;  
 I lovid hir first, and tolde The, my wo  
 As to my Counseyle, and my broðir sworne  
 To furthir me; as I have seide before;  
 For which thou art y boundin, as a Knight  
 To helpin me, if it lye in thy might,  
 Or ellis artow false, I dare well sayn.  
 This Arcite full proudly spake agayn,  
 Thou shalt, qd he, be rather false than I:  
 And thou art false. I tell the utterly;  
 For Paramour, I loved her first er thou;  
 What wiltow sayn, thou wist it nought yet now  
 Whethir she be a woman, or Godeffe.  
 This is affection of Holynesse; Thine.  
 And mine is love to an erthly creature  
 For which I tolde The mine aventure  
 As to my Cosyn, and my broðir sworne.  
 Suppose that thou lovidist her before,  
 Wotistow wel the old clerkis saw  
 That who shall give a Lovir any Law?  
 Love is a gretter Lawe, by my pan,  
 Than may be yeve to any erthly man;  
 Therefore positive Law, and such decre,  
 Is broke all day for love in ech degre.  
 A man mote nedis love, maugre his hede,  
 He may not flee it, though he shuld be dede,  
 Albe she maide, widow, or ellis wife.  
 And eke it is not likely all thy life  
 To stondin in her Grace, no more than I:  
 For wele thou wost, thy selfin verily,  
 That thou and I ben damnid to prison  
 Perpetuell; us gainith no ransom.  
 We strive, as did the Houndis for the bone  
 That fought al day, and yet ther part was none.  
 There came a Cur, while that they wer so wroth,  
 And bare away the bone betwixt them both.  
 And therefore atte a King's court, my broðir,  
 Ech man for himself, ther is none othir:  
 Love if thou list; for I love, and ay shall;  
 And soothly, lese broðir, this is all.  
 Here, in this Prison, mote we endure,  
 And everich of us take his aventure.  
 Grete was the strife and long betwixt them twey  
 If that I haddè lesure for to sey:  
 But to th' effect, it happid on a day  
 (To tell it you as shortly as I may)  
 A worthie Duke, that hight Perithous,  
 (That felaw was unto Duke Theseus  
 Sithin the day that they were childrin lite)  
 Was come t' Athenes his felaw to visite,  
 And for to play, as he was wont to do:  
 For in this world he lovid no man so:  
 And he loved him as tenderly again,  
 So wele they lovid, as old bokis sain,  
 That when that one was dede, soothly to tell,  
 His felaw went, and sought him down in Hell.  
 But of that Story list me not to write.  
 Duke Perithous lovid well Arcite,  
 And had hym known at Thebis yere by yere,  
 And finally at the request and prayere  
 Of Perithous, withoutin ransom  
 Duke Theseus let him out of Prison  
 Freely to gon, wher that him list o'r all,  
 In such a gife, as I you tellin shall.  
 This was the Forward plainly to endite  
 Betwixt Duke Theseus, and him Arcite.  
 That if so were, that Arcite were found  
 Evre in his life, by day, or night, o stound  
 In any Contre of this Duke Theseus  
 And he were caught, it was acordid thus;  
 That with a Swerde, he shuld lese his hede.  
 There n'as none othir remedie, ne rede,  
 But takith his leve, and homeward him sped  
 Let him be ware, his neck lyith to wed:  
 How



How grette sorow suff'rith now Arcite?  
 The deth he felith through his herte smite.  
 He wepith, wailith, cryith pitoullie,  
 To slejn himself he waitith privily.  
 And seide, alas! the day, that I was borne.  
 Now is my Prison worse than beforne!  
 Now is me shape eternally to dwell  
 Nought in Purgatorie, but right in Hell.  
 Alas, that e'r I knew Perithous!  
 For ellis had I dwelt with Theseus,  
 Fetterid in his Prison evir mo:  
 Than had I ben in blis, and not in Wo.  
 Only the fighte of hir, whom that I serve,  
 Though that I nevir may her Grace deserve,  
 Wold have sufficid right ynow for me.  
 O deerist Cosyn Palamon, qd he,  
 Thine is the Victoie of this Aventure,  
 Full blisfull in Prison mayst thou endure;  
 In Prison? nay certis in Paradys;  
 Well hath Fortune to The turnid the Dice,  
 That hath the fight of her, and I th' absence.  
 Possible is [syn thou hast her presence,  
 And art a Knight, a worthy and an able,  
 That by some caas, since Fortune is changable]  
 Thou mayst sometime to thy desire attaine,  
 But I that am exilid, and barraine  
 Of alle grace, and in so grete despaire,  
 That ther n'is water, erth, ne fire, nor aire,  
 Ne creature, that of them y makid is,  
 That may me helpe, or done comfort in this,  
 Well ought I serve in wanhope, and distresse.  
 Farewell my life, my lust, and my gladnesse;  
 Alas! why pleyin men so in commune  
 Of purveyance of God, or of Fortune,  
 That givith them full ofte in many a gife,  
 Well bettir, than themselves can devise.  
 Some man desirith for to have richesse,  
 That cause is of his murdre or siknesse.  
 And some man wolde out of his prison faine,  
 That, in his house, is of his meinye flaine.  
 Infinite harmis ben in this mattere!  
 We wote not for what thinges we prayin here.  
 We fare as he; that dronk is as a mouse,  
 A dronkin man wot well, he hath an house,  
 But he n'ot which is the right wey thithir:  
 And to a dronkin man the wey is slidir.  
 And certis in this world so farin we:  
 We sekin fast aftir felicitie,  
 But we gon wrong full ofte trewily;  
 Thus may we sayin all, and namelich I,  
 That wren'd, and had a grete opinion  
 That if I might escape fro the prison,  
 Then had I ben in joy, and perfite hele;  
 Ther now I am exilid fro my wele,  
 Sith that I may non seen you Emilie  
 I n'am but dede. Ther n'is no remedie.  
 Upon that othir side, whan Palamon  
 Wist, that his Cosyn Arcite was gon,  
 Such sorow makyth he, that the grete Tour  
 Refownid of his yelling and clamour,  
 The fetteris, upon his Shinnis grete,  
 Werin of his bittir salt teris wete.  
 Alas, qd he, Arcite Cosyn mine  
 Of all our strife, God wot, the frute is thine.  
 Thou walkist now in Thebis atte large  
 And of my wo, thou yernist litil charge!  
 Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede  
 Assemble all the folk of our kinrede  
 And make a war so sharp on this contrè;  
 That by some aventure, or some treté,  
 Thou mayst have her to Lady, and to wife,  
 For whom that I must nedis lese my life.  
 For as by way of possibilitie  
 Sith thou art at thy large, of Prison fre,

And art a Lord, grete is thine advantage  
 More than is mine, that sterve here in a cage.  
 For I may wepe and wayle, while that I live  
 With all the wo, that Prison may me yeve,  
 And eke with peyn, love yevith me also,  
 That doublith all my turment, and my wo. 1300  
 Therewith the fire of jeloie upsterte  
 Within his brest, and hent him by the herte.  
 So woodly, that he like was to behold  
 The box-tree, or the ashin dede and cold;  
 Then seid, O cruel Goddis! that governe  
 This worlde, with binding of your word eterne,  
 Y writrin in the Table of Adamant,  
 Your Parlement, and you eternè grant,  
 What is mankynd more unto you yhold,  
 Than is the shepe, that ronkith in the fold? 1310  
 For slayn is man, right as an othir beste,  
 And dwellith eke in Prison, and areste,  
 And hath siknesse, and grete adversite,  
 And oftin timis guiltilese Pardè.  
 What gouvernance is in this prescience  
 That guiltilese turmentith innocence?  
 And encrefith thus alle my pennaunce,  
 That man is boundin to his observaunce  
 For Godd's sake to lettin of his will,  
 Theras a beste may all his lustes fulfill, 1320  
 And when a beste is dede he hath no paine;  
 But aftir his dethe man more wepe and plaine,  
 Though in this worlde he have care and wo;  
 Withouthin doute it may stonidin so.  
 The answer of this lete I to Divinis,  
 But well I wot, that in this world grete pine is.  
 Alas! I se a Serpent or a theef,  
 That many a trew man hath don mischeef,  
 Con at his large, and wher him list may turn;  
 But I more ben in prison through Saturne, 1330  
 And eke through Juno jelous, and eke wode,  
 That hath destroyid well nygh all the blode  
 Of Thebis, with his waste wallis wyde,  
 And Venus sleeth me on that othir syde,  
 For jeloie and fere of him Arcite.  
 Now woll I stint of Palamon a lite,  
 And let him in his prisone stillè dwell,  
 And of Arcite forth I woll you tell.  
 The Sommir passith, and the nightis long  
 Encrefith doubil wyse the painis strong 1340  
 Both of the lovir and the prisonere,  
 In'or which hath the wofuller mistere.  
 For shortly for to seyn, this Palamon  
 Perpetuel is damnid to prison, 1350  
 In cheinis and in fetteris to the dede;  
 And Arcite is exilid on his heed-c  
 For evirmore as out of that Contrè,  
 Ne nevirmore shall he his Ladie se.  
 You Lovers ask I now this question,  
 Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon? 1360  
 That one may se his lady day by day,  
 But in prison more he dwellin alway;  
 That othir wher him list may ride or go,  
 But sene his Ladie shall he nevir mo.  
 Now demith as ye listè ye that can,  
 For I woll tall my tale, as I began.  
 Whan that Arcite to Thebis comin was,  
 Full oft a day he swelt, and seide alas!  
 For sene his lady shall he nevir mo;  
 And shortly to concludin all his wo, 1370  
 So mochill sorow nevir had creature,  
 That is or shall be while the world may dure:  
 His slepe, his mete, his drink is hym byraft,  
 That lene he waxith and drie as a shaft:  
 His eyin holow, gryllie to behold, 1380  
 His hew fallow, and pale as ashin cold:  
 Solitary he was, evir alone,  
 And weyling all the nyght, making his mone:  
 And



And if he herd song or instrument,  
 Than wold he wepin; he might not be stent. 1370  
 So febyl were his Spirits and so low,  
 And chaungid so, that no man couth him know,  
 His speche, nothir his voice, tho men it herde;  
 And in his gyre, for all the world, he ferd,  
 Nought comly, like to Lovers maladye,  
 Of Eros, but raðir like to manie  
 Engendrid of humours melancholik  
 Beforn in his Cervellè fantastik,  
 And shortly turnid was all upside down  
 Both habit/ekel and dispositioun  
 Of hym, this wofull Lovir Dan Arcite.  
 What shuld I all dey of his wo endite?  
 When he endurid had a yere or two,  
 This cruel turment, and this peine and wo,  
 At Thebis, in his Contre, as I seide,  
 Upon a nyght in slepe as he him leide,  
 Hym thought how that the wingid Mercury  
 Beforn him stode, and bad him be mery,  
 His slepe yerd in hond he bare upright  
 An hat he werid on his heris bright. 1380  
 Arayid was this God, as he toke kepe,  
 As he was, whan that Argus roke his slepe,  
 And seide him thus; To Athens shalt thou wend;  
 There is The shapin of thy wo an end.  
 And with that word Arcite awoke and stert;  
 Now trewly how fore that evir me smert,  
 Quoð he, to Athens ryght now wold I fare,  
 Ne for the drede of deth shall I nought spare,  
 To se my lady, that I love and serve,  
 In her presence I ne reck nought to sterve. 1400  
 And wyth that word he caught a grete myrrour,  
 And saw that chaungid was all his colour,  
 And saw his visage all in othir kind,  
 And right anon it ran him in his mind,  
 That sithins his face was so disfigur'd  
 Of Maladie, the which he had endur'd,  
 He mighte wele, if that he bare him low,  
 Livin in Athens evirmore unknow,  
 And sene his lady well nigh day by day,  
 And right anon he chaungid his aray,  
 And clad him as a povir laborer,  
 And all alone, save only a Squier,  
 That knew his privy and all his caas,  
 Which was disguisid porely, as he was,  
 To Athens is he gone the nexte way,  
 And to the Court he went upon a day,  
 And at the gate he proffrid his servise,  
 To drugge and draw what so men wold devise.  
 And shortly of this mattir for to saine;  
 He fell in office with a Chamberlaine,  
 The which that dwellyng was with Emilie;  
 For he was wise, and sonè couth espy  
 The thews of every servaunt that serv'd here;  
 Wele couth he hewin wood, and watir bere;  
 For he was yonge and mightie for the nones,  
 And thereto he was stronge and big of bones,  
 To don what any wight him can devise.  
 A yere or two he was in this servise,  
 Page of the chambir of Em'ly the bright, 1420  
 And Philostrat, he seide, that he light;  
 But half so wele belov'd a man as he  
 Ne was ther none in Court of his degre:  
 He was so gentil of Condicioun,  
 That throughout all the Court was his renoun.  
 They seide, that it were a charite  
 That Theseus woude enhansin his degre,  
 And put hym in a wutshipful servise,  
 There as he might his vertue exercise.  
 And thus within a while his name is sprong,  
 Both of his dedis, and of his gode tong,  
 That Theseus hath takin hym so nere,  
 That of his chambre he hath made him squere:

And yafe him gold to mainteine his degre,  
 And eke men brought him out of his Contre  
 Fro yere to yere ful privilich his rent,  
 But honestly and slyly he it spent, 1430  
 That no man wonderid how he it had;  
 And thre yere in this wise his lyfe he lad,  
 And bare hym so in pece, and eke in werre,  
 There is no man that Theseus hath se derre. 1450  
 And in this blisful levyn I now Arcite;  
 And speke I wold of Palamon a lite.  
 In derkness horrible and strong prison  
 This sevin yere hath sittin Palamon,  
 Forepinid, what for love, and for distres:  
 Who felith double fore and hevynes  
 But Palamon? That Love distreinith so,  
 That wode out of his wit he goth for wo.  
 And eke therto he is a Prisonere,  
 Perpetuel, not only for a yere. 1460  
 O who couth ryme in English propitly  
 His Martyrdome? forsothe it am not I.  
 Therefore I pass it lightly as I may.  
 It befell that in the seventh yere, in May  
 The third night, as old bokis to us saine,  
 (That allè this story tellith more plaine)  
 Were it by aventure, or destiny,  
 (As when a thing is shapin, it mot be)  
 That sone aftir the midnyght Palamon,  
 By helping of a frend brake his prison, 1470  
 And fleeth the Cite fast as he may go,  
 For he had giv'n his gailer drinkè so  
 Of a Clarie, madin of certein wine,  
 With Narcotise, and Opie of Thebes fine, 1480  
 That all the nyght, tho that men shulde him shake,  
 The Gailer slept; they might him nat awake.  
 And thus he fleith as fast as he may.  
 The nyght was short and fast by was the day.  
 That nedis' cost he mote himselvin hide,  
 And tyl a Grove, that was fast there beside,  
 With dredful fore then stalkith Palamon.  
 For shortly this was his opinion,  
 That in the Grove he wulde him hyde al day,  
 And in the nyght then woude he take his way,  
 To Thebis-ward, his frendis for to pray;  
 On Theseus to help him to wātraye:  
 And shortly ether he wuld lese his life,  
 Or winnin Emily to ben his wife.  
 This is th' effect, and his intention pleine.  
 Now wold I turne to Arcite ageine, 1490  
 That litil wist how nye that was his care,  
 Tyl that Fortune had brought him in her snare.  
 The mery lark, messengere of the day,  
 Salewith in her song the morow gray, 1500  
 And fire Phebus ryfith up so bright,  
 That all the Orient laughith at the sight,  
 And with his stremis dryth in the greves  
 The silvir dropis hanging in the leves.  
 And Arcite, that in the Court riall  
 With Theseus is Squyir Principall,  
 Is risè, and lookith on the mery day,  
 And to don his observauncis to May,  
 Remembring of the poynt of his desire,  
 He on his courser, startling as the fire, 1510  
 Is riddin to the feldis him to pley,  
 Out of the Court, were it a mile or twey.  
 And to the Grove, of which that I you told,  
 By aventure his wey he gan to hold,  
 To makin him a garland of the greves,  
 Were it of wodebine, or the hawthorne leves.  
 And lowde he song ayenst the Sonnè shene;  
 May, with allè thy flouris, and thy grene,  
 Welcome be thou, seide he, feire freshè May,  
 I hope that I some grene thing gettin may.  
 And from his Courser with a lusty herte  
 Into the Grove full hastily he sterte.

And



And in a path he romid up and down,  
 Ther as by aventure this Palamon,  
 Was in a bush, that no man myght him se,  
 For fore<sup>re</sup>afraid of his<sup>re</sup>prison was he. <sup>referred</sup> 1520  
 Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite,  
 God wot he wold have trowid<sup>re</sup> that ful lye;  
 But sothe is seide gon fithins manie yeres,  
 That felde hath eyin, and the wode hath eres.  
 It is ful fayre a man to bere him evin,  
 For all day mete men at unset Srevin:  
 Ful lityl wote Arcite of his felaw,  
 That was so nye to herkin of his law,  
 For in the bush he sittith now ful still,  
 Whan that Arcite had romid at his fill,  
 And songin all the Roundell lustily,  
 Into a studie he fell sodenly,  
 As don thes lovers in ther queynte gires,  
 Now in the crop, and now down in the briers,  
 Now up, now down, as boket in a well,  
 Ryght as the Fryday, sothly for to tell,  
 Now rainith it, and now it shinith fast,  
 Ryght so gan gery Venus ovircast  
 The hertis of her folk, right as her day  
 Is gerifull, so chaungith she aray: <sup>right</sup>  
 Selde is the Fryday al the weke ylike.  
 Whan that Arcite had song, he gan to fike,  
 And set him down withoutin any more;  
 Alas, qd he, the day that I was bore!  
 How longe, Juno, through thy cruelte  
 Wiltow weryin Thebis the Cite? <sup>re</sup>  
 Alas! ybrought is to Confusion  
 The blode riall of Cadme and Amphion;  
 Of Cadmus, [I seye] which was the first man, <sup>referred</sup>  
 That Thebis built, or first the toun began, <sup>re</sup> 1550  
 And of that Citie first was crownid King;  
 Of his lynage am I, and his ofspring,  
 By very line, as of the stock riall:  
 But now I am so catife, and so thrall,  
 That he that is my mortal enemy,  
 I serve him as his Squyir povirle.  
 And yet doth Juno me well more shame,  
 For I dare not be know<sup>re</sup> by my own name:  
 But theras I was wont to hight Arcite,  
 Now hight I Philostrat, not worth a mite. <sup>re</sup> 1560  
 Alas thow fill Mars! alas thou Juno!  
 Thus hath your ire our Lynage all fordoz,  
 Saaf only me, and wretchid Palamon,  
 That Theseus martyrich in prison.  
 And ovir all, to fleen me uttirly,  
 Love hath his fry dert so brenningly  
 Stikid thorough my trewe and carefull herte,  
 That shapid was my deth erst than my shert.  
 Ye fleen me with your eyin, Emily,  
 Ye ben the cause wherfore that I dye: <sup>that</sup> 1570  
 Of all the remnaunt of myn othir care  
 Ne sett I not the mountaunce of a tare,  
 So that I couth do ought to your plesaunce.  
 And with that word he fell down in a traunce,  
 A long tyme, and astirward he upstert.  
 This Palamon, that thought that through his herte  
 He felt a colde Swerde sodeinly to glide,  
 For ire he quoke, no longer wold he bide;  
 And whan that he had herde Arcit's tale,  
 As he were wode, wyth face all dede and pale, <sup>re</sup> 1580  
 He sterre him up out of the bushis thik,  
 And seide, Arcite, thow false trayter wik,  
 Now artow hent, that lov'st my lady so,  
 For whom that I have al this peyn and wo,  
 And art my blode, and to my counsell sworne,  
 As I ful oft have tolde The heretoforne:  
 And has bejapid here Duke Theseus,  
 And falsly chaungid hast thy name thus: <sup>re</sup>  
 I wold be dedde, or ellis thow shalt die,  
 Thou shalt not love my Ladie Emelie, <sup>re</sup> 1590

But I wold love hir only and no mo,  
 For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.  
 Though that I no wepin have in this place,  
 But out of prison am astert by grace, <sup>re</sup>  
 I dredde nought that either thow shalt dye,  
 Or thow ne shalt not lovin Emelie.  
 Ches whiche thou wilt, for thow shalt not astert.  
 This Arcite, with full dispitous hert,  
 Whan he him knew, and had his tale yherde,  
 As fiers as Lyon drew he out his swerde, <sup>re</sup> 1600  
 And seide, by God that sittith above, <sup>re</sup>  
 Ne wer<sup>re</sup> that thou art fike and wode for love,  
 And eke thow no wepin hast in this place,  
 Thou shuldist nevir out of this grove pace, <sup>re</sup> 1610  
 That thow ne shuldist dyin of myn hond.  
 For I desie the suretie and the bond,  
 Which that thow saist that I have made to The;  
 What veray sole! think wele that love is fre:  
 But I wold love her, maugre all thy might;  
 For as moch as thow art a worthy Knight, <sup>re</sup> 1620  
 And willst to dareyn here by bataile,  
 Have here my trowth, to morow I nill faile,  
 Without witting of any othir wight,  
 That here I wold be foundin as a Knight;  
 And bringin harneis right ynow for The,  
 And ches the best, and leve the worst for me;  
 And mete and drinke this nyght wold I bring,  
 Ynough for The, and clothes for thy bedding;  
 And if so be that thow my Lady winn,  
 And fle me in this wode, there I am in, <sup>re</sup> 1630  
 Thou maist have thy lady as for me. <sup>re</sup>  
 This Palamon answerde, I graunt it The;  
 And thus they ben departid tyl a morow,  
 Whan eche of them had leide his feith to borow.  
 O Cupido out of all charite!  
 O Reign that wuld'st have no felaw with The!  
 Full sothe is seide, that Love ne Lordshup  
 Will not his thankes have any felawshup;  
 We find that of Arcite and Palamon:  
 Arcite is ridd anon into the towne: <sup>re</sup> 1640  
 And on the morow er it were day light,  
 Full privily two harneis had he dight,  
 Both sufficient and mete to dareigne  
 The bataile in the felde betwixt them tweine:  
 And on his hors alone as he was borne,  
 He carieth all his harneis him before;  
 And in the Grove, at tyme and place yset,  
 That Arcite, and this Palamon ben met: <sup>re</sup> 1650  
 To chaungin gan the colour of their face,  
 Right as the hunter in the reign of Thrace,  
 That stondith at a gappe with a spere,  
 When huntid is a lion or a bere,  
 And herith hym come rushing in the greves,  
 And brekith both the bowis and the leves:  
 Thinks here comith my mortal enemy,  
 Withoutin faile he mote be dede or I,  
 For either I mote slez hym at the gappe, <sup>re</sup>  
 Or he mote slez me, if that me mishappe. <sup>re</sup>  
 So ferdin they in chaunging of their hew,  
 As fer as everich of them othir knew: <sup>re</sup> 1660  
 Ther n'as no gode day, ne no saweing,  
 But streight withoutin word or reherling,  
 Ev'rich of them helpid to arme othir,  
 As frendly as he wer his owne bro'ir:  
 And astir that with sharpe speris strong  
 They soinin at eche othir wondir long:  
 Thow mightist wenin that this Palamon  
 In his fighting werin a Wode Lyon,  
 And as a cruel tigre was Arcite.  
 As wild boris gan they to fight and smite,  
 That frothin white as fume for ire wode;  
 Up to the ancle foughte they in ther blode.  
 And in this wise I lere them fighting dwell,  
 And forth I wold of Theseus you tell



The destiny, Mynyſter general,  
That executith in the world o're al  
The purveiaunce, that God hath ſeide before,  
So ſtrong it is, that tho the world had ſwore  
The contrary thing by ye or by nay,  
Yet ſometime it ſhall fallin on a day,  
That nevir fill yet in a thouſand yere.  
For certainly our appetitis here  
(Be it of werre or pece, or hate or love)  
Are rulid alle by the ſight above.  
This mene I now by mighty Theſeus,  
That for to huntin is ſo deſirous;  
And namily at the grete hert in May,  
That in his bedde ther dawith him no day,  
That he n'is clad and redy for to ride  
With hunt and horn and houndis him beſide.  
For in his hunting hath he ſuch delite,  
That it is al his joy and appetite,  
To ben himſelf the grete hart's bane:  
For aſtir Mars he ſervith now Diane.  
Clere was the day, as I have told er this,  
And Theſeus with alle joye and blis,  
With his Hypolita, the fayir Quene,  
And Emelie, yelothid al in grene,  
On hunting ben they riddin roiallie;  
Unto the grove that ſtode ther full faſt by:  
In whych ther was a Hart, as men him told.  
Duke Theſeus the ſtreight way hath hold,  
And to the Laund he ridith him full right:  
For thithir was the Hart wout to have his ſlight;  
And ou'r a broke, and ſo forth on his wey;  
This Duke woll have a courſe at him or twey,  
With houndis ſuch, as him leſt to commaund;  
And when this Duke was come into the Laund,  
Undir the ſonne he lokid, and anon  
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,  
That foughtin breme, as it werē bullis two,  
The brighte ſwerdis went faſt to and fro  
So hideouſly, that with the leſte ſtroke  
It ſemith that it wouldē fell an Oke.  
But what they werin, nothing he ne wote;  
This Duke his courſer with his ſporis ſmote,  
And aſſert he was betwixt them two,  
And pullid out his ſwerde, and cryid, Ho,  
No more on peine of leſing of your hede;  
By mighty Mars he ſhall anon be dede,  
That ſmitith any ſtroke, that I may ſene;  
But tellith me what miſter men ye ben,  
That ben ſo hardie for to fightin here,  
Withoutin judge or othir officere,  
As though it were in liſtis roially.  
[This Palamon anſwerid haſtily,  
And ſeidē, Sir, what nedith wordis mo?  
We have the dethe deſervid bothē two:  
Two woful wretchis ben we and Catives,  
That ben encombrid of our ownē lives;  
And as thou art a rightful Lord and judge,  
Ne geve us neither mercie nor refuge;  
But ſlea me firſt, for Seinte Charitē,  
But ſlea my felaw eke as well as me:  
Or ſlea him firſt, for though thou know it lite,  
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,  
That fro thy land is baniſh'd on his hede,  
For which he hath deſervid to be dede,  
For this is he, that came unto thy gate,  
And ſeidē, that he hightē Philoſtrate;  
Thus hath he japid the full many a yere;  
And thou haſt makid hym thy cheſe Squire:  
And this is he that lovith Emely.  
— For ſith the dey is come that I ſhall dye,  
I make plainly my Confeſſion,  
That I am thilkē woful Palamon,  
That hath thy priſon brokin wikidly,  
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I]

That ſo hote lovith Emely the bright,  
That I woll dye here preſent in her ſight;  
Wherefore I aſkē dethe, and my jewiſe,  
But ſlea my felaw eke in the ſame wiſe:  
For both we have deſervid to be ſlaine.  
This worthy Duke anſwer'd anon againe,  
And ſeid, this is a ſhort Concluſion,  
Your own mouth by your own confeſſion  
Hath damnid you, and I woll it record;  
It nedith not to pine you with a cord,  
Ye ſhall be dede by mighty Mars the reade.  
The Quene anon for very womanhedde  
Gan for to wepe, and ſo did Emelie;  
And all the Ladys in the Companie.  
Grete pitē was it, as it thought them al,  
That evyr ſoce a chance ſhuld befall.  
For gentilemen they wer of grete eſtate,  
And nothing but for love was this debate,  
And ſaugh their bloody woundis wide and fore,  
And all crydiſ at once both leſs and more,  
Have mercy, Lord, upon us wymin al,  
And on their bare knees adoun they fall,  
And wold have kiſt his fete there as he ſtode,  
Tyl at the laſt aſlakid was his mode:  
For pitē rennith ſone in gentil hert;  
And though at firſt for ire he quoke and ſtert,  
He hath concludid ſhortly in a Clauſe  
The trespas of them both, and eke the Cauſe;  
And although that his ire their gilt accuſed,  
Yet in his reſon he them both excuſed.  
As thus: he thoughtē well that every man  
Woll help himſelf in love all that he can;  
And eke delivir him out of priſon;  
And in his herte he had compaſſion  
Of wymin, for they wepē evir in oon;  
And in his gentill hert he thought anone,  
And ſoft unto himſelf he ſeid, fie, fie  
Upon a Lord, that woll have no mercie;  
But be a Lyon both in word and dede,  
To them that ben in repentaunce and drede,  
As well as to a proud diſpitous man,  
That woll maintainin that he firſt began.  
That Lord hath lityl of diſcretion,  
That in ſoche caas can no diſtinction,  
But weighith pryde and humbles aſtir one;  
And ſhortly, when his ire was thus agone,  
He gan to lokin up with cyin light,  
And ſpake in place theſe wordis all on hight.  
The God of Love, ah benedite,  
How mighty, and how gret a Lord is he!  
Againe his might there gainith nō obſtacles,  
He may be cleped a God for his Miracles:  
For he can makin at his ownē giſe  
Of every hert as that him liſt deviſe.  
Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,  
That quietly were fro my priſon gon,  
And might have liv'd in Thebis rially,  
And wete I am their mortal enemy,  
And that their dethe is in my might alſo,  
And yet hath love, maugre ther cyin two,  
Y brought them hither bothē for to die;  
Now lokith, is not this a grete folie?  
Who may be a ſole, but iſt that he love!  
Behold! for God's love that ſitteth above;  
Se how they blede! be they not well araïd?  
Thus hath ther Lord, the God of Love, them pay'd,  
Ther wagis and ther fees, for ther ſerviſe:  
And yet they wepin for to ben full wiſe,  
That ſervith Love, for ought that may befall.  
But yet this is the beſtē game of al,  
That ſhe, for whom they have this joliteſe,  
Con them therefore as mochill thank as me.  
She wote no more of allē this hote fare,  
By God, than wor a Cuckow, or an Hare;

But



But al mot ben assayid, hot and cold,  
 A man more ben a fole, or yonge or old,  
 I wore it by my self ful yore agone :  
 For in my tyme a Servaunt I was one ;  
 And therfore sith I know of lov'is peine,  
 I wore how fore it can a man distreine,  
 As he that oft hath ben caught in his laas,  
 I you forgeve all wholly this trespas,  
 At request of the Queene, that knelith here,  
 And eke of Emely, my Sustir dere.  
 And ye shall both anon unto me swere,  
 That ye shall never more my Contrè dere,  
 Ne makin werre upon me night ne day,  
 But ben my frendis in all that ye may :  
 I yow forgeve this trespas every dele,  
 And they hym swore his asking faire and wele,  
 And hym of Lordship and of mercy prayde ;  
 And he them grauntid grace ; and thus he sayde ; 1830  
 To speke of rial lynage and rycheffe,  
 Though that she wer a queene, or a princeffe,  
 Eche of you both is worthie doutelesse,  
 To weddin whan tyme is ; but nathelesse,  
 I speke as for my Sustir Emelie,  
 For whome ye have this stryfe and jelousie,  
 Ye wote your self, she may not weddin tway  
 At onys, though ye fightin evirmo ;  
 But one of you, al be hym lothe or lese,  
 He must go pipin in an ivie lese.  
 This is to say, she may not now have both,  
 Ben ye never so jelouse, ne so wroth.  
 And therfore I you put in this degre,  
 That eche of you shall have his destine,  
 As hym is shape ; and herkin in what wise ;  
 Lo here your end of that I shall devise.  
 My wyll is this, for flat conclusion,  
 Withoutin any replication,  
 If that you likith, take it for the best ;  
 That everich of you shall go wher him leste,  
 Frely withoutin ranfowme or daungere ;  
 And this day fifty wekis, fer ne nere,  
 Everich of you shall bring a hundrid Knights,  
 Ar'md for the listis upon alle rights,  
 Al redy to darrein here by bataille :  
 And this behote I you withoutin faile.  
 Upon my trouthe, and as I am a Knyght,  
 That whethir of you both hath that myght,  
 That is to sey, that whethir he or thou  
 May with his hundrid, as I spake of now,  
 Sleaz his contrary or out of lyftis dryve,  
 Him shall I geve Emelie to wyve, 1840  
 To whom fortune gevith so fayre a grace.  
 The listis shall I do make in this place.  
 And God so willy on my soule rew,  
 As I shall evin judge ben and trew.  
 Ye shall noon othir ende wyth me make,  
 That one of you shall be dedde or take.  
 And yf ye think this is well yseide,  
 Seye your avise, and hold you well apeide :  
 This is your end, and your conclusion.  
 [ Who lokith lightly now but Palamon ?  
 Who springith up for joye but Arcite ?  
 Who coude tell, or who coude rightly endite  
 The joye that is y makid in that place,  
 Whan Theseus had don so fayre a grace !  
 But down on knees went every manner wyght,  
 And thankid him wyth all ther hert and myght,  
 And namly thes Thebans many a sith.  
 And thus with hopis gode, and hertis blith 1880  
 They take ther leve, and homward gan they ride  
 To Thebis ward, with(his)olde wallis wide. 1890  
 I trow men wouldin deme it negligence,  
 If I forgett to tellin the dispence  
 Of Theseus, that goth so beffily  
 To makin up the listis rially :

That soche a noble Theatre as this was ;  
 I dare well say in all this world ther n'as.  
 The circuite wherof was a myle about,  
 Wallid with stone, and dichid all about. 1890  
 Round was the shape in manne of a compas,  
 Full of degrees, the height of sixty paas.  
 That whan a man was set on oo degre,  
 He lettrid not his felaw for to se.  
 Estward there stode a gate of marble white,  
 Westward right soch anothir opposite ;  
 And shortly to concludin, soch a place  
 Was non in yerth, as in so lityl space.  
 For in the Lond ther was no craftis-man  
 That Geometry or Arithmetik can, 1900  
 Ne portraiture, ne kervir of imagis,  
 That Theseus ne gaf him mete and wagis,  
 That Theater to make and to devise ;  
 And for to don his rite and sacrificie,  
 He Estward hath, upon the gate above,  
 In worship of Venus, Goddes of Love,  
 Don make an Auter and an Oratory ;  
 And on the westward side, in memory  
 Of Mars, he makid hath right soch anothir,  
 That coste largely did of gold a tothir.  
 And Northward, in a turrit on the wall,  
 Of alabaster white, and red corall,  
 An Oratory riche was for to se,  
 In worship of Diane of chastite,  
 Hath Theseus don wrought in a nobill wise.  
 But yet had I forgettin to devise  
 The nobil carvings, and the purtreitures,  
 The shape, the countenance, and the figures,  
 That werin in the Oratorys thre. 1910  
 First then, in Venus temple thou mayst se,  
 Wrought on the wall full pitous to behold,  
 The brokin slepis, and the sighis cold,  
 The teris fault, and the sad weymenting, 1920  
 The fry strokis of the desiring,  
 That Lov'is servaunts in this life endure,  
 The Othis, that ther Covenantes assuren,  
 Pleasaunce, and hope, desire, folchardinesse,  
 Beauty, and youth, baudrie, and eke ryches,  
 Charmis, and force, lesinges, and flatterie,  
 Dispense, and besynes, and jelousie, 1930  
 That wer'd of yelow goldis a garland,  
 And had a Cuckow sitting on her hand ;  
 Festes, Instrumentis, Carollis, and dauncis,  
 Justis, array, and all the Circumstauncis,  
 Of Love, which I reknid, and rekin shall,  
 By order, werin paintid on the wall ;  
 And mo than I can make of mentioun,  
 For sothly all the Mount of Citheron,  
 Wher Venus hath hir principal dwelling,  
 Was shewid on the wall in purtreying, 1940  
 Wyth all the joye, and all the lustynesse,  
 Nought was forgett the Portres Idleness ;  
 Ne Narcissus the fayr, of yore agon,  
 Ne yet the folyc of King Solomon,  
 Ne yet the grette strength of Hercules,  
 Th' enchauntments of Medea and Circes,  
 Ne of Turnus with his hardie Corage, 1950  
 The rych Cresus full catife in servage.  
 Thus may ye fene, that wisdom ne ryches,  
 Beautie, ne sight, ne strength, ne hardinesse,  
 Ne may with Venus holdin champartie,  
 For as her list the world then she may gye.  
 Lo all thes folk so caught wer in her laas,  
 Tyl they for wo full oftin seyde alas !  
 Suffisith here one example or two,  
 Although I couth rekin a thousand mo.  
 And Venus Statue glorious to se  
 Was makid fletyng in the large Seg,  
 And fro the Navill down all coverid was,  
 With wavis grene, and bright as any glas. 1960  
 A Citriole



A Citriole in her ryght hand had she,  
 And on her hede, full semely for to se,  
 A rosey garlund, fresh and well smelling,  
 Above hir hede her Dovyis flittering:  
 Before her stou'd her sonne Cupido,  
 Upon his shuldris wingis had he two,  
 And blynd he was, as it is oftyn sene,  
 A bow he bare, and arowes bright and kene.  
 [Why shuld I nor as well you tellin all  
 The Purtreiture, that was upon the wall  
 Within the temple of great Mars the redde?  
 All paintid was the wall in length and brede,  
 Like to the Estris of the grisly place,  
 That hight the grete Temple of Mars in Thrace,  
 In thilke cold and frosty region,  
 Ther as Mars hath his Sovrain Mansion.  
 First on the wall was paintid a fofrest,  
 In which there wonneth nowther Man ne best,  
 Wyth knotty-knarry-barrein treys old,  
 Of stubbis sharpe and hideous to behold,  
 In which there was a rombyll and a swough,  
 As though a storm shulde brestin every bough;  
 And downward from an hill undir a bent  
 There stode the temple of Mars armipotent,  
 Wrought all of burnyd stele, of which th' entre  
 Was long, and streight, and ghastry for to se:  
 And therout came such a rage and avise,  
 That it made all the gatys for to ryle.  
 The Northern light in at the doris shone,  
 For window on the wall ne was there none,  
 Through which men mightin any light discern.  
 The dore was al of Adamant eterne,  
 Yelenchid overthwart and endelong  
 With iron tough, for to makist it strong.  
 Every piller the tempyl to sustene  
 Was tonnè grete of yren bright and shene.  
 Ther saw I first the derk ymagining  
 Of Felony, and all the Compassing;  
 The cruell ire, redde as any glede,  
 The pikurse also, and eke the pale drede,  
 The smiler wyth the knyfe undir the cloke,  
 The shepin brenning with the blakè smoke,  
 The treson of the murd'ring in the bedde,  
 The opin werre with woundis all bebledde.  
 Conteke with blodie knyves and sharp menace,  
 All full of chirking was that sory place.  
 The fleer of himself, yet saw I there,  
 His herte blode hath bathid all his here.  
 The naile ydrivin in the shode anyght,  
 With the cold deth, with mouth gaping upright,  
 Amiddis of the temple sat mischaunce,  
 With discomfort and sory countenance:  
 Yet saw I wodeness laughing in his rage,  
 Armid compleint on theft and fers corage,  
 The Carrein in the bush, with throtycorve,  
 A thousand sleine, and not of qualme ystorve:  
 The tyrant with the prey by force yraft,  
 The town destroyid, ther was nothyng laft.  
 Yet saw I brent the Ships hopposteris,  
 The hunter straunglid with the wild boris,  
 The Sow fretting the chyld right in the cradel,  
 The Coke scaldid for all his longè ladel.  
 Nought was forgett, the infortune of Mart,  
 The Cartir ovirridin by his Cart,  
 Undir the whele full low he lay adoun;  
 Ther wer also of Mart's divisoun,  
 The Barbour, and the Butchir, and the Smith  
 That forgith sharpe swardis on the stich:  
 And all above depeintid in a towr,  
 Saw I conquest sitting in gret honour,  
 With the sharpe swardè right ovir his hede,  
 Hanging but by a subtil twynid thred:  
 Depeintid was the slaughter of Julius,  
 Of cruel Nero, and Antonius,

Albe that thilkè tyme they wer unborn,  
 Yet was their dethe depeintid ther befor,  
 By manacing of Mars, right by figure,  
 So was it shewid in the purtreiture,  
 As is depeintid in the Sterres above,  
 Who shall be dede or ellis sleine for love.  
 Suffisith one ensample in storys old,  
 I may not rekin them although I wold.  
 The Statue of Mars upon a Cart stode  
 Armid, and lokid grym as he were wode:  
 And o're his hede ther shinin two figures,  
 Of Sterris that ben clepid in Scriptures,  
 That one (Puella) rothir (Rubeus)  
 This God of Armis was arayid thus.  
 A woof ther stode before him at his fete,  
 With eyin red, and of a man he etc.  
 With sotill pensill peintid was this story  
 In'redouing Mars, and of his glorie.  
 Now to the temple of Diane the chaft,  
 As shortly as I can I woll me haft,  
 To tellin you all the description;  
 Depeintid were the wallis up and down  
 Of hunting, and of shamefast Chastite;  
 There saw I how wofull Calisto, (pite!)  
 Whan that Diana grevid was with her,  
 Was tarnid fro a woman to a bere;  
 And aftirward was she made the Lodesterre,  
 Thus was it peintid, I can sey no ferre;  
 Her son is eke a sterre, as men may se.  
 There saw I Daphne turnid to a tre,  
 I menè not the Goddes Diane,  
 But Peneus doughtir, which that hight Daphne.  
 There saw I Acton a hert y makid,  
 For vengeance that he saw Diane all nakid:  
 I saw how that his houndis have him caught,  
 And fretin him, for that they knew him nought  
 Yet peintid was a lityl furthir more,  
 How Atalanta huntid the wyld bore,  
 With Meleager, and many othir mo,  
 For which Diana wrought them care and wo.  
 There saw I many othir wondir story,  
 Which me list not to draw in memory.  
 This Goddes on an hert full wele she sette,  
 With smale houndis all about her fete,  
 And undirner the her fete she had a Mone,  
 Wexing it was, and yet shuld weine Sone.  
 In gaudy grene hir Statue clothid was,  
 With bow in hand, and arowes in a Caas.  
 Her eyin ay she kest full low adoun,  
 There Pluto hath his derkè Region.  
 A womman travelling was her befor;  
 For that her childè was so long unborn,  
 Full pitously Lucina gan she cal,  
 And seide, help, for thou mayst best of al.  
 Well couth he purtray lively, that it wrought,  
 With many a forein he the hewis bought.  
 Now ben these Listis made, and Thescus,  
 That at his grete cost arayid thus,  
 The Temples and Theater every dele,  
 Whan twas done, [it] him likid wondir wele.  
 But stint I woll of Thescus alite,  
 And speke of Palamon, and of Arcite.  
 The day approachith of ther returning,  
 That everich shuld an hundrid Knightis bring,  
 The bataile to darrein as I you told:  
 And to Athenes, ther Covenantes to hold,  
 Hath everich of them brought an hundrid Knightes,  
 Well armid for the werre at allè rightes,  
 And sikirly there trowid many a man,  
 That nevir sithins that the world began,  
 As for to speke of Knyghthode of ther hond,  
 As ferre as God hath makid se or lond,  
 N'as of so few, so noble a Company:  
 For every wight, that lovid chivalry,

And



And to his thanks wolde have a passing name,  
 Hath prayid that he might be of that game, 2110  
 And wel was hym that therto chosin was.  
 For if there fell to morow suche a caas,  
 Ye knowin wele that every lusty Knyght,  
 That lovith Paramours, and hath his myght, 2120  
 Were it in Englonde, or were it else where;  
 They woldin faine all willin to be there.  
 To fight for Lady! ah benedicite!  
 It were a lusty fight for men to se!  
 [ And ryght so fardin they with Palamon. e.  
 With him ther wentin Knyghtis many one: 2120  
 Some wolde ben armid in an haburgeon,  
 And in a brestplate with a light gippon,  
 And some wolde have a payre of platis large,  
 And some woude have a Puce shield, some a targe;  
 Some wolde be armid on his leggis wele,  
 And have an axe; and some a mace of Stele;  
 There'n'as none new gife, that it ne was old;  
 Armid they werin, as I have you told,  
 Everich after his Opinion.  
 There maystow see comynyn with Palamon 2130  
 Lycurgus himself, the grete King of Thrace;  
 Blak was his berde, and manly was his face:  
 The circles of the eyin in his hede  
 They glowdin betwixt yelow and rede:  
 And like a Lyon lokid he about,  
 With kempid heiris on his browis stout:  
 His limis grete, his brawn is herd and strong,  
 His Shulderes brode, his armis round and long.  
 And as the guise ywas in his Contré,  
 Full high upon a char of gold stode he, 2140  
 With four grete white bullis in the tracys;  
 Insteed of Cote Armure on his harnais,  
 With yelow nayles, and bright as any gold;  
 He hath a heri's skinn, coleblak for old.  
 His longe here was kemped behind his bak,  
 As any raveni's fethre't shone for blak.  
 A wrethe of gold armgrete, of hugé weight,  
 Upon his hede set ful of stonis bright,  
 Of fine rubys, and clere diamondes. 2150  
 About his Char ther wentin white alandes  
 Twentie and mo, as grete as any sterc,  
 To huntin at the Lyon, or wild Bere,  
 And folowed him with Mossil fast ybound,  
 Colleres of gold and torreses filid round.  
 An hundrid Lordis had he in his rout,  
 Armid full wele, with herris stern and stout.  
 With Arcite, (in Storys as men find) 2160  
 The grete Emetrius, the King of Inde,  
 Upon a Stede bay, trappid in Stele,  
 Coverid with cloth of gold diaprid wele,  
 Came riding like the God of armis Mars,  
 His Cote Armure was of the Cloth of Tars 2170  
 Couchid with perlis white, and round, and grete;  
 His Saddil was of brent gold new ybete,  
 A Mantlet upon his Shulderes hanging,  
 Bretfull of Rubys redde as fire sparkling.  
 His crisse heir like ringis was yronne,  
 And it was yelow, glitring as the Sonne. 2180  
 His nose was high, his eyin bright citryn,  
 Ruddy his lippes, his colour was sanguyn,  
 And a few freklis in his face yspreint  
 Betwixt yelow, and somedele blak ymeint.  
 And as a Lyon he his eyin kest.  
 Of five and twenty yere his age I ghest.  
 His berde was well begonnin for to spring,  
 His throte was as a trompet thondiring.  
 Upon his hede he wered of laurer grene  
 A garland freshe, and lustie for to sene.  
 Upon his hond he bare for his delite  
 An Egle tame, as ony lilie white.  
 And hundrid Lordis had he with him there,  
 All armid, saaf their hedis, in their grete,

Full rychely in alle manner thinges,  
 For trustith wele, that Erlis, Dukes; and Kinges,  
 Were gadrid in this nobil company  
 For Love, and for encrese of Chivalry.  
 About this King ther ran on every part  
 Full many a tame Lyon and Libart. 2190  
 And in this wyse these Lordis al and some  
 Ben on the Sunday to the Citie come  
 Aboutin Prime, and in the Town alight.  
 This Theseus, this Duke, this worthy Knyght,  
 Whan he had brought them into his Cite,  
 And innid them, eche aftir his degre,  
 He festith them, and doth so grete labour  
 To esin them and don them all honour,  
 That yet men wenin that no mann's wit  
 Of none estat ne couth amending it.  
 The minstrelcie, the service at the feste,  
 The grete gestes also to the most and leste, 2200  
 The ryche aray of Theseus Palleis,  
 Ne who sat first or last upon the Deis,  
 What Ladys fayrist ben or best daunting,  
 Or whiche of them can best dancin or sing,  
 Ne who most felingly spekith of Love,  
 Ne what haukes sittin on perchis above,  
 Ne what houndes liggin on the floort adoun,  
 Of all this now make I no mentioun;  
 But of the effect that thinkith me the best,  
 Now comith the point, herk'nith, if you lest. 2210  
 The Sonday nyght, er day began to spring,  
 Whan Palamon the Lark herde sing,  
 Although it were not day by houris two,  
 Yet song the Lark, and Palamon right tho  
 Wyth holy hert, and with an high corage  
 He rose, to wendin on his Pilgrimage,  
 Unto the blisfull Cithera benigne,  
 (I mene Venus, honourable and digne)  
 And in her hour he walkith foorth apas  
 Unto the listis ther her temple was; 2220  
 And down he knelith and wyth humble chere,  
 And herte full sore, he seide as ye shull here.  
 Fairist of faire, o Ladie mine Venus,  
 Doughtir of Jove, and Spouse to Vulcanus,  
 Thou gladir of the Mount of Citheron,  
 For thilke Love thou haddist to Adon,  
 Have pite of my bittir teris smert,  
 And take my humble prayir at thine hert.  
 Alas! I ne have no langage to tell  
 The effect, ne the turment of mine hell; 2230  
 Mine herte may mine harmis not bewray,  
 I am so confusid that I cannot saye,  
 But mercie, Ladie bryght, that wotist wele  
 My thought, and seest what harmis that I fele.  
 Considir this, and rue upon my sore,  
 As wisly as I shall for evynore,  
 Enforce my myght, thy true Servaunt to be,  
 And holdin werre alwey with chastite.  
 That make I mine avow, so ye me help.  
 I kepe not of armis for to yelp, 2240  
 I ne ask not to morow victory,  
 Ne renoun in this caas, ne vaine glory,  
 Of prife of Armis blowin up and doun:  
 But I wolde have fully possesioun  
 Of Emily, and dye in her Servise,  
 Fynd thou the mannir how and in what wise.  
 I reke not, but it may betir be  
 To have victory of them or they of me,  
 So that I have my lemman in mine armes.  
 For tho so be that Mars is God of Armes, 2250  
 Your vertue is so grete in heaven above,  
 That if The list I shall wele have my Love.  
 Thy temple shall I worship evir mo,  
 And on thine autler, where I ryde or go,  
 I wold don sacrifice, and firs bete;  
 And yef ye wold nat so my Lady swete,  
 Then



Then pray I you to morow with a spere  
 That Arcite do me through the herte bere: *a*  
 Then reke I not, when I have lost my life,  
 Though Arcite winnir her to his wife. *a*  
 This is th' effect, and ende of my prayere;  
 Yef me my Lady, blisfull lady dere.  
 Whan th' Orison was done of Palamon,  
 His Sacrifice he did, and that anon  
 Full pitously with alle circumstaunces,  
 Al telle I nat as now his observaunces.  
 But atte last the Statu' of Venus shoke,  
 And made a signe, whereby that he toke  
 That his prayere acceptid was that day.  
 For though the signe shewid a delay,  
 Yet will he wole that grauntid was his bone,  
 And with glad hert he went away ful sone.  
 The third hour in equal that Palamon  
 Began to Venus tempyl for to gon,  
 Uprose the Sunne, and uprose Emelye, *i*  
 And to the temple of Diane gan hie  
 Her Maidins, that she thithir with her ladde,  
 Full redily with them the fire they haddie,  
 The incense, clothis, and the remnant al,  
 That to the Sacrifice belongin shal:  
 The hornys full of Meith, as was the gyse,  
 There lakkid nought to don ther Sacrifice  
 Smoking the tempyl, full of clothis faire;  
 This Emely with herte debonaire  
 Her body wishe with watir of a well;  
 But how she did her rite I dare not tell,  
 But if it be only thing in general,  
 And yet it were a game to here it al,  
 To him that menith well it were no charge,  
 But it is gode a man be at his large.  
 Her bright here was kempt and untrefid all,  
 A Corown, of a grene oke certiall,  
 Upon her hede was set full faire and mete:  
 Two firs on the aulter gan she bete,  
 And did her thingis, as men may behold  
 In State of Thebis, and these bokis old.  
 When kindlid was the fire, with pitous chere *"*  
 Unto Dian she spake, as ye may here.  
 O chaste Goddes of the wodis grene,  
 To whome both heven, and erth, and fe is sene, *2300*  
 Quene of the regne of Pluto derk and low,  
 Goddes of Maidins, that mine here hast know  
 Full many a yere, and wost what I desire,  
 Ay kepe me from the vengeance of Thine ire;  
 That I beon aboutin cruilly;  
 Chaste Goddes, well wotist Thou that I  
 Desire to ben a Maidin all my life,  
 Ne never wold I be ne Love, ne Wife: *"*  
 I am thou wost well of thy cumpany  
 A Maid, and love hunting and Venery, *2310*  
 And for to walkin in the wodis wild,  
 And not to be a wife, and be with child,  
 Nought wold I know the cumpany of Man. *"*  
 Now help me, Lady, fith Ye may and can,  
 For tho thre formis that Thow hast in The;  
 And Palamon, that hath soche love to me,  
 And eke Arcite, that lovith me so fore,  
 This grace I prayir The withoutin more,  
 As to send love and pece betwixt them two,  
 And fro me turn away their hertis so, *2320*  
 That all their hot love, and all their desire,  
 And all their busy turment, and their fire  
 Be queint, or turnid to an othir place.  
 And if to be thou wost do me no grace, *"*  
 Or if my destiny be shapin so,  
 That I shall nedis have one of them two,  
 As send me him, that most desirith me;  
 Behold, o Goddes of clene chastite,  
 The bittir teres, that on my checkis fall,  
 Syn thou art Mayde, and kepir of us all, *2330*

My Maydinhode thou kepe, and well conserve,  
 And while I live a Maide I wold The serve.  
 The firs bren upon the Aulter clere,  
 While Emelie was thus in her prayere:  
 But sodenly she saw a thinge queint, *" right*  
 For right anon on of the firs queint,  
 And quikid ageyn; astir that anon, *1 96*  
 That othir fire was queynt, and all ygone; *a*  
 And as it queint it made a whisteling,  
 As don the wter brondis in their brenning, *2340*  
 And at the brondis end out ran anon  
 As it were bloody dropis many one.  
 For which so fore aghast was Emely,  
 That she was well nie mad, and gan to crie:  
 For she ne wist what it signified,  
 But only for the fere thus hath she cryed, *+ fire*  
 And wept, that it was pitè for to here. *- out*  
 And therewithal Diana gan to appere  
 With bow in hond, right as an huntrefe,  
 And seide, Daughter, stint thine heviness, *2350*  
 Among the Goddis hie it is affirmed, *a*  
 And by eterne word written and confimed, *c*  
 Thou shalt ben weddid unto one of two,  
 That have for The so muchil care and wo: *" the : bothe two*  
 But unto whiche of them I may not tell, *: whiche first*  
 Farewell, for I ne may no longir dwell:  
 The firs, which that on mine Aulter bren,  
 Shall The declarin, er that thou go hen, *1 10 0*  
 Thine aventure of Love, as in this caas.  
 And with that word the arrowes in the Case *2360*  
 Of the Goddes clatterin fast and ring,  
 And forth she went, and made a vanishing,  
 For which this Emely astonied was,  
 And seide, what amounrith this, alas! *" amounrith*  
 I put me undir thy protection,  
 Diane, and in thy disposition.  
 And home she goth anon the nexte wey;  
 This is th' effect, there n'is no more to sey.  
 The nexte hour of Mars folowing this,  
 Arcite unto the temple walkid is *2370*  
 Of fiersè Mars, to don his Sacrifice,  
 With all the rytis of his paynim wife;  
 With pitous hert and hie devotion,  
 Right thus to Mars he seide his Orison.  
 O stronge God, that in the reignis cold  
 Of Thrace honourid art, and God yhold, *" Lord*  
 And hast in every reign, and every lond  
 Of armis all the bridil in thine hond,  
 And them fortunist, as The lest devise,  
 Accept of me my pitous Sacrifice, *2380*  
 If it so be that my thought may deserve,  
 And that my might be worthy for to serve  
 Thy Godhede, that I may be oon of thine,  
 Then pray I The to rue upon my pine,  
 For thilk fore paine, and for thilk hottè fire,  
 In which Thou brentist whilome for desire,  
 Whan that thou usidist the fayre bewte  
 Of fayre, yonge, freshe Venus for to se,  
 And haddist her in thine armis at will, *1 thy*  
 Although thou onys at a time misill, *Thi- 2390 " on*  
 Whan Vulcanus had caught The in his laas,  
 And found The ligging by his wife, alas!  
 For thilkè sorow, that was in thine hert,  
 Have ruthe as well upon my painis smert. *1 the*  
 I am yonge, and unkonning, as thou wost,  
 And as I trow with Love offendid most  
 That evir was any livis cature. *1 12*  
 For she, that doth me all this wo endure,  
 Ne rekith never wher I sinke or flete;  
 And well I wote, er she me mercy hete, *" 2400*  
 I mote with strength winnin her in this place: *c*  
 And well I wote withoutin help or grace  
 Of The, ne may my strengthe not availe; *1 f. may " nought*  
 Then help me Lord to morow in bartaile,

For



For thilkè fire, that whilome brennid The,  
 As well as thilkè fire, now brennith me;  
 And do, that I may have the victory,  
 Mine be the travill, Thine be the glory. *9*  
 Thy Sovereign Temple woll I most honour  
 Of any place, and alwey most labour  
 In thy plesauce, and in thy craftis strong,  
 And in thy temple woll my banner hong,  
 And all the Armis of my Company,  
 And evirmore untill the day I dy  
 Eternè fire I woll before The find,  
 And eke to this avow I woll me bind,  
 My-berde, my heire that hongitf low adoun,  
 That nevir yet ne felt offensoun  
 Of raſour ne of ſhere, I woll The geve,  
 And bin thy trew ſervant whyle that I live. *2420*  
 Now, Lord, have ruth upon my ſorowes ſore,  
 Geve me the victory, I ask no more.  
 The prayere ſtint of Arcitè the ſtrong,  
 The ringis on the temple dore they rong,  
 And eke the doris clatterdin full ſalt,  
 Of which Arcitè ſomewhat was aghaſt.  
 The fire brennin on the Auter bright,  
 That it gan all the temple ſor to light:  
 And a ſwete ſmell anon the ground upaſe;  
 And Arcitè anon his hond upaſe,  
 And more incenſe into the fire he caſt,  
 With othir rytis mo: And at the laſt  
 The Statue of Mars gan his hauberk ring:  
 And with that ſound he herde a murmuring,  
 Full low and dim, that ſeide thus, *2430*  
 For which he yaſe Mars honour and glory;  
 And thus with joy and hope well to fare  
 Arcitè goth home leſſid of his care,  
 As ſaine as ſoule is of the brightè Sunne,  
 And right anon ſoche a ſtrife is begunne, *2440*  
 For thilkè graunting, in the heven above,  
 Betwixt Venus, that Goddeſs is of Love,  
 And Mars the ſtern, the God Armipotent,  
 That Jupiter was buſy it to ſtent;  
 Untill that palè Saturnus the cold,  
 That knew ſo many aventures of old,  
 Found in his old experience an Art,  
 That he full ſone hath pleſid every part.  
 And ſothe is ſeide, Eld hath grete avantage,  
 In Eldè is both wyſedom, and uſage,  
 Men may the old outren, but not outrede;  
 Saturne anon to ſtintin ſtrife and drede,  
 (Albeit that it be againe his kind)  
 Of all this ſtrife hē can remedie find.  
 My derè daughter Venus, qd Saturne,  
 My Courſe, that hath ſo widè ſor to turne,  
 Hath more powir, than wote any man.  
 Myn is the drenching in the See ſo wann,  
 Myn is the priſoun in the derkè cote,  
 Myn is the ſtrangling, hanging by the throte, *2460*  
 The murmure, and the churlis rebelling,  
 The groning, and privie empoysoning;  
 I do vengeance, and pleine Correciōn,  
 While I dwell in the ſign of the Lyon.  
 Myn is the ruine of the highè halles,  
 The falling of the Towris, and the Wallis,  
 Upon the Minours, or the Carpenteres,  
 I ſlough ſtrong Sampſon ſhaking the pilleres;  
 And myn ben alſo the Maladys cold,  
 The derk trefonnis, and the caſtis old;  
 My lokin is Fathir of Peſtilence. *2470*  
 Now wepe no more, I ſhall do diligence,  
 That Palamon, that is thine ownè Knight,  
 Shall have his Lady, as thou haſt hym hight.  
 Though Mars ſhall help his Knight, yet nathelès  
 Betwixt you twein it more be ſometime pees,  
 All be ye not of one Complexion,  
 That cauſith all day ſoche diviſion:

I am thine aye, redy at thy will,  
 Wepe no more, I woll thy luſt fulfill.  
 Now woll I ſtintin of theſe Goddeſs above,  
 Of Mars, and of Venus Goddeſs of Love;  
 And pleyntly woll I tell you as I can,  
 The grete effect, for which that I began.  
 Grete was the feſte in Athenis that day,  
 And eke that luſty ſeſon of that Ma  
 Made every wight to ben in ſoche plesauce,  
 That all that Monday juſtin they and daunce,  
 And ſpendin it in Venus high ſervice:  
 But be the cauſe that they ſhoulden ariſe  
 Erly, to ſe the grete and ſtraunge fight,  
 Unto their reſte wentin they at night.  
 And on the morow whan day gan to ſpring,  
 Of horſe and harneis, noiſe and clattering  
 There was in the hoſtelries all about:  
 And to the Palleis rode there many a rout  
 Of Lordis upon Stedis and Paſſeis;  
 There mayſtow ſe deviſing of harneis,  
 So uncount, and ſo ryche, and wrought ſo wele  
 Of goldſmithry, of brandry, and of ſtele, *2500*  
 The ſheldis bright, teſteris, and trapures,  
 Gold-hewin helms, hauberks, and Cotearmures,  
 Lordis in Parementes on their Courſers,  
 Knightis of retinue, and eke Eſquires,  
 Nailing of Speres, and helms bokling,  
 Giggig of Sheldis with Lainers lacing,  
 As there nede is that they were nothing idyl;  
 The ſoming Stedis on the goldin bridyl  
 Gnawing, and faſt the Armures alſo  
 With file and hamer riding to and fro: *2510*  
 Yemen on ſote, and commyns many one,  
 With ſhortè ſlavis, thik as they may gone:  
 Pipes, trompis, nakers, and clariouns,  
 That in the battaile blowin blodie ſownis,  
 The palleis full of pepil up and down,  
 Here thre, there ten, holding their queſtioun,  
 Devining of theſe Theban Knightis two,  
 Some ſeide thus, ſome ſeide it ſhulde be ſo.  
 Some heldin with him with the blakè berde,  
 Some with the ballid, ſome with the thik hyerd. *2520*  
 Some ſeide he lokid grim, and he wolde fight,  
 He hath a ſparth of twentie pound of wright.  
 Thus was the Halle full of devining,  
 Long aſtir that the Sunne gan to ſpring. *2530*  
 The grete Theſeus of his ſlepè gan wake,  
 With Miſtralcie, and noyſe that they make;  
 Held yet the chambir of his Palleis ryche,  
 Tyll that the Theban Knightis both ylich  
 Honourid weren, and to the place ſett;  
 Duke Theſeus is at the window ſett,  
 Arrayid as he were a God in Trone;  
 The pepil preſſid thithirward full ſone  
 Hym ſor to ſene, and don him reverence,  
 And eke to here his heſte and his ſentence.  
 An Herawd on a Scaffold made an oo,  
 Tyll all the noyſe of the pepil was doo.  
 And whan he ſe the pepil of noyſe ſtill,  
 Thus ſhewid he the mighty Duk's will.  
 The Lord hath of his hie diſcretion  
 Conſidrid, that it were deſtruction  
 To gentill blode, to fightin in this wiſe,  
 Of mortal battaile, now in this empriſe;  
 Wherefore to ſhapien that they ſhall not dye  
 He wollin his firſt purpoſe modifye. *2540*  
 No man therefore, up peyne of loſs of life,  
 No mannir ſhot, ne Polax, ne ſhort knife,  
 Into the liſtis ſend, or thiſir bring,  
 Ne ſhort Swerd ſor to ſtik with point biting  
 No man ne draw, ne bere it by his ſide:  
 Ne no man ſhall unto his ſelaw ride  
 Bur one cours, with a ſharpe groundin ſpere: *2550*  
 Foin if hym liſt on ſote, he it ſhall were.

And

11. That my dwelling is in the Lyon.



And he that is at mischief shall be take,  
 And not slayn, but be broughtin to a Stake,  
 That shall ben ordeynid on othir side,  
 Thithir he shall be force, and ther abide.  
 And if so fall, that the chieftain be take,  
 On eithir side, or ellis sleen his make,  
 No lengir shall the turnement last,  
 God spede you, goth, and leyith it on fast, 2560  
 With Swetdes and long macis fightith your fill,  
 Goth now your wey, this is the Lord's will.  
 The voyce of the pepil touchid heven,  
 So loude cryid they with mery Steven,  
 God save soche a Lord, that is so gode,  
 He willith no destruction of blode.  
 Up goon the trompis, and the melody,  
 And to the listis ritte the Company, 2570  
 By ordinaunce throughout the Citè large,  
 Hangid with cloth of gold, and not with farge.  
 Full like a Lord this nobil Duke gan ryde,  
 And those two Thebanis on eithir syde:  
 And astir rode the Quene and Emely,  
 And astir that anothir Company  
 Of one and othir, astir their degre;  
 And thus they passin throughout the Citè,  
 And to the listis comin they bytime:  
 It n'as not of the day yet fully prime,  
 Whan set was Thesèus full ryche and hie,  
 Hippolyta the Quene and Emely,  
 And othir Ladys in degrees about:  
 Unto the Setis presich all the rout.  
 And westward through the gatis undir Mart  
 Arcite and eke an hundrid of his part  
 Wyth bannir redde is entrid right anon;  
 And the felyc moment entrid Palamon  
 Is, undir Venus Estward in that place,  
 Wyth bannir white, and hardy chere and face.  
 In all the world to sekin up and down,  
 So evin without variatioun  
 There n'as no where soche companyis twey,  
 For there was none so wise, that coude seye,  
 That any had of othir avauntage  
 Of worthiness, ne of estat, ne age.  
 So evin were they chosin for to ghesle:  
 And into rengis tweyn layr they them dres.  
 Whan that their namis rad were everichone,  
 That in their nombre gile were there none,  
 Tho were the gatis shut, and cryed was loude,  
 Do now your devir yonge Knightis proude. 2600  
 The Herawdes left their priking up and down,  
 Now ringin trompis loud and Clarioun,  
 There is no more to seyn but Est and West  
 In goth the sharpest spere fadly in the Rest  
 In goth the sharpe spore into the horse side;  
 There see Men who can just and who can ride!  
 There shiverin shaftis upon sheldis thik,  
 He felith through the herte sponc the prik,  
 Upspringith speris twenty fote on hight,  
 Out goth the sverdis as the silvir bright; 2610  
 The helmis they to hewin; and to shred;  
 Out brestith the blode with stern stremis red;  
 With mighty macis they the bones to brest,  
 He through the thikist of the throng gan threst,  
 There stomblin stedis strong, and down gon all,  
 He rollith undir fote as doth a ball.  
 He soinith on his fote with his tronchoun,  
 And he him hurtlith with his horse adoun.  
 He through the body born, and sith is take  
 Mangre his hede, and brought unto the stake, 2620  
 As forwarde was; right there he must abide.  
 Anothir had is on that othir side.  
 And sometime doth them Thesèus to rest,  
 Them to refresh, and drinkin, if them lest.  
 Full ofte a day have these Thebanis two  
 Togethir met, and done eche othir wo;

Unhorsid hath ech othir of them twey;  
 There n'as Tigre' in the Vale of Galgophy,  
 Whan that her whelp is stolen whan it is lite,  
 So cruill on the hunt, as is Arcite, 2630  
 For jelous hert upon this Palamon:  
 Ne in Belmarie there is no Lion  
 That huntid is, or for his hungir wode,  
 Ne of his prey desirith so the blode,  
 As Palamon to sle his foe Arcite:  
 The jelous strokis on their helmis bite,  
 Out rennith blode on both their sidis rede,  
 Sometime an end there is of every dede!  
 For er the Sunne unto the Westè went,  
 The stronge King Emetrius gan hent 2640  
 This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,  
 And made his sverde depe in his fleshy bite.  
 And by the force of twenty is he take,  
 Unyoldin, and ydrawin to the stake.  
 And in the rescous of this Palamon  
 The strong King Lycurgus is born adoun:  
 And King Emetrius, for all his strength,  
 Is borne out of the saddle his sverd's length,  
 So smote him Palamon ere he were take;  
 But all for nought; he was brought to the stake: 2650  
 His hardy herte might him ne helpin naught,  
 He must abidin, whan that he was caught,  
 By force, and eke by Composition.  
 Who soroweth now but woful Palamon,  
 That more no more gone again to fight?  
 And whan that Thesèus had sene that fight,  
 He cryid, ho: no more; for it is done,  
 Ne none shall lengir to his felaw gone.  
 I woll be a true judge, and not party, 2660  
 Arcite of Thebis shall have Emely,  
 That by his fortune hath her fayr ywonn.  
 Anon there is a noyse of pepil gonn,  
 For joy of this, so loud and hie withall,  
 It semid that the listis shuld fall.  
 What now can fayr Venus doin above?  
 What seith she now? what doth this Quene of Love?  
 But wepith sore for wanting of her will,  
 Till that her teris on the listis fill.  
 She seide, I am ashamid douteless;  
 Saturnus seide, fayr daughtir, hold thy pece, 2670  
 Mars hath his wyll, his Knight hath all his bone,  
 But by my hede thou shalt be esid sone.  
 The trompis with the loud Minstralcie,  
 The Herawdis, that full loude yell and crie,  
 Ben in their wele, for joy of Dan Arcite.  
 But herk'nith me, and stintith noyse a lite;  
 Which a Miracle there befell anon.  
 The fiers Arcite hath of his helmè don,  
 And on a Courser for to shew his face  
 He prikith endlong in the large space, 2680  
 Loking upward upon his Emely,  
 And she ayen him cast a frendly eye,  
 (For wemyn, as to spekin in commune,  
 Followin all the favour of Fortune)  
 And was allè his chere, as in his herte.  
 Out of the ground a fire infernall sterte  
 From Pluto sent, at request of Saturne,  
 For which his horse for fere began to turn,  
 And lepe aside, and foundrid as he lepe,  
 And er that Arcite may takin kepe, 2690  
 He pight him on the pomill of his hede,  
 That in the place he lay as he were dede.  
 His brest to brostin with his sadill bow;  
 As blake he ley as any Cole or Crow,  
 So was the blode yronnin in his face;  
 Anon he was ybrought out of that place,  
 With hert full sore to Thesèus Palleis.  
 Tho was he corvin out of his harneis,  
 And in a bedde ybrought full fayr and blive,  
 For he was yet in memory, on live, 2700  
 And



And alwey crying aftr Emily.

Duke Theseus, with all his Cumpany,  
Is comin home to Athenes the Citē,  
With allē blifs, and grete Solempnitē,  
Albeit that this aventure was fall,  
He wuldē not discumfortin them all.  
Men seide eke that Arcite shou'd not dye,  
He shulde ben helid of his Maladye.  
And of anothir thing they were as fayne,  
That of them allē there was no man slayne;  
Al were they forely hurt, and namely one,  
That with a Spere was thirlid his brest bone:  
Two othir woundis hadde, two brokin armes,  
Some of them haddin salves, and some had charmes,  
Sondry fermacis of herbs, and eke Save,  
They dronkin, for they wolde their livis save.  
For which this nobill Duke, as he wele can,  
Cumfortith, and honourith every man.  
And made a grete revill all the long night,  
Unto the straungē Lordes, as it was right.  
Ne there n'as holdin no discumforting,  
But as is at justis or turning: *2710*  
For sothly there n'as no discumfiture,  
For falling n'is not but an aventure:  
Ne to be ladde by force unto a stake  
Unyoldin, and with twentie Knightis take,  
One persone alone, without any mo,  
And haryid forth by arm and fote and too,  
And eke his Stedē drivin forth with flaves,  
With foremen, bothē yemyn, and eke knaves, *2730*  
It was arretid him no villany:  
There may no Man clepiu it cowardy.  
For which anon Duke Theseus let cry  
To stintin blive all rancour and envy.  
They grete as wele of one side as of other,  
And either side is like as other's brother:  
And yafe them gettis aftr their degre,  
And fully held a festē dayis thre.  
And conveyid the Kingis worthily  
Out of his Town a largē dayes journey.  
And home went every man the rightē wey,  
There n'as no more but farewell, and gode dey.  
Of this bataille I woll no more endite,  
But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.  
Swellich the brest of Arcite, and the fore  
Encresith at his herte still more and more.  
The clotrid blode for any lech's craft  
Corrupid, and is in his body laft,  
That neithir veinē blode, ne ventouling,  
Ne drinkis of herbis may ben helping,  
By vertue expulsive or animal;  
For thilkē vertue clepid naturall  
Ne may the venim voidē ne expell.  
The pipis of his lungs begun to swell,  
And every lacert of his brest adoun  
Is flent with venim and corrupioun.  
Him gainith neithir, for to get his life,  
Vomit upward, ne downward laxatife:  
All is to borstin thilkē regioun, *2750*  
Nature hath there no domination;  
And certainly where nature woll not wiche, &  
Farewell Phisike, go bere the Corse to church.  
This all and some is, Arcite must dye,  
For whiche he fendith aftr Emily,  
And Palamon that was his Cousin dere:  
Then seide he thus, as ye shull aftr here.  
Nought may my woful Spirit in my herte  
Declare oo point of all my sorowes smerte,  
To you, my Lady, that I lovin most,  
But I bequeth the servise of my ghost  
To you abovin every Creature, *2770*  
Syn that my lyfe no lengir may endure.  
Alas my wo! alas my peinis strong!  
That I for you have sufferid so long.

Alas the dethe! alas mine Emily!  
Alas departing of our Cumpany!  
Alas mine hert's quene! alas my wife!  
Myn hert's Lady, endir of my life!  
What is the world? what askin men to have?  
Now with his love, now in his coldē grave, *2780*  
Allone withoutin any cumpany.  
Farewell my foe, farewell myn Emily,  
And soft do take me in your armis tway,  
For love of God, and herk'nith what I sey.  
I have here with my Cousin Palamon  
Had strife and rancour many a day agon  
For life of you, and for my jelosy:  
And Jupiter my Soule so willy gie,  
To spekin of a Servaunt properly,  
With Circumstauncis all, and truly, *2790*  
That is to say, Trowth, Honour, and Knightheche,  
Wildome, Humblefs, Estate, and hie Kinrede,  
Fredome, and all that length to that Art  
So Jupiter have in my Soule part,  
As in this worldē right now know I none,  
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,  
That servith you, and woll don all his life,  
And if that you shall evir ben a wife,  
Forget not Palamon, the gentil Man.  
And with that word his speche to faile began. *2800*  
For from his fete unto his brest was come  
The cold of dethe, that hath him overcome.  
And yet moreovir for in his armes two  
The vital strenght is lost, and all ago,  
And also th' intellect withoutin more,  
That dwellith in his herte fike and fore,  
Gan failin, whan that his herte felt the dethe,  
Duskid his eyin tway, and failith brethe. *2810*  
But on his Lady yet cast he his eye,  
His lastē worde was, Mercy Emily.  
His spirit chaungid house, and out went there,  
As I come nevir, I cannot tell where.  
Therefore I stint, I am no Divinistre,  
Of Soulis fynd I nought in this Registre.  
Ne me list not thilk opinions to tell  
Of them, though that they writin where they dwell.  
Arcite is cold, there lat Mars his Soule gie.  
Now woll I spekin forth of Emily;  
Shright Emily, and howlich Palamon.  
And Theseus his Sufir toke anon, *2820*  
Swounning, and bare her fro the Corse away.  
What helpith it to tary forth the day,  
To tellin how she wept both ever and mortie,  
For in soche caas wymin have mochill sorie,  
Whan that their husbonds ben fro them ago,  
That for the more part they sorowin so,  
Or ellis fallin in soche Malady,  
That at the lastē certainly they dye.  
Infinite ben the sorow, and the teres,  
Of olde folk, and folk of tendir yeres, *2830*  
In all the town for dethe of this Theban;  
For him there wepith bothē child and man.  
So grete a weping was there none certaine,  
Whan Hector was ybrought all fresh yslaine  
To Troy, alas! the pite that was there,  
Scratching of chekis, renting eke of here.  
Why wuldist thou be dede, the wymin crie,  
And haddist gold ynow, and Emilie?  
There is no mann may gladdin Theseus,  
Saving his agid fathir Aegēus, *2840*  
That knew this world's transmutatioun,  
As he had seynit it, both up and down,  
Joy aftr wo, and wo aftr gladness,  
And shewith him ensamples, and likenesse.  
Right as there dyid nevir mann, qd he,  
That he ne lived in Erth in some degre,  
Right so ther livid nevir man, he seide,  
In all this world, that sometime he ne deyde.

(C)

This

\* 2808. Duskid his eyen & the failede his brethe.



This world is but a throughfare full of wo,  
And we ben pilgrimes passing to and fro.  
Dethe is the End of every worldly fore.  
And ovr all this yet seide he much more  
To this effect, full wisely to exhort  
The peple, that they shulde them recomfort.

Duke Theseus with all his busie cure  
Castith about where that the Sepulture  
Of gode Arcite, may best ymakid be,  
And eke most honourable in degre.  
And at the last he toke Conclusion,  
That there as first Arcite and Palamon  
Haddin for love the battaile them betwene,  
That in the self same grove swete and grene,  
There as he hadde his amorous desires,  
His Complaint, and for Love his hottè fires  
He woude make a fire, in whiche the Office  
Funerall he mightin all accomplissh,

And commaundid anon to hake and hew  
The Okis old, and lay them all on rew,  
In culpons, well arrayid for to brenne;  
His officeres with swiftè fore they renne  
All ryght anon at his commaundement;  
And astir that Theseus hath ysent

For a large Beir, and it all orespradde  
Wyth cloth of gold, the richest that he hadde.

And of the same sute he clothid Arcite,  
Upon his hondys he put his gloves white,  
Eke on his hede a Croune of laurer grene,  
And in his hond a swerde full bright and kene.  
He leyd him bare visagid on the bier,  
Therewith he wept, that pitè was to here.

And for the peple shuld sein him all,  
Whan it was day they brought him to the Hall,  
That rorith of the crying and the sowne.

Tho gan this wofull Theban Palamon  
With slotry berde, and ruggy ashey heres,  
In clothis blake bedroppid all with teres,  
And (passing ovr weping Emily)  
Was rusfullist of all the Company.

And in as much as the servise shulde be  
The more nobil and ryche in his degre,  
Duke Theseus lette forth the Stedis bring,  
That trappid were in Stele all glittering,  
And covered with the Armes of Dan Arcite:

Upon these Stedis grete and lilly white  
Ther sattin folk, of whiche one bare his shelde,  
Anothir his spere in his hond held:

The third bare with him his bow Turkis,  
Of fine gold was the case and the harneis:  
And ridin forth apase with fory chere  
Toward the grove, as ye shull astir here.

The noblist of the Grekes that werin there  
Upon their shulderes carryid the biere  
With a stak pace, and eyin redde and wete,  
Throughout the Citè, by the Maistris strete,  
That spradde was all with blake and wondir hie;  
Right of the samè is the strete ywric.

Upon the ryght hond went old Ægeus,  
And on the othir side Duke Theseus  
With Vessils in ther hond of gold full fine,  
All full of hony, milk, and blode and wine.  
Eke Palamon with full grete Company,  
And astir that came wofull Emily,  
With fire in hond, as was that time the gyfe  
To do the office of funerall Servise.

Hie labour, and full grete apparelling  
Was at the servise, and the fire-making,  
That with his grenè top the hevin wrought,  
And twenty fadom (of) brede armis fraught,  
This is to seyne, the boughis were so brode,  
Of stre first there was layde many a lode.  
But how the fire was makid up on hight,  
And eke the namys how the treis hight,

2850 As oke, firr, birch, asp, aldir, elm, poplere,  
Willow, holm, plane, ash, box, chesten, and laurere,  
Maple, thorn, beche, ewe, hafill, whipultre,  
How they were feld, shall not be told for me.

Ne how the Goddis rennin up and doune,  
Dissherite of their habitation,

In which they wonnid in rest and in pece,  
The Nymphs and Fawns and Hamadryades.

2930 Ne how the bestis, ne the birdis all  
Fleddin for fere, whan that the wode was fall:

Ne how the ground aghast was of the light,  
That was not wont to se the Sunne bright;

Ne how the fire was couchid first with stre,  
And then with drie slikis clovin a thre,

And then with grenè wode and spicerie,  
And then with cloth of gold and with perie,

And garlondes hanging with many a floure,  
The myrrhe, the incense, with the swete odoure.

2940 Ne how Arcite lay among all this,  
Ne what ryche about his bodie is,

Ne how that Emelie, as was the gife,  
Put in the fire of funeral servise:

Ne how she fowned, whan made was the fire,  
Ne what she spake, ne what was her desire:

Ne what Jewillis men in the fire cast,  
Whan that the fire was grete, and brennid fast:

Ne how some cast their shelde, and some their spere,  
And some their vestimentis which they were,

2950 And cuppis full of milk, and wine, and blode,  
Into the fire, that brent as it were wode.

Ne how the Grekis with a hugè rout  
Thryis did ridin all the fire about,

Upon the left hand, with a loud shouting,  
And thrys on the right with speres clattering:

And thrys how the Ladys gan all to crie:  
Ne how that led was homeward Emily:

Ne how Arcite is brent to Ashin cold:  
Ne how that there the liche-wake was yhold,

2960 All that night long, ne how the Grekis play  
The Wake-playis; ne kepe I not to say

Who wraistlid best nakid, with oyle anoint,  
Ne who that bare him best in every point.

I woll nat tellin eke how that they gon  
Home till Athenis, whan the play is don.

But shortly to the point then woll I wend,  
And makin of my longè tale an end.

By procefs of time and by length of yeres  
All flintid is the mourning and the teres

2970 Of Grekis, by one general assent.  
Then semid me there was a Parliment

At Athenes on a certain point and caas,  
And among the which pointis spokin was

To have with certaine Countrys Alliaunce,  
And have of Thebanes fully Obeisaunce.

For whiche the nobil Theseus anon  
Let sendin astir gentil Palamon,

Unwist of him, what was the cause and why.  
But in his blake clothis sorowfully

2980 He came at his commaundement on hie;  
Tho sent Theseus astir Emelie.

Whan they were sett, and hushid was the place,  
And Theseus abidin hath a space,

Er anie word came fro his wise brest,  
His eyin sett he there as was his left,

And with a sadde visage he sighid still,  
And astir that right thus he seide his will.

The first movir of the causis above,  
Whan that he first made the fair chaine of Love,

2990 Grete was th' effect, and hie was his entent,  
Wele wist he why, and what thercof he ment:

For with that faire chainè of Love he bonde,  
The fire, the aire, the watir, and the lond,

In certaine bondis, that they may not flee;  
The same Prince, and the same movir, qd he,

Hath



Hath stablised in this wretchid world adoun  
 Certaine of dayis and duratioun,  
 To all that are engendrid in this place,  
 Ovir the whichè day they may not pacc,  
 Alle mowin they yet tho dayis abregge,  
 There nedith none authority to legge,  
 For it is provid by experience;  
 But that me list declarin my sentence.  
 Then may men by this order wele discerne  
 That thilk movir stable is and eterne.  
 Wele may man know, but that he be a fole,  
 That every part derivith from his whole.  
 Nature hath not takin his beginning  
 Of no partis, or cantill of a thing,  
 But of oo thing that parfite is and stable,  
 Descending so till it be corruptable.  
 And therefore of his wise purveyaunce  
 He hath so wele besett his Ordinaunce,  
 That space of thingis and progressions  
 Shullith endure ay by successions  
 And not eterne ben, without any lye.  
 This maystow undirstond, and sene at eye;  
 Lo! th' Oke; that hath so long a norishing  
 Fro the time that he first ginnith to spring,  
 And hath so long a life, as ye may se,  
 Yet at the last ywastid is the tre.  
 Confidrih eke, how that the hardè stone  
 Undir our fete, on which we trede and gone,  
 Yet wastith, as it lyth in the wey.  
 And the brode rivir sometime wexith dry.  
 The grete Townis so wide do wane and wend;  
 Than ye sene that all these thingis hath end.  
 In man and woman se shall we also,  
 That endith in one of these termis two,  
 That is to sayn, in youthe, or ellis age;  
 He mote be dede; a King as shall a Page,  
 Some in his bedde, some in the depè See,  
 Some in the large felde, as ye may see;  
 It helpith nought, all goeth that ilkè way;  
 Then may you sene that all thingis mote dyc.  
 What makith this but Jupiter the King?  
 That is the Prince and Causir of all thing,  
 Converting al unto his propir will,  
 From which it is derivid, sothe to tell.  
 And here against no creature on live  
 Of no degre availith for to strive.  
 Then it is wisdom, as it thinkith me,  
 To make a virtue of necessity;  
 And take that wele, that we may not eschew,  
 And namely that, that to us all is dew.  
 And whoso grutchith ought, he doth folye,  
 And rebill is to him that all may gye.  
 And certeynly a mann hath most honour  
 To dyin in his excellence and flour;  
 Whan he is fikkir of his gode name:  
 Than he hath don his frendes and him no shame.  
 And gladdir ought his frendes be of his dethe,

Whan yoldin up with honour is his brethe,  
 Than whan his name appallid is for age,  
 And all forgottin is his Vassalage,  
 Then it is best as for a worthy fame,  
 To dyin, whan that he is most of name.  
 The contrary of this is wilfulness.  
 Why grutchin we? why have we hevyness,  
 That gode Arcite, of chivalrie the flour,  
 Departid is, with duty and honour,  
 Out of this foule prison of this life?  
 Why grutchin here his cosin and his wife  
 Of his welfare, that lovith him so wele?  
 Can he them thank? nay, God wot, ner a dele,  
 That both his Soule, and eke themself offend,  
 And yet they mow their lustis not amend.  
 What may I conclude of this long serie,  
 But aftir wo I rede us be merie,  
 And thankin Jupiter for all his grace;  
 And er that we departin from this place,  
 I rede that we makin of sorowes two  
 O perfite joye lasting evir mo.  
 And loke now where most sorow is herein  
 There wolt I first at this time begin.  
 Sustir, qd he, this is my full assent,  
 With the avise here of my Parliement,  
 That gentil Palamon your owne Knight,  
 That servith you with will, and hert, and might,  
 And evir hath sithins you first him knew,  
 That ye shull of your grace upon him rew,  
 And take him for your husbond and your Lord?  
 Lene me your hond, for this is our accord,  
 Lete se now of your womanly pitè;  
 He is a King's brother's sonne pardè,  
 And though he were but a pore batchelere,  
 Syn he hath servid you so many a yere,  
 And hadde for you so grete adversite,  
 It muste ben confid'rid, levith me,  
 For gentil mercie ought to passin right.  
 Then seide he thus to Palamon the Knight,  
 I trow there nedith littil sarmoning  
 To makin you assent unto this thing,  
 Come nere, and take your Lady by the hond;  
 Betwixt them two was made anon the bond,  
 That Matrimonie hight, or Maryage,  
 By all the Counsaile of his Baronage.  
 And thus with allè blifs and melodye  
 Hath Palamon yweddid Emilie.  
 And God, that all this wide world hath wrought,  
 Send him his Love, that it hath dere abought.  
 For now is Palamon in allè wele,  
 Living in blifs, in riches, and in hele,  
 And Emilie him lovith tenderly,  
 And he hir servith ay so gentilly,  
 That nevir was there no word them betwene,  
 Of Jelousie, or any othir tene.  
 Thus endith Palamon and Emilie,  
 And God save allè this fayre Cumpanie.

Here endith the KNIGHTES TALE. And followeth II. The MILLERS TALE.

3028 Than may I sege that all thing hath an ende.

3058 A man to dye whan he is best of fame.

3030 Than may I sege that all this thing will dye.







## II. The MILLER's TALE.

NICHOLAS a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with ALISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to deceive her Husband; but in the end is rewarded accordingly. This is one of those Tales, that Lidgate (in his Prologue to the Story of the Siege of Thebes) says, are of ribauldrie

To makin laughtir in the Cumpany.

So, Reader, you know what you are to expect, read, or forbear, as you think fitting.



### The PROLOGUE.



HAN that the Knyght had thus his Tale  
ytold,  
In all the Cump'ny n'as there yong ne  
old,

That he ne seide, <sup>it</sup> was a nobill Story,  
And worthy to be drawn in Memory:  
And namily the gentiles everichone.  
Our Hoste lough, and sware, so mote I gone  
This goeth aright, unboklid is the male,  
Let se now who shall tell anothir tale:  
For truely the game is right well begonn:  
Now tellith us, Sir Monk, if that ye conn  
Somewhat to quite with the Knight's tale.

The Millere that for dronkin was all pale,  
So that unnethe upon his horse he sat,  
Ne n'old avaslin, neithir hode ne hat,

Ne abide no Man for his Curtesie,  
But in Pilat's voice he began to crie,  
And swore by armis, by blode, and by bones,  
I can a nobill tale for the nones.

With which I woll now quite the Knight's tale.

Our Host saw that he dronkin was of Ale,  
And seide, abide, Robin, myn leve brother,  
Some better man shall tell us first another;  
Abide, and let us werkin thriftily.

By Godd's Soule, qd he, that woll not I,  
For I will speke, or ellis go my way.

10 Our Host answerde, say on a Devil way,

Thou art a sole, thy wit is ovrcome;

Now herk'nith, qd the Millere, all and some;

But first I make my protestatioun,

That I am dronke, I know it by my sounne,

30  
And

26 C. h. seide, tell thy tale, a d. w.



And therefore if I mispakin or say,  
Wite it the Ale of Suthwerke, I you pray:  
For I woll tell a Legend, and a life,  
Both of a Carpentere, and of his wife.  
How that a Clarke hath fett a Wright's Capp.  
The Reve answerid, and seide, stint thy clapp,  
Let be thy lewde dronkin harlottrie,  
It is a sinne, and eke a grete follie  
To apaire any man, or him defame,  
And eke to bringe wivis in soche blame,  
Thou maist ynow of othir thingis saine.  
This dronkin Millere spake full sone againe,  
And seide, my leve brothir Oswold,  
Whoso hath no wife, he is no Cokold.  
But I say not therefore that thou art one,  
There be full gode wivis many a one,  
And ere a thousand gode aginst one bad,  
Thou knowist thy self, but if thou be mad;  
Why art thou angry with my tale now?  
I have a wife parde as well as thou,  
Yet n'old I, for all th' Oxin in my plough,  
Takin upon me more than is ynow,  
To demin of my self that I am one,  
I woll belivin wele that I am none.  
An husbond shuld not ben inquisitive  
Ne of God's privite, ne of his wife.  
For so he fynde Godd's foison there,  
Of the remnaunt hym nedith not t' enquire.  
What shulde I more sey, but that this Millere  
He n'old his word for no man forbere,  
But told his churl's tale in this manere.  
Me forthinkith, I shall reherse it here,  
And therefore every gentil wight I pray,  
For Godd's Love, demith not that I say  
Of ill intent, but that I more reherse  
Their talis all, ben they betir or werse,  
Or ellis falsin some of my matere.  
And therefore whoso list it not to here,  
Turn ov'r the lefe, and chuse anothir tale,  
For ye shall find ynow both grete and smale,  
Of history, and thinges touching gentilnes,  
And eke Morality, and Holines.  
Blamith not me, if that ye chuse amiss,  
The Millere is a churle, ye know wele this.  
So was the Reve, and Coke, and othir mo,  
And Harlotry they toldin eke both two.  
Avisith you, and put me out of blame,  
And eke Men shulde not make ernest of Game.

## The TALE.



W hilome there was dwelling in Oxinford,  
A ryche gnoffe, that gestis held to bord,  
And of his craft he was a Carpentere;  
With him there was dwelling a pore Schol-  
lere,  
Had lernid Art, but all his fantasie  
Was turnid now to lerne Astrology,  
And couth a certein of Conclusions,  
To demin by Interrogations,  
It that men askid hym in certein houres,  
Whan that men shuldin have or drouht, or shoures.  
Or if men askid hym what shulde befall  
Of every thing, I may not reckon all.  
This Clark yclepid was Hende Nicholas;  
Of dern love he couth, and of Solas.  
And thereto he was slic, and right prive,  
And like unto a Maidin meke to se.  
A chambre he had in that hostetrie  
Alone, withoutin any Company,

Full fetously ydight with herbis sote,  
And he himself as swete as is the rote  
Of Licoris, or any Seduwall.  
His Almagiste, and bokis grete and smale,  
His Afterlagour, longing for his Art,  
His Augrim stonis lying feire apart,  
On shelvis al couched at his bedd's hede,  
His presse y covrid with a folding rede,  
And all above there lay a gay Sautrie,  
On which he made on Nightis melodie,  
So swetely that all the chambre rong,  
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song.  
And aftir that he song the King's note,  
Full oftin blestid was his mery throte.  
And thus the swete Clark all his time spent  
Aftir his frendis finding, and his rent.  
This Carpentere had weddid new a wife,  
Which that he lovid, as he did his life,  
Of eightene yere, I ghesse, she was of age,  
Jelouse he was, and kept her strait in Cage,  
For she was wild and yong, and he was old,  
And demid himself to ben a Cokold.  
He knew not Cato, for his wit was rude,  
That bad men weddin their similitude.  
Men shulde weddin aftir their estate,  
For Youth and Eld is oftin at debate.  
But sith that he was fallin in the share,  
He must endure, as othir folk, his care.  
Faire was this yonge wife, and therewithall  
As a wifill, her body gent and small.  
A Scint she werid, barrid all with silk,  
A barmecloth eke as white as morow milk,  
Upon her lendis, full of many a gore.  
White was her Smok embroudid all before,  
And eke behind, on her Colere about,  
Of cole blak silk within and eke without.  
The tapis of her white Volipere  
Were of the same sute of her colere.  
Her fillit brode of silk, and set full hie:  
And sikirly she had a likerous eye.  
Full smale ypullid were her browis two,  
And tho were bent, and blak as any flo.  
And she was moche more blisfull for to se,  
Than is the newe Perienet tre,  
And softir than the woll is of a wether;  
And by her girdil hong a purse of lether,  
Tassid with Silk, and perlid with Latoun;  
In all this world to sekin up and down  
There n'is no man so wise that couthen thence  
So gay a Popelote, or so gay a wench.  
Full brightir was the shining of her hue  
Than in the Towre the Noble forgid new.  
But of her song she was so loude and yerne  
As any Swallow sitting on a berne.  
Thereto she couth skipp, and make a game,  
As any kid or calfe follwing his dame;  
Her mouth was swete as brakit or the meth,  
Or horde of Applis layd in hay or heth.  
Winting she was as is a jolly Colt,  
Long as a Mast, and upright as a bolt.  
A broche she bare upon her low Collere,  
As brode as is the bosome of a bokelere.  
Her shoes were lacid on her leggis hie,  
She was a Primrose, and a Piggisnie,  
For any Lord to liggin in his bedde,  
Or yet for any gode yoman to wedde.  
Now Sir, and est Sir, so befell the caas,  
That on a day this Hende Nicholas  
Fill with this yonge wife to rage and pley,  
While that her husbond was at Osenei,  
As Clerkis ben full sotill and full queint,  
And privily he caught her by the queint,  
And seide, I wis but that I have my will,  
For derne Love, Love of The, Lemman, I spill:  
H  
And



And heldin her fast by the hanchè bones,  
And seide, Lemman, love me well at ones,  
Or I woll dyin, 'as so God me save.  
And she gan spring, as a Colt in a trave.  
And with her hede she wryith fast away,  
And seide, I woll not kisse The by my fay.  
Why! let be, qð she, let be, Nicholas,  
Or I will crie out harrow and alas!  
D'away your handis for your curtesy.

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crie,  
And spake so fayr, and proffered him so fast,  
That she her love hym grauntid at the last:  
And swore her oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,  
That she wulke ben at his Commaundement,  
Whan that she may her leysure well espie:  
Mine husbond is so full of jelousie,  
But that ye waitin well, and ben privy,  
I wote right well, I n'am but dede, qð she,  
Ye motè ben full derne, as in this caas.

Nay thereof care you nought, qð Nicholas:  
A Clerk had lichirly befett his while,  
But if he couth a Carpenterè beguile.  
And thus they were accordid, and ysworne,  
To waite a time, as I have seide besorne.  
Whan Nicholas had done this every dele,  
And thakkid her about the Lendis wele,  
He kist her swete, then takith his Sautrie,  
And playith fast and makith Melodye.

Then fell it thus, that to the Parish Chirch  
(Christ's owne workis for to swirch)

This gode wife went upon a Holyday:  
Her forehede shone as bright as any day,  
So was it washyn, when she lete her werke;  
Now was there of the Chirch a Parish Clerke,  
The which that was yclepid Absolon,  
Crull was his hceere, and as the gold it shone,  
And stroutid as a fannè large and brode,  
Full straight and evin lay his jollie shode.  
His rude was redde, his eyin gray as gose,  
With Poull's windowes corvin on his shose.  
In hofin redde he went full fetously,  
Yclad he was full smale and propirly,  
All in a kirtil of a light wachet,  
Full fayre, and thikè ben the pointis set.  
And therenpon he hadde a gay surplice  
As white as is the blosome on the rice.  
A merie childe he was, so God me save.  
Well couth he lettin blode, and clip, and shave,  
Or make a Chartre of lond, or aquitaunce,  
In twenty manir couth he trip and daunce,  
Astir the Schole of Oxinfordè tho,  
And with his leggis castin to and fro:  
And playin songis on a smale ribible,  
Thereto he song sometime a loud quible:  
And as well couth he play on a gitterne.  
In all the Tonne n'as brewhousè, ne taverne,  
There as ony gay gille or tapstere was,  
That he ne visitid with his Solas.

But sothe to sayne, he was somedece squaimus  
Of fartyng, and of spechè daungerous.

This Absolon, that was jolly and gay,  
Goth with a Censir on a Holliday,  
Censing the wivis of the Parish fast,  
And many a lovely loken on them he cast;  
And namely on this Carpenter's wife:  
To loken on her hym thought a mery life,  
She was so propre, and swete, and licorous,  
I dare wele say, if she had ben a Mousè,  
And he a Catte, he woude her hent anon.

This Parish Clerk, this jolly Absolon,  
Hath in his hertè soche a Love longing,  
That of no wife toke he none offering,  
For curtesy, he seide, he wulde have none.  
The Mone, whan it was night, full bright yshone,

And Absolon his gitterne hath ytake,  
For Paramoures he thought for to awake,  
And forth he goth jelouse and amorous,  
Till he came to the Carpenter's house,  
A littil aftir the Cok had y crow,  
And dressid hym undir a shot window,  
That was upon the Carpenter's wall,  
He singith in his voyce gentil and small,  
Now derè Lady, if thy will it be,

I pray you that ye welde rew on me,  
Full wele according to his gitterning;  
This Carpenterè awoke, and herd him sing,  
And spake unto his wife, and seide anon,  
What, Alifon, here thou not Absolon,  
That chauntith thus undir our bour's wall?  
And she answerde her husbond there withall,  
Yes God wot, John, I here it every dele.

This passith forth, what woll ye bet than wele?

Fro day to day this jolly Absolon,  
So woith her, that him was wo begon.  
He wakith all the night, and all the day,  
He kembith his lockes brode, and made him gay,  
He woith her by menis and brocage,  
And swore that he wulde ben her ownè page;  
He singith broking as a Nightingale,  
He sent her Piment, Methe, and spicid Ale;

And Wafis piping hote out of the glede;  
And for she was of toun, he proff'rid Mede,  
For some folk will be wonnin for rychece,  
And some for strokes, and some for gentilnesse.  
Sometime to shew his lightnes and Maistry,  
He playith Heraudes on a Scaffold hie;  
But what availith him, as in this caas,  
So lovith she this Hendè Nicholas,  
That Absolon may blow the buk's horne,  
He ne had for his labour but a scorne.

And thus she makith Absolon her Ape,  
And all his ernist turnith to a jape.  
Full sothe is this Proverb, it is no lie,  
Men sayin thus alwey, that the nye fly  
Still makith the ferre lovè to be lothe:  
For though that Absolon be wode or wrothe,  
Because that he was ferrè from her sight,  
This nye Nicholas stode still in his light.  
Now bere The wele, thou Hendè Nicholas.

For Absolon may waile and sing alas!  
And so befell it on a Saturday,  
This Carpenterè was gone to Osèney,  
And Hendè Nicholas and Alifon  
Accordid were to this Conclusion,  
That Nicholas shall shapin him a wile  
This sely jelouse husbond to begyle:  
And if so be that the game went aright,  
She shulde slepe in his armis all nyght,  
For this was his desire, and hers also.  
And right anon withoutin wordis mo,  
This Nicholas no lengir wulde tary,  
But doth full soft into his chambir cary

Both mete and drinkè for a dey or twey.  
And to her husbond bade her for to sey,  
If that he askid after Nicholas,  
She shulde answerè she n'ist not where he was;  
Of all that day she saw him not with eye,  
She trowith he was in some maladye.  
For for no crie, she or her Maid couth call,  
He n'old answerè, for nought that might befall.

Thus passith forth all that ilk Saturday,  
That Nicholas still in his chambre lay;  
And ete, and drank, and slept, did what hym lest,  
Till Sunday, that the Sunnè goth to rest.

This sely Carpenterè hath grete merveile  
Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,  
And seide, I am adradd by St. Thomas,  
It standith not aright with Nicholas,

God

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God shild, that he ne dyid sodeinly,  
This world is now full tickle sikirly:  
I saw to day a Corse borne to the Cherche,  
That now on Monday last I saw him werch.  
Go up, qð he unto his knave anon,-  
Clepe at the dore, and knock fast with a Stone,  
Loke how he is, and tell me boldely.

This knave goith him up full sturdily,  
And at the chambir dore while that he stode,  
He cryith and knockith, as he were wode.  
What hoa? what do ye, Mastir Nicholay?  
How may you slepin all this longè day?  
But all for nought, he herde never a word:  
An hole he found full low undir a bord,  
There as the Cart was wont in for to crepe,  
And at that hole he lokid in full depe,  
And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ay gaping upright,  
As he had kykid on the newe Mone.  
Adown he goth, and told his Mastir sone;  
In what array he saw this ilkè Man.

This Carpenter to blissin him began,  
And seide, now helpin us, Seint Frideswide.  
A man wot littil what shall him betide.  
This man is fallen with his Astronomy,  
In some wodeness, or in some Agony.  
I thoughtin ay wele how it shulde be,  
Men shulde not know of God's privite.  
Yea bleissid be alwey the lewde man,  
That nought but only his belese can.  
So ferde anothir Clerk with Astronomy,  
He walked into the feldis for to pry  
Upon the Sterres, to wete what shulde befall,  
Tyll he was in a Marlepit yfall;  
He saw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas  
Me ruith sore on Hende Nicholas:  
He shall be ratid for his studying,  
If that I may, by Jesus Hevin King.

Get me a staff, that I may undirspore,  
While that thou, Robin, hevist up the dore.  
He shall out of his studying I ghesse.  
And to the chambir dore he gan him dresse.  
His knave was a strong Carle for the nones,  
And by the haspe he heved it up at ones,  
Into the flore the dore it fill anone.

This Nicholas sat ay as still as stone,  
And evir gapid upward in the aire.  
This Carpenter wend he was in despaire,  
And hent him by the shulderes mightily,  
And shoke him hard, and cryith pitously,  
What, Nicholas! what who, now loke adoun: 370  
Awake, and think on Christ's passoun.  
I crouch The fro Elves, and fro wikid Wightes;  
And therewith the Night spell he seide arightes,  
On four halvis of the house about,  
And on the Dreshfold of the dore without,  
' Jesu Christ, and Seint Benedight,  
' Blesse this house from every wikid Wight,  
' Fro the Nights Mare, the wite Paternoster,  
' Where wonnist thou Seint Peters Sustir.  
And at the last this Hende Nicholas,  
Gan for to fike sore, and seide alas!  
Shall all this world be lost eftsonis now?

This Carpenter answerde, what sayist thou?  
What? think on God, as we Men do that swink.

This Nicholas answerid, fetch me drink,  
And aftir wolt I speke in privity  
Of certeine thinges, that touchith The and me:  
I wolt tell it none othir Man certeine.

This Carpenter goth doune, and cometh againe,  
And brought of mighty Ale a large quart,  
And whan that eche of them had dronk his part, 380  
This Nicholas his chambir dore fast shet,  
And down the Carpenter by him he set,

And seide, John, Host mine, both lese and dere,  
320 Thou shalt upon thy trowth swere to me here,  
That to no wight thou shalt my Counsaile wrey,  
For it is Crist's counsaile that I sey,  
And if thou tell it Man, thou art forlore,  
For this Vengeaunce thou shalt havin therefore,  
That if thou wrye me, thou shalt be wode,

Nay Crist it forbid, for his holy blode, 400  
Qð tho this sely man, I am no blabb,  
Nay though I say't, I n'am not lese to gabbe.  
Say what thou wolt, I shall it never tell,  
330 To child, ne wyfe, by him that harrowed hell.

Now, John, qð Nicholas, I wolt nat lie,  
I have foundin in mine Astrologye,  
As I have lokid in the Mone bright,  
That now on Munday next, at quartir night,  
Shal fall a raine, and that so wilde and wode,  
That half so grete was never Noës fode: 410  
This world, he seide, in less than half an houre,  
Shall all be dreint, so hideous is the shoure:  
Thus shall mankind drenche, and lese their life.

This Carpenter then seide, alas my wife!  
340 And shall she drench? Alas myn Alifon!  
And for sorow he fell almost adoun,  
And seide, n'is there remedy in this caas?  
Yes, yes, full gode replied Hende Nicholas,  
If thou wilt work aftir my lore, and rede,  
Thou maist not werkin aftir thine own hede. 420  
For thus saith Solomon, that was full trew,  
Werk all by counsaile, and thou shalt not rew.

But if thou werkin wilt by gode counsaile,  
350 I undirtake withoutin Maist or Saile,  
Yet shall I savin her, and The, and me.  
Hast'ow not herde how favid was Noë,  
Whan that our Lorde had warnid him beforne,  
That all the world with watir shuld be lorn?

Yes, qð the Carpenter, full yore ago.  
Hast'ow not herde, qð Nicholas, also, 430  
Of Noës sorow with his felasship,  
Er that he mighte get his wife to ship!

Him had levir, I dare well undirtake,  
360 At thilke time, than all his wetheres blake,  
That she had had a Ship her self alone:  
And therefore wolt'ow what is best to done?  
This askith haste, and of a hasty thing  
Men may not preche, ne make long tarying.

Anon go get us fast into this Inne,  
A knedyng trough, or els a Kimelyn, 440  
For eche of us, but loke that they ben large,  
In which men mowin swim as in a barge:  
And han therein Viteiles sufficient

But for a day, fie on the remanent:  
The watir shall aflake, and goñ away  
Aboutin prime upon the nexte day.  
But Robin may not were of this, thy knave,  
Ne eke thy Maide Gille I may not save:  
Axe me not why? for though thou askè me,  
I wolt not tellin Godd's privite. 450

Suffisith The, but if thy wits be mad,  
To have as grete a grace, as Noe had:  
Thy wife shall I well savin out of doute,  
380 Go now thy way, and spede The here about.  
But whan thou hast for her, and The, and me,  
Ygettin us these kneding Tubbis thre,  
Then shalt thou heng them in the rose full hie,  
That no man of our purveiaunce espie.

And whan thou hast done thus, as I have seide,  
And hast our viteile fayr in them yleyde, 460  
And eke an Axe to smite the Corde atwo,  
Whan than the watir cometh, that we may go,  
And breke an hole on hie upon the gable,  
Unto the gardin ward, ovir the stable,  
That we may frely passin forth our way,  
Whan that the grete shoure is gone away,

Then



Then shalt thou swim as mery' I undirtake,  
 As doth the white duck aftir her drake.  
 Then woll I clepe hoe Alifon, how John,  
 Be mery; for the flode will pass anon.  
 And thou wolt sayn, haile Maistir Nicholay,  
 God morow, I se The well, it is day.  
 And then we shall be Lordis all our life  
 Of all the worlde, as was Noe and his wife.  
 But of one thing I warnè The full right,  
 Be well avisid on that ilkè night  
 That we ben entrid into the Ship's bord,  
 That none of us ne speke nought a word,  
 Ne clepe, ne crie, but ben in his prayere,  
 For so to done it is Goddes own heft dere.  
 Thy wife and thou mote hengin ferre a twinn,  
 For that betwixt you there shall be no sinn,  
 No more in loking, than ther shal in dede:  
 This Ordenaunce is seide, Goe, God The spedde.  
 To morue' at night, when men ben al aslepe,  
 Unto our knedyng rubbis woll we crepe,  
 And sittin there abiding Godd's grace:  
 Go now thy way, I have no lengir space,  
 To make of this no lengir sermoning:  
 Men sayin, fend thy wife, and say nothing.  
 Thou art so wise, it nedith The not teche,  
 Go, save our livis, that I The besече.  
 This sely Carpenter goth forth his way,  
 Full oft he seide, alas! and welaway!  
 And to his wife he told his privite,  
 And she was ware, and knew it bet than he,  
 What al this queintè cast was for to seye,  
 But nathèless she ferde as she shuld dye,  
 And seide, alas! go forth thy wey anone,  
 Help us to scape, or we be dede eche one:  
 I am thy trewe verry weddid wife,  
 Go derè Spouse, and help to save our life.  
 Lo what a grete thing is affection,  
 Men may die of imagination,  
 So depè may impressioun be take:  
 This sely Carpenter begins to quake:  
 Him thinkith verrily that he may se  
 This Noës flode come waltring as the See,  
 To drenchin Alifon his hony dere.  
 He wepith, wailith, makith sory chere,  
 He sikith with full many' a sory swough,  
 He goeth, and gettith hym a kneding trough,  
 And aftir that a Tubb, and a Kemelin,  
 And privily he sent them to his Inne,  
 And hing them in the rose full privily.  
 With his own hand he made them ladders thre  
 To climbin by the ronges, and by the stalkes  
 Into the Tubbis hanging by the balkes.  
 And them vitailid bothè trough and ribbe  
 With brede and chese, and gode ale in a jubbe:  
 Suffyng right ynow as for a day.  
 But er that he hadde made all this aray,  
 He sent his knave, and eke his wench also  
 Upon his nede to London for to go.  
 And on the Monday, when it drew to Night,  
 He shut his dore withoutin Candil light.  
 And dressid all thing as it shuldè be,  
 And shortly they clombin up all thre.  
 They sittin still well nigh a furlong way,  
 Now Pater noster, clum, seide Nicholay,  
 And clum qð John, and clum seide Alifon:  
 This Carpenter seide his devotion,  
 And still he sett, and bidith his prayere,  
 Awaiting on the raine, if he it here  
 Tyll the dede slepe for wery businesse  
 Fell on this Carpenter, right as I ghesse,  
 About the Curfew time, or littil more:  
 For travaile of his ghoft he gronith sore,  
 And eft he routith, for his hede mislay;  
 And doune the laddir stalkith Nicholay,

And Alifon adoune ful soft she spedde,  
 Withoutin wordis mo they went to bedde,  
 There as the Carpenter was wont to lie,  
 There was the revill, and the melodye.  
 Thus lyith Alifon, and Nicholas  
 In businesse and mirth, and in solas,  
 Till that the bell of Laudes gan to ring,  
 And Freris in the Chancell gon to sing.  
 This Parish Clerk, the amo'rous Absolon,  
 That is for love alwey so wo bygon,  
 Upon the Monday was at Osenay,  
 With Company him to disport and play;  
 And askid upon caas a Cloysterere,  
 Full privily, for John the Carpenter:  
 And he drew him apart out of the Chirch,  
 And seide, In'ore, I saw him here not wurch  
 Sith Saturday, I trow that he bewent  
 For timber, there our Abbot hath him sent.  
 For he is wont for timber for to go,  
 And dwellin at the graunge a day or two:  
 Or ellis he is at his house certeine,  
 Where that he be I cannot sothly faine.  
 This Absolon full jolly was and light,  
 And thought, now is my time to walk all night,  
 For sikirly I saw him not stirring  
 About his dore, sith day began to spring.  
 So mote I thrive, I shall, at Cock's crow,  
 Full privily knokin at his Window,  
 That stant full low upon his bowr's Wall:  
 To Alifon I now woll tellin all  
 My Love longing, for yet I shall not miss,  
 That at the leste way I shall have her kisse.  
 Some manir comfort I shall have perpay,  
 My Mouth hath itchid all this longe day;  
 That is a sign of kissing at the leste.  
 All night me mette that I was at a feste.  
 Therefore I woll go slepe an hour or twey,  
 And all the night then woll I walk and pley.  
 Whan that the firstè Cok hath crow anon,  
 Uprist this jolly lovir Absolon,  
 And him arrayith gay at point devise,  
 But first he chewith greyns and licorice,  
 To smellin sore, er he had kempt his here,  
 Under his tonge a trew love knot he bare,  
 For thereby wend he to be graciouse,  
 Than romith to the Carpenter's house,  
 And still he stant undir the shop window,  
 Unto his brest it raught, it was so low:  
 And soft he coughid with a semisoun.  
 What do ye honycomb, swete Alifon?  
 My fayre bird, and my swete Sinamome,  
 Awakith, Lemman mine, spekith to me,  
 Full litil thinkin ye upon my wo,  
 That for your love I swelt there as I go.  
 No wondir is although I swelt and swete,  
 I mourne as doth the lamb aftir the rete.  
 I wis lemman, I have soche love longing,  
 That like a turtle trew is my mourning.  
 I may not ere no more than doth a Maid.  
 Go fro the Window, go, Jack fole, she saide;  
 As help me God, and also swete Seint Jame,  
 I love anothir, els I were to blame,  
 Wel bet than The, by Jesu, Absolon:  
 Go forth thy wey, or I woll cast a stone,  
 And let me slepe, a twentie devil way.  
 Alas! qð Absolon, and welaway!  
 That true love was evir so ill besett;  
 Than kisse me since that it may be no bett,  
 For Jesus love, and for the love of me;  
 Wilt thou then go thy way therewith, qð she?  
 Yes certis, Lemman, qð this Absolon.  
 Make The redy, qð she, I come anon.  
 And unto Nicholas she seide still,  
 Now pece, and thou shalt laugh anon thy fill.

This



This Absolon doune sett him on his knees,  
And seide, I am a Lord at all degrees,  
For aftir this I hope there comith more.  
Lennman thy grace, and swete bird thy nore.  
The window she undoth, and that in haste,  
Have do, qð she, come off, and spede The fast, 620  
Left any of our neighbours The espie.

This Absolon gau wipe his mouth full drie:  
Derk was the night as any pitch or cole,  
And at the window she put out her hole;  
And Absolon spedde neither bett ne wers,  
But with his mouth he kist her nakid Ers,  
Full favorly; as he was ware of this  
Abak he stert, and thought it was amis:  
For well he wist, a woman had no berde,  
He felt a thing all rough and long yhered, 630  
And seide, fy alas! what have I do?  
Te he qð she, and clapt the window to.  
And Absolon goth forth a fory paas.  
A berde, a berde, seide Hende Nicholas,  
By Godd's Corpus this goth faire and well.  
This Absolon yherde it every dell,  
And on his lipp he gan for angir bite,  
And to himself he seide, I shall The quite.  
Who rubbith now, who frottith now his lips,  
With dust, with sond, with straw, with cloth, with chips,  
But Absolon? that faith full oft alas!  
My Soule betake I unto Sathanas,  
But me were levir than this tounne, qð he,  
Of this despight awrekin for to be.  
Alas! qð he, alas! I ne had bleint;  
His horte love is cold, and all yqueint:  
For fro the time that he had kist her Ers,  
Of Paramouris he sett not a kers,  
For he was helid of his Maladye,  
Full oft Paramoures he gan defye, 650  
And wepe as doth a child, that is ybete.  
A softè pace he went ovir the strete,  
Unto a Smith, Men clepin Dan Gerveys,  
That in his forge smythieth plough harnays,  
He sharpiþ shares and culteres bysily.  
This Absolon knokith all esily,  
And seide undo, Gerveys, and that anon;  
What who artow? It am I Absolon.  
What Absolon? for Christ's swete tre,  
Why rise ye so rath? ey *benedicite*!  
What cylith you, some gay gerl, God it wote,  
Hath broughtin you thus on the Meritote,  
By Seint Neotès, ye wote what I mene.  
This Absolon ne raught not of a bene  
Of all his play, no word again he gaffe,  
He haddè much more tow on his distaffe,  
Than Gerveys knew; and seide, frend so dere,  
The horte Culter in the chimeney here  
As lene it me, I have therewith to done:  
And I woll bring it The againe full sone.  
Gerveys answerid, certis were it Gold,  
Or in a pokè noblis al untold,  
Thou shuldist it have, as I am trew Smyth;  
Eye Christ's fote, what woll ye don therewith?  
Thereof, qð Absolon, be as be may,  
I shall well tellin The to morrow day:  
And caught the Culter by the coldè stele.  
Full soft out at the dorè gan he stele,  
And went unto the Carpenter's wall;  
He coughid first, and knokid therewithall 680

Upon the window right as he did ere;  
This Alifon answerid, who is there,  
That knokith so? I warrant it a thefe;  
Why nay, qð he, God wor, my swete lese,  
I am thine Absolon, thine own derling,  
Of Gold, qð he, I have The brought a ring,  
My Mother gave it me, so God me save,  
Full fine it is, and thereto well ygrave;  
This woll I givin The, if thou me kist.

This Nicholas was risin for to pifs, 690  
And thought he wulde amendin all the jape,  
He shuldè kist his Ers, ere that he scape:  
And up the window did he hastily,  
And out his Ers he put full privily,  
Ovir the buttok to the hanchè bone.  
And therewith spake this Clark, this Absolon,  
Speke swete bridle, I n'ote wher that thou art.  
This Nicholas anon let sle a fart,  
As grete as it had ben a thondir dent,  
That with the stroke he was nye yblent: 700  
And he was redy with his iron hote,  
And Hende Nicholas in the Ers he smote.  
Of goeth the skinne a hondisbrede about,  
The horte Culter brennid so his tout,  
That for the sinerte he wenid for to dye,  
As he were wode for wo he gan to crye,  
Help, watir, watir, help for Godd's herr.

This Carpentere out of his slombir stert,  
And herde one crie Watir, as he were wode,  
And thought alas! now comith Noës flode; 710  
And set him up withoutin wordis mo,  
And with an ax he smote the corde atwo,  
And doune goth all, he found neither to sell  
Nor brede, nor ale, 'tyll he come to the Sell,  
Upon the flore, and there aswoun he lay.

Up stert than Alifon and Nicholay,  
And cryid out an harrow in the strete,  
The neighbouris allè, both finall and grete,  
In ronnc for to gawrin on this man,  
That in a swounè lay both pale and wan, 720  
For with that fall he brostin hath his arme,  
But stondin he must unto his own harme.  
For whan he spake, he was yborn adoune  
With Hende Nicholas, and Alifon.  
They toldin every man that he was wode,  
He was aghastè so of Noës flode,  
Through fantasy, that of his Vanity  
He hadde him gettin kneding tubbis thre,  
And hadde them hongid in the rose above,  
And that he prayid them for Godd's love 730  
To sittin in the rose par Cumpany.

The folk gan laughin at his fantasy,  
And in the rose they kykin and they gape,  
And turnid all his harmis into jape.  
For whatsoe're this Carpentere answerde,  
It was for nought, no man his reson herde.  
With othis grete he was so sworne adoune,  
That he was holdin wode in all the tounne.  
For evèriche Clerk anon held with other,  
They seide, the mann is wode, my leve brother, 740  
And every wight gan laughin at this strife.

Thus swivid was the Carpenter's Wife  
For all his keping and his jelousie.  
And Absolon hath kist her nethir eye,  
And Nicholas is scaldid in the tout;  
The Tale is done, and God save all the rout.

The End of the MILLER's TALE. III. Followeth the REVE's TALE.





### III. The REVE's PROLOGUE.

**W**HAN folk had laughid at this nice  
 caas  
 Of Absolon and Hendè Nicholas  
 Divers folk hereof diversly they seide,  
 But for the more part they laughin and  
 pley'd:  
 Ne at this Tale I saw no man him greve,  
 But it werin only Oswold the Reve:  
 Because he was of Carpenter's craft,  
 A littil ire in his hert it laft.  
 He gan to grutch, and blamin it a lite,  
 Sothly, qð he, full well couth I The quite,  
 With blering of a proude Miller's eye,  
 If that me list to speke of ribandrie.  
 But I am olde, me lust not play for age,  
 Grafs time is done, my foddur is forage.  
 This white topp writith mine oldè yeres,  
 Myn hert is also moulid as my heres,  
 But if I fare as doth an opin-ers,  
 That ilke fruit is evir lengir the wers,  
 Tyll it be rott in Mullok or in Stre.  
 We oldè men I drede so farin we,  
 Tyll we ben rottin can we not be ripe:  
 We hoppin alwey while the world woll pipe.  
 For in our will there stikith ay a Naile,  
 To have a horie hede, and a grene taile,  
 As hath a leke, for though our myght be gonn,  
 Our will desirith follie evr' in one.  
 For when we may not done, than woll we speke,  
 Yet in our asbin old is fire yreke.  
 Four gledis han we, which I shall devise,  
 Avaunting, lying, angir, covetise,  
 And these four sparklis longin unto elde,  
 Our olde limmis now well ben unweld,

But will ne shall not failin, that is sothe;  
 And yet have I alweie a Colt's tothe,  
 As many' a yere as it is passid henn,  
 Sith that my tap of life began to renne.  
 For sikirly whan I was borne, anon  
 Dethe drew the tap of life, and let it gon,  
 And evir sith hath so the tap yronne,  
 Till that almost all emptic is the tonne,  
 The streme of life now droppith on the chimb,  
 The sely tongue may evil ring and chime,  
 Of wretchidnesse, that passid is full yore,  
 With oldè folk save dotage is no more.  
 Whan that our Host hade herde this Sermoning,  
 He gan to speke as Lordly as a King,  
 And seide, what amountith al this witt?  
 760 What shall we speke al day of holy writt?  
 The Devil I think made a Reve to preche,  
 Or a Souter, a Shipman, or a Leche.  
 Say forth thy tale, and tary not the time:  
 Lo Depford! and it is half wey to prime;  
 Lo Greenwich! that many a shrew is in;  
 It were hyc time thy Tale for to begin. 800  
 Now, Sirs, then qð this Oswoldè the Reve,  
 I pray you allè, that ye nought you greve,  
 That I answeere, and somedell sett his house,  
 For lesfull it is force with force to shoufe.  
 770 This dronkin Millere hath ytold us here,  
 How that begylid was a Carpenter,  
 Peradventure in scorn, for I am one,  
 And by your leve I shall him quite anone.  
 Right in his Churl's termis woll I speke,  
 I pray to God his neck more he to breke,  
 810 He can well in myne eyin sene a stalk,  
 But in his own he can nought sene a balk.

Thus endeth the PROLOGUE.

The



## The REVE's TALE.

DENYSE SIMKIN the Miller of Trompington, deceiveth two Clarkes of Soller's-Hall in Cambridge, in stealing their Corn; But they so manage their Matters, that they revenge the Wrong to the full. This Tale is imitated from Boccace, Novell the 6th, Day the 9th. — This you may pass over if you please.



THE Trompington, not ferrè fro Can-  
tabrigge,  
There goth a broke, and ovir that a brigge,  
Upon the whichè broke there stant a  
Mell,

And this is very f the as I you tell.  
A Miller was there dwelling many' a day,  
As any peacock he was proud and gay.  
Pipin he couth, and ffishin, and nets bete,  
And cuppis turn, and wraffle well and shete. 820  
Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,  
And of a sverde ful trenchaunt was the blade.  
A joly popere bare he in his pouch,  
There n'as no man for peril durst him ~~he~~ touch,  
A Sheffield thwritid bare he in his hofe,  
Round was his face, and camised was his nose.  
As pilid as an Apè was his skull,  
He was a Markit beter at the full.  
There was no wight, that durst hand on him legge,  
If that he swore he shulde it fore abegge. 830  
A thefe he was forsothe of Corne and Mele,  
And that a flye, as usant for to stele.  
His name was hotin Deynouse Simkin,  
A wife he had comin of nobil kin:  
The Parson of the Town her fathir was,  
With her he gaff full many' a pann of brafs,  
For that Simkin shuld in his blode allie,  
She was yfostrid in a Nonnerie:  
For Simkin wulde no wife as he saide,  
But she were well ynorished, and a Maide, 840  
To favin his Estate of Yomanry.  
And she was proude, and pert as is a Pie;  
A full fayre sight was it to se them two;  
On hollidayes befor her wulde he go,  
With his tippit woundin about his hede,  
And she came afir in a gite of rede,  
And Simkin haddè hosin of the same.  
There durstè no wight clepin her but Dame;  
Was none so hardy, that went by the way,  
That with her onys durst to rage or play,  
But if he wuldè be flaine of Simkin,  
With Pavade, or with knife, or bodèkin.  
For jelous folk ben per'lous evirmo,  
Algate they wolde their wivis wendin so.  
And eke for she was somedece smoterlich,  
She was as digne as watir in a diche,  
And as full of hokir, and of bismare,  
Her thoughtè that a Ladie shuld her spare,  
What for her kinrede, and her nortirly,  
That she had lernid in the Nonnery. 860  
A doughtir haddè they betwixt them two,  
Of twentie yere, withoutin any mo,  
Saafing a child, that was of half yere age,  
In cradle' it lay, and was a propir page.  
This wenchè thik and well ygrowin was,  
With Camise nose, and eyin gray as glas:  
With bottokes brode, and brestis round and hie,  
But right faire was her heire, I woll not lie.  
The Parson of the towne, for she was faire,  
In purpose was to makin her his heir,  
Both of his Cattle', and of his Mesuage,  
And straunge he made it of her Mariage:

His purpose was for to bestow her hie,  
Into some worthie blode of Ancestrie,  
For holie Chirch'is gode mote ben dispended  
On holie Chirch'is blode that is descended.  
Therefore he wolde his holie blode honour,  
Though that he holie Chirch shuldè devour.  
Grete sokin hath this Millere out of dout 880  
With Whete and Malt of al the land about.  
And namily there was a grete College,  
Men clepith the Solere Hall of Cambrige,  
There was their Whete and eke their Malt yground;  
And on a day it happid in a stound  
Sike lay the Manciple' of a Malady,  
Men wendin wisly that he shuldè die;  
For which this Millere stele both Mele and Corn  
An hundrid time more than he did befor.  
For there before he stale but curtislie,  
But now he was a thefe outrageouslie; 890  
For whiche the Wardin chidde, and madè fare,  
But thereof set the Millere not a rare,  
He crakid, boftid, swore it was not so.  
Then there weren there yonge pore Scholeris two,  
That dweltin in the Hall, of which I say,  
Testife they were, and lustie for to play:  
And only for their mirth and revilyr,  
Upon the Wardin bysily they cry  
To geve them leve but for a littil stound  
To gon to Mill, to se their Corn ygrownd: 900  
And hardily they durstin lay their neck  
The Millere stolde not stele them half a pek  
Of Corn by sleight, ne them by forcè reve.  
And at the last the Wardin gafè them leve:  
John hight that one, and Alein hight that other,  
Of oo toune were they both, that hightè Strother,  
Fer in the North, I cannot tellin where.  
This Alein makith redie all his gere,  
And on a horse the Sak he cast anon.  
Forth goth Alein the Clark, and also John, 910  
With gode sverdis and bokleres by their side.  
850 John knew the weie, him nedith not a guide;  
And at the Mill the Sak adoun he layth;  
Alein spoke first, Al hail Simkin in faith,  
How farith thy faire doughtir, and thy wife?  
Alein, welcome, qð Simkin by my life,  
And John also: how now, what do ye here?  
By God, Simkin, qð John, nede has no pere;  
Him behoves serve himself that has no Swaine,  
Or els he is a sole, as Clerk'is saine. 920  
Our Manciple I hope he will be dede,  
Swa werkis ay the wangis in his hede,  
And therefore is I come and eke Alein,  
To grind our Corn, and bere it home ageyn:  
We pray you spede us home in that ye may.  
It shall be don, qð Simkin, by my fay:  
What will you done, while that it is in honde?  
By God right by the hopper woll I stonde  
Qð John, and se how-gates the Corn goth in,  
Yct saw I nevir by my faðir kinn 930  
How that the hoppir waggith to and fra;  
870 Alein answerid, Johan, wilt thou sa?  
Then woll I stonde benethè, by my Croune,  
And se how-gates the Mele fallith adoun,

Into



Into the trough, that shall be my disport:  
 Q<sup>d</sup> John, in fay, I may ben of your sort,  
 I is as ill a Millere as is ye.

This Millere smylith at their nycite,  
 And thought, Al this n'is done but for a wile,  
 They wenin that no Man mōwē them begyle; 940  
 But by my thrift yet shall I blere their eye,  
 For all their sleight in their philosophy,  
 The mōre queint Clerkis that themselves they make,  
 The more woll I stele whan I gin to take:  
 Insted of flour yet woll I give them brann,  
 The grettist Clerkes be not the wisist Men,  
 As whilome to the Wolfe thus spake the Marc.  
 Of all their Art ne count I nought a tare.  
 Out at the dore he goth full privily,  
 Whan that he saw his timē, subtilly 950  
 He lokith up and down, till he hath found  
 The Clerkis horse, there as he stode ybound,  
 Behind the Mill, undir a levissell:  
 And to the horse he goth him faire and well,  
 He slippith of the bridil right anon.  
 And whan the horse was loos, he ginnith gon  
 Toward the fenn, thereas wild Maris rinn,  
 And forth, with whiche, thorough thik and thinn,  
 This Millere goth again, no word he faide,  
 But doth his note, and with these Clerkis plaide, 960  
 Till that their Corn was faire and well yground;  
 And whan the Mele was sakkid, and ybound,  
 This John goth out and fynt his horse away,  
 And gan to crie harrow and welaway!  
 Our horse is lost, Alein, for Godd's benes,  
 Step on thy fete, Man, come forth all atenes:  
 Alas! our Wardin hath his palfry lorn.

This Aleine all forgate both Mele and Corn,  
 All was out of his mind of husbandry,  
 What? whilk weye is he gon? he gan to crie. 970  
 The wife came leping inward at a renn,  
 She seide, alas! your horse goth to the fenn,  
 With wildē Maris, as fast as he may go,  
 Unthank come on his hand, that bound him so,  
 And he that betir sholde have knit the rein;  
 Alas! q<sup>d</sup> John, Aleine, for Crist's peine  
 Lay down thy sward, and I woll myne alswa,  
 I is full swift, God wote, as is a Raa:  
 By Godd's Saul, he shall not scape us both.  
 Why ne haddest thou put the Caple' in the lath? 980  
 Ill heile, Alein, by God thou is a fomme.

These sely Clerkis han full fast yronne  
 Toward the Fenn, both Alein, and eke John:  
 And whan the Millere saw that they were gon,  
 He half a bushell of their flour hath take,  
 And bad his wife done knede it in a Cake.  
 He seide, I trow the Clerkis were afferde;  
 Yet can a Millere make a Clerk's berde,  
 For all their Art, yet let them gon their weye,  
 Lo where they gon! ye let the children pleye: 990  
 They get him not so lightly by my crown.

These sely Clerkis rennin up and doun,  
 With kepe, kepe, stand, stand, jolla, wardaricr,  
 Go whistle thou, and I woll kepe him here.

But shortly, till it was very night  
 They couth not, though they diddin all their might,  
 Their Capell catch, he ran away so fast,  
 Till in a ditch they caught him at the last.

Wery and wett, as bestis in the reine,  
 Cometh sely John, and with him cometh Aleine. 1000  
 Alas q<sup>d</sup> John the day that I was born!  
 Now are we driven till hethin and to scorn:  
 Our Corn is stole, Men woll us folis call,  
 Both the Wardin, and eke our Felowes all,  
 And namily the Millere, welaway!

Thus plainith John, as he goth by the way  
 Toward the Mill, and bayard in his hond;  
 The Millere sitting by the fire he fond,

For it was night, and further might they not;  
 But for the love of God they him besought 1010  
 Of herborough and ese, as for their penny;

The Millere seide agen, if there be any,  
 Soche as it is, yet shall ye have your part:  
 My house is strait, but ye have lern'd by Art,  
 Ye can by Argumentis make a place  
 A mile brode, of but twenty fote of space.  
 Let se now if this place may you suffice,  
 Or make more rome with speche, as is your gife.

Now Simkin, seid this John, by Seint Cuthberde,  
 Ay is thou mery, that is faire answerde. 1020  
 I have herde say, men shuld take of twa thinges  
 Swilk as he findis, or swilk as he bringes.  
 But specially I pray The, hostē dere,  
 950 Get us some mete and drink, and make us chere,  
 And we will pay The trewly at the full:  
 With emptic hand men may not hawkis tull,  
 Lo here our Silvir redy for to spend!

The Millere to the towne his daughtir send  
 For ale and brede, and rostid them a gose,  
 And bound their horse he shuld no more get lose. 1030  
 And in his own chambir he made a bedd  
 With shetis, and with shalons faire yspredd,  
 Not from his ownē bedd ten fote or twelve:  
 His doughtir had a bedd al by her selve  
 Right in the same chambir, full fast them by.  
 It mightē ben no bett, and the cause why,  
 There was no romir herbrough in the place.  
 They sounpin, and they spekin of solas,  
 And dronkin evir stronge Ale at the best.  
 Aboutin midnight wentē they to rest. 1040

Well hath this Millere vernishid his hede,  
 Full pale he was, for dronkin, and nought redde,  
 He galpith, and he spekith through the Nose,  
 As he were in the quakk, or in the pose.

To bedde he goth, and with him goth his wife,  
 As any jay she light was and jolife,  
 So was her jolic whistle well ywert.  
 The cradil at her bedd's fete was sett  
 Torockin, and to give the child to souk;  
 And whan that dronkin was al in the Cruik, 1050  
 To beddē went the doughtir right anon,  
 To bedde goth Alein, and goth also John,  
 There n'as no more, them nedid now no dwale,  
 This Millere hath so wisely bibbid Ale,  
 That as a horse he snortith in his slepe,  
 Ne of his taile behind he toke no kepe.  
 His wife bare to him a burdon full strong,  
 Men mightin here them routing a furlong:  
 The wenchē routith eke par Cumpany.

Alein the Clerk, that herde this Melodie, 1060  
 He pokid John, and seidē stepist thou?  
 Herdist thou evir swilk a sang er now?

Lo! swilk a complyn is betwixt them all,  
 A wildē fire mote on their bodies fall!  
 Who herk'nid evir swilk a ferly thing,  
 Ye they shull have the floure of ill ending.  
 All this lang night there tidith me no rest,  
 But yet na force all shall be for the best.  
 For, John, seide he, as evir mote I thrive,  
 If that I may, yon wenchē woll I swive. 1070

Some esement hath law yshapin us,  
 For, John, there is a law, that sayith thus,  
 That if a Man in one point ben agreved,  
 That in anothir he shall be releved.  
 Our Corn is stolln, sothely, it is no nay,  
 And we have had an evil fit to day.  
 And since I shall have none amendement  
 Again my loss, I woll have myn esement:  
 By Godd's Saul, it shall none othir be.  
 This John answerde, Alein, avisē The,  
 The Millere is a per'lous Man, he seide,  
 And if that he out of his slepe abreide,



He mighte don us bath a Villony ;  
 Alein answerde, I count him nought a flie.  
 And up he rist, and by the wenche he crept,  
 This wenche lay upright, and full fast she slept,  
 Till he so nye was, er she might espie,  
 That it had ben to late for her to erie.  
 And shortly for to fey, they were at one.  
 Now pley, Alein, for I woll speke of John.

1090 This John lay stille a furlong wey or two,  
 And to himself he makith routh and wo ;  
 Alas! qð he, this is a wikid Jape,  
 Now may I say, that I is but an Ape ;  
 Yet hath my felaw somewhat for his harme,  
 He hath the Millere's doughtir in his arme,  
 He auntrith him, and hath his nedis spedde,  
 And I lie as a draffe sak in my bedde:  
 And when this jape is told anothir day,  
 I shall be hold a daffe, or a Cokney:  
 I woll arise, and auntir me perfay,  
 Unhardy is unsely, thus Men say.  
 And up he rose, and softly he went  
 Unto the cradyl, and in his arme it hent,  
 And bare it softly to his bedd'is fete.  
 Sone aftir that the wife her routing lete,  
 And gan awake, and went her out to pifs,  
 And came again, and gan the Cradyl misf.  
 And gropid here and there, but she fond none ;  
 Alas! qð she, I had almost misgone,  
 I had almost gone to the Clark's bedde,  
 Eye benedicite, than had I foule yspedde.  
 And forth she goth till she the Cradyl fond,  
 She grophith alwey furthir with her honde,  
 And found the bedde, and thought on nought but gode,  
 Bicause that the Cradyl by it stode,  
 And ne wist where she was, for it was derk,  
 But faire and wele she crept in by the Clerk,  
 And lyith stille, and wou'd have caught a slepe ;  
 Within a while this John the Clerk uplepe,  
 And on this gode wife he layith full fore,  
 So mery' a fitt ne had she nought full yore :  
 He prikid hard and depe, as he were mad.  
 This jollie life hath these two Clerkis lad,  
 Tyll that the thridè Cok began to sing.  
 Alein waxt wery in the day dawning,  
 For he had swonkin all the longe night,  
 And seide, farewell, Malin, my swete wight,  
 The day is come, I may no lengir bide,  
 But evirmo, wherso I go or ride,  
 I am thine owne Clerk, so have I hele.

Now, dere Lemman, qð she, go and farewele,  
 But er thou go, one thing I woll The tell,  
 Whan that thou wendist homeward by the Mell,  
 Right at the Entre of the dore behind,  
 Thou shalt a Cake of half a bushill find,  
 That was ymakid right of thine owne Mele,  
 Which I did help my faðir for to stele.  
 And, my gode Lemman, God The save and kepe,  
 And with that word she gan almost to wepe.

1140 Alein uprist, and thought er that it dawe,  
 He wolde go crepin in by his felaw,  
 And fond the Cradyl with his hond anon,  
 By God, thought he, all wrong have I misgone,  
 My hede is totty of my swink this night,  
 That makith me, that I go nought aright :  
 I wote by the Cradyl I have misgo,  
 Here lyeth the Millere, and his wife also.  
 And forth he goth on twenty devil wey,

Unto the bedde, there as the Millere lay. 1150  
 Him wend have cropin by his felaw John,  
 And by the Millere he crept in anon,  
 And caught him by the nek, and soft he spake,  
 And seide, thou John, thou Swin'is hede, awake,  
 For Christ'is Soule, and here a nobil game.

For by that Lord, that callid is St. Jame,  
 As I have thryis in this shorte night,  
 Swivid the Miller's doughtir bolt upright :  
 Whilft thou hast as a Coward layn aghast.

1160 Ye, fals harlot, then qð the Millere, halt ?  
 A falsè Traytor, a falsè Clerk, qð he,  
 Thou shalt be dede by Godd'is dignity,  
 Who durstè ben so bold to disparage

My doughtir, that is come of soche linage.  
 And by the throte boll he caught Aleine,  
 And he him hent dispitously againe,

1100 And on the nose he smote him with his fist,  
 Down ran the bloody streme upon his brest,  
 And in the flore with Mouth and Nose to broke,

They wallowen, as doth piggis in a poke, 1170  
 And up they gon, and doune ageine anon,  
 Till that the Millere spurnid on a stone

And doune he fell bakward upon his wife,  
 That wist nothing of all this nycè strife,  
 For she was fall allepe a litil wight,

With John the Clerk, that wakid had al night.  
 And with the fall out of her slepe she braide,  
 Help, holy Crofs of Broholmè, she seide ;

In Manus tuas, Lord to The I call,  
 Awake, Simonde, the fende is on me fall. 1180  
 My hert is brokin, help, I na'm but dede,

There lish one up my womb, one up my hedde.  
 Help, Simkin, for these fals Clerkis do fight.  
 This John stert up as fast as er he might,

And graspid by the wallis to and fro,  
 To find a staff, and she stert up also,  
 And knew the Estris bett than did this John,

And by the wall she fond a staff anon,  
 And saw a litil shimiring of light,  
 For at an hole in shone the Monè bright, 1190

And by that light she saw them bothè two,  
 But sikirly she n'ist not who was who,  
 But as she saw a white thing in her eye ;

And whan she gan this whitè thing espie,  
 She wend the Clerk had wered a Voliper,  
 And with the staff she drew ay ner and ner,

And wend have hit this Alein attè full,  
 And smote the Millere on the pillid Skull,  
 That doune he goth, and cryed harrow I dye ;

These Clerkis bete him wele, and let him lye, 1200  
 And rayith them, and toke their horse anon,  
 And eke their Mele, and on their weie they gon:

And at the Mill-dore eke they toke ther Cåke,  
 Of half a bushill floure, full well ybake.

Thus is the proud Millere right well ybete,  
 And hath ylost the grinding of the Whete,  
 And payid for the Soupir every dele,

Of Aleine, and of John, that bete him wele.  
 His wife is swivid, and his doughtir als,  
 Lo soche it is a Millere to be fals! 1210

And therefore this proverbe is saw full sothe,  
 Him dare not wenin wele that evil doth :  
 A Guilor shall himself begylid be.  
 And God, that sittith hye in Majesty,  
 Save al this Cumpany both grete and sinale:  
 Thus have I quitte the Millere in my Tale.

Thus endeth the REVE's TALE.





## The COOKE's PROLOGUE.



**T**HE Coke of London, while that the  
 Reve spake,  
 For joy he lough, and claw'd him on  
 the bak :  
 Aha, quoth he, for Christ's passion,  
 This Miller hath a sharp conclusion  
 Upon this argument of herbigage;  
 Well seide Solomon in his Language,  
 Ne bring not ev'ry man into thyn hous:  
 For herbouring by night is perillouse;  
 Wele ought a man avisid for to be,  
 Whom that he brought into his privite.  
 I pray to God yeve me sorow and care,  
 If evir sithin I hight Hodge of Ware  
 Herde I a Millere bettir set a werke,  
 He had a jape of malice in the derke.  
 But God forbiddè that we stintin here,  
 And therefore if that ye vouchafe to here  
 A Tale of me, that am but a pore man,  
 I wol you tellin, as well as I can  
 A litil jape, that fell in our Citè.

1220

1230

Our hostè seid, Rogger, I graunt it The.  
 Now tell on, Rogger, loke that it be gode.  
 Full many' a pastie hast thou lettin blode;  
 And many' a jack of Dovyr hast thou sold,  
 That hath ben twicè hot and twicè cold.  
 Of many' a Pilgrim hast thou Christ's curse,  
 For of thy persly yet fare they the worse,  
 That they have etin in thy stobil goos,  
 For in thy shop is many a flie loos.  
 Now tell on, gentyl Rogger by thy name,  
 But yet, I pray The be not wrath for game;  
 A man may so full sothe in game and play.  
 Thou saist full sothe, qð Rogger, by my fay,  
 But *sothe play quade play*; as the Fleming saith,  
 And therefore, Herrie Bailie, by thy feith,  
 Be thou not wroth, cr' we departin here,  
 Though that my Tale ben of an Hostilere.  
 But nethèless, I wol not tell it yett,  
 But er' we part, I wis, thou shalt bequit:  
 And therewithall he lough, and made chere,  
 And seid his Tale, as ye shull astir here.

1240

1250





## IV. The COKE's TALE.

The Description of an unthrifty Prentice, given to Dice, Women and Wine, wasting thereby his Master's Goods, and purchasing to himself Newgate. The most part of this Tale is lost, or never finished by the Author.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>A</b> Prentice whilom dwelt in our Citè,<br/>         And of the craft of Vitailers was he:<br/>         Galiard he was, as Goldfinch in a shaw,<br/>         Broun as a beri, a propre short felaw, 1260<br/>         With lokkis blake, and kempt full fetouslie;<br/>         Dauncin he couth ful wele and jolilie:<br/>         And he was callid Perkin Revellour.<br/>         He was as full of Love and Paramour,<br/>         As is the Hive full of the hony swete.<br/>         Well was the wench, that with him mightè mete.<br/>         At every Bridale wold he sing and hop,<br/>         He lovid bet the Taverns than the Shop.<br/>         For whan that any Riding was in Chepe,<br/>         Out of the shoppè thithir wold he lepe, 1270<br/>         Till that he had of all the sighte ysene,<br/>         For sikirly, he wold not come agen,<br/>         But gathir him a meinie of his fort,<br/>         To hop and sing, and makè moch disport.<br/>         And there they fettè Stevin for to mete<br/>         To playin at the dice in such a strete,<br/>         For in the Citè n'as there no prentise<br/>         That fairer couth castin a pair of dice<br/>         Than Perkin couth, and thereto he was fre<br/>         Of his dispence, in place of privitie, 1280<br/>         That found his master well in his chafare,<br/>         For oft timis he fond his box full bare.<br/>         For sikirly a Prentise Revellour<br/>         That hauntith dice, riot, or Paramour,<br/>         His mastir shall it in his shoppè abie;</p> | <p>Al have he no part of the Minstralcie.<br/>         For theft and riot ben convertible,<br/>         Al can he play on getron or rebible,<br/>         Revill and trouth as in a low degre<br/>         Thei ben ful wroth all day, as men may se. 1290<br/>         This joly Printice with his mastre' abode<br/>         Till he were nigh out of his printishode,<br/>         Al were he snibbid both erli and late,<br/>         And sumetime led with revill to Newgate.<br/>         But at the last his Master him berthought<br/>         Upon a day when he his paper sought<br/>         Of a proverbe that sayith this same word,<br/> <i>Wele bett is rotten appyl out of horde</i><br/> <i>Than that it shoud rottin all the remnaunt.</i><br/>         So fareth it by a riotous Servaunt. 1300<br/>         It is a moch less harm to let him pass,<br/>         Than he shend all the servaunts in the place;<br/>         Therefore his master gave him acquittance,<br/>         And bade him go with sorow and mischaunce.<br/>         And thus this jolly Prentice had his leve,<br/>         Now let him riot all the night, or leve.<br/>         And for there is no Thes without a Louke,<br/>         That helpith him to wastin and to souke<br/>         Of that he bribè can, or borow may.<br/>         Anon he sent his bed and his array 1310<br/>         Unto a compere of his ownè sort,<br/>         That lovid dice, and revill and disport,<br/>         And had a wife, that held for countinaunce<br/>         A shop, but swifid for her sustinaunce.</p> |
|--|---|

This is all of the COOKE's TALE as yet found.

In some of the MSS is the History of Gamelyn under the Title of the Cooke's Tale; but it is not the Cooke's Tale that Lidgate saw, for that was, as he says, of Ribaldrie, as the abovefaid Tale favours of, and which in the MSS is joined to this by these Verses.

But hercof, Siris, I wold pass as now,  
 And of yong Gamelyn I wol tell you.      Q<sup>x</sup> the Cook.



## V. COKE's





So many of the MSS have this Tale, that I can hardly think it could be unknown to the former Editors of this Poet's Works. Nor can I think of a Reason why they neglected to publish it. Possibly they met only with those MSS that had not this Tale in them, and contented themselves with the Number of Tales they found in those MSS. If they had any of those MSS in which it is, I cannot give a Reason why they did not give it a Place amongst the rest, unless they doubted of its being genuine. But because I find it in so many MSS, I have no doubt of it, and therefore make it publick, and call it the Fifth Tale. In all the MSS it is called the Cooke's Tale, and therefore I call it so in like manner: But had I found it without an Inscription, and had been left to my Fancy to have bestow'd it on which of the Pilgrims I had pleas'd, I should certainly have adjudg'd it to the Squire's Yeoman; who tho as minutely describ'd by Chaucer, and characteriz'd in the third Place, yet I find no Tale of his in any of the MSS. And because I think there is not any one that would fit him so well as this, I have ventur'd to place his Picture before this Tale, tho' I leave the Cook in Possession of the Title.

#### V. COKE'S TALE of Gamelyn.

**N**OW lithin, and listinith, and  
Herkinith you aright,  
And ye shullin herè me tell  
You of a doughti Knight.  
Sir Johan of Boundis clepid was  
This ilke Knight's name,  
Wele coudin he of noriture,  
And eke of mochil game.  
Thre sonnys this Knight had, and with  
His bodi he them wan,

The Eldist was a mochè shrew,  
And sonè he began.  
His brotherin lov'd thir Faðir,  
And of him were agast;  
Th' Eldist deserv'd his Faðir's curse,  
And had it at the last.  
The godè Knighte his faðir did  
Ylive so long and yore,  
That Deth was comin him unto,  
And handlid him full sore.

10

20  
The



The godè Knight ycarid moch,  
Sore fike there as he lay,  
How that his childerin shuldè  
Lyvin after his day.  
He haddè ben widè where, but  
Noon Husbondè he was,  
Allè the londe, which that he had,  
It was verray purchas.  
And fayn he woldè that it were  
Dressid among them all,  
That everich of them had his part  
As it mightè befall.  
Tho sent he into the Contrè  
Aftir wisè Knightis,  
To helpin dele his Londis, and  
Dressin them to rightis.  
He sent them word by letteris  
That they shuld hyè blyve;  
If that they wol spekin with him  
While that he was on live.  
Sone as those Knightis herdin how  
Thus sekè that he lay,  
Tho haddè they no mannir rest  
Nothir by night nor day,  
Tyll thar they comin unto him,  
There as he layd him still  
Upon his deth's bedde, for to  
Abidin Godd's will.  
Thus then saidin the godè Knight,  
Sekè there as he lay,  
Lordis, I warnè you forsothe,  
Withoutin any nay,  
I may no lengir livin here  
In this sorowful stound,  
For thorough Godd's will supreme  
Dethe drawith me to ground.  
There ne was no one of them alle  
That herdin him aright,  
That thei ne haddè mochil routh  
Upon that ilkè Knight:  
And feidè, Sir, for Godd's love,  
Ne dismayin you nought,  
God may don botè of bale  
Which that is now ywrought.  
Then answerid them the gode Knight,  
Sikè there as he lay,  
Botè of balè God may fend,  
I wote it is no nay.  
But I besekè you Knightis  
Al for the love of me,  
Goith and dressith my Londis,  
Among my sonis thre.  
And frendis, for the love of God,  
Delith them nat amys,  
And forgettith not Gamelyn,  
My yongè Sone that is.  
Takith hedè unto that one  
As well as to that other,  
Seldome ye sein any heir  
That helpe woll his brother.  
Tho lettin they the Knighte liggin  
Which that was not in hele,  
And in thei wentin to counsaile  
His londis for to dele.  
For to delin them all to oon  
That was ther only thought,  
And for that Gamelyn yongist was,  
He shuldè havin nought,  
Al the londe which that there was  
They deltin it in two,  
And letè Gamelyn the yonge  
Withoutin londe go.  
And everich of them feidin  
Till othir fulle londe,

His bretherin mowe give him londe  
Whan that he godis koude.  
Whan they had delid the londis  
Aftir their owne will,  
Tho camin they unto the Knight  
There as he lay full still,  
And toldin unto him anon  
How that they hadd ywrought,  
And the Knight there as he seke lay  
Ylikid it right nought.  
30 Then feidè the Knight angrily,  
I fware by Seint Martyn,  
For all that which ye have ydone,  
Yet is the londe myn.  
For Godd's love, my neighbouris,  
Standith ye allè still,  
And I woll delin my londè  
Aftir myn owne will.  
Johan myn eldist Sone shall  
40 Y have plowis five,  
That was my fader's heritage  
While that he was on live;  
And my middillist Sone shall  
Five plowis have of lond,  
That I holpe for to gettin  
With myn own righte hond:  
And all myn othir purchasis  
120 Of landis and of Ledes,  
That I bequethe Gamelyn,  
And allè my gode Stedes.  
50 And I besekè you, gode Men,  
That lawis con of lond,  
For Gamelyn's love that  
Thus my bequest may stonde.  
Thus delid hath the gode Knightè  
His londè be his dai,  
Right upon his deth's bedde  
Sore fike there as he lay:  
And sonè aftirwerdis he  
60 Lay as a stonè still,  
And dyid whan the tymè came,  
As it was Crist's will.  
Anon aftir that he was dede,  
And undir grafs ygrave,  
Tho sone the eldir brothir  
Begyld the yongè knave:  
140 He tokin into his hondis  
His londis and his lede,  
And alto Gamelyn himself  
To clothin and to fede.  
70 He clothid him and fedde him  
Evil and eke wroth,  
And letin his londis for fare  
And als his housis both;  
His parkis eke, and his wodis,  
And diddè nothyng wel,  
150 And sithin he it aboughte  
On his own feire fell.  
So longè tyme was Gamelyn  
In his brother's hall,  
80 For the strengist of godè will  
They doutid him all.  
There ne was none wight in that place  
Nothir yongè ne okle,  
That wolde wrathin Gamelyn,  
Were he never so bold.  
160 Gamelyn stode upon a day  
In his brother's yerde,  
And he began with his londe  
To handlin his berde.  
90 He thoughtin upon his londis,  
That layn long untawe,  
And also of his feire Oxis,  
That doune were yaraw



His Parkis werin al brokin,  
 And al his Deir reved,  
 Of alle his gode Stedis noon  
 Was there with him beleved;  
 His housis werein unhelid  
 And full evilly dight;  
 Tho thought this yongè Gamelyn  
 It wentè not aright.  
 Aftir camè his brothir in  
 Ywalkyng statelich thare,  
 And seidè unto Gamelyn,  
 What? is our metè yare?  
 Tho Gamelyn ywrothid hym,  
 And swore by Godd'is boke,  
 Thou shalt y go bake luke thy self,  
 I wol not be thy Coke.  
 How? brothir Gamelyn, qð he,  
 Thus answerist me thou?  
 Thou spakist nevir soche a word  
 Yet, as thou doist now.  
 By my faith seide Gamelyn,  
 Now me it thinkith nede,  
 Of all the harmis that I have  
 I nevir yit toke hede.  
 My Parkis ben y brokin, and  
 My Deir ben yrevèd,  
 Of myn harnis, and my stedis  
 Noght is there me beleved.  
 Al that my faðir me bequethe  
 Al goith now to shame,  
 And therefore have thou Godd'is curse  
 Brothir John by thy name.  
 Than thus bespakin his brothir,  
 That rapè was of vees,  
 Stondith stillè, thou gadiling,  
 And holdith right thy pees:  
 Thou shaltè ben full faign to have  
 Thy metè and thy wede,  
 What spekist thou, thou Gadiling,  
 Of lond, othir of lede?  
 Then seidè to him Gamelyn  
 The childè that was yinge,  
 Christ'is Cursè mote he havin  
 That clepith me Gadlyng:  
 I am no wors gadlyng than The,  
 Parde ne no wors wight,  
 But born I was of a Lady,  
 And gottin of a Knyght.  
 Ne durst he not to Gamelyn  
 Not oo fote ferthir go,  
 But clepid to him his meinè,  
 And seidè to them tho,  
 Goith and berith wele this boy,  
 And ravith him his wit,  
 And let him lere anothir time  
 To answerin me bett.  
 Then seid the Chyld, yong Gamelyn,  
 . . . . .  
 Christ'is cursè mote thou havin  
 What? brother art thou myn,  
 And if that I shall algatis  
 Y betin be anon,  
 Christ'is cursè mote thou havin,  
 But that thou be that one.  
 And right anon his brothir did  
 In that his gretè hete  
 Makin his meinè fett stavis,  
 This Gamelyn to bete.  
 Whan everich of them had a staff  
 Into his hond nomin,  
 Gamelyn was aware tho,  
 He forsaugh them comin.  
 Tho Gamelyn saugh them comin,  
 He lokid ovir all.

And was warè of a pestil  
 Stodè undir the wall.  
 And Gamelyn was fully light,  
 And thiðir gan he lepe,  
 And droffe alle his brother's men  
 Right sonè on an hepe.  
 He lokid like a wild Lion,  
 And laidin on gode wone.  
 Tho whan his brothir seyè that,  
 He begannè to gonne. 250  
 He sleigh up untill a lofè,  
 And shet the dorè fast.  
 Thus Gamelyn with his pestil  
 Madè them all agast.  
 Somè for Gamelyn's love,  
 And some for his envie,  
 Allè withdrowin them to halves,  
 Tho he began to pleie: 260  
 What now? seide Gamelyn, brothir,  
 Evil motè ye the:  
 Wollè ye beginnin kontek,  
 And than so sonè fle?  
 Gamelyn fought his brothir tho  
 Whithir he was yflowe,  
 And saugh where that he lokid out  
 At a folere windowe.  
 Brothir tho seidè Gamelyn,  
 Comith a litil nere,  
 And I woll techin The a plaic 270  
 Attè the bokillere.  
 His brothir to hym answerid,  
 And swore by Seint Richere,  
 While the pestil is in thyn honde  
 I woll comin no nere.  
 Brothir, I woll makin The pece,  
 I swere by Crist'is ore,  
 Castith away the pestil tho,  
 And wrathè The na more.  
 I mot nedis, seide Gamelyn, 280  
 Wrathè me at onys,  
 For that thou woldist make thy Men  
 To brekin my bonis.  
 Ne had I haddin meyn and might  
 In myn ownè tweye armes,  
 To have y puslin them fro me,  
 They would have done me harmes.  
 To Gamelyn tho seidin his  
 Brothir, be thou not wrothe, 290  
 For to sein The havin harme  
 Me werin rightè lothe.  
 I ne did it not, my brothir,  
 But right for a fending,  
 For to lokin if thou were strong,  
 And art so very ying.  
 Come adoun then to me, qð he,  
 And grauntè me my bone,  
 Of oo thing I woll askin The,  
 And we shull saughtè sone.  
 Adoun then camin his brothir,  
 That fikill was and fell, 300  
 And was swithè right fore aghast,  
 Of that ilkè pestil.  
 He seidè, brothir Gamelyn,  
 Askè me now thy bone,  
 And loke that you me blamè, but  
 I grauntè it full sone.  
 Tho seidin yongè Gamelyn,  
 Brothir mynè, I wifs,  
 And if we shullè ben at onc, 310  
 Thou must me grauntè this:  
 Al that my faðir me bequethe,  
 While that he was on live,  
 Thou mustè do me it to have,  
 If that we shull not strive. 240

That



That shalt thou have, Gamelyn,  
I swere by Crist's ore,  
Al that thy faðir The bequethe,  
Though thou woldist have more.  
Thy londè, that now lyith lie,  
Full well it shall be sowe,  
And thyn housis yraisid up,  
That now ben layd full lowe.  
Thus seide the Knight to Gamelyn,  
But only with his Mouth,  
And thoughtè but of falseness,  
As he right welè couth.  
The Knightè thoughtin on traifon,  
But Gamelyn on noon,  
And went, and kissid his brothir;  
And then they were at oon.  
Alas! for yongè Gamelyn,  
Nothing at all he wist,  
With swichè falsè traifon  
His brothir hath him kist.  
Lithinith, and lestinith, and  
Holdith you stille your tonge,  
And ye shull herin straunge talking  
Of Gamelyn the yonge.  
There happid to be there beside  
Tryid a wraffling,  
And therefore there was yfettin  
A Ram, and als a ring.  
And Gamelyn was in a will  
To wendè thereunto,  
For to previn his mighte, and se  
What that he couthè do.  
Now brothir myne, qð Gamelyn,  
By holie Seint Richere,  
Thou mustè nedis lene to night  
Me a litil Coursere,  
That is freshe to the sporis,  
Upon him for to ride,  
I mustin on an Errand go  
A litil here beside.  
Be God, seide his brothir tho,  
Of Stedis in my stall  
Goith and chesith The the best,  
And sparith none of alle,  
Of Stedis or of Courseris  
That stondith 'hem beside,  
And tellith me, my gode brothir,  
Whithur thou wilt ride.  
Herè besidis, brothir, is  
Y cryid a Wraffling,  
And therefore shallè ben y sett  
A Ram, and als a ring.  
Mochè worship it were sothly,  
Brothir unto us all,  
Might I the ram, and als the ring,  
Bringin home to the Hall.  
A Stede there was sadilid,  
Smarth was it and eke flete,  
Gamelyn diddin a peire of  
Sporis fast on his fete.  
He sat his fote in the stirrop,  
The Stede he bestrode,  
And towardis the wraffling  
The yongè childè rode.  
Tho Gamelyn the yongè was  
Riddin out at the Gate,  
The falsè Knight his own brothir  
Lokkid it attir thate.  
And he besoughtin Jesu Christ,  
That is of Hevin King,  
That he mightè brekin his nek  
In that ilk wraffling.  
Assone as Gamelyn cam ther-,  
The wraffling placè was,

He lightid down of the Stede,  
And stod on the gras.  
And ther he herd a Frankelyn  
Weloway for to sing,  
And began all bittirly  
His handis for to wring.  
Godè Man, seide Gamelyn,  
Why makist thou this fare?  
Is there no man that may you help  
Out of this nicè care?  
Alas! seide this Frankelyn,  
That evir I was bore,  
For tweic stalworthè Sonis  
I wene I have forlore.  
A Champion is in the place,  
That has wroughtin me sorow,  
For he hath slayn my too Sonis,  
But if that God them borrow.  
I woldè givin ten poundis,  
Be Jesu Crist, and more,  
With the nonis I fond a man,  
To handilin him fore.  
Godè Man seide Gamelyn,  
Wilt thou this welè done,  
Holdè my hors, while that my Man  
Ydrawith of my shone.  
And help my Man also to kepe  
My clothis and my stede,  
And I woll into the place gon,  
And loken how I may spede.  
By God, seide the Frankelyn,  
It shall right so be don,  
I woll my sifin be thy man,  
To drawin of thy shone.  
And wendè you into the place,  
Swete Jesu Crist The spede,  
And dredè noght of thy clothis,  
Nor of thy godè Stede.  
Barefote and ungert Gamelyn  
Into the ringe came,  
Allè that werin in the place  
Hedin of him the name,  
How he durstin aventure him  
On him to don his might,  
That was so doughti a Champion  
In wraffling and in fight.  
Upstertè tho the Champion  
Full rapely right anon  
Towardis yongè Gamelyn  
He tho began to gon,  
And seide who is thy faðir,  
And who is eke thy Sire?  
Forsothè thou art a gret sole,  
For that thou camist hire.  
Anon Gamelyn answerid  
The stout Champion tho,  
Thou knewist full wele my faðir  
While that he couthè go:  
Whilis that he was on live,  
I swere by Seint Martyn,  
Sir John of Boundis was his name,  
And I am Gamelyn.  
Felawe, seide the Champion,  
So evir more I thrive,  
I knew right welè thy faðir,  
While that he was on live;  
And thy sifin, yongè Gamelyn;  
I wil that thou it here,  
Whilis thou wert a yongè boy,  
A moche shrew thou were.  
Then seide yongè Gamelyn,  
And swore bi Crist's ore,  
Now am I oldir wox thou shalt  
Y findin me a more



Be God, seide the Champion,  
 Welcome mote thou be,  
 Comè thou onys in my honde,  
 Shaltin thou nevir the.  
 It was welè within the night,  
 And bright the Monè shone,  
 Whan Gamelyn, and the Champion  
 Togidir gan to gon.  
 The Champion castè tornis  
 To Gamelyn that was prest,  
 And Gamelyn stod in stillè,  
 And bad him don his best.  
 Then seidin yongè Gamelyn  
 Unto the Champion,  
 Now that I have fully provid,  
 Many tornis of thine,  
 Thou mostin, seide Gamelyn,  
 Prove oon or two of myn.  
 Gamelyn to the Champion  
 Yede smartily anon,  
 Of all the tornis that he coude  
 He shewid him but one:  
 And kest him on the listè side  
 That thre ribbis to brak,  
 And thereunto his left armè,  
 That gaf a grettè crak.  
 Then seide yongè Gamelyn  
 Smerly to him anon,  
 Shall it be holdin for a Cast,  
 Or ellis go for none.  
 Bi God, seide the Champion,  
 Wheðir so that it be,  
 He that ones comith in thyn hand  
 Shallin he nevir the.  
 Than seide the Frankelyn, that  
 Thre Sonis there had lore,  
 Blessid be thou, yongè Gamelyn,  
 That evir thou were bore.  
 For now unto the Champion,  
 This have I for to seie,  
 This is the yongè Gamelyn,  
 That taughtè The to pleie.  
 Ayn answerde the Champion,  
 That likid nothyng well,  
 He is allè their Maistir, and  
 His pleie is right fell.  
 Sithin that I wraistilid first  
 It is agon full yore,  
 But I was nevir in my life  
 Handilid so before.  
 Yongè Gamelyn stode in the place  
 Allone withoutin ferk,  
 And seide, if there be any mo,  
 Let them comè to werk.  
 The Champion which that painid  
 Him to workin so fore,  
 It semith by his Countinaunce  
 That he willè no more.  
 Gamelyn in the placè stode,  
 Stillè as any stone,  
 For to abidin wraistiling,  
 But there ycomith none.  
 There ne was none with Gamelyn  
 That woldè wrastle more,  
 For he handilid the champion  
 So wonderously fore.  
 Two Gentilmeine that owned the place  
 Come to Gamelyn, God geve them grace,  
 And seide to him have done on,  
 Thy hosin and thy shone,  
 Forsothè at this timè all  
 This faire it is ydone.  
 Tho seide to them Gamelyn  
 So mote I well yfare,

I havè not yet halvindele  
 Yfoldè all my ware.  
 Than seide the champion so broke,  
 I may it welè swere,  
 He is a fole that thereof bieth,  
 Thou sellist it so dere.  
 470 Tho seide to him the Frankelyn,  
 That was in mochill care,  
 Fellow, he seide, whi lakkist  
 Thou so moche of his ware,  
 Be Seint Jame, that in Galis is,  
 That many Man has fought,  
 Yet it is moche too godè chepe,  
 That thou hastin ybought. 550  
 Tho that the Wardinis werin  
 Of that ilk wraistiling,  
 480 Comin forth, and brought Gamelyn  
 The ram, and als the ring.  
 And thus wann yongè Gamelyn  
 The ram and eke the ring,  
 And wentè forth with mochil joy  
 Homeward in the morning.  
 His brothir se where that he come 560  
 With all the grettè ront,  
 And bad the porter shute the gate,  
 And holdin him without.  
 490 The porter of his Lord's word  
 Was so right fore agast,  
 And ftert anon unto the gate,  
 And lokkid it full fast.  
 Now lithinith, and lestinith,  
 Bothè yongè and old,  
 And ye shullin herè gamin 570  
 Of Gamelyn the bold.  
 Gamelyn comith thereunto  
 For to have comin in,  
 500 But all in vaine, the dore then was  
 Y shitt fast with a pyn.  
 Than seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 Porter, undo the yate,  
 For many a godè Mann's  
 Sonne stondith thereat.  
 Then answerid him the porter, 580  
 And swore by Godd's berde,  
 Thou ne shalt, frendè Gamelyn,  
 Comin into this yerde,  
 510 Thou lyist, seide Gamelyn,  
 So broukin I my Chynne.  
 He smote the wikit with his fote,  
 And brak away the pyn.  
 The Porter streightwey saughè tho  
 It might no bettir be,  
 He settè fote on Erthè, and 590  
 Fast he began to fle.  
 Bi my faith, seide Gamelyn,  
 That travaile is ylore,  
 520 For I am on fote as light as  
 Thow, though thow had yswore.  
 Gamelyn ovirtoke the Porter,  
 And his teenè ywrak,  
 And gert him full upon the nek,  
 That he the bon to brak.  
 And toke him by that oon armè, 600  
 And threw him in a well,  
 Seven hundrid façom it was depe,  
 As I have herdè telle.  
 530 Whan Gamelyn the yongè thus  
 Had yplayid his play,  
 Allè that in the yerde were,  
 Withdrewin them away,  
 That dredin him full fore for  
 The wreke that he wrought,  
 And for the fayir company 610  
 That he had thithir brought.

Yonge



Yong Gamelyn yede to the gate,  
 And letè it up wide,  
 He letin in allè the rout,  
 That gon woldin or ride.  
 And seide, ye ben ywelcome  
 Withoutin any greve,  
 For we wol ben Maisteris here,  
 And aske no Man leve.  
 It n'as but yesterdai I laft,  
 Seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 In my brother's seleris  
 Five tonn of right gode wyne.  
 I willè not this Company  
 Partyn with me on twyn,  
 And if ye will don aftir me,  
 Whil any sope is inn.  
 And if my brothir grutchith us,  
 Or makith foulè chere,  
 Othir for spence of mete and drink  
 That we shull spendin here,  
 I am the Ovircatorir  
 And bere our Althir purse,  
 He shallè have for his grutching  
*Sancta Maria's* Curse.  
 My brothir is but a nigon,  
 I swere by Crist's ore,  
 And we woll spendè largily  
 That he hath sparid yore,  
 And whofo that makith grutching  
 That we do here ydwell,  
 He shall go unto the Porter,  
 Into the drawè Well.  
 Sevin dayis, and sevin nightes  
 Gamelyn held his fest,  
 With mochè Solace that there was,  
 And eke no mannir heste.  
 All in a litil torrit his  
 Brothir laydè ysteke,  
 And saugh him wastin his godis,  
 But durstè not to speke.  
 Right erli in a morrowning  
 Upon the eightè day,  
 The gestis come to Gamelyn  
 And woldè gon thir way.  
 Lordis, tho seide Gamelyn,  
 And wollin ye so hic?  
 Allè the wyne is not yet dronk,  
 So broukin I mine eye.  
 Yonge Gamelyn in his hertè  
 Was sorowfull and wo,  
 Whan that his gestis toke their leve,  
 And fro him woldè go.  
 He woldè that they had dwellid,  
 Lengir, and they seide nay,  
 But bitaught Gamelyn to God,  
 And bad him have gode dai.  
 Thus madè Gamelyn his feste,  
 And brought it well to end;  
 And aftirward his gestis toke  
 Levè their way to wend.  
 Now lithinith, and listinith,  
 And holdith you your tonge,  
 And ye shullin herè gamin  
 Of Gamelyn the yonge.  
 Herkinith Lordilingis, and  
 Listinith you aright,  
 Whan al the gestis werin gon  
 How Gamelyn was dight.  
 Alle the while that Gamelyn  
 Had hold his Mangerie,  
 His brothir thought on him bewreke,  
 With his false trecherie  
 Tho whan that Gamelyn's gestes  
 Y ridin were and gon,

Gamelyn stode anon alone,  
 Frendè tho had he none.  
 Tho aftir this full sone it fell  
 Within a littil stound,  
 That Gamelyn was takin, and  
 Full hardly was he bound. 690  
 Than forth comith the falsè Knight  
 Out of the Solerè,  
 And to Gamelyn his brothir,  
 He goith fullè nere,  
 And seidin unto Gamelyn,  
 Who madè The so bold,  
 For to destroyin and wastè  
 The flore of my houshold?  
 Brothir, answerid Gamelyn, 700  
 Now wrathè The right noght,  
 For it is many day agon,  
 Sithins it was ybought.  
 For, Brothir, thou hastin haddè,  
 I swere by Seint Richere,  
 Of sittene plowis of Londè,  
 This full sixtenè yere;  
 And of allè the bestis which  
 Thou hastè forth ybredd,  
 That my fadèr to me bequethe  
 Upon his deth'sisbedd; 710  
 Of allè this full sixtene yere  
 I gevè The the Prow,  
 For the metè and the drinkè  
 That we have spendid now.  
 Than thus seide the falsè Knight;  
 (Full evil mote he the)  
 Herkinith, Brothir Gamelyn,  
 What I woll gevin The.  
 For of my body, brothir, heir  
 Y gettin have I none, 720  
 I wollè makin The my heir,  
 I swerè by Seint John.  
 Par mafay, seide Gamelyn,  
 And if that it so be,  
 And thou thinkist, as thou seyist,  
 May God yeldin it The.  
 Nothing wistè yong Gamelyn  
 Of his brother's gile;  
 And therefore he him begilid  
 In verry littil while. 730  
 Gamelyn, seidin he, o thing  
 I nedis must The tell,  
 Tho whan thou threwè my porter  
 Into the drawè well,  
 I sworè in that wrathè, and  
 In that my gretè mote,  
 That thou shuldist ybondè be  
 Both hondè and eke fote:  
 And therefore I besechè The, 740  
 My brothir Gamelyn,  
 Letith thou noght me be forsworn,  
 As brothir art thou mine:  
 But letith me ybindin The  
 Both hondè and eke fote,  
 For me to holdin myne avough,  
 Right as I The behote.  
 Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn,  
 As so motin I the,  
 Thou shaltè not ben forsworin  
 For the love of me. 750  
 Tho madin thei this Gamelyn  
 To fitte, might he not stand,  
 Tyll that he him ybondin had  
 Both fote and also hand.  
 The falsè Knight his brothir of  
 Gamelyn was agast,  
 And sente aftir fetteris  
 To fetterin him fast.  
 M

His



His brothir madè lesingis,  
 On him ther as he stode,  
 And tolde them that comin in  
 That Gamelyn was wode.  
 Gamelyn stode to a post  
 Y bondin in the Hall,  
 And tho that ther ycomin in  
 Lokid upon him all.  
 Ewir stode yong Gamelyn  
 Evin boltè upright,  
 But mete nor drink ne had he none  
 Nowthir by day ne night.  
 Tho seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 Brothir myn, by my hals,  
 Now I have wele espyid that  
 Thou art a parti fals.  
 Had I but wiste that treson  
 That thou haddist yfond,  
 I woldin have gevin strokis  
 Or I had ben ybound.  
 Gamelyn stode thus bondin  
 As still as any stone,  
 For too dayis, and too nightis,  
 And mete had he none.  
 Then seide at last this Gamelyn  
 That stode boundin strong,  
 Adam Spencer, methinkith that  
 I fallè al to long;  
 Therefore, Adam le dispencer,  
 Now I besechè The,  
 For the mochè lovè with which  
 My fadir lovid The,  
 If thou may comin to the kaies,  
 Lefith me out of bond,  
 And for-thi I woll departin  
 With The of my fre lond.  
 Than him answerid this Adam,  
 Which that was the Spencer,  
 I have yservid thy brothir  
 This full sixtèn yere,  
 And if I shuldè letin you  
 To gon out of his boure,  
 He woldin aftirwardis seye  
 That I were a Traytour.  
 Adam, answerid Gamelyn,  
 So broukin I myn hals  
 Thou shalte findin my brothir  
 At the last rightè fals:  
 And therefore, brothir Adam, me  
 Losè out of my bonds,  
 And I wollè departin with  
 The of myn own fre londs.  
 Upon so gode a forewardè  
 Saidin Adam, I wis,  
 I wollè doin thereunto  
 Alle that in me is.  
 Adam, tho seidè Gamelyn,  
 As so mowin I the,  
 I woll holdè The Covenant,  
 An thou too wolle me.  
 Anon as Adam his Lordè  
 To beddè was ygone,  
 Adam toke the kaies, and lat  
 Gamelyn out anon.  
 He unlokid yongè Gamelyn  
 Both hondis and eke fete,  
 On hope of the avauncement  
 Which that he him behete.  
 Then seidè yongè Gamelyn,  
 Thankid be Godd's sonde,  
 For now that I am ylofid  
 Both fete and also hond,  
 Had I but etin a litil  
 And thereto drunk aright,

760 There is none in this house that  
 Shuld bindè me this night.  
 Tho Adam tokè Gamelyn,  
 As still as any stone,  
 And haddin him into the Spence  
 Right rapily anon:  
 And settin him to his Soupere  
 Right in a privie stede,  
 And badin hym do gladly,  
 And Gamelyn so dede.  
 770 Anon assone as Gamelyn  
 Had etin wel and fine,  
 And thereunto had ydrankin  
 Well of the reddè wyne,  
 Adam, seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 Tell what is now thy rede,  
 For me to go to my brothir,  
 And gerdin of his hede.  
 No Gamelyn, seidin Adam,  
 It shallè not be so:  
 780 But I can tellè The a rede,  
 That is yworth the too.  
 I wotè wele forsothè that,  
 (And this it is no nay,)  
 We shullin have a Mangerie  
 Rightè upon Sondag,  
 Of Abbotis and Priouris  
 Full many here shal be,  
 And othir men of holie Cherch,  
 As I can tellè The.  
 790 Thou shaltè stond up by the post,  
 As thou were hondè fast,  
 And I shall them leve unlok, that  
 Away thou may them cast.  
 And whan that they have y etin  
 And washin have their hondes,  
 Tho thou shalt bespekin them all  
 To bring The out of bondes.  
 And if that they will borrow The,  
 That werin a gode game,  
 800 Than werin thou out of prison,  
 And I als out of blame:  
 But if that evèrich of them  
 Sayè unto us nay,  
 I shullè don anothir thing,  
 I swerè by this day.  
 Thou shallè have a godè staffe,  
 And I woll have another,  
 And Crist's cursè have that oon  
 That failè shall that other.  
 810 Ye for God seidè Gamelyn,  
 I say it right for me,  
 If that I failin on my side,  
 Than evil mote I the.  
 If that we shullin algatis  
 Assoile them of thire Synne,  
 Warnith me, my brothir Adam,  
 Whan that we shall begynn.  
 Now Gamelyn, seidin Adam,  
 By Seintè Charitè,  
 820 I wollè warnè The beforin,  
 Whan that the time shall be.  
 Whan that I twinkin upon The,  
 Lokè for to be gon,  
 And cast away the fetteris,  
 And come to me anon.  
 Adam, seidè yongè Gamelyn,  
 Y blissid be thy bones,  
 That is a rightè gode counsaile  
 Y gevin for the nones.  
 830 If that they shullin wernè me  
 To bring The out of bendes,  
 I wollè settin gode strokis  
 Full right upon their lendes.

Tho



Tho the Sondag was ycomin,  
 And these folk to the feste,  
 Faire they werein ywelcomid  
 Bothè the leste, and meste.  
 And evir as they at the Hall  
 Dorè were comin in,  
 They evèrich castin an eie  
 On yongè Gamelyn.  
 The falsè Knight his own brothir,  
 So full of trecherie,  
 Allè the gestis that there were,  
 At that ilk Mangerie,  
 Of Gamelyn his own brothir  
 He toldin them with Mouth  
 Allè the harmis and the shame,  
 That e're he tellè couth.  
 Tho they werein yservid streit  
 Of Messis too or thre,  
 Than seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 How do ye serve me?  
 It ne is not wele yservid,  
 Be God that allè made,  
 That I shold sittin here fasting,  
 And othir men make glade.  
 The falsè Knightè his brothir  
 Thereas that he ystode,  
 Toldin to allè his gestis,  
 That Gamelyn was wode.  
 And Gamelyn there stodè still,  
 And answerid right noght,  
 But of Adam's wordis he  
 Helde still in his thought.  
 Tho Gamelyn began to speke,  
 Right doulesfully withall,  
 Unto the grette Lordis, that  
 Y satyn in the Hall.  
 My Lordlingis, tho seidin he  
 For Crist's passion,  
 Helpin to bringe Gamelyn  
 Out of thiske prison.  
 Than seide to him an Abbot,  
 (Sorow upon his cheke)  
 He shallin have Crist's curse,  
 And Seintè Maries eke,  
 That shall The out of this prison  
 Beggin owthir borow,  
 But evir worthè hym full wele,  
 That doth the mykil sorow.  
 And anon aftir that Abbot  
 Than spakin anothir,  
 I woldè that thyn hede were of,  
 Though thou were my brothir.  
 Allè that The shall borrowin,  
 Mote them foulè fall,  
 And thus yseidin alle they  
 That werin in the Hall.  
 Than seidè to hem a Priour,  
 Evil mowin he thrive,  
 It is grette sorow and care,  
 Boy, that thou art on live.  
 On, on, seidè yongè Gamelyn,  
 So broukin I my bone,  
 Now that I havin espyid  
 That frendis have I none.  
 A cursid mot he worthè be,  
 Bothè fleshe and blode,  
 That evir doth to Priouris,  
 Or Abbotes any gode.  
 Anon Adam the dispencer  
 Takin up hath the Cloth,  
 And lokid unto Gamelyn,  
 And laugh that he was wroth.  
 Adam of the Pantrie at thilk  
 Time litil he thought,

And too godè Stavis unto  
 The hallè dore he brought.  
 910 Adam lokid on Gamelyn,  
 And he was war anon,  
 And cast awaie the fetteris,  
 And began for to gon.  
 Tho he camin unto Adam,  
 He toke to the one staff,  
 And begannin to werkè wele,  
 990 And gode strokis he gaff.  
 Gamelyn came into the hall,  
 And Adam Spencer both,  
 920 And lokid them all aboutin,  
 As they haddè ben wroth.  
 Gamelyn sprenith holi watir  
 All with an okin spire,  
 That some of them that stode upright  
 Fillin into the fire.  
 There was no mannir lewdè Man,  
 1000 That in the Hallè stode,  
 That woldè doin Gamelyn  
 Any thingè but gode.  
 930 But thei stodè besidin, and  
 Letè them bothè werch,  
 For thei ne haddè no routhè  
 Of Men of holi Cherch,  
 Of Abbot, or of Priour, or  
 Of Monk, or of Canon,  
 That Gamelyn hath ovirtokè,  
 1010 Anon they yedin down.  
 There ne was none of them allè,  
 That with his staff ymette,  
 940 That he madè them ovirthrowe,  
 And quyttè them his dette.  
 Tho Gamelyn, seidè Adam,  
 For Seinte Charite,  
 Payith, I pray, gode liveray,  
 And for the love of me:  
 And I wolle kepin the dore,  
 1020 So evir here I Masse,  
 Er that they ben assoilyid  
 Ther shallè noon ypaste.  
 950 Doutè The noght, seide Gamelyn,  
 While that we ben in fere,  
 But kepè thou welè the dore,  
 And I woll werkin here:  
 Besturrih The, gode Adam, and  
 Ne lettith none ytle,  
 And we shall tellè largily  
 1030 How many here there be.  
 To Gamelyn, seidin Adam,  
 Doith them all but gode,  
 960 For thei ben Men of holi cherch,  
 Drawith of them no blode:  
 Savith right welè the Coroune,  
 And doith them no harmes,  
 But brekith bothè their leggis,  
 And sithin here thir armes.  
 Thus Gamelyn and Adam hath  
 1040 Y wroughtin rightè fast,  
 And pleidin with the Monkis tho,  
 And madè them agast.  
 970 Forth hi'sir they come riding  
 Full jolily with Swaines,  
 But home agen they werin ledde  
 In cartis and in waines.  
 Tho as they haddin all ydone,  
 Than seidin a gray frere,  
 1050 Alas! alas! my Lord Abbot,  
 What didde we now here?  
 Tho that we hithir did ycome  
 It was a colde rede,  
 980 Us had far bettir ben at home,  
 With watir, and with brede.

While



While Gamelyn made Orderis  
 Of Monkis and of Frere,  
 Evir stode his brothir stille,  
 And made soule there,  
 Tho Gamelyn up with his staff,  
 That he full welè knew,  
 And grettin him upon the nek,  
 That he him overthrewe,  
 A litil above the girdil  
 The riggin bone to braft,  
 And sett him in the fetteris,  
 There as he sattin arst.  
 Sittith thou there, my brothir John,  
 Tho seidè Gamelyn,  
 For to colin thy hotte bodie,  
 As I did colè myn.  
 And swithe as they yhaddè wele  
 Wrokin them on their fone,  
 They askid for the watir, and  
 They wishin them anon.  
 What some of them for their lovè,  
 And some for their awe,  
 Allè the servauntis servid  
 Them of the bestè law.  
 The Shereff was thennis away  
 But about a five Myle,  
 And all was toldin unto him  
 Within a littil whyle,  
 How Gamelyn and Adam had  
 Ydon a sorry res  
 Boundin and woundin many Men  
 Agen the King's pece.  
 Eftsonis tho begannin sone,  
 Striffè for to awake,  
 And the Shiregereve about did  
 Cast Gamelyn to take.  
 Now lithinith, and lestinith,  
 So God geve you gode fine,  
 And ye shull herin a gode game  
 Of yongè Gamelyne.  
 Now four and twentie yongè Men,  
 That holdin them full bold,  
 Comin unto the Shiregereve,  
 And seidè that they wold  
 Both Gamelyn and eke Adam  
 Y fettè be the way;  
 The Shiregereve gafe them leve  
 Tho, soth as I you say.  
 Thes yongè Meinè hidin them  
 Fast, woldè they not lynne,  
 Tyll that they comin to the gate  
 There Gamelyn was inne.  
 They knokidin upon the gate,  
 The Porter tho was nye,  
 And lokid forth out at an hole,  
 As Man that was full flye.  
 The Porter had beholdin them  
 But for a litil while,  
 He lovid welè Gamelyn,  
 And was adrad of gile,  
 And forthi letè the wicket  
 Y stondin fullè still,  
 And askid them that stant without  
 What ywas their will?  
 For allè the gret Cumpany  
 Than spake bot one alone,  
 Undo the gatis, porter, and  
 Latè us in ygone.  
 Then seidè to them the porter,  
 So broukin I my chynne,  
 Ye shullè sayin your Errand,  
 Or that ye comin inne.  
 Say to Gamelyn and Adam,  
 If that their wille it be,

We wollè spekin here with them,  
 Two wordis othir thre. 1130  
 Fellow, seidè the porter tho,  
 Stondith thou ther ystill,  
 And I woll wend to Gamelyn,  
 To wetin of his wille.  
 And in wentè the Porter tho  
 To Gamelyn anon,  
 And seidè, Sire, I warnè you,  
 That here be come your fone,  
 For lo! The Shiregerev's Men 1140  
 Now ben all at the gate,  
 For to ytekin you bothè,  
 Shallè ye not escape.  
 Porter, tho seidè Gamelyn,  
 So mote I welè the,  
 I woll allowè The thy wordes,  
 Whan I my timè fe.  
 Go ageyn, porter, to the gate,  
 And dwell with them a while,  
 Awaitin, and thou shaltè fe, 1150  
 Right fone, Porter, a gile.  
 Adam, tho seidè Gamelyn,  
 Lokè The to be gon,  
 We havè foomen at the gate,  
 And frendis nevir one.  
 It ben the Shiregerev's Men,  
 That hithir ben comin,  
 They ben yswore togiðeris,  
 That we shull be nomin.  
 To Gamelyn seidè Adam, 1160  
 Hiè The righte belyve,  
 And if I failè The this day,  
 Than evil mote I thryve.  
 And we shullin so welcomè  
 The Shiregerev's Men,  
 That some of them, I trow, shall make  
 Their beddis in the fen.  
 Then thorough the posternè gate  
 Yong Gamelyn out went,  
 And a gode sturdie cartè staffe 1170  
 In his hondè he hent.  
 And Adam Spencer hentè sone  
 Anothir grettè staffe,  
 For to helpe yong Gamelyn,  
 And gode strokis he gaffe.  
 Adam y'ellid hath his tweyne,  
 And Gamelyn felled thre,  
 The tothir fettè fete on erthi,  
 And fast began to fle.  
 What? seidin Adam Spencer tho, 1180  
 So evir hire I masse,  
 I havè right gode reddè wyne,  
 Pray drinkith er ye passe.  
 Nai nai by God, seidè they tho,  
 Thy drink is nothing gode,  
 It woldè makin Mann's brayne  
 To lyin in his hode.  
 Yong Gamelyn tho stodè still,  
 And lokid him about,  
 And faide, the Shiregereve comith 1190  
 With a full grettè rout.  
 Adam Spencer, seid Gamelyn,  
 My rede it is now this,  
 Abidin we not lengir here,  
 Left we farin amys.  
 I rede that we to Wode ygonn,  
 Er that we be yfound,  
 Betir is there lose for to gonn,  
 Than in the tounè ybound.  
 Adam then tokè by the hond 1200  
 This yongè Gamelyn,  
 And echè of them to the othir  
 Drankin a draft of wyne,  
 And



And aftirwardis toke their course,  
 And wente streight their way,  
 Tho fond the Shiregereve the Nest,  
 But in it was none ay.  
 The Shiregereve lightid adoune,  
 And went into the hall,  
 And fond the Lord yfetterid,  
 Full faste therewithall.  
 The Shireve tho unfetterid.  
 Him righte sone anon,  
 And sentin aftir a gode leche  
 To hele his rigge bon.  
 Lete we now this false Knight  
 Lie in his mochill care.  
 And telle we of Gamelyn,  
 And loken how he fare.  
 Gamelyn into the wild wode,  
 Ystalkid is full stille,  
 And Adam le dispencer it  
 Ylikid but right ille,  
 Tho Adam swore to Gamelyn,  
 And that be Seint Richere,  
 Now I say that it is mery,  
 To ben a dispencer:  
 That muche levire me werin  
 The kayis for to bere,  
 Than walkin in this wildè wode,  
 My clothis all to tere.  
 Adam, seide yong Gamelyn,  
 Dismaye The right noght,  
 For many a gode Mann's child  
 In care is ybrought.  
 As they thus in the wode stodin  
 Ytalking both in fere,  
 Adam herdè talking of Men,  
 And nigh them thought they were.  
 Tho Gamelyn undir the wild  
 Wode lokid aright,  
 Full sevin score of yongè Men  
 He saugh right wel ydight;  
 Allè were satte at their mete  
 In a compas about,  
 Adam, tho seide Gamelyn,  
 Now havin ye no doute,  
 For aftir balè comith bote,  
 Thorough Godd's grete might,  
 Methinkith of mete, and of drink  
 That I havin a fight.  
 Adam le dispencer lokid  
 Tho undir wode bowe,  
 And whan that he the metè saugh  
 Tho he was glad inowe,  
 For now he hopid unto God  
 For to havin his dele,  
 And he was full fore alongid  
 Aftir a gode mele.  
 Anon as he seide that word,  
 Streight the Maistir outlawe  
 Saugh Gamelyn and Adam both  
 Undir the wode shaw.  
 Lo! yongè Men, seide the Maistir  
 Outlaw, by the gode rode,  
 I am aware of some gestis  
 Pray God fendin us gode.  
 Loke! yondir be two yongè Men,  
 That ben right wel adight,  
 A peradventure they ben mo,  
 Whoso lokid aright.  
 Arisith up quick yongè men,  
 And fetre them to me,  
 For it is gode, that we wetin,  
 What meinè that they be.  
 Up thei stertin quik at that word  
 Sevin fro the dinnere,

And they mettin with Gamelyn,  
 And Adam Dispencere.  
 Whan that they werin ney to them,  
 Than seide thus that one,  
 Yeldith up to us, yongè men,  
 Your bowis, and your flone.  
 Than seide to them Gamelyn,  
 That yongè was of elde,  
 Full mochil sorow mote they have,  
 That unto you shall yelde.  
 I curse woll none othir wight,  
 But right mine ownè felve,  
 Tho ye may fettin unto you  
 Fyve, and than be ye twelve.  
 They herdin by his wordis that  
 Gret might was in his arme,  
 And forthi there was none of them  
 That woldè don him harme,  
 But seidin unto Gamelyn  
 Right mildily and still,  
 Comith asforin our Maistir,  
 And say to him thy will.  
 Yongè man, seide Gamelyn,  
 Upon your leaute,  
 Tellith what man your Maistir is,  
 Which that ye with ybe.  
 Tho allè they answerid him  
 At ones without lesing,  
 Our Maistir is ycorounid  
 Of Outlawis the King.  
 Adam, seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 Go we in Crist's name,  
 He may nothir metè nor drink  
 Y wernè us for shame,  
 And if that he be hendè, and  
 Comin of gentil blode,  
 He woll geve us both mete and drink,  
 And doin us some gode.  
 By Seintè Jame, seide Adam tho,  
 What harme so that I gete,  
 I will adventure me to the  
 Dore that I had mete.  
 Tho Gamelyn and Adam both  
 Y wente forth in fere,  
 And they both gretè the Maistir  
 Which that they fondè there.  
 Than seide to them the Maistir,  
 That King was of Outlawes,  
 What do ye seke, ye yongè Men,  
 Undir the wode Shawes?  
 Yong Gamelyn answerid tho  
 The King with his Coroune,  
 He mustè nedis walk in wodes,  
 That may not walk in toun.  
 Sire, we walke not here in wodes  
 Non harme for to do,  
 But if peradventure we mete  
 A Dere, to shete thereto,  
 As meinè that ben right hungry,  
 And now no metè fynd,  
 And very harde ben bestad  
 Undir the wode lynd.  
 Of Gamelyn's wordis tho  
 The Maistir haddè routhe,  
 And seide to them, ye shall have  
 Inow, have God my trouthe;  
 Anon he badde them sittin  
 Downe, for to takè rest,  
 And badde them etin and drink,  
 And that too of the best,  
 As they were eting and drinking  
 Of the best wele and sine,  
 Than seide the ton to the tothir,  
 This is yongè Gamelyne.  
 N  
 Tho

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Tho was the Maistir of Outlawes  
 Into Counsaile nomin,  
 And told how it was Gamelyn,  
 That thithir was comin.  
 Anon as he had herdin all  
 How that it was befall,  
 He made Gamelyn Maistir  
 Undir him o're them all.  
 Within the third weke aftir this  
 To him comith tiding,  
 To the Maistir of Outlawis,  
 Which that now was their King,  
 That he shuld ycomin home,  
 For that his pees was made;  
 And of that joyfull tiding he  
 Was wonderously glade.  
 Tho seide he to his yongè men,  
 The sothè for to tell,  
 To me be comin tidingis  
 I may no lengir dwell.  
 Tho was yong Gamelyn anon  
 Withoutin taryng,  
 Made Maistir of Outlawis, and  
 Ycrounid their King.  
 Tho was yong Gamelyn crounid  
 The King of the Outlawes,  
 And among them walkid a while  
 Undir the wodè shawes.  
 The falsè Knight his brothir now  
 Was Shiregereve and Sire,  
 And lete his brothir be endite  
 For hatè and for ire.  
 Tho werin all his bondmeine  
 Sory, and nothing glad,  
 Whan that Gamelyn their lordè,  
 Wolves hede was cryed and made.  
 And sentin outè his meinè  
 Where they mightin him fynd,  
 For to sekin yonge Gamelyn  
 Undir the wodè lynd.  
 To tellè to him tidingis  
 The windè was ywent,  
 And allè his gode revid was,  
 And all his men yfhent.  
 Whan that they haddè hym foundin,  
 On kneys they them sette,  
 And adoun with their hodè, and  
 Gamelyn, their Lord, grette.  
 They seidin, Sire, now wrathè not  
 You for the godè rode,  
 For we have brought you tidingis,  
 But they be nothing gode.  
 Now is thy brothir Shiregereve,  
 And he hath the baillie,  
 And thereto hath enditid The,  
 And wolves hede doth The crie.  
 Allas! tho seidè Gamelyn,  
 That e're I was so flak;  
 That I ne hadd brokin his nek,  
 Whan I his riggè brak.  
 Goith, and gretith you welè,  
 My housbondis an wif,  
 I wollè ben at the next Shire  
 So havè God my lif.  
 Gamelyn camè well redy  
 Unto the nextè Shire,  
 And there the falsè Knight his brothir  
 Was bothè Lord and Sire.  
 Gamelyn camè boldilich  
 Into the motè hall,  
 And put adoun his hode among  
 The Lordilingis all.  
 God favè you, Lordilingis,  
 Which that now herè be,

But as for The, brokebak Shereve,  
 Evil motè thou the.  
 Why hastè thou doin to me  
 That shame and villonie,  
 For to latin enditè me, 1430  
 And wolf'is hede me crie?  
 Tho thought the falsè Knight on him  
 For to have ben awreke,  
 And letè takin Gamelyn, 1360  
 Must he no more yspeke.  
 Mightè there be no mannir grace,  
 But Gamelyn, at last,  
 Was into prisoun ycastin,  
 And fetterid full fast.  
 This Gamelyn hath a brothir 1440  
 That clepid was Sir Ote,  
 As gode and hend a Knight he was,  
 As mightin gon on fote.  
 1370 Right anon yede a Meflager  
 Unto that godè Knight,  
 And toldin him altogethir  
 How Gamelyn was dight.  
 Anon as Sir Ote herdin had  
 How Gamelyn was dight,  
 He was right passing fory tho, 1450  
 Ne he was nothing light.  
 And letè saddle him a stede,  
 And streit the weie he name,  
 1380 And unto his tweie bretherin  
 Right sonè there he came.  
 Sir, seidè this Sir Ote unto  
 The Shiregerevè tho,  
 We ben but only thre brethren,  
 Shall we be nevir mo,  
 And thus hast thou yprisounid 1460  
 The bestè of us all:  
 Soche anothir brothir as thou  
 Evil mote him befall.  
 1390 Sir Ote, seidè the falsè Knight,  
 Now letè be thy curs,  
 By God, for thesè thi wordis he  
 Shallè farin the wors.  
 Now to the King'is prisoun he  
 Is lefully ynome;  
 And there he shall abidin 1470  
 Untill the Justice come.  
 But parde, seidè Sir Ote tho,  
 Bettir it shall ybe,  
 1400 I biddin him unto Maynprise,  
 And that thou grauntè me,  
 Untill the nextè sitting shall  
 Come of delivraunce,  
 And than lete Gamelyn fairely  
 Ystondin to his chaunce.  
 Brothir, in soche a forewardè 1480  
 I takin him to The,  
 And by thy fa'ir'is soulè,  
 That The begat and me,  
 1410 If that he be not right redy  
 Whan that the justice sitte,  
 Thou shaltè berin the judgement,  
 For all thy grettè witt.  
 I grauntin it wele, seide Sir Ote,  
 That it shall so ybe,  
 Letith delivir him anon, 1490  
 And takin him to me.  
 Tho Gamelyn was delivered  
 To Sir Ote his brothir,  
 And that night ydwellid in fere  
 The ton with the tothir.  
 On the morow seide Gamelyn  
 Unto Sir Ote the hend,  
 My brothir, he seidè, forsothe,  
 I motè from The wend,



To lokin how my yongè Men  
 In wode ledin their lif,  
 And whethir that they livin now  
 In joie or elles in strif.  
 Be God tho answerid Sir Ote,  
 That is a coldè rede,  
 Now I se that alle the Cark  
 Shall fallin on my hede;  
 For whan that the Justice sittith,  
 And thou be not yfound,  
 I shall anon be takin, and  
 In thy stede be ybound.  
 Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn,  
 Dismayè The right noght,  
 For be Seint Jame in Galis,  
 That many man hath sought,  
 If so that God Almighty hold  
 Me my lif, and my wir,  
 I wolle ben there right redy  
 Whan that the justice sit.  
 Than seide Sir Ote to Gamelyn,  
 God sheldè The fro shame,  
 Comith whan that thou seist tyme,  
 And bring us out of blame.  
 Now lithinith, and lestinith,  
 And holdith you right still,  
 And ye shulle herin how that  
 Gamelyn had his will.  
 Anon Gamelyn wentin his  
 Way undir the wode rise,  
 And he yfondè there playing  
 His yongè men of prife.  
 Tho was this yongè Gamelyn  
 In hert right glad inow,  
 Whan that he fond his yongè men  
 Undir the wode bow.  
 Gamelyn and his yongè men  
 Ytalkidin in fere,  
 And they all haddè right gode game  
 Their Maistir for to here.  
 His men told him of Aventures,  
 Which that they had yfound,  
 And Gamelyn told them agen  
 How he was fast ybound.  
 All the while that Gamelyn was  
 Outlaw, had he no curs,  
 There ne was no man that for him  
 Yferid ought the wors,  
 But Abbotis and Priouris,  
 And Monkis, and Chanon,  
 In them forsothe ne laft he noght,  
 Whan er he might them nom.  
 While Gamelyn and his yong men  
 Y madè mirthis ryve,  
 The falsè Knight his own brothir,  
 Evil morè he thryve,  
 For all this while he waft about  
 Both one day and othir,  
 On purpose for to hire the quest  
 To hangin his brothir.  
 Gamelyn stodin on a day,  
 And round him he beheld  
 The wild wodis, and the shawis  
 Within the wildè feld,  
 He thoughtin upon his brothir,  
 How that he him behete,  
 That he ywoldin be redy  
 Whan that the justice sete,  
 He thoughtin welè that he wolde  
 Withouthin more delay  
 Y comin afore the justice  
 For to kepin his day.  
 And seide to his yongè men,  
 Now dightith you full yare,

1500 For whan that the justice sittith  
 We mote nedis be there.  
 For I am undir a borow  
 Until that I comin,  
 And my brothir instede of me  
 To prifon shall be nomin.  
 Be Seint Jame seide his yongè men, 1580  
 And that thou rede thereto,  
 Ordeinith how it shallè be,  
 And it shall so be do.  
 1510 While Gamelyn was ycoming  
 There that the justice satt,  
 The falsè Knight his own brothir  
 Forgattin he not that,  
 To hire the meinè on his quest,  
 To hangin his brothir,  
 And though thei haddè not that oon, 1590  
 He wolde han that othir.  
 Tho comith yongè Gamelyn  
 From undir the wode rise,  
 1520 And he broughtin along with him  
 His yongè men of prife.  
 I se welè, seide Gamelyn,  
 The justice is ysette,  
 Go thou afor us, Adam, and  
 Lokè how that it spette. 1600  
 Adam wentè into the Hall,  
 And lokid all about,  
 And he saugh there ystondè tho  
 Lordingis grette and stout,  
 1530 And Sir Ore Gamelyn's brothir  
 Y fetterid welè fast,  
 Tho wentin Adam out of Hall,  
 As he werin agast.  
 Adam seide to Gamelyn,  
 And to his felawes all,  
 Sir Ore ystondith fetterid  
 Within the motè hall.  
 Seide Gamelyn, if God geve us  
 Grace wel for to do,  
 1540 He shallin it abegge anon  
 That him broughtin thereto.  
 Then seidin Adam dispencer,  
 That lokkis haddin hore,  
 Christ's curse motè he havin,  
 That boundin him so fore,  
 And if thou wiltè, Gamelyn, 1620  
 Doin astir my rede,  
 There is none in the Hallè, that  
 Shall bere aweie his hede.  
 1550 Adam, tho seide Gamelyn,  
 We wolle not do so,  
 We woll fle only the giltif,  
 And lat the othir go.  
 Iwill my selve into the hall,  
 And hire the justice speke,  
 And on all them that ben giltif 1630  
 I wolle ben avreke.  
 Lat none escapin at the dore,  
 Take, yonge meinè, yeme,  
 1560 For I wolle ben the justice  
 This day domis to deme.  
 Pray God spedè me this ilk dai  
 At this my newè werke;  
 And Adam, comith thou with me,  
 For thou shalt be my Clerke.  
 His meinè all answerid him, 1640  
 And bad hym don his best,  
 And if thou to us havè nede,  
 Thou shalt fyndin us prest.  
 1570 For we wolle stondin with The  
 Whilis that we may dure,  
 And but that we werkin manly,  
 Payith us then no hure.



Yonge Men, seide Gamelyn,  
 So mot I wele y the,  
 As ye a right trusty Maistir  
 Shullè findin of me.  
 And rightè thereat the justice  
 Yfartin in the Halle,  
 In wentè tho yong Gamelyn,  
 Boldly amonges them all.  
 Gamelyn letè unfettir  
 His brothir out of bend,  
 Than seide to him Sir Otis,  
 His brothir that was hende,  
 Thou haddist almost, Gamelyn,  
 Dwellid away to long,  
 For the queste is ygon out  
 On me, that I shulde honge.  
 Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn,  
 God gevè me gode rest,  
 This gode day they shull ben hongid,  
 That ben upon the quest;  
 And thereto the justice borhè,  
 That is the juggè man,  
 And eke the Sheriff our brothir,  
 For through him it began.  
 Than seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 Unto the false justice,  
 Now is thi powir at an end,  
 You must nedis arise.  
 Thou hast ygevin domis that  
 Ben evil allè dight,  
 I wolle settin in thi fete,  
 And dresfin them aright.  
 But the justice sattin stillè,  
 And roosè not anon,  
 And Gamelyn with his swerdè  
 Clevid his chekè bone.  
 Yonge Gamelyn toke him in his  
 Armis, and no more spak,  
 But threw him ovir the barrè,  
 And his armè to brak.  
 Durst no one unto Gamelyn  
 Sayè nothing but gode,  
 For fere of the gret cumpany  
 That withoutin yfode.  
 Gamelyn sattè him adoun  
 In the Justic's stede,  
 (Herkenith now of the bourdè  
 That Gamelyn tho dede)  
 And Sir Otè by him he satte,  
 And Adam at his fete;  
 And whan Gamelyn the yong was  
 Satte in the justice fete,  
 He letè fettè the Justice,  
 And his falsè brothir,  
 And letè them come to the barre,  
 The ton with that othir;  
 Whan Gamelyn had thus ydone,  
 Haddin he tho no rest,  
 Till that he had enquerid who  
 Werin upon the quest,  
 For to demin his brothir dere  
 Sir Ote for to be honge,  
 Er that he wistè which they were  
 It thoughtè him full longe.  
 But al so sone as Gamelyn  
 Wistè where that thei were,  
 He diddè them evèrichone  
 Fetterin fast in fere,  
 And bringè them unto the barre,  
 And fettè them in vewe;

By my faith, seide the justice,  
 The Sheriff is a shrewe.  
 1650 Than seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 Unto the false justice,  
 Thou hastè gevè thy domis,  
 Al of the worst affise;  
 And the twelvè Sifouris, that  
 Werin of the inquest,  
 They shullè ben hongid this day,  
 So God geve me gode rest.  
 Than seide the Sheriff pitoufly,  
 To yongè Gamelyn,  
 1660 My Lord, I criè The Mercie,  
 Brothir artè thou myn.  
 Therefore, seide yongè Gamelyn,  
 Havè you Crist's Curse,  
 For if thou werin Maistir yet  
 Shuldin I farè worse.  
 But for to makè short my tale,  
 And nor to tary longe,  
 He ordeynid him there a quest  
 Of his own men so strong.  
 1670 The false Justice, and the Sheriff,  
 Bothè were hongid hie,  
 To weyvin there with the ropis,  
 And with the windè drie.  
 And als the twelvè Sifouris,  
 Sorow havè that rekk,  
 Allè they werin yhongid  
 Full fastè by the nekk.  
 Thus endid hath the falsè Knight  
 With all his trechèrie,  
 1680 That evir haddè lad his life,  
 In falsenefs and folie.  
 He was hongid up by the neck,  
 And nought by the purse,  
 That was the Mede that he had haddè.  
 From his fa'ir's curse.  
 Sir Otè was the eldist tho,  
 And Gamelyn was yongè,  
 They wentin with their frendis, and  
 Passidin to the King.  
 1690 They madin pece with the Kingè  
 Of the bestè affise,  
 The King lovid Sir Otè wele  
 And made him a Justice;  
 Aftr the King made Gamelyn  
 I in Est and West,  
 The Crefe Justice and Ridere of  
 Allè his fre forest.  
 Alle his wight yongè Men the King  
 Forgafin them their gilt,  
 1700 And sithen in gode office the King  
 Hath allè them ypilt.  
 Thus has wan yongè Gamelyn  
 His londè and his Lede,  
 And wrake of him his Enemies,  
 And quyte them their mede.  
 And Sir Otè his brothir dere  
 Ymade him hath his heir,  
 And sithin weddid Gamelyn  
 A Wite both gode and faire:  
 1710 They lividin togidèr wele,  
 Whilis that Christè wolde,  
 And sithin that was Gamelyn  
 Ygravin undir Molde;  
 And so shallè we allè here,  
 May there no man yfle;  
 God bringin us unto the joie,  
 That evir shull ybe.

him of

Thus endith the Legend of GAMELYN, call'd the COKE's TALE, in all the MSS that I have  
 seen, and have this Tale.





## The Man of Lawes PROLOGUE.



OUR Hoste saw well how that the bright  
Sunne  
The' Ark of his artificial day had ronn  
The fourthe partè, and eke half an houre  
more:

And though he were not depe expert in lore,  
He wist wele that it was the eightene day  
Of Aprill, that is Messenger to May;  
And saw wele that the shadow of eche tre  
Was in lengthè of the same quantite  
As was the body' erect that causid it:  
Therefore by the shadow he toke his wit,  
That Phæbus, which that shone so clere and bright,  
Degrees was forty fyve clombin of hight.

And for that dayè, as in Latitude,  
It was ten of the Clok he gan conclude,  
And sodeinly he plight his horse about,  
Lordlinges, qð he, I warne you all the rout,  
That the forth part of this day is agon,  
Now for the love of God, and of Seint John,  
Lesith no tyme, as ferforth as ye may,  
Lordlinges, this tyme wastith both night and day,  
And fleeth fro us whan privily sleeping,  
And what through negligence in our waking,  
As doth the streme, that turnith ne're ageyn,  
Descending from the mountain to the plaine.  
Wele can Senec, and many Philosophre  
Bewailin tyme lost more than gold in Cofre.  
For los of Cattle may recoverid be,  
But los of timè shendith us, qð he,

It woll not come ageyn withoutin dred,  
No more than will come Malkin's Maidinhede, 30  
Whan she hath lost it in her wantonness.  
Let us not mowlin thus in idleness.

Sir Man of Law, qð he, so have I blis,  
Tell us a tale anon, as forewarde is:  
Ye ben submittid through your fre assent  
To stondin in this case at my judgement.  
Acquittith now your self of your behest,  
Than have you don your devyr at the lest.  
Hoste, qð he, depardeux Ich assent,  
To brekin forewarde is not mine entent,

Behest is dette, and I woll holdin faine  
Al my behest, I can no bettir faine.  
For soch law as Man gevith othir wight,  
He shuld himself usin the same by right.  
Thus woll our text; but nathclefs certene  
I can right now no thrifty tale sayn  
That Chaucer (though that he can but leudly  
On Metris, and in riming craftily)  
Hath seide them in soche English as he can,  
Of oldè tyme, as knowith many' a Man.  
And if he have not seide them, leve brother,  
In one boke, he hath seide them in another.  
For he hath told of Loveres up and doune,  
Mo than Ovid hath made of mentioune,  
In his Epistilis, thar ben full old.

What shuld I tellin them, sith they ben told?  
In youth he made of Ceyx and Alecyon;  
And sith he hath spokin of everichone

These




These nobil wivis, and these loveres eke,  
 Whofo that will in his large volume seke,  
 Clepid the Seintis Legend of Cupide:  
 There may he se the large woundis wide  
 Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe,  
 The swerd of Dido for her false Enee,  
 The tree of Phillis for her Demophoon,  
 The pleint of Deianire, and Hermion,  
 Of Ariadne, and Hipsiphile;  
 The barein Isle ystonding in the Se,  
 Which that Leander dreint for his Hero,  
 The teris of Helen, and eke the wo  
 Of Briseis, and of Laodamia,  
 The cruelty of the quene Medea.  
 The litil childrin hanging by the hals,  
 For thilk Jason, that was of love so fals.  
 Of Hypermnestra, Penelope, Alcest,  
 Your wivchode he commendith with the best.  
 But certainly no word ne writith he  
 Of thilk ensample wyke of Canace,

60 That lovid her own brothir sinfully:  
 Of soche curfid Stories I say fye. 80  
 Or els of Tyro Apolloneus,  
 How that the curfid King Antiochus  
 Biraft his doughtir of her Maidinhede;  
 That is so horrible a tale to rede,  
 Whan he her drew upon the Pavement.  
 And therefore he of full avisement  
 Nold nevir write in none of his sermons  
 Of soche unkind Abominations.  
 Ne I woll non reherse, if that I may.  
 70 But of my tale how shall I do this day? 90  
 Me werin loth to be liknid doutles  
 To Muses, that Men clepe Pierides,  
 Metamorphoseos wot what I mene,  
 But nathelless I rechè not a bene,  
 Though I comin aftir him with hawbak,  
 I speke in prose, and let him rimis make.  
 And with that word he with a sobir chere  
 Began his tale, as ye shull aftir here.

Here endith the PROLOGUE.

## VI. The Man of Lawe's TALE.

Lady Cunstance the Emperor's Daughter of Rome, after her Marriage with the Sowdan of Surrey, through the Malice of the Sowdan's Mother suffereth great Trouble and Misery with her young Child Maurice, but yet in the end is restor'd to comfort.

 Hateful harme, Condition of Povert!  
 With thirst, with cold, with hungir fore  
 confoundid, 100  
 To askin help The shamith in thy hert,  
 If Thou none ask, so fore art thou ywoundid,  
 That very nede unwrappith all thy wounds hid,  
 Maugre thy hede thou must for indigence  
 Or flele, or beg, or borow thy dispence:

Thou blamist Crist, and seyft full bittirly,  
 He misdepartith richis temporall,  
 Thy neighbour eke thou witist sinfully,  
 And seist thou hast to litil, he hath all, 110  
 Parfay saist thou sometime he rekin shall,  
 Whan that his tail shall brennin in the glede,  
 For he ne helpith nedefull in their nede.

Herkin what is the Sentence of the wise,  
 Bet is to dyin than have indigence,  
 Thy self Neighbour wollin The to~~re~~ dispise,  
 If thou be pore, farewell thy reverence;  
 Yet of the wise men take this Sentence,  
 Alle the dayis of pore men ben wikk,  
 Beware therefore er thou come at that prikk. 120

If thou be pore, thy brothir hatith The,  
 And all thy frendis fleen fro The, alas!  
 O rich Merchauntis, full of wele ye be,  
 O noble prudent folk, as in this caas,  
 Your baggis ben nor filled with ambis aas,  
 But with *see sink*, that rennith for your chaunce,  
 At Christmas then wele mery mow ye daunce.

Ye sekin Lond and See for your winning  
 As wise folk ye knowin all the State  
 Of reignes, ye ben faðiris of tydinges,  
 And talis bothin of pece and debate,  
 I was right now of talis desolate,

Ne're that a Merchaunt, gone is many' a yere,  
 Me taught a tale, the which ye shullin here.

In Surrey whilom dwelt a Cumpany  
 Of champmen rich, and thereto sad and true,  
 That widè were sentin their spicery,  
 Clothis of gold, and Sattin rich of hew,  
 Their chafare was so thrifty, and so new,  
 That every wight hath dainty to chafare 140  
 With them, and eke to sellin them their ware.

Now fell it that the Maistirs of that sort  
 Han thapin them to Rome for to wend,  
 Were it for chapmanhode, or for disport,  
 None othir Message woude they thithir send,  
 But came themselfe to Rome, this is the end;  
 And in soche place, as thought them advantage  
 For their intent, there toke their herbigeage.

Sojournid han these Marchautes in that towne  
 A certeine time, as fell to their plesauce, 150  
 But so befell, that th' excellent renoune  
 Of the Empèrour's daughtir, Dame Cunstance,  
 Reportid was, with every circumstance,  
 Unto these Surrein Marchaunts, in soche wise,  
 Fro day to day, as I shall you devise.

This was the comune voice of every Man,  
 Our Empèrour of Rome, Now God him se,  
 A doughtir hath, that sin the world began,  
 To rekin her godeness, and her beaute,  
 Was nevir soche anothir, as is she: 160  
 I pray to God in honour her susteine,  
 And wolde she were of all Europe the quene.

130 In her is high bewte withoutin pride,  
 And youth withoutin grenehode or folie,  
 To all her werkis vertue is hir gyde,

Humble's



Humbleſs in her hath ſlaine all tirannie,  
She is a mirrour of all curteſy.  
Her hert is very chambre' of holineſſe,  
Her hond miniſter of fredome, and almeſs.

And all this voyce was ſothe, as God is true; 170  
But now to purpoſe let us turn again;  
Theſe Marchauntes had don fraught their ſhippis newe,  
And whan they han this bliſfull Maidin ſene,  
Home to Surrey ben they ywent agen,  
And don their nedis, as they han done yore,  
And livin wele, I can ſay you no more.

Now ſell it, that theſe Marchauntes ſtode in grace  
Of him that was the Sowdan of Surrie:  
For whan that they came from any ſtraunge place  
He woldin of his benigne curtiſy 180  
Make them gode chere, and beſily eſpie  
Tidinges of ſondry Londis for to lere,  
The wondiris, that they might ſene or here.

Amongis other thingis ſpecially  
Theſe Marchauntes have him told of Dame Cunſtance  
So grete nobleſs, in erniſt ſeriously  
That this Sowdan hath caught ſo grete pleaſaunce  
To han her figure in his remembraunce,  
And all his luſt, and all his beſy cure,  
Was for to love her while his lif may dure.

Peraventure in that ilk large boke,  
Which clepid is the Heven, ywrittin was  
With ſterris, whan that he his birthè toke,  
That he for love ſholde han his dethe alas!  
For in the ſterres clerer than is the glas  
Is writtin, God wot, whoſo couth it rede,  
The dethe of every man withoutin drede.

In ſterris many' a Winter there before  
Was write the deth of Hector, Achilles,  
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were bore; 200  
The ſtrife of Thebis, and of Hercules,  
Of Sampſon, Turnus, and of Socrates,  
The dethe; but that Men's writtis ben ſo dull,  
That no wight can well rede it at the full.

This Sowdan for his privy Counſell ſent  
And ſhortly of this matter for to pace,  
He hath to them declarid his intent,  
And ſeid certein but if he might have grace  
To have Cunſtance, within a litil ſpace,  
He n'as bot dede; and chargid them to hie 210  
To ſhapin for his lif ſome remedy.

And divers men divers thingis ſeidin,  
And Argumentis caſtin up and doune,  
Many' a ſubtill reſon forth they leydin,  
They ſpeke of Magick, and Abusioun,  
But finally, as in Concluſioun,  
They cannot ſe in that none advantage,  
Ne in none othir way, ſaaf Mariage.

Than ſawe thei therin ſoche difficulte,  
By way of reſon for to ſpeke all plaine, 220  
Becauſe that there was ſoche diverſity,  
Betwenin both their lawis, that they ſain,  
They trow that no Chriſtin prince woldè ſain  
Weddin his child undir our lawe ſo fwete,  
That us was taught by Mahound our Prophete.

And he answerid, rathir than I leſe  
Cunſtance, I woll be Chriſtinid doutleſs.  
I mot ben hers, I may none othir cheſe,  
I pray you hold your Arguments in pece,  
Savith my lif, and be not rechileſſe 230

To gettin her, that hath my lif in cure,  
For in this wo I may not long endure.

What nedith gretter dilatation?  
I ſay by trefy and Embaſſadry,  
And by the Pop'is Mediation,  
And all the Chirch, and all the Chivalry.  
That in deſtruction of Maumetrie,  
And in increſe of Chriſt's lawè dere,  
They ben accordid, as ye ſhallin here.

How that the Sowdan, and his Baronage, 240  
And all his Liegis ſhuld y Chriſt nid be,  
And he ſhall han Cunſtance in Mariage,  
And certein gold, I n'ot what quantite,  
And hereto find ſufficient ſurete;  
The ſame accord was ſworn on either ſide;  
Now, faire Cunſtance, Almighty God The gyde.

Now woldin ſome Men waitin, as I gheſſe,  
That I ſhuld tellin all the purveiaunce,  
That the Empèrour of his nobilneſſe  
Hath ſhapin for his doughtir Dame Cunſtance, 250  
Wele may men know that ſo gret ordinaunce  
May no man tellin in a litte Clauſe,  
As was arrayid for ſo high a cauſe.

Biſhops ben ſhapin with her for to wend,  
Lordis and Ladies, and Knightes of renoun,  
And othir folk inow, this is the end,  
And notifyd is throughout the toun,  
That every wight with gret devotionne  
Shuld prayin Criſt, that he this Mariage  
Receive in gree, and ſpedin this voiage. 260

The day is comin of her departing,  
I ſay the wofull fatall day is come,  
That there may be no lengir tarying,  
But forward they them dreſſin all and ſome;  
Cunſtance, that is with ſorow all o'recome,  
Full pale ariſt, and dreſſid her to wend,  
For well ſhe ſeeth there is none othir end.

Alas! what wondir is it, though ſhe wept?  
That ſhall be ſent to a ſtraunge Natioun,  
Fro frendis, that ſo tendirly her kept, 270  
And be boundin undir Subjectionne  
Of one ſhe knoweth not his Conditounne.  
Huſbondis ben all gode, and han ben yore,  
That knowin wivis, I dare ſay no more.

Faſhir, ſhe ſaid, thy wretchid child Cunſtance,  
Thy yonge doughtir, foſt'rid up ſo ſoft,  
And ye, my Mo'dir, my Soverayne pleaſaunce,  
Ovir all thingis (out take Criſt on loſte)  
Cunſtance your child her recommendith oft  
Unto your grace, for I ſhall to Surrey, 280  
Ne ſhall I nevir more ſee you with eye.

Alas! unto the barbary nation  
I muſt anon, ſithin it is your will;  
But Chriſt, that ſtaf for our redemption,  
So geve me grace his heſtis to fulfill;  
I wretchid woman no force though I ſpill,  
Wymen are born to thraldom and penance,  
And to ben undir Mann's governaunce.

I trow at Troy, whan Pyrrhus brake the wall,  
Of Ilion, or brent was Thebes Cite, 290  
Nor Rome, for the grete harme of Hannibal,  
That Romanes hath vanquiſhid timis thre,  
N'as herde ſoche tender wepyng for pite,  
As in the chambir was for her parting,  
But forth ſhe mote, whether ſhe wepe or ſing.  
O fers



O fers first moving cruill firmament  
 With thy diurnal swegh that croudift aye,  
 And hirlist all fro th' Est to th' Occident,  
 That nat'rally wold hold anothir way,  
 Thy crowding sett the heven in soche aray 300  
 At the beginning of this fers voiage,  
 That cruill Mars hath flaine this Mariage.

Infortunate ascendent tortuous,  
 In which the Lord is helpless fall'n, alas!  
 Out of his Angle' into the derkist hous  
 Of Mars, O occifer as in this caas,  
 O feble Mone, unhappy ben thy paas,  
 Thou knittist there thou n'art not receivid,  
 There thou were well fro thence art thou weyvid.

Imprudent Empèrour of Rome alas! 310  
 Was there no Philosophir in thy toun?  
 Is no tyme bett than othir in soche caas?  
 Of Voiage is there none Elestioun?  
 Namely to folk of high Conditoun  
 Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknow?  
 Alas! we ben too lèand, or too slow.

To Ship is brought this wofull faire Maid  
 Solempnly, with every Circumstaunce,  
 Now Jesus Christ be with you al, she saide,  
 Theren'is no more, but farewell faire Cunstane; 320  
 She painith her to make gode Countenance;  
 And forth I lete her saile in this manere,  
 And toun I woll ageyn to my matere.

*Explicit pars prima, sequitur pars secunda.*

The Mo'ir of the Sowdan wel of vice  
 Espyid hath her Sonn'is plaine entent,  
 How he woll levin his old Sacrifice.  
 And right anon she for her counsaile sent,  
 And they ben comin to know what she ment,  
 And whan assemblid was this folk in fere,  
 She sett her down, and seide as ye shull here, 330

Lordis, q'ð she, ye knowin everichone,  
 How that my Sone on point is for to lete  
 The holy lawis of our Alkoran,  
 Gevin by God's Messinger Machomete,  
 But one avowe to the Grete God I here,  
 Lif shall rathir out of my body stert,  
 Er Machomet's law out of my hert.

What shuld us tidin of this newè lawe  
 But thraldome to our bodys and penaunce,  
 And astirward in hellè to be draw, 340  
 For we renyid Mahound our Creaunce?  
 But, Lordis, woll ye make me assuraunce,  
 As I shall say, assenting to my lore,  
 And I shall make us safe for evirmore.

They sworin and assentin every man,  
 To live with her and dye, and by her stond:  
 And everich in the best wise that he can  
 To strengthin her shall all his frendis fond.  
 And she hath this Emprise ytake in hond,  
 Which ye shull here, that I shall you devise, 350  
 And to them all she spakin in this wise.

We shull us first faine Christendom to take,  
 Cold watir shall not greve us but a lite,  
 And I shall soche a revill and fest make,  
 That as I trow I shall the Sowdan quite:  
 For though his wife be christ'nid nere so white

She shall have nede to wash away the rede,  
 Though she a font of watir with her lede.

O Soudonnefs, rote of inquite,  
 Virago, thou Semiram the second! 360  
 O Serpent undir femininite,  
 Like to the Serpent depe in helle ybound!  
 O fainid woman, all that may confound  
 Vertue and Innocence through thy Malice:  
 Is bred in The a nest of every vice;

O Sathan envious, fithin thilk day  
 That thou wert chafid from our heritage,  
 Well knowist thou to wynnen the old way:  
 Thou madist Eve to bring us in servage,  
 Thou wold for don this Christin Mariage, 370  
 This instrument, so welaway the while,  
 Makest thou of wymen, whan thou wolt begyle.

This Soudonnefs, whom I thus blame and warie,  
 Lete privily her Counsaile gon their way;  
 What shuld I lenger in this tale tarye?  
 She ridith to the Sowdan on a day,  
 And saide him, that she wuld reny her lay,  
 And Cristindome of prestis hondis song,  
 Repenting her she hethin was so long.

Beseching him to don her that honour, 380  
 That she might have the Christin folk to fest,  
 To plesin them I woll don my labour,  
 The Sowdan saide, I woll don all your best,  
 And kneling thankid her of that request.  
 So glad he was, he n'ist not what to say,  
 She kist her Sone, and home she goth her way.

Arrivid ben these Christin folk to lond,  
 In Surrey, with a gret and solempne rout,  
 And hastily this Sowdan sent his sond,  
 First to his Mo'ir, than to th' reign about, 390  
 And seide, his wife was comin out of dout,  
 And praydin her to ryde agen the quene,  
 The honour of his reign for to sustene.

Gret was the prefs, and rich was the aray,  
 Of Surreians, and Romans met yfere,  
 The Mo'ir of the Sowdan, rich and gay,  
 Recevith her with all so glad a chere,  
 As any Mo'ir mought her doughtir dere:  
 And unto the next Cite there beside  
 A softe paas solempnly they ryde. 400

Nought trow I the triumph of Julius,  
 Of which that Lucan makith such a bofte,  
 Ne was royaller, ne more curious, 410  
 Than was th' assembling of this blisful hoste;  
 But o this Scorpion, this wikkid ghoft  
 The Sowdonnefs, for all her flattering,  
 Cast undir this full mortally to sting.

The Sowdan came himself sone aftir this,  
 So rially, that wondir is to telle,  
 He welcomith her with all joy and blifs, 420  
 And thus in joy and mirth I lete them dwelle:  
 The fruit of this mattere is for to telle.  
 Whan time comin men thought it for the best,  
 That revil stint, and men gon to their rest.

The time is come that this old Sowdannefs  
 Ordainid hath the feste of which I told,  
 And to the feste the Christin folk them drefs,  
 And that in generall, both yong and old:  
 And men may felle, and rialty beheld,  
 And deynties mo than I can you devise, 420  
 But all to dere they bought it er they rise.

O Sowdan



O Sowdan, wo that thou art Succesfour  
To worldly blis spreynid with bitternefs,  
The end of joy is our worldly labour,  
Wo occupith the fine of our gladnefs,  
Harkin this Counsaile for thy sikirnefs:  
Upon thy glad day have thou still in mind  
Th' unware wo or harme that comteh behind.

For shortly to tellin at o word,  
The Sowdan and the Christin everichone 430  
Ben all to hew, and stikid at the bord,  
But it were only Dame Cunstance alone,  
This old Sowdonnefs, this accurfid Crone,  
Hath with her frendis done this cursid dede,  
For she her self woude all the Countre lede.

There ne was Surrein none that was converted,  
That of the Counsaile of the Soudon wot,  
That ne was all to hewe er he asterted,  
And Cunstance han they take anon fore hot,  
And in a Ship all steerilefs, God wot, 440  
They han her sett, and bid her lerne to saile  
Out of Surrey ayenward to Itaile.

A certeine trefour that she thithir ladd,  
And sothe to saine of vitaille gret plentie  
They han her geve, and clothis eke she had;  
And forth she sailith in the saltè See.  
O my Cunstance, full of benignity,  
O Emperour's yongè doughtir so dere,  
He that is Lord of fortune be thy stere.

She bleffith her, and with full pitous voise 450  
Unto the Crofs of Christ thus seide she,  
O dere, o welefull Auter, holy croise,  
Red of the lamb's blode, full of pite,  
That wesh the world fro th' old iniquite,  
Me fro the fend, and fro his clawis kepe,  
That day that I shall drenchin in the depe.

Victorious tre, protection of true,  
That only worthy werin for to bere  
The King of hevin with his woundis newe,  
The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere: 460  
Flemere of fendis out of him and here,  
On which thy limmis faithfully extenden,  
Me kepe, and geve me might my life to menden.

Yeris and dayis fletè this Creture,  
Throughout the See of Grece, unto the Straite  
Of Marock, as it was her aventure;  
On many' a sory mele now may she baite,  
Aftir her deth full oftè may she waite,  
Er that the wildè wavis wold her drive  
Unto the place there she sholdè arrive. 470

Men mightin askin why she was not slaine  
Eke at the feste, who might her body save?  
And I answe're to that demaund againe,  
Who savid Daniel in th' horrible Cave?  
There every wight, were he maistrir or knave,  
Was with the lions frett or he astert:  
No wight, but God, that he bare in his hert.

God list to shew his wonderful m'acle  
In her, for she shold se his mighty werkis,  
Christ which that is to every harm triacle, 480  
By certeine menis oft (as knowin Clerkis)  
Doth thing for certeine end that full derk is  
To mann's witt, that for our ignorance  
Ne cannot know his prudent purveiance.

Now fith she was not at the fest yslaw,  
Who kepith her fro drenching in the See?

Who keptè Jonas in the fith's mawe  
Till he was spoutid out at Ninive?  
Well may men know it was no wight but he  
That kept the peple Ebrak from drenching 490  
With dry fete thorough the red See passing.

Who hath the four spirites of the tempest,  
That powir han to annoy land and See,  
Both North and South, and also West and Est,  
Annoyith nothir See, ne land, ne tre:  
Sothly the commander of that was he;  
That fro the tempest ay this woman kept,  
As well whan she awoke, as when she slept.

Where mightin this woman mete and drink have?  
Thre yere and more how lastith her vitaille? 500  
Who fed-th' Egyptian Mary in the Cave,  
Or in the desert (none but Christ Sans faile)  
Five thousand folk, it was as grette marvaile  
With loavis five, and fithis too to fede,  
God sent his soifoun at her grettist nede.

She drivith forth unto our Ocean  
Throughout the wildè see, till at the last  
Undir an hold, that namin I ne can,  
Fer in Northumberland, the wave her cast,  
And in the sand her ship stikid so fast, 510  
That thence n'oldè it not for all the tide,  
The will of Crist was, she shold there abide.

The Constable o'th' castle doune is fare  
To fene this wreck, and all the ship he fought,  
And found this wery woman full of care,  
He found also the trefour she had brought,  
And in her language mercy she besought  
The life out of her body for to twynn,  
Her to delivir of wo she was in.

A mannir Latin corrupt was her speche, 520  
But algates thereby was she undirstond,  
The Constable him list no lengir seche,  
This wofull woman broughtin he to lond;  
She knelith down, and thankith Goda's sond;  
But what she was she wolde no man sey,  
For foule ne faire, although she shoide dey.

She seid she was so masid in the see,  
That she forgate her mindè by her trouth;  
The Constable of her hath soche pite,  
And eke his wife, that they wepin for routh: 530  
She was so diligent withoutin slouth  
To serve and plese everichone in that place,  
That all her love, that lokin on her face.

The Constable, and Hermigild his wife  
Were Paynims, and that Countre every where,  
But Hermigild lovid her as her life,  
And Cunstance hath so long sojourned there,  
In Orisons, with many bittir tere,  
Till Jesu hath converted through his grace  
Dame Hermigild, Constables of that place. 540

In all that lond no Christin durst arout,  
All Christin folk ben flemed fro that Countre,  
Through Painims that conquerid all about  
The Plagis of the north by lond and See;  
To Walis fled the Christianite  
Of olde Britons dwelling in this Isle,  
There was their refuge for the mene while.

But yet n'as Christin Britons so exiled,  
But there was some still in their privite  
Honourid Crist, aad hethin folk begiled; 550  
And nie the Castle soche there dwellid thre,  
P  
That



That one of them was blind, and might not se,  
But it were with thilk eyin of his mind,  
With which men sein aftir they ben blind.

Bright was the Sunne, as in the Sommer's day,  
For which the Constable, his wife also,  
And Cunstance han ytaken the right way  
Toward the see, a furlong wey or two,  
To playin, and to romin to and fro,  
And in their walk this blind man they met, 560  
Crokid and old, with eyin fast yshet.

In the name of Christ, cryed this blind Bretonn,  
Dame Hermigild geve me my sight again,  
This lady wax afrayid of the sounne,  
Left that her husbond, shortly for to sain,  
Wold her for Jesus Christ's lore have slaine.  
Till Cunstance made her bold, and bid her werch  
The will of Crist, as doughtir of his Cherche.

The Constable was abashed of that sight,  
And seide, what amountith all this fare? 570  
Cunstance answer'd, Sir, it is Crist's might,  
That helpith folk out of the fend's snare:  
And so forth she gan our law declare,  
That she the Constable, er it was eve,  
Convertid hath, and on Crist made him leve.

This Constable was nought lord of this place  
Of which I speke, there as he Cunstance fond,  
But kept it strongly many' a winter space,  
Undir Alla King of Northumberland,  
That was full wise, and worthy of his hond, 580  
Again the Scottis, as men may well here;  
But tourn I woll again to my mattere.

Sathan, that evre' us waitith to begile  
Saw of Cunstance all her perfectiounne,  
And cast anon how he might quite her wele,  
And made a yong Knight, that dwelt in the tounne,  
Love her so hote of foule affectiounne,  
That verily him thought that he shold spill,  
But he of her might onis have his will.

He woith her, but it availith nought, 590  
She wold do no sin by no mannir wey,  
And for despite he compassed in his thought  
To makin her a shameful dethe to dey,  
He waitith whan the Constable' is away.  
And privily upon a night he crept  
To Hermigild's chambir while she slept.

Werie for-wakid in their Orisons  
Slepith Cunstance and Hermigild also,  
This Knight through Sathanas temptatiouns  
All fottly is unto the bedd ygo, 600  
And cut the throte of Hermigild atwo;  
And laid the bloody knife by Dame Cunstance,  
And went his wey, there God geve him mischance.

Sone aftir cometh this Constable again,  
And eke Alla, that King was of that Lond,  
And saw his wife dispitouly yslaine,  
For which he wept, and full oft wrang his hond,  
And in the bedd the bloody knife he fond,  
By Dame Cunstance, alas! what might she fey?  
For very wo her wit was all away. 610

To King Alla was told all this mischance,  
And eke the time, the where, and in what wise,  
That in a Ship was fondin this Cunstance,  
As heretofore ye han me herd devise;  
The King's hert for pite gan agrise,

Whan he beheld so benign a Creture,  
Fallen in disese, and in misaventure.

For as the lamb towards his deth is brought,  
So stant this innocent before the King,  
This false Knight that hath this tresoun ywrought 620  
Berith her in hond, she hath don this thing,  
But natheless there was a gret murnyng  
Emong the folk, that said they cannot ghes  
That she had don so grete a wikidnes.

For they han sene her evir so vertuous,  
And loving Hermigild right as her life,  
Of this bare witness everich in the house,  
Save he that Hermigild slew with his knife;  
This gentill King hath caught a grete motife  
Of this witness, and thought he wold enquire 630  
Depir in this cause, the trouth for to lere.

Alas! Cunstance, thou hast no champion,  
Ne fightin canst thou not, so welaway!  
But he that starft for our redemption,  
And bond Sathan that lyith there he lay,  
So be thy stronge champion this day.  
For but if Crist Miracle' upon The kithe,  
Withoutin gilt thou shalt be slaine aswithe.

She set her down on knees, and thus she said, 640  
"Immortal God, that favidist Susanne  
"Fro false blame, and thou mercifull maide,  
"Mary I menè, doughtir to Seint Anne,  
"Biforne whose child Angelis sing Ofanne,  
"If I be gilty of this felonie,  
"My succour be, or ellis shall I die.

Have ye not sene some time a palè face  
Emong the prees, of them that hath ben lad  
Toward his deth, where as him gat no grace,  
Right soche a colour in his face he had,  
The men might know his face that was bestad 650  
Emongis all the facis in the rout,  
So stont Cunstance, and lokith her about.

O Quenis, living in prosperite,  
Dutcheffes, and ye ladys everichone,  
Havith some ruthe on her adversite,  
An Empèrou's doughtir here stont alone  
She hath no wight, to whome to make her mone,  
O blode roiall, that stondith in this drede,  
Fer ben thy frendis at thy gretist nede.

This Alla King hath soche Compassioun 660  
(As gentil hert is ay full of pite)  
That from his eyin ran the watir doune:  
Now hastily do fett a boke, qd he,  
And if this Knight woll swerin how that she  
This woman slough, yet woli we us avise,  
Whom that we woli, that shall ben our Justice.

A Briton boke writt with Evangelis  
Was fett, and on this boke he sware anon,  
She giltif was; and in the mene whilis  
A hond him smote upon the nekk's bone, 670  
That down he fell at onis as a stone;  
And both his eyin brast upon his face,  
In sight of every body in that place.

A voice was herd in gen'rall audience,  
That seide, thou hast slaunderid giltless  
The daughtre' of holy Cherch in high presence,  
Thus hast thou don and yet I hold my pece.  
Of this Narvaile agast was all the prefe,  
As masid folk they stod in everichone  
For drede of wreck, save Dame Cunstance alone.

Grete



Grete was the drede, and eke the repentaunce  
Of them that haddin wrong suspectioun  
Upon this fely innocent Cunstane,  
And for this marvaile in Conclufioun,  
And by Cunstane's Mediatione,  
The King, and many othir in that place,  
Convertid was, thankid be Godd's grace.

This fals Knight was yslaine for his untruth,  
By the judgement of King Alla' hastily,  
And yet Cunstane had of his deth grete ruthe; 690  
And aftir this, Jesus of his mercy  
Made King Alla weddin full solempnly  
This holy maide, that is so bright and shene,  
And thus hath Christ madin Cunstane a Quene.

But who was wofull, if I shall not lie,  
Of this weddyng, but Donoyeld? no mo,  
The King's Mo'ir, full of tirannie,  
Her thought her cursid hert would braist atwo,  
She wold not that her sonne had doin so:  
Her thought it a despight that he shold take 700  
So straunge a Creture for to be his Make.

Me list not of the chaff ne of the stre  
Makin so long a tale as of the Corn,  
What shuld I tellin of the rialte  
Of that wedding, or which course goth befor,  
Who blowith in a trompe, or in an horn.  
The fruit of every tale is for to say  
They etin, drinkin, daunce, singin, and play.

They gon to bedd as it was skill and right,  
For though that wivis ben full holy things, 710  
Yet they must take in pacience anight  
Soche necessities as yben plesings  
To folk that han yweddid them with rings,  
And lay a lite their holiness aside  
As for the time, it may no bett betide.

On her he gat a knave child anon,  
To a Bishop, and his Constable eke  
He toke his wife to kepe, whan he is gon  
To Scotland ward, his somen for to seke.  
Now Cunstane, that is so humbil and meke, 720  
So long is gon with thilk child till that fill  
She halt her chambre' abiding Crist's will.

The time is come, and a Knave child she bare,  
Mauritius at font ston they him call,  
This Constable doth forth a Messinger,  
And wrote unto his king that clepid Alle,  
How that this blisfull tidings is befall,  
And othir tidings nedefull for to saie,  
He takes the lettre' and forth he goth his waie.

This Messinger to don his advantage, 730  
Unto the King's Mo'ir ridith swithe,  
And salwith her tull faire in his language,  
Madam, qð he, ye may be glad and blithe,  
And thankin God an hundrid thousand sithe,  
My Lady Quene hath Knave child without dout  
To joy and blis of all this reign about.

Lo here the letters selid of this thing,  
That I mote bere in all the haste I may;  
Yeve ye well ought unto your sonne the King,  
I am your servant both by night and day, 740  
Donegild answerde as at this time nay,  
But here I woll all night thou take thy rest,  
To morow woll I say The what I left.

This Messinger drank sadly ale and wine,  
And stolin were his letters privily

Out of his box, while he slept as a swine;  
And counterfittid was full subtilly  
Anothir letter wrote full sinfully  
Unto the King direct of this mattere  
Fro his Constable, as ye shullin here. 750

The letter spake the Quene deliv'rid was  
Of so horrible a fendish Creture,  
That in the Castle none so hardy was  
That any while durstin therein endure:  
The Mo'ir was an elf by aventure  
Y come by charmis or by forcerie,  
And every wight harith her company.

Wo was the King whan he the letter sene,  
But to no wight he told his sorow fore,  
But with his ownè hand he wrote agene 760  
Welcome the fond of Crist for evirmore  
To me, that am new lernid in his lore:  
Lord, welcome be thy lust, and thy plesaunce,  
My lust I put all in thine ordinaunce,

Kepith this child, all be it soule or faire,  
And eke my wife unto my home coming;  
Christ, whan him list may sendin me an heir  
More greable than this to my liking;  
This letter he seled privily weping,  
Which to the Messinger was takin sone, 770  
And forth he goth, there is no more to done.

O Messinger fulfilled of dronkinness,  
Strong is thy breth, thy limmis faltrin aye,  
And thou still bewrayist all secretness,  
Thy mind is lorne, thou janglist as a jaye,  
Thy face is tournid in a new aray,  
There dronkinness reignith in any rout,  
There n'is no counsaile hid withoutin dout.

O Donegild, I have none English digne  
Unto thy malice, and thy tyrannie, 780  
And therefore to the fend I The resigne,  
Let him enditin of thy traitery,  
Fie! Mannish fie! O nay by God I lie,  
Fie fendish Spirit! for I dare wel tell  
Though thou here walk, thy spirit is in hell.

This Messinger came from the King againe  
And at the King's Mo'ir's house he light,  
And she was of this Messinger full faine,  
And plesid him in all that ere she might,  
He dronk, and well his girdle undir pight, 790  
He slepith, and he snortith in his gife,  
All night, untill the sonne gan to arise.

Eft were his letters stolin everichone,  
And counterfittid letters in this wise,  
The King commands his Constable anon  
On pain of hanging on a high Jewise,  
That he ne sholde sultrin in no wise  
Cunstane within his relme for to abide  
Thre dayis, and a quarter of a tide.

But in the same ship as that he her fond, 800  
Her and her yonge sonne, and all her gere  
He sholde croudin, and puttin fro the londe,  
And charge her that she nevir eft come there,  
O my Cunstane, well may thy gost have fere  
And sleping in thy dreame ben in pennaunce  
Whan Donegild cast all this ordinaunce.

This Messinger, on morrow whan he woke,  
Unto the Castle hoidith the next way,  
And to the Constable the letter roke,

And



And whan that he this pitous letter feie, 810  
Full oft he seide alas and welaweie!  
Lord Crist, qð he, how may this world endure?  
So full of sinn is many a Creture.

O mighty God, if that it be thy will,  
Sin thou art rightful judge, how may it be  
That thou wilt suffer innocence to spill,  
And wikid folk reign in prosperite?  
O Gode Cunstance, alas! so wo is me,  
That I mot ben thy tormentour, or deie,  
On sham'is deth, there n'is none othir weie. 820

Wepin both yong and old in all that place,  
Whan that the king this curfid letter sent,  
And Dame Cunstance with a dedly pale face  
The fourthe day toward her ship she went,  
Nathelès she takith in gode entent  
The will of Crist, and kneling on the strond  
She seide, Lord, aye welcome be thy sond.

He that me kepid from that falsè blame  
While I was on the lond emongis you,  
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame, 830  
In the salt See, although I see not how:  
As strong as evir he was he is now.  
In him I trust, and in his Moðir dere,  
That is to me my saile and eke my sterc.

Her litil child lay weping in her arme,  
And kneling pitously to him she saide,  
Pece litil Sonne, I woll do The no harme,  
With that the kerchefe off her hede she braide,  
And ore his litil eyin she it laide,  
And in her arme she lullith it full fast, 840  
And unto heaven her eyin up she cast.

Moðir, qð she, and Maidin bright Mary, ~  
Soth is that thorough woman's eggement  
Mankind was lorn, and damnid aye to die,  
For which thy child was on thy crosse yrent,  
Thy blisfull eyin saw all his turment,  
Then is there no comparison betwene  
Thy wo, and any wo man may sustene.

Thou saw thy chyld yslain before thyn cyn,  
And yet livith my litil child parfay; 850  
Now lady bright, to whom all wofull cryen,  
Thou glory of womanhode, thou faire May,  
Thou havin of refuge, bright Sterre of day,  
Rewe on my child, that of thy gentilnefs  
Ruist on every rufull in distrefs.

O littil child alas! what is thy gilt  
That nevir wroughtist sinn as yet parde?  
Why woll thyn hardè faðir have The spilt?  
O mercy derè Constable, qð she, 860  
As let my litil child dwell here with The,  
And if thou dost not savin him fro blame,  
So kifs him onis in his faðir's name.

Therewith she lokith bakward to the lond,  
And saide, farewell my husbond ruthlefs;  
And up she rist, and walkith down the strond,  
Toward the ship, her follows all the prefs,  
And ay she prays her child to hold his pece,  
And takith leve, and with holy entent  
She bleffith her, and to the ship she went.

Vitailid was the ship, it is no drede, 870  
Habundantly for her a full long space,  
And othir necessities that shold nede,  
She had ynow, herried be Godd'is grace;  
Wind and wethir Almighty God purchase,

And bring her home, I can no bettir say,  
But in the See she drivith forth her way.

Alla the King came home sone afir this  
Unto this Castle of which I you told,  
And askith where his wife, and his child is; 880  
The Constable gan at his hert wax cold,  
And plainly all the manner him ytold,  
Ye han herd, I can tell it no better,  
And shewed the King his sele, and his letter:

And seide, Lord, as ye commaundid me  
On peine of deth, so have I done certeine:  
This Messinger turmentid was till he  
Must beknowin, and tellin plat and plaine  
Fro night to night in what place he had laine.  
And thus by witty subtile enquering  
Imagin'd was by whome this harme gan spring.

The hond was knowin that the letter wrot,  
And all the venim of this curfid dede,  
But in what wise certeinly I n'ote,  
Th' effect is this, that Alla out of drede  
His Moðir flow, that may men plainly rede,  
For that she traytour was t' her Allegeaunce,  
Thus endith old Donegild with mischaunce.

The sorrow that this Alla night and day  
Makith for his child, and his wife also, 900  
There is no tonguè that it tellin may;  
But now woll I unto Dame Cunstance go,  
That stitith in the See in paine and wo,  
Five yere and more, as likid Crist'is sond  
Er that her ship approchid unto lond;

Undir an Hethin Castle at the last,  
(Of which the name in my text I not find)  
Cunstance and eke her child the See upcast,  
Almighty God, that savith all mankind,  
Have on Cunstance, and on her child some mind,  
That fallin are in hethin hond eftfone, 910  
In point to spill, as I shall tell you sone.

Doun from the Castill comith many' a wight  
To gaurin on this Ship, and on Cunstance,  
But shortly fro the Castill on a night  
The Lord'is Steward, God geve him mischance,  
A thefe that had renyid our Creance,  
Came to the Ship alone, and seide he shold  
Her Lemman be, whethir she wold or n'old.

Tho was the wretchid woman wo bygon,  
Her child and she cryid full pitously, 920  
But blisfull Mary halpè her anon,  
And with her strogling well and mightily  
The thefe fell ovr the bord fodeinly,  
And in the See he drenchid for vengeance,  
And thus hath Crist unwemmied kept Cunstance.

O soule lust of Luxury, lo thine end,  
Not only that thou faintist Mann'is mind,  
But verily thou wilt his body shend,  
The end of thy werk, or thy lustis blind 930  
Is complaining, how many men may find  
That not for werk sometime, but for th'entent  
To donn this sinn, ben either slaine or shent?

How may this wekè woman have the strength,  
Her to defend against this renagate?  
O Goliath, unmesurable' of length,  
How mightin David make The so amate?  
So yong, and of armure so desolate  
How durst he lokin on thy dredful face?  
Well may man sene it is but Godd'is grace.

Who



Who gave Judith corage and hardines  
To slaine him Holofernes in his tent,  
And to deliver out of wretchidnes  
The peple' of God? I say for this intent  
That right as God spirit and vigour sent  
To them, and savid them out of mischaunce,  
So sent he might and vigour to Cunstance.

Forth goth her ship thorough the narrow mouth  
Of Jubalter and Cept, ydryving ay  
Sometimis North, and sometime West and South,  
And sometime Est, full many werie day, 950  
Till Christ's Mothir, blefid be she ay,  
Hath shapin thorough her endles godenefs  
To make an end of all her heviness.

*Explicit secunda pars, & sequitur pars tertia.*

Now let us stint of Cunstance but a throw,  
And speke we of the Roman Emperour,  
That out of Surrey hath by letters know,  
His slaughtered Christin folk, and dishonour  
Done to his daughter by a false traytour,  
I mene the cursid wikid Sowdonnes,  
That at the fesselet slene both more and less. 960

For which this Emperour hath sent anon  
His Senatour, with royall ordinaunce,  
And othir Lordis, God wot, many one,  
On Syrreins to takin high vengeance,  
They brennin, slen, and bring them to mischaunce,  
Full many' a day, but shortly this is th'end,  
Homeward to Rome they shapin them to wend.

This Senatour returns with victory,  
To Romeward, sailing full rially,  
And met the ship driving, as saith story,  
In which Cunstance settin full pitously, 970  
Nothing ne knew he what she was, ne why  
She was in soche aray, ne she nill sey  
Of her estate, although she sholdè dey.

He bringith her to Rome, and to his wife  
He gave her, and her yongè Sonn also,  
And with the Senatour she lad her life.  
Thus can our Lady bringin out of wo  
Wofull Cunstance, and many othir mo.  
And longè time dwellid she in that place, 980  
In holy werkis evir, as was her grace.

The Senatour's wife her Aunt ywas,  
But for all that she knew her ne'er the more;  
I woll no lengir tary in this caas,  
But to King Alla, which I spake of yore,  
That for his wife wepith, and sikith fore,  
I woll return, and let I woll Cunstance  
Undir the Senatour's governaunce.

King Alla, which that had his Moðir slaine,  
Upon a day fell in soche repentaunce, 990  
That if I shortly tellin shall and plaine,  
To Rome he comith to receive pennaunce,  
And put him in the Pop's Ordinaunce,  
In hie and low, and Jesu Crist besought  
Forgeve his wikid werkis that he wrought.

The fame anon thorough Rome toun is born,  
How Alla King shall come in pilgrimage,  
By Herbingers that wentin him befor,  
For which the Senatour, as was usage,  
Rode him againe, and folk of his image, 1000  
As well to shew his hie magnificence,  
As to doin any King reverence.

940 Grete cherè doth this nobil Senatour  
To King Alla, and he to him also,  
Evèrich of them doth othir honour,  
And so befell, that in a day or two  
This Senatour is to King Alla go,  
To feste, and shortly if I shall not lie,  
Cunstance's Sonn went in his cumpany.

Some sayin at the request of Cunstance 1010  
This Senatour had lad this child to feste,  
I may not tellin every circumstance  
Be as he may, there was he at the lest:  
But sothe it is, right at his Moðir's heste  
Biforn Alla, during the met's space,  
The child stode, loking in the King's face.

Alla King hath of the child gret wondir,  
And to the Senatour he saide anon,  
Whose is that faire child, that stondith yondir?  
I n'ot, qð he, by God, and by St. John: 1020  
A Moðir he hath, but ne faðir non,  
That I of wot; but shortly in a stound  
He told Alla how that the child was found.

But, God wot, qð the Senatour also,  
So vertuous a liver in my life  
Ne saugh I nevre' as she, ne herd of mo  
Soch worldly woman, maidin ne of wife,  
I dare well say she had levir a knife  
Thorough her brest, than ben a woman wik,  
There is no man couth bring her to that prik.

Now was the child as like unto Cunstance  
As possible is creture for to be,  
King Alla hath the face in remembraunce  
Of Dame Cunstance, and thereon musid he  
Yeve that the child's Moðir was not she,  
That is his wife, and privily he sight,  
And sped him fro the table all he might.

Parfay him thought the fantom in his hede,  
And oughtin demin of skillfull judgment  
That in the saltè See his wife is dede; 1040  
And aftirward he made this argument,  
What wot I if that Crist hath hithir sent  
My wife by See, as well as he her sent  
To my Countre fro thence that she was went?

And aftirnone home with the Senatour  
Goth Alla, for to se this wondir chance,  
This Senatour doth Alla grete honour,  
And hastily he sent aftir Cunstance;  
But trustith wele her lustith not to dance.  
Whan that she wiste wherefore was that fond,  
Unneth upon her fete she mightè stound,

Whan Alla saw his wife, faire he her grete,  
And wepte that it was ruth for to se,  
For at the first loke that he on her fete,  
He knew well verily that it was she,  
And for sorow as dumb stant as a tre:  
So was her herte yshet in her distrefs,  
Whan she rememberid his unkindnes.

Twyis she sownid in his ownè sight  
He wept, and him excusith pitously, 1060  
Now God, qð he, and his hallowis bright,  
So wisly on my Soule havin mercy,  
That of your harme as giltles am I,  
As is Maurice my Sonne, so like your face,  
Ellis the fend me fetch out of this place.

Long was the sobbing, and the bittir paine,

Q

Er



Er that their wofull hertis mightin cese,  
 Grete was the pitè for to here them plaine,  
 Thorough which plaintis gan their wo encrese.  
 I pray you all my labour to relese, 1070  
 I may not tell their wo untill to morow,  
 I am so werie for to speke their sorow.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist  
 That Alla giltilefs was of her wo,  
 I trow an hundren timis ben they kist,  
 And soche a blifs is there betwixt them two,  
 That save the joy, that lastith evirmo,  
 There is no ylike, that any cature  
 Hath sene or shall while the world may endure.

Tho prayid she her husbond mekily 1080  
 In the relese of her long pitous paine  
 That he wold pray her faðir specially,  
 That of his Majestty he wold encline  
 To vouchafin some day with him to dine.  
 She prayid him eke, he shold by no way  
 Unto her faðir no word of her say.

Some woldè sey, how that the Child Maurice  
 Doth this messlage untill the Empèrou; 1090  
 But as I gessè, Alla was not so nice  
 To him, that was of so sov'rain honour,  
 As he that is of Christen folk the flour,  
 To send a child, but it is bet to deme  
 He went himself, and so it may wele seme.

The Empèrou hath grauntid gentillie  
 To come to dinner, as he him besought;  
 Redy he came, and lokid besilie  
 Upon the child, and on his daughter thought.  
 Alla goth to his inn, and as him ought  
 Arrayid for this feste in every wise,  
 As ferforth as his conning may suffice. 1100

The morow came, and Alla gan him drefs,  
 And eke his wife, the Empèrou to meet.  
 And forth they ride in joy, and in gladness,  
 And when she saw her Faðir in the street,  
 She light adown, and fallith him to feet;  
 Faðir, qð she, your yongè child Cunstance  
 Is now full clene out of your remembrance.

I am your daughter Cunstance tho, qð she,  
 That whilom ye han sent unto Surrye,  
 It am I, Faðir, that in the salt See  
 Was put alone, and dampnid for to dye:  
 Now, my gode Faðir, I you mercy crye,  
 Send me no more unto non Hethinesse,  
 But thankin my Lord here of his kindnesse,

Who can the pitous joy ytellin all  
 Betwixt them thre? Sith they ben thus ymett:  
 But of my Tale makin an end I shall;  
 The day goth fast, I wol no lengir lett.  
 To dinner than thes glad folk them yfett  
 In joy and blifs at mete I lete them dwell, 1120  
 A thousand fold well more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was sithin Empèrou  
 Made by the Pope, and livid Christinly;  
 To Christ's Church he diddin grete honour;  
 But I lete all this Story passin by,  
 Of Cunstance is my Tale specially.  
 In oldè Roman gestis men may find  
 Mauric's life; I bere it not in mind.

This King Alla, whan he his timè sey  
 With his Cunstance, his holy wife so swere, 1130  
 To Englund ben they comin the right wey:  
 Where as thei live in joy and in quiete,  
 But littil while it lastith, I you hete,  
 Joy of this world. For time woll not abide,  
 Fro day to night, it changith as the tide.

Who evir lived in soche delite a day  
 That him ne mevid either Conscience,  
 Or ire, or talent, or some kyn affray,  
 Envy, or Pride, or Passion, or offence?  
 I ne say but for this end and sentence,  
 That littil while in joy, or in plesauce  
 Lastith the blifs of Alla with Cunstance.

For Deth, that taketh of hie and low his rente;  
 When passid was a yere even as I gessè,  
 Out of this world this King Alla hath hente;  
 For whome Cunstance hath full grete hevinessè  
 Now let us prayin God his Soule to blesse.  
 And Dame Cunstance, thus finally to sey,  
 Toward the Town of Rome goith her wey.

To Rome is commin this holy cature, 1150  
 And findith there her Faðir whole and sound;  
 Now is she scapid all her aventure:  
 And whan that she her Fathir hath yfound  
 Down on her knees, she fallith to the ground,  
 Weeping for tendirnesse in her hert blith,  
 And herryeth God an hundred thousand sith.

In vertue, and in holy alm'isdede  
 Thei livin, and nevir asunder wende,  
 Till deth departith them, this life thei lede.  
 Now farith well, my Tale is at an end.  
 Now Jesu Christ, that of his might may fend  
 Joy afor wo; governe us in his grace  
 And kepe us allè, that ben in this place.

Thus endeth the Man of Lawe's TALE. And next follows the SQUIER's PROLOGUE.







## The SQUIER's PROLOGUE.



OUR Host upon his stirups stode anon,  
And seide, gode men, herk'nith everichon,  
This was a thrifty tale for the nones,  
Sir Parish priest, qð he, for Godd'is bones,  
Tell us a Tale, as was thy forward yore,  
I se well that ye lernid men in lore  
Can mochil gode, by Godd'is dignity.

The Parson him answerd, *benedicite!*  
What ails the man so sinfully to swere?

Our Host answerde, o Jenkin, be ye there?   ro  
Now gode Men, qð our Host, herk'nith to me,  
I smell a loller in the wind, qð he,  
Abidith for Godd'is digne passioun,  
For we shull have a predication,

This loller here woll prechin us somewhat.  
Nay by my faðir's soule, that shall he nat,  
Saidè the Squier, here shall he not preche,  
He shall no gospel glosin here ne teche.  
We levith all in the grete God, qð he,  
He woldè sowin some difficulte,  
Or springin some Cokkle in our clene corn,  
And therefore Host, I warnè The beforne:  
My jolly body shall a tale now tell,  
And I shall klinkin you so mery' a bell,  
That I shull wakin all this Cumpany,  
But it shall not ben of Philosophy,  
Ne of Phisik, ne termis queint of law;  
There is but litil Latyn in my maw.

20



The



## The SQUIER's TALE.

The King of Araby sendith to Cambuscan, King of Sarra, a Horse and a Sword of rare qualite, and to his Daughter Canace a Glas and a Ring; by the virtue whereof she understandeth the Language of all Fowles. Much of this Tale is either lost, or else never finished by Chaucer.

**T** Sarra in the lond of Tartary  
**A** There dwelt a King that warrid on Rusly,  
 Through which there dyid many' a doughty  
 Man;

This nobil King was callid Cambuscan  
 Which in his time was of so grete renoun,  
 That there n'as no where, in no regioun,  
 So excellent a Lord in alle thing:  
 Him lakkid nought that longid to a King.  
 As of the Sect, of which that he was born,  
 He kept his law, to which that he was sworn;  
 And thereto he was hardy, wise, and rich,  
 And pitous, and justè, alwey yliche;  
 True of his word, benign, and honourable  
 Of his Corage, as any Centre stable,  
 Yong, fresh, and strong, of armis desirous,  
 As any bachelor of all his house.  
 A fair person he was, and fortunate,  
 And alwey kept so well royall estate,  
 That there was no where soche another Man.  
 This noble King, this Tarte Cambuscan,  
 Had two sonnys on Eltheta his wife,  
 Of which the eldist hightin Algarisse:  
 That othir was yclepid Camballo.  
 A daughter had this worthy King also,  
 That yongist was, and hightè Canace;  
 But for to tellin you all her bewte  
 It lith not in my tongue, ne my conning,  
 I dare not undertake so high a thing,  
 Mine English eke is insufficient,  
 It must ben a Rhetor full excellent,  
 That couth his colours longing for that art,  
 If he shold her describe in any part.  
 I am none soche, I mote speke as I can.

And so befell, that whan this Cambuscan  
 Hath twenty winter born his diademe,  
 As he was wont fro yere to yere, I deme,  
 He lete the feste of his Nativity  
 Do cryin thorough Sarra his city,  
 The last Idus of March, after the yere  
 Phæbus the Sunne full jolly was and clere:  
 For he was nigh his exaltation  
 In Mart's face, and in his Mansion  
 In Aries, the cholerick hot signe,  
 Full lusty was the weðir and benigne,  
 For which the foules agen the Sunnè shene,  
 What for the Seson, and the yongè grene,  
 Full loudè songin their affections,  
 Them semid to han gettin protections  
 Agen the swerd of winter kene and cold.

This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,  
 In royall vestiments sit on his deis,  
 With Diademe, full high in his paleis,  
 And held his feste so royall and so riche,  
 That in this world ne was there none it liche:  
 Of which if I shold tell all the array,  
 Then wolde it occupy a Sommer's day:  
 And eke it nedith not for to devise  
 At every coursè the order of service.  
 I woll not tellin now of their straunge sews,  
 Ne of their Swans, ne of their heronsews,

Eke in that lond (as tellin Knightis old)  
 There is some mete, that is full dainty hold,  
 That in this lond men retche of it but small;  
 There is no man that may reportin all.

I woll not tarry you, for it is prime,  
 And for it is no frute, but los of time;  
 To my first purpose woll I have recourse.

And so befell, that aftir the third course,  
 While that the King sat thus in his Noblay,  
 Herk'ning his Ministrelis their thingis play  
 Beforn him at his bord deliciously;  
 In at the hallè dore full sodeinly

40 There came a Knight upon a stede of brafs,  
 And in his hond a brode mirrou of glafs,  
 Upon his thomb he had of gold a ring,  
 And by his side a nakid swerd hanging:  
 And up he ridith to the hiè bord,  
 In all the hall ne was there spoke a word,  
 For marveile of this Knight, him to behold  
 Full besily they waitin yong, and old.

This straungè Knight, that come thus sodeinly,  
 All armid, save his hede, full royally,  
 50 Salued the King and Quene, and Lordis all,  
 By ordir, as they sittin in the hall,  
 With so hie revèrence and obeisaunce,  
 As well in Spechè as in Countinaunce,  
 That Sir Gawayn with his old Curtisy  
 (Although he come agen out of Fairy)  
 He coude him nought amending with no word.

And aftir this beforn the hiè bord  
 He with a manly voice saide his messaige  
 Aftir the forme usid in his language  
 60 Withoutin vice of syllable' or letter,

And for his tale sholdin seme the better,  
 Accordant to his wordis was his chere;  
 As techith art of speche them that it lere.  
 All be it that I cannot sowne his stile,  
 Ne can I not climbin so high a stile,  
 Yet say I that as to comune intent,  
 Thus moche amountith all that er' he ment,  
 If so be that I have it in my mind;

70 He saide; The King of Araby and Inde,  
 My Liegè Lord, on this so solempne day  
 Salewith you as he best can or may.

And sendith you, in honour of your feste,  
 By me, that am redy at al your heste,  
 This Stede of brafs, that esily and well  
 Can in the space of a day naturell;  
 That is to say, in four and twenty hours,  
 Where so you listè, in drought or in shours,  
 Berin your body into every place,  
 Into which your hertè willith to pace,

80 Withoutin wem of you, through foule or faire,  
 Or if you list to flein in the aire,  
 As doth an Egle, whan him list to fore,  
 This samè stede shall bere you evirmore,  
 Withoutin harme, till you ben there you lest,  
 Though that you slepin on his bak and rest,  
 And tourn agen with writhing of a pin;  
 He that it wrought couð full many a gin;

He



He waitid many a Constellation,  
Er he had don this operation;  
And knew ful many fele, and many bond.

This Mirroure eke, that I have in my hond,  
Hath soche a might, that men may in it se  
Whan there shall fall any adversite  
Unto your reigne, or to your self also,  
And opin se who is your frend or fo:  
And ovir all, if any lady bright  
Hath set her hert on any manir wight,  
If he be false, she shall the tresoun se,  
His newe love, and all his subtilte  
So opinly, that there shall nothing hide.

Wherefore agen this lusty Sommer tide,  
This Mirroure, and this ring, that ye may se,  
He hath sent to my Lady Canace,  
Your excellent doughtir that now is here.  
The vertues of this ring if ye woll here,  
Are these; that if she list it for to were  
Upon her thomb, or in her purse it bere,  
There is no foule that fleith undir heaven  
That she ne shall wele understond his steven,  
And know his mening opinly and plain;  
And answer him in his language againe.  
And every grafs that growith upon rote  
She shall wele know, and whom it woll do bore,  
All be his wounds nevir so depe and wide.  
This nakid swerd, that hangith by my side  
Soche vertue hath, that what man so ye smite,  
Thorough his armure it woll kerve and bite,  
Were it as thik, as is a braunchid Oke:  
And what man that is woundid with the stroke  
Shall ne'r be whole, till that you list of grace  
To stroke him with the plat in thilk place  
There he is hurt, that is as moche to saine,  
Ye mote with the plattè swerd againe  
Strokin him in the wound, and it woll close,  
This is the very soth withoutin glose:  
It failith not while it is in your hold.

And whan this Knight hath first his Tale ytold;  
He ridd out of the Hall, and down he light;  
His Stede, which that shone as the sunne bright,  
Stant in the Court as still as any ston;  
The Knight is to his chambir lad anon,  
He is unarmed, and to the mere yfette,  
And all these presents full rich ben yfett,  
That is to saine, the swerd, and the mirroure,  
All born anon was unto the high tower,  
With certene officers ordeyned therefore;  
And unto Canace the ring is bore  
Solempnly there as she satt at the table;  
But sikirly withoutin any fable,  
The horse of brass that may not be remewed  
It stant as it were to the ground yglewed;  
There may no man out of the place it drive  
For non engine, or winlas, or polive,  
And gode cause why, for they ken not the craft,  
And therefore in the place they han it last,  
Tyll that the Knight hath taught them the manere  
To voidin him, as ye shall astir here.  
Grete was the pres, that swarmid to and fro  
To gaurin on this hors that stondith so,  
For it so high was, and so brode and long,  
So well proportionid for to ben strong,  
Right as it were a stede of Lombardy,  
So horsly therewith, and so quick of eye;  
As it a gentil Polish Courser were:  
For certis fro his taile unto his ere  
Nature ne art ne coude him nought amend:  
In no degree as all the pepil wende,  
But evirmore their most wondir it was,  
How that it coude gon, and was all of brass.  
It was of Fairie as the pepil semid,  
Divers folk diversly they han demid,

150 As many bedes as many wirtes they bene:  
Thei murmur, as doin a swarm of Been,  
And madin skilles astir their fantasies  
Reherfing of the oldè poetries,  
And said it was ylike the Pegasè,  
The horse that hadde wingis for to fle;  
Or els it was the Grekis horse Sinon  
That broughtin Troye to destruction 230  
As men may in the oldè gestis rede.  
My hert, qd one, is evirmore in drede,  
I trow some men of armis ben therin,  
160 That shapin them this cite for to win:  
It were right gode that soch thingis wer know.  
An othir rownid to his fellow low,  
And seid, he lied; for it was rather like  
An apperaunce, ymade by some magike.  
As joglours playin at these festis grete  
Of sundry thoughts, thus jangle thei and trete, 240  
And as leaud pepil demith commonlie  
Of thingis, that ben made more subtille  
Than thei can in ther leaudnefs comprehend  
170 They demin gladly to the baddir end.  
And some of them wondrin on the mirroure,  
[That born was up into the Maister towr]  
How men mightin in it such thingis se,  
An othir seid, certis it might wele be  
Naturally by compositiouns  
Of angles, and of the reflecctions, 250  
And seide that at Rome was soch an one,  
Thei spak of Alcen, and Vitellon  
And Aristote, that writith in their lives,  
Of queint mirrouris, and of perspectives;  
As knowin thei that han their bokis herde.  
And othir folk han wondrid on the swerde;  
That wold so percin thorough every thing;  
And fall in spech of Telephus the King,  
And of Achilles for his quynte spere  
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere 260  
Right in soche wise, as men may with that swerde,  
Of which right now you have your selfis herde.  
They speke of fundri harding of metall,  
And speke of Medicinis ther withall  
And how and when it sholdin hardnid be  
Which is unknowin algate unto me.  
Tho spelin thei of Canace's ring,  
And seidin all, that soch a wondir thing  
Of craft of ringis herde thei nevir non,  
Save that he Moyses, and King Salomon 270  
Haddin a name of cunning in soch art,  
Thus sayn the peple, and drawin them apart.  
But natheles some seidin that it was  
280 Wondir to malin of Fern ashin glas,  
And yet is glafs nought like ashin of fern,  
But for that thei han knowin it so ferm.  
Therefore thei cesin jangling and there wondir.  
As fore some wondir on the cause of Thundir,  
On ebb and fode, on gosomor, and mill,  
And on all thing; till that the cause is wist. 290  
Thus jangling thei, and demin and devise,  
Till that the King gan fro his bord arise;  
Phebus hath let th' angle Mercurionall  
And yet ascording was the belle royall,  
The gentill Lyon, with his Almon  
Whan that this Tartar King, this Cambuscan  
Rose from his borde, there as he late full lene.  
Before him goth the loud Murratore,  
Till thei came to his chambrec of Paramente,  
There as they tounin ovrse instrumentes 300  
That it is like a Heven for to here,  
Now dancin lustie Venus children dere;  
For in the Fish ther Ladie fare full hye,  
And Ioloth on them with a frend's eye  
310 This nobill King is late upon his Throne  
This stranger Knight is set to him full one.



And on the daunce he goth with Canace.  
 Here is the revill, and the jollitie,  
 That a dul man n'is able to devise,  
 He must have knowin love and her service,  
 And bene a festlich-man, as frush as May,  
 That shoulde you devisin soch array,  
 Who couthe tell you the form of dauncis  
 So uncouth, and soch fresh countinauncis,  
 Such subtil lokinges, and dissimulinges  
 For dred of jelous menes appercevings?  
 No man but Lancelot, and he is dede,  
 Therefore I pass of all this lustyhedde.  
 I say no more, but in this jollines  
 I lete them, till men to suppir them dres.  
 The Steward biddith spicis for to hyc,  
 And eke the wine in all this melodye,  
 The Usheres and the Squiris ben ygone:  
 The spicis and the wine is come anon.  
 Thei ete and drink, and whan that had an end,  
 To the Tempil, as reson was, they wend;  
 The service done, thei suppin all by day,  
 What nedith to reherfin the array?  
 Ech man wor wele that at a King's feste  
 Is plenty to the most and to the leste,  
 And daintis mo than ben in my knowing.  
 And aftir suppir goth this nobill King  
 To sene this horse of brafs, with all his rout  
 Of Lordis, and of Ladies him about,  
 Soch wondring there was on this horse of brafs,  
 That sithin the grete Sege of Troye was,  
 There as men wondrid on an horse also,  
 Ne was there soch a wondring as was tho.  
 But finally the King askith the Knight  
 The vertue of this courfere and the might,  
 And prayid him to tell his governaunce;  
 The horse anon gan forth to trip and daunce,  
 Whan that this Knight laid hold upon his reine,  
 And seide, Sir, there is no more to seine,  
 But when you list to ridin any where,  
 You mote trill a pin stant in his ere,  
 Which I shall tellin you between us two  
 Ye mote nempne him to what place also,  
 Or to what Contrè, that you list to ride;  
 But when you come there as you list t'abide,  
 Bid him descend; and trill anothir pin;  
 [For therin lyth th' effect of all that gin]  
 And he wol down descend, and done your will,  
 And in that place he woll abidin still,  
 Though all the world had the contrary sworne,  
 He shall not thennis be throwin, ne borne.  
 Or if you listin bid him thennis gone,  
 Trill this pin, and he woll vanish anon  
 Out of the sight of every mannere wight,  
 And come agen, be it by day, or night,  
 Whan that you list to clepin him agene,  
 In soch a gise, as I shall to you seine,  
 Betwixtin you and me, and that full sone.  
 Ride when you list, there is no more to done.  
 Enfourmid whan the King was of the Knight,  
 And hath concevid in his wit aright,  
 The mannir and the form of all the thing,  
 Full glad and blith, this nobil doughty King  
 Repairith to his revill as beforne;  
 The bridyl is unto the Towr yborn,  
 And kept emong his jewelless lefe and dere;  
 The horse vanishith: I n'ot in what mannere,  
 Out of there sight, ye get no more of me.  
 But thus I lete in lust and jollitie  
 This Cambuscan, and his Lordis festing,  
 Till wele nighè the day began to spring.

*Explicit pars prima, & sequitur secunda pars.*

The noris of digestion, the slepe  
 Gan on them wink, and bad them to take kepe,

That mete and drink, and labour wol have rest,  
 And with a galping mouth them all he kest: 370  
 And seide it was time to ly adoun  
 For blode was in his exaltatioun.  
 Cherishith blode, natur's frend, qð he,  
 Thei thankin him, galping by two by thre,  
 And every wight gan drawin him to rest,  
 As slepe them bade; thei toke it for the best.  
 Their dremis shall not now be told of me,  
 Ful wer their hedis of Fumositie,  
 That causith dremes, of which there is no charge.  
 Thei slepin foundly, til it was prime large. 380  
 The moste part, but it were Canace,  
 [She was full mesurable as wymin be.]  
 For of her faðir had the toke her leve,  
 And gon to rest sone aftir it was eve;  
 Her leste not appallid for to be,  
 Nor on the morrow unfeistlich to se:  
 And slepte her first slepe, and then awoke.  
 For soche a joy she in her herte toke  
 Both of her queint ring, and of her mirrour,  
 That twenty timis she chaunged her colour: 390  
 And in her slepe, right for impressioun,  
 Of her mirrour she had a Vision.  
 Wherefore ere that the Sunne gan up to glide,  
 She clepid her Maistressis her beside,  
 And seide, that her leste for to arise,  
 These oldè wymen, that ben gladly wise  
 As is their Maistress, answerde her anon,  
 And seide, Madam, whiðir wol ye gon  
 Thus erli? for folk ben allè at rest;  
 I wol, qð she, arisin, for me lest 400  
 No lengir for to slepe, but walk about.  
 Her Maistress clepith wymen a grete rout,  
 And up they risin well nie ten or twelve,  
 Upristh the fresh Canace her selve,  
 As jolly and as bright as the yong Sunne,  
 That in the ram up four degrees is runne;  
 No higher was he whan she redy was,  
 And forth she walkith esly a pace,  
 Arayid for the lusty seson fote,  
 For to play lightly, and to walk on fote; 410  
 Not with but five or six of her meynè,  
 And in a trench ferre in the Park goth she.  
 The Vapor, which that fro the erthe glode,  
 Makith the sunne to seme ruddy and brode,  
 But nathelès it was so faire a sight,  
 That it made all their hertis for to light;  
 What for the seson, and for the morning,  
 And for the foulis that she herdè sing,  
 For right anon she wistè what they ment,  
 Right by their song, and knew all their intent. 420  
 The knottè why that every tale is told,  
 If it be taryed till the lust be cold  
 Of them that han it herk'nid aftir yore,  
 The favour passith ere lengir the more  
 For the fulsomness of prolixite,  
 And by the same reson, as thinkith me,  
 I sholde unto the knottè condescend,  
 And makin of her walking sone an end.  
 Amid a tre, for dry as white as chalk,  
 As Canacè was playing in her walk, 430  
 There satt a Faucon ovre her hede ful hie,  
 That with a pitous voice so gan to crie,  
 That all the wode resoundid of her cry,  
 And betin had her self ful pitously  
 With both her wingis, till that the rede blode  
 Ran endelong the tre there as she stode,  
 And evir ~~and~~ and anon she cryed and shrighit, 440  
 And with her bek her selfin so she pight,  
 That there ne was Tigre ne cruil beste,  
 That dwellith or in wode, or in forest,  
 That n'old han wept, if that they wepin coude,  
 For sorow of her, she shrighit ay so loude.

For



For there was never yet no man on live,  
 If that he cou'd a Faucon well describe,  
 That herd of soche another for fairnesse  
 As well of plumage as of gentilnesse  
 Of shape, of alle that might rek'nd be,  
 A Faucon peregrine than semid she  
 Of fremde lond, and evirmore as she stode  
 She swoundid now and now for lak of blode,  
 Till well nie is she fallin from the tre.  
 This King's faire doughtir, this Canace,  
 (That on her finger brought the queintè ring  
 Through which she undirstode well every thing  
 That any foule may in his Leddin faine,  
 And cou'd answere in his Leddin againe)  
 Hath undirstondè what this Faucon seyd,  
 And well nye for the routh almost she deyde,  
 And to the tre she goeth full hastily,  
 And on this Falcon lokith pitously,  
 And held her lappe abrode, for well she wist  
 The Falcon must yfallin fro the twiste,  
 When that she swoundid next, for lak of blode;  
 A long while there to waitin her she stode,  
 Till at the last she spake in this manere  
 Unto the hauke, as ye shull astir here.  
 What is the cause, if it be for to tell,  
 That ye ben in this furiall peyne of Hell?  
 Q<sup>d</sup> Canace unto this Hauke above.  
 Is this for sorue' of deth or los of love?  
 For as I trow these ben the causis two,  
 That causin most in gentill hertis wo.  
 Of othir harme it nedith not to speke,  
 For this your self upon your self you wreke,  
 Which provith wele that either ire or drede  
 Mote ben encheson of your cruill dede,  
 Sin that I se none othir wight you chafe,  
 For love of God so doth your selfe grace.  
 Or what may be your help? for West or Est  
 I never saw er now no bird ne beste  
 That fardè with himself so pitously;  
 Ye fle me with your sorow verily,  
 I have of you so grete compassioun;  
 For Godd's love come from the tre adoune,  
 And as I am a King's doughtir trewe,  
 If that I verily the causis knew  
 Of your difese, if it lay in my might  
 I wolde amend it er that it were night,  
 As wisly help me the grete God of kind,  
 And herbis eke shall I right now yfind  
 To helin with your hurtis hastily.  
 Tho shright this Falcon yet more pitously  
 Than er she did, and fell to ground anon,  
 And lyth aswound as dede as any stone;  
 Till Canace hath in her lapp her take,  
 Unto the time she gan of swoune awake,  
 And astir that she gan of swoune abreyd,  
 Right in the Hauk's Leddin thus she seyde.  
 That pite rennith sone in gentil hert  
 (Feling his similitude in peins smert)  
 Is provid al day, as men may it se,  
 As wel by werk, as by authority,  
 For gentil hert kepith ay gentilnesse,  
 I se well that ye have of my distres  
 Compassion, my fairist Canace,  
 Of very wymenly benignity,  
 That Nature in your principles hath sett;  
 But for none hope for to farin the bett,  
 But for to obey unto your hert fre,  
 And for to make others beware by me,  
 As by the whelp chastised is the Lion,  
 Right for that cause and that conclusion,  
 While that I have a leysure, and a space,  
 Mine harme I woll confessin er I pace.  
 And evir while that one her sorow told,  
 That othir wept, as she to watir wold.

Till that the Falcon bad her to be stil,  
 And with a sigh thus she seide her til.  
 There I was bred, alas! that ilke day,  
 And fostrid in a rock of Marble gray,  
 So tenderly, that nothing ailid me,  
 I ne wist not what was adversity,  
 Till I cou'd fly full hie undir the Sky.  
 Tho dwelled a Tercellet me faste by,  
 That semid a well of all gentilnesse;  
 Al were he full of treson and fallenesse,  
 It was so wrappid undir humble chere,  
 And undir hew of trowth, in soche mannere,  
 Undir plesaunce, and undir bisy paine,  
 That no wight cou'd have wend that he cou'de faine;  
 So depe in graine he dyid his coloures;  
 Right as a Snake hidith him undir floures,  
 Till he may se his time for to bite:  
 Right so this God of Lov's hypocrite  
 Doth his Ceremonies and Obeysaunce,  
 With his dissimuling, and faire semblaunce,  
 That sounith into gentilnesse of Love,  
 As in a tomb is alle faire above,  
 And undir is the Corse, soche as ye wot;  
 Soche was this hypocrite both cold and hote.  
 And in this wise he servid his intent,  
 That, save the fend, none wiste what he ment,  
 Till he so long hath wepid and complained,  
 And many'a yere his service to me fained,  
 Till that my hert too pitous, and too nice  
 All innocent of his cruill Malice,  
 For ferdè of his deth, as thoughte me,  
 Upon his Othis, and his Suretie  
 Grauntid him love, on this Condition,  
 That evirmore mine honour and renoun  
 Were savid both privily, and apert.  
 That is to say, that astir his desert  
 I gaf him all myn hert, and all my thought,  
 God wote, and in none othir wise nought;  
 And toke his hert in chaunge of mine for ay;  
 But soth is said gon sithin many'a day,  
*A trew wight and a these thinkith not one.*  
 And whan he saw the thing so farr ygone,  
 That I grauntid him fully all my love,  
 In soche a gyfe, as I have seide above,  
 And gevin him my trewe hert as fre  
 As he swore he gavin his hert to me,  
 Anon this Tigre, full of doublenesse,  
 Fell on his knees, with so devout humbleffs,  
 With hie reverence, and eke by his chere  
 So like a gentil lovir, of manere  
 So ravishid, as it semid, for joy,  
 That never Troylus, Paris of Troy,  
 Ne Jason certis, ne none othir Man  
 Since Lamech was, that aldirfirst began  
 To lovin two, as writin folk befor,  
 Ne never sith the first Man was yborn  
 Ne couth Man by the twenty thousand part  
 Counterfete the Sophismis of his Art,  
 Ne were worthy t' unbokle his galoche,  
 There doublenesse or faining shold approche;  
 Ne so couth thank a wight as he did me.  
 His manir was a hevyn for to se  
 To any woman were she ner' so wise,  
 So paintid he his chere at point devise,  
 As well his wordis as his Countinaunce;  
 I so lovid him for his obeysaunce,  
 And for the trowth I demid in his hert,  
 That if so were that any thing him smert,  
 Al were it ne're so lite, and I it wist,  
 Methought I felt deth at my herte twist.  
 And shortly so ferforth this thing is went  
 That my will was his will's instrument,  
 That is to sey, my will obeyed his will,  
 In all thingis, as ferre as reson fill,



Keping the boundis of my worship evir,  
Ne nevyr had I thing so lese ne levir  
As him, God wot, ne nevyr shul no mo.

This last th' lengir than a yere or two  
That I supposyd of him nothing but gode.

But finally, thus at the last it stode,  
That fortune woldè that he must ytwinn  
Out of that place, which that I was inn.  
Wher' me was wo, it is no question,  
I cannot make of it description.

But o thing dare I tellin boldly,  
I know what is the peine of deth thereby,  
Soche harme I felt, that he ne might beleve.  
So on a day of me he toke his leve,  
So sorowfully, I wend verily

That he had felid as moche harme as I,  
Whan that I herd him spake, and saw his hewe,  
But natheless I thought he was so trewe,  
And eke that he reparin shold againe,  
Within a litil while, sothe to saine,  
And reson wold also that he shold go  
For his honour, as oftyn happith so,  
That I made vertue of necessity,

And toke it well, sith that it nedes must be:  
As best I might I hid from him my sorow,  
And toke him by the hond St. John to borow,  
And seide him thus, lo! I am yours al,  
Beth soche as I have ben to you and shal.  
What he answerde it nedith not reherce,  
Who can say bett than he, who can do werse?  
Whan he hath all well said, than hath he done,  
Therefore behovith him a full long sponc  
That shall ete with a fend, thus herd I say.

So at the last he mote forth on his way,  
And forth he steth till he came there him lest,  
Whan it come him to purpose for to rest,  
I trove he haddin thilke text in mind.

That every thing repairing to his kind  
Gladdith themselves, thus saine men as I gesse,  
Men love of propir kind new-fangleness,  
As birdis don, that men in cagis fede,  
For though thou night and day take of them hede,  
And straw their cagis fair and soft as silk,  
And geve them sugar, hony, brede, and milk,  
Yet right anon as that his dore is up,  
He with his fere will spurn adoun his cup,  
And to the wode he wold, and wormis etc,  
So new-fangle bein they of their mete,  
And lovin novilries of propir kind,

No gentilnes of blode ne may they bind.

So ferd this Tercelet, alas the day!  
Though he were gentil born, and fresh and gay,  
And godely for to se, humble and fre,  
He saw upon a time a kite yfle,

And sodeinly he lovid this kite so,  
That all his love is clene fro me ygo,  
And hath his trouth yfalsid in this wise;  
Thus hath the Kite my love in her servise,  
And I am lorn withoutin remedy.

And with that word this Falcon gan to cry, 650  
And swounid oft in Canace's barme;

Grete was the sorow for that Faucon's harme,  
That Canace, and all her wymen made,  
They n'ist how that they might her Faucon glade.  
But Canace home bereth her in her lapp,  
And softly in plaisters gan her wrapp,  
There as she with her bek had hurt her selve.

Now cannot Canace but herbis delve  
Out of the ground, and makin salvis new  
Of herbis pretioufe, and fine of hew, 660  
To helin with the Hauk fro day to night  
She doth her besinefs, and all her might.

And by her bedd'is hede she made a mew,  
And coverid it with velvetis blew,

In sign of trouth that is in woman fene,  
And all without the mew is paintid grene,  
In which were paintid all these false foules,  
As ben these tidifes, Terceletes, and Oules,  
Right for despite were paintid them beside  
Pyes, on them for to cryin and to chide. 670

This leve I Canace her Hauk keping;  
I wol no more as now speke of her ring,  
Till it come eft to purpose for to saine  
How that this Falcon got her love againe,  
Repentant, as the story tellith us,  
By Mediation of Camballus,  
The King's Sone, of which I have you told.  
But hennisforth I woll my purpose hold  
To speke of Aventures, and of Battailes,  
That yet was nevyr herd so gret Mervailles. 680

First woll I tell you of King Cambuscan,  
That in his time many a Cite wan,  
How that he wan Thedora to his wife;  
And aftir wol I speke of Algarise,  
For whom full oft in grete peril he was,  
Ne had ben holpin but by th' hors of bras:  
And aftir wol I speke of Camballo,  
That fought in listis with the brethrin two,  
For Canace er that they might her winn.  
And there I left I woll againe beginn.

Explicit Pars secunda.

Apollo whirlith up his Chare so hie,  
Till that the God Mercurius the flie.

There can no more be found of this TALE, which hath been sought for in diverse places, say all the  
Printed Books that I have seen, and also MSS.



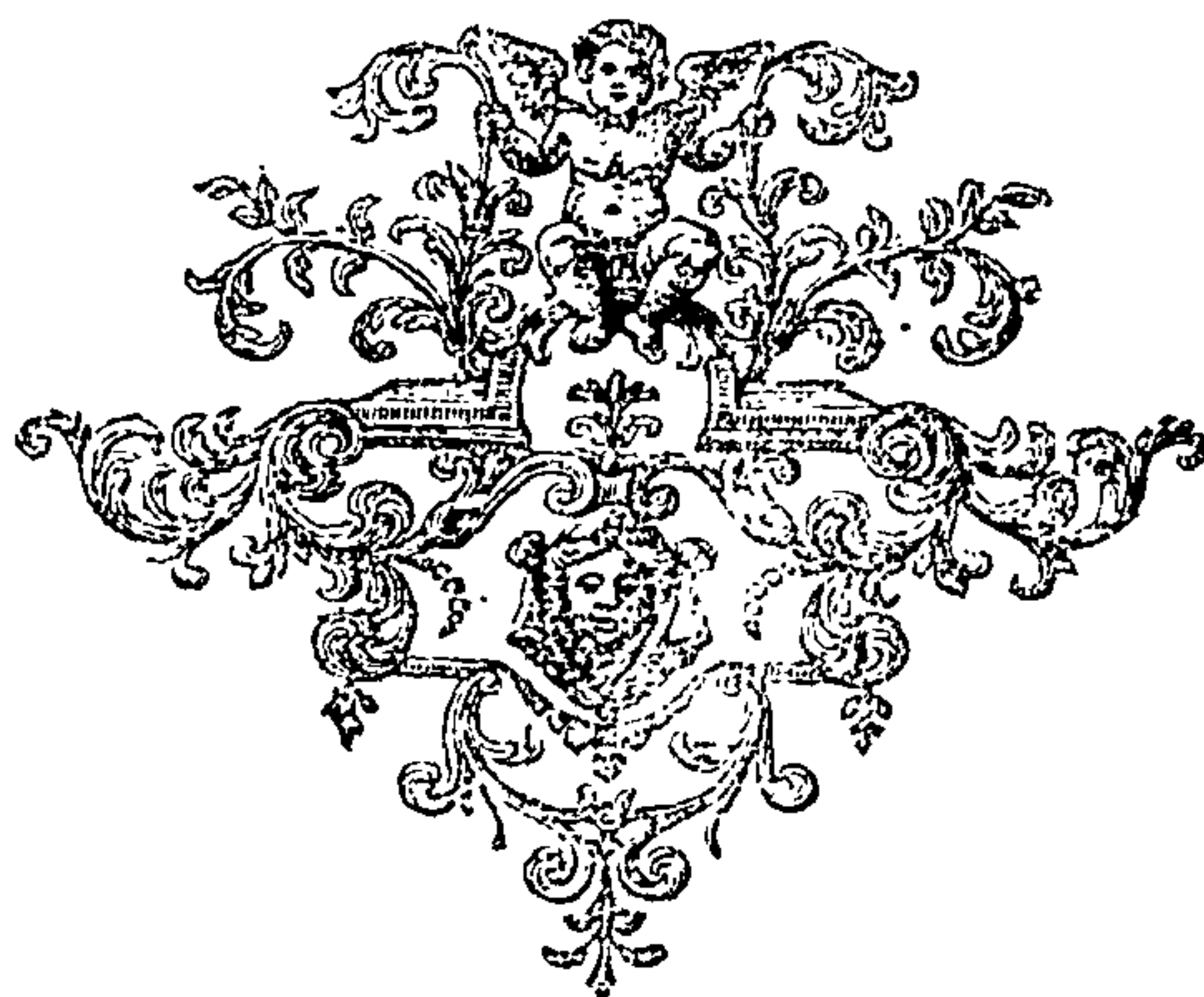


Here followeth the words of the Marchaunt to the Squier, and the words of the Host to the Marchaunt.

**I**N Faith, Squier, thou hast The well yquit,  
And gently too, I praise well thy wit,  
Q<sup>s</sup> the Marchaunt, considering thy youth,  
So felingly thou spekst, I The alouth  
As to my dome, there is none that is here  
Of Eloquence that shall be thy pere,  
If that thou live, God give The right gode chance,  
And in vertue send The perseverance. 700  
For of thy speking I have grete deinte,  
I have a Sonne, and by the Trinity  
I had levir than twenty pounds worth lond  
(Although it now were fallin in my hond)  
He were a Man of soche discretioun  
As that ye ben, fie on possessioun!  
But if a Man be vertuouse withall.  
I have my Sonne snybbid, and yet I shall;  
For he to vertue listith not t' entend,  
But for to play at dice, and for to spend, 710

And lese all that he hath, is his usage,  
And he had levir to talk with a page,  
Than to commune with any gentle wight,  
Where he might lernin gentilnes aright.  
Straw for your Gentilnesles, q<sup>s</sup> our Host,  
What, Marchaunt? parde, Sir, full well thou wost  
That eche of you mote tellin at the lest,  
A tale or two, or brekin your beheft.  
That know I well, q<sup>s</sup> the Marchaunt, certein,  
I pray you have me not in no disdain, 720  
Though I to this Man speke a word or two.  
Tell on thy Tale withoutin wordis mo.  
Gladly, Sir Host, q<sup>s</sup> he, I woll obey  
Unto your will, now herk'nith what I say,  
I woll you not contrary in no wise  
As ferre as my wittis wollin suffice,  
I pray to God that it may plesin you,  
Than wote I well that it is gode ynow.

Thus end the words of the Host, and the Marchaunt, and here follows the Marchaunt's Prologue.







## The MARCHAUNT's PROLOGUE.

**W**eping, and wailing, care and othir sorow,  
I have ynow both evin and eke morow, 730  
Qð the Marchaunt, and so have othir mo,  
That weddid be, I trow that it be so.

For well I wot it farith so by me,  
I have a wife the worst that mayin be,  
For though the fendè couplid to her were,  
She wold him ovirmatch I dare well swere.  
What shold I you rehersin in speciall  
Her high Malice? She is a Shrew at all.

There is a long and a large difference  
Betwixtè Grisild'is grete pacience  
And of my wife the passing cruilty,  
Were I unbondin al so mote I The  
I woldin nevir est come in the snare.  
We weddid Men live in sorow and care,

Assay whoso woll, and he shall yfind  
That I say sothe; by St. Thomas of Inde,  
As for the more part, I say not all,  
God sheldè that it sholdin so befall.

Ah gode Sir Host, I have yweddid be,  
These Monthis two, and more not parde, 750  
And yet I trow, that he, that all his life  
Hath weddid ben, although men shold him rife  
Into the herte, ne couth in no manere  
Tell so moche sorow as that I now here  
Couth tellin of my wiv'is cursedness.

740 Now, qð our Host, Marchaunt so God The bless,  
Syn ye ben so moch knowin of that art,  
Full hertily I pray you tell us part.

Gladly qð he, but of myn ownè sore  
For sorry hert I tellin may no more.

Here endith the PROLOGUE.

The



## The MARCHAUNT'S TALE.

Old January marrieth young May, and for his unequal Match receiveth a  
foul Reward.



Wylom there was dwelling in Lombardy  
 A worthy Knight that born was at Pavy,  
 In which he lived in grete prosperity,  
 And sixty yere a wifeles Man was he,  
 And followed ay his bodily delite  
 On wymen, there as was his appetite:  
 As don these folis that ben seculeres.  
 And whan that he was past of sixty yeres;  
 Were it for holiness, or for dotage,  
 I cannot say, but soche a grete corage  
 Had this same Knight to ben a weddid Man;  
 That day and night he doth all that he can  
 To espy where that he weddid may be,  
 Praying our Lord to grauntin him that he  
 Mightin once knowin of that blisfull life,  
 That is betwixt an husbond and a wife:  
 And for to live undir that holy bond,  
 With which God the first man and woman bond.  
 None othir life, seid he, is worth a bene,  
 For wedlock is so esy and so clene,  
 That in this world it is a Paradise.  
 Thus saith this old Knight that was so wise,  
 And certainly, as soth as God is King,  
 To take a wife it is a glorious thing,  
 And namely whan a Man is old and hore;  
 Than is a wife the frute of his trefore,  
 Than shold he take a yong wife and a faire,  
 On which he might engendrin him an heir,  
 And lede his life in joy and in solace,  
 Whereas these bachelers singin alas!  
 Whan that they find any adversite  
 In love, which n'is but child's vanite.  
 And trewly it sittin well to be so,  
 That bachelers han oftin peine and wo,  
 On brotill ground they bildin brotilness,  
 They find freltly, when they wene sikirness.  
 They live but as livin the birds and bests  
 In liberty, and undir nice arrests,  
 There as a weddid Man in his estate  
 Livith a life blisfull and ordinate,  
 Undir the yoke of marriage ybound  
 Well may his hert in joy and blis habound,  
 For who can be so buxome as a wife,  
 Who is so trew, and eke so attentife,  
 To kepe him sike and wele, as is his make?  
 For wele ne wo she will him not forsake,  
 She n'is not wery him to love and serve,  
 Though that he ly bedrid untill he sterve;  
 And yet some clerkis saine it is not so.  
 Of whiche Theophrast is one of tho.  
 What force though Theophrast listith to ly?  
 Ne take no wife, qd he, for husbondry,  
 As for to spare in household thy dispence,  
 A trew servaunt doith more diligence,  
 Thy godes to kepe, than doth thine own wife;  
 For she wold claymin half part all her life,  
 And if that thou be sike, so God me save,  
 Thy very trendis, or thy own trew knave  
 Wold kepe The bett than she, that waitith ay  
 Aftir thy gode, and hath don many a day.  
 And if thou take a wife that is untrew  
 Full oftin time it shall The sorely rew.  
 This sentence, and an hundrid fithis worse  
 Writith this man there God his bonis curse,

But take no kepe of all soche vaniry;  
 Defyith Theophrast, and herk'nith me.  
 A wife is Godd's gessé verily,  
 All othir mannir gettis hardily,  
 As londis, rentis, pasture, or commune;  
 Or movables, all ben gesses of fortune,  
 That passin as a shadow on a wall,  
 But drede it nought, if plainly speke I shall,  
 A wife wold last, and in thine house endure  
 Well lengir than The list peraventure.  
 Marriage is a full grete Sacrament,  
 He which hath no wife I hold him shent,  
 He liveth helpless, and all desolate.  
 (I speke of folk in seculer estate)  
 And herkin why I say not this for nought,  
 The woman was for mann's help ywrought,  
 The high God, whan he had Adam maked  
 And saw him alone all bely naked,  
 That God of his grete godeness seide than,  
 Let us now make an help unto this man,  
 Like to himself, and then he made him Eve;  
 Here ye may se, and hereby may ye preve,  
 That a wife is mann's help and comfort,  
 His paradise terrestre, and his disport:  
 So buxom, and so vertuouse is she,  
 They mote nedis livin in unity,  
 One flesh they ben, and two soules, as I gessé,  
 Have but one hert in wele and in distresse.  
 A wife! Seint Mary *benedicite*!  
 How may a man havin adversite  
 That hath a wife? Certis I cannot sey  
 The blis and joy, that is betwixt them twey,  
 There may no tongue tellin, or herte think.  
 If he be pore, she helpith him to swink,  
 She kepith his gode, wastith nevre a dele,  
 All that her husbond lust her likith wele,  
 She saith not onis nay, when he saith ye.  
 Do this, saith he; all redy Sir, qd she.  
 O blisful ordir of wedlok pretious,  
 Thou art so mery, and so vertuouse,  
 And so commendid and approvid eke,  
 That every man that halt him worth a leke,  
 Upon his bare knees oughtin all his life  
 Thankin his God, that him hath sent a wife,  
 Or pray to God daily him for to send  
 A wife, to last unto his liv'is end.  
 For than his life is sett in sikerness,  
 He may not be decevid, as I gessé,  
 So that he werk aftir his wiv'is rede,  
 Than may he boldly berin up his hede.  
 They ben so trew, and therewithal so wise,  
 For which, if thou wilt werchin as the wife,  
 Do alwey so as wymen wold The rede.  
 Lo! how that Jacob, as these Clerkis rede,  
 By gode counsaile of his Moſir Rebek,  
 Boundin the kidd's skin about his nak,  
 For which his faſir's benison he wan.  
 Lo! Judith, as the story tellin can,  
 By her wife counsaile Godd's peple kept,  
 And slew huge Holofernes while he slept.  
 Lo Abigail! by counsaile how that she  
 Savid her husbond Nabal, whan that he  
 Shold have ben slaine; and loke! Hester also  
 By gode counsaile deliverid out of do

The



- The peple' of God, and made him Mordoché  
Of Affluere enhansid for to be.  
There n'is nothing in gree superlatife  
(As faieith Senec) above an humble wife,  
Suffer thy wiv'is tunge, as Caton bid,  
She shall commaund, and thou shalt suffer it,  
And yet she wolle obey of curtesy.  
A wife is kepir of thine husbondry,  
Well may the sike man wailin and wepe,  
Thereas there n'is no wife the house to kepe.  
I warn The, if that wisely thou wilt werch,  
Lovith thy wife, as Christ lovith his Cherch.  
If thou love thy self well, thou lovest thy wife,  
No man hatith his flesh, but in his life  
He sostrith it, and therefore bid I The  
Cherish thy wife, or thou shalt never the.  
Husbond and wife, what men so jape and play,  
Of worldly folk holdin the sikir way,  
They ben so knir, there may no harme betide,  
And namily upon the wiv'is side.  
For which this January', of which I told,  
Considerid hath in his day'is old  
The lusty life, the vertuous quite,  
That is in Marriag'is hony swete,  
And for his frendis on a day he sent,  
To tellin them th' effect of his entent,  
With sobir face his tale he hath them told.  
He said, gode frendis, I am hore and old,  
And almost, God wot, on the pitt'is brink,  
Upon my soule now somewhat must I think,  
I have my body folily dispended,  
Blessid be God, it shall ben amended,  
For I wolle ben certein a weddid Man,  
And that anon, in all the haste I can,  
Unto some maidin faire, of tendir age,  
I pray you shapith for my mariage,  
All sodeinly, for I wolle not abide,  
And I wolle sondin to spyce on my side  
To whome I may be weddid hastily.  
But forasmoche as ye ben mo than I,  
Ye shall rather soche a thing espyin  
Than I, where me best were to allyin.  
But one thing warn I you, my frendis dere,  
I wolle none old wife have in no manere,  
She shall not passin fixtene yere certeine,  
Old fish, and yong flesh wolle I have full faine.  
Bett is, q'ð he, a pike, than a pik'reel,  
And bett than old beef is the tendir veel.  
I n'ill woman of thirty wintir age,  
It n'is but benè stalk, and grete forage.  
And eke these olde wivis, God it wote,  
They connin so moche craft in Wad'is bote,  
So mochil brokin-harm whan that them list,  
That with them shold I never live in rest.  
For sondry Scholis makith forill Clarkis,  
Woman of many Scholis half a Clark is.  
But certainly a yong thing may men gye,  
Right as men may warm wax with hondis plie.  
Wherefore I say you plainly in a clause  
I n'ill none old wife have right for this cause:  
For if so were I had some soche mischance  
That in her I ne cou'd have no plesance,  
Than shold I lede my life in advoutry,  
And so streight to the Devill whan I dye.  
Ne children shold I none on her gettin,  
Yet hadd I levir houndis had me etin,  
Than that my heritage sholdin yfall  
Into straunge hondes, and this I tell you all  
I dote not, I wote well the causis why  
Men shold weddin, and furthirmore wot I  
There spekith many man of marriage  
That wote no more of it than doth my page,  
For which causis man shold take a wife,  
If he ne may not livin chaste his life;
- Take him a wife with grete devotion  
Bicause of lefull procreation  
Of childrin to th' honour of God above,  
And not only for paramour or love,  
And for they shuldin lechery eschue,  
And yeeld their dettis whan that they be due,  
Or for that eche of them shold help othir  
In misfir, as a sustir shold a brothir,  
And live in chastity full hevynly.  
But, Siris, by your leve that am not I,  
For, God be thankid, I can make avaunt  
I fele my limmis stark and suffisaunt  
To don all that a man belongith to.  
I wore my selvin best what I may do.  
Though I be hore, I fare as doth a tre  
That blossomith er that frute ywox be:  
The blossom'd tre is neithir drie ne dedd,  
I felin no where hore but on my hedd:  
My herte and my limmis ben as grene  
As laurell is thorough the yere to sene.  
And sithin ye han herd all mine entent,  
I pray you to my will ye wolle assent.  
Diverse men diversly havin him told  
Of Marriage many ensamplis old,  
Some blamith it, some praisith it certeine.  
But at the last, shortly for to faine  
(As all day fallith altercation  
Betwixt frendis in disputation)  
There fel a strife betwixt his brethrin two,  
Of which that one was clepid Placebo,  
Justinus sothely callid was the other.  
Placebo said, O January brother,  
Full litil nede han ye my lord so dere  
Counsaile to ask of any that is here,  
But that ye ben so full of sapience,  
That you ne likith for your hie prudence  
To wayvin fro the words of Salomon,  
This word sayith he unto everichone,  
Workith all thing by counsaile, thus saied he,  
And then ne shalt thou not repent in The.  
But though that Salomon speke soche a word,  
Mine own dere brothir, and my lefft Lord,  
So wisely God bringin my soule to rest,  
I holde your own counsaile for the best.  
For brothir myn, of me take this motife,  
I have ben now a Courtman all my life,  
And God wote though I now unworthy be,  
I have yflondin in full grete degre  
Abovin Lordis of full high estate,  
Yet had I ner' with none of them debate,  
I never them contraryid truly,  
I wote wele that my Lord can more than I;  
What that he faieith I hold it firm and stable,  
I say the same, or ellis thing semblable;  
A full grete fole is any Councillour,  
That servith any Lord of high honour,  
That dare presume, or onis thinkin it,  
That his counsaile shold pass his lord'is wit.  
Nay Lordis be no folis by my fay,  
Ye havin your selve spokin here to day  
So hie sentence, so holi, and so well,  
That I consent, and confirm every dell  
Your wordis all, and your opinion,  
By God there n'is no man in all this toun  
Ne in all Italie couth bett have saide;  
Christ hold him of this Counsaile well apaid!  
And trewily it is an high corage  
For any man that is slopin in age  
To take a yong wife, by my fa'ir kin,  
Your hert hongith upon a jolly pin,  
Doth now in this mattere right as ye left,  
For finally I hold it for the best.  
Justinus, that aye stille sat and herd,  
Right in this wise to Placebo answerd.

Now



Now brothir mine be pacient I pray,  
 Sith ye have seid, and herk'nith what I say;  
 Senec among his othir wordis wife  
 1040 Saith that a man oughtin him well avise,  
 To whom he gevith his lond or catell;  
 And sith I ought avise me right well  
 To whome I geve my godes away fro me,  
 Moche more I oughtin well avised be  
 To whome I geve my body, for alweye  
 I warne you well, it is no child's playe,  
 To take a wife without avisement,  
 Men must enquirin, this is mine assent,  
 Whether she be wife, sober, or dronkelew,  
 Or proud, or any othir ways a shrew?  
 A chider, or a waster of thy gode,  
 Or rich or pore? Or els a man is wode,  
 Al be it so that no man findin shall  
 None in this world that trottith whole in all;  
 Ne man ne best, soch as men can devise,  
 But nathclefs it ought ynow suffice  
 With any wife, if so were that she had  
 Mo thewis gode than are her vicis bad.  
 And al this askith leifure to enquere,  
 For God wote I have wept many a tere  
 Full privily sithin I had a wife,  
 Praise whofo woll a weddid mann's life,  
 Certain I find in it but cost and care,  
 And observauncis of all blissis bare;  
 And yet God thank my neighbouris about,  
 And namily of wymen a grete rout  
 Sain that I havin the most stedfast wife,  
 And eke the mekist one that berith life.  
 But I wote best where wringith me my shoe,  
 Ye may for me right as ye lust to do,  
 1070 Avilith you, ye ben a man of age,  
 How that ye entrin into mariage,  
 And namely with a yong wife and a faire,  
 By him that made watir, fire, erth, and air,  
 The yongist man that is in all this rout  
 Is byfy ynow to bring it about,  
 To have his wife alone, ytrustith me,  
 Ye shullin not plesin her yeris thre,  
 This is to faine, to doin her plesaunce,  
 A wife askith full many observaunce.  
 I pray you that you be not ill apaid.  
 Q<sup>d</sup> January, and hast'ow alle said?  
 Straw for thy Senec, and for thy proverbs,  
 I count it not worth a pannir of herbs  
 Of schole termis, full wiser men than thou,  
 As thou hast herd, assentith it right now.  
 To my purpose: Placebo, what say ye?  
 I say it is a cursid man, q<sup>d</sup> he,  
 That lettith Matrimony sikirly.  
 And with that word they risin sodeinly,  
 1090 And ben assentid fully that he shold  
 Be weddid whan him list, and where he wold.  
 High fantasy, and this curiousness  
 Fro day to day gan in the soule empress  
 Of January' about his mariage,  
 Many fair shape, and many faire visage  
 There passith thorough his hert night by night,  
 As whofo toke a mirrour polished bright,  
 And sett it in a common market place,  
 Than shold he se many a figure pace  
 1100 By this mirrour, and in the same wife  
 Gan January in his thought devise  
 Of Maidins which that dwellin him beside,  
 He wist not where that he might best abide.  
 For if that one had bewte in her face,  
 Anothir stant so in the peplis grace  
 For her sadnes and her benignite,  
 That of the peple gretist voice had she.  
 And some were rich, and haddin a bad name,  
 But nathclefs betwixt ernist and game

He at the last appointid him in one;  
 And let al othir from his hert ygone,  
 And chese her of his own authority,  
 1040 For love is blind all day, and may not se.  
 And whan that he was in his bedde brought,  
 Her portreyd in his hert, and in his thought,  
 Her bewte fresh, and her age so tendir,  
 Her middle smale, her armes long and slendir,  
 Her wise governaunce, and her gentilnes,  
 Her womanly bering, and her sadnes, 1120  
 And whan he was on her condescendid,  
 Him thought his choice might not ben amendid.  
 For whan that he himself concludid had,  
 1050 Him thought ilk othir mann's wit so bad,  
 That impossible it were to reply  
 Against his choice, this was his fantasy.  
 His frendis sent he to at his instaunce,  
 And prayith them to don him that plesaunce,  
 That hastily they wold unto him come,  
 He wold abregge their labour al and some, 1130  
 Nedith no more for them to go ne ride,  
 He was appointid there he wold abide.  
 Placebo came, and eke his frendis sone,  
 1060 And aldirfirst he bad of them a bone,  
 That none of them none argumentis make,  
 Against his purpose that he hath ytake,  
 Which purpose was plesaunt to God, seid he,  
 And very ground of his prosperite.  
 He seid, there was a Maidin in the tounne,  
 Which that for bewte haddè grete renounne, 1140  
 Al were it so she were of smale degre,  
 Suffisith him her youth, and her bewte.  
 Which Maid he said he wold her have to wife,  
 1070 To lede in ese and holiness his life,  
 And thonkid God that he might han her all,  
 And that no wight his bliss departin shall.  
 And prayith them to labour in this nede,  
 And shapin, that he failith not to spede.  
 For then he seide his spirit was at ese,  
 That is, q<sup>d</sup> he, nothing may me displese, 1150  
 Save o thing prikith in my Conscience,  
 The which I woll reherce in your presence.  
 I have, q<sup>d</sup> he, herd say full yore ago,  
 1080 There may no man have perfite blissis two,  
 That is to sey in yerth, and eke in heven,  
 For though he kepe him from the finnis seven,  
 And eke from every braunch of thilke tre,  
 Yet is there so perfite prosperite,  
 And so grete ese and lust in mariage,  
 That aye I am agast now in mine age, 1160  
 That I shall ledin so mery a life,  
 So delicate withoutin wo or strife,  
 That I shall have my hevin on erth here,  
 1090 For sithin very heven is bought so dere  
 With tribulation and grete pennaunce,  
 How shold I then living in soche plesaunce  
 As alle weddid men don with their wivis,  
 Come to the bliss there Crist eterne on live is?  
 This is my drede, and ye my brethrin tweie  
 Assoilith me this question I you prey. 1170  
 Justinus, which that hatid his foly,  
 Answerd anon right in his japery,  
 And for he woldin his long tale abregge,  
 1100 He woldin none authority allegge,  
 But seid, Sir, so there be none obstacle  
 Othir than this, God of his miracle  
 And of his mercy may so for you werch,  
 That er ye han your rights of holy Chereh;  
 Ye may repent of weddid mann's life,  
 In which ye sain is neither wo ne strife; 1180  
 And ellis God forbid but if he sent  
 A weddid man the grace him to repent,  
 Well oftin rathir than a single man;  
 And therefore, Sir, the best rede that I can,  
 Despeirith



Despeirith not, but have in memory  
 Paraunter she may be your Purgatory.  
 She may be Godd's mene, and Godd's whip,  
 Than shall your Soule up to the Hevin skip  
 Swifter than doth an arrow out of bow.  
 I hope in God hereaftir ye shull know  
 That there n'is none so grete felicite  
 In mariage, ne nevyr none shall be,  
 That you shall let of your Salvation;  
 So that ye use, as skill is and reson,  
 The lustis of your wife attemp'rately,  
 And that ye plesse her nat too am'roussly,  
 And that ye kepe you eke from othir Sinn,  
 My tale is don, for my wit is but thinn.  
 Beth not aghast hereof my derè brothir,  
 But wade we fro this mattir to anothisr.  
 The Wife of Bath, if ye woll undirstand  
 Of Mariage, which ye now have in hand,  
 Declarith full well in a litill space.  
 Farith now well, God have you in his grace.  
 And with this word Justin and his brothir  
 Han take their leve eche one of the othir.  
 For whan they saw that it must nedis be,  
 They wroughtin so by wife and flie tretie,  
 That she, this Maidin, which that May did hight,  
 As hastily as evir that she might  
 Shall weddid be to this January;  
 I trow it were too long you to tary,  
 If I told you of every scrite and bond  
 By which she was feoffid in all his lond,  
 Or for to herkin of her rich array.  
 But finally ycomin is the day,  
 That to the Cherche both tway ben they went  
 For to receive the holy Sacrament;  
 Forth came the preest with stole about his nek,  
 And bad her be like Sara and Rebek,  
 In wisdom and in trowth of Mariage,  
 And said his Orisons, as is th' usage;  
 And crouchid them, and bad God shold them blefs,  
 And made ail fikre' ynow with holneis.  
 Thus ben they weddid with so'empnite,  
 And at the feste sittith both he and she,  
 With othir worthy folk upon the deis,  
 All full of joy and blis is the Paleis,  
 And full of instruments, and of vitaille,  
 And the most deintyist of al Itaille.  
 Beforn him stode soche instruments of sounce,  
 That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphion  
 Ne madin nevyr soche a melody,  
 At every cours came the loud Minstralcie,  
 That nevyr Joab trompid for to here,  
 Neither Theodamas yet half so clere,  
 At Thebis, whan the Cite was in dout.  
 Bacchus the wine them skinkith al about,  
 And Venus laughith blith on every wight,  
 For January was become her Knight,  
 And woldin both assayin his corage,  
 In liberty, and eke in mariage;  
 And with her firebrond in her hond about  
 Dauncith before the bride, and all the rout.  
 And certainly I dare well say right this,  
 Hymeneus, that God of wedding is,  
 Saw nevyr so mery a weddid Man.  
 Hold thou thy pece thou Poet Marcian,  
 That writist us, that ilk wedding mery  
 Of Philology, and of Mercury,  
 And of the Songis that the Muses song,  
 Too smale is both thy pen, and eke thy tonge  
 For to descrivin of this Mariage,  
 Whan tendir youth hath weddid stouping age,  
 There is soche mirth, as may not be writtin,  
 Assayith your selve, than may ye wittin,  
 If that I lie, or non, in this mattere.  
 May that sittin with so benign a chere,

That her to behold it semed a Feirie,  
 Quene Hester lokid ner with soch an eye, 1260  
 On Assuere, so meke a loke hath she.  
 I may you not devise al her bewte,  
 But thus moche of her bewte tell I may,  
 That she was like the bright morow of May,  
 Fulfillid of all bewte and plesaunce.  
 Tho January' is ravished in a traunce,  
 At every time he lokid in her face,  
 But in his hert he gan her to menace,  
 That he that night in his arms wold her streine,  
 Harder than evir Paris did Helein. 1270  
 But nathelès yet had he grete pite,  
 That thilkè night offendin her must he.  
 And thought alas! o the tendir cature!  
 Now woldè God she mightin well endure  
 All my corage, it is so sharpe and kene,  
 I am aghast she shall it not sustene,  
 But God forbid, that I did all my might;  
 Now woldè God that it were waxin night,  
 And that the night wold lastin evirmo,  
 I wold that all these peple were ago. 1280  
 And finally he doth al his labour  
 As he best mightin savig his honour,  
 To haste them fro the mete in-fotill wise,  
 The time ycame that reson was to rise,  
 And aftir that men dauncin and drink fast,  
 And spicis al about the house they cast,  
 And full of joy and blis is every man,  
 Al but a Squire that hightin Damian,  
 Which karfe before the Knight many a day,  
 He was so ravished on his lady May, 1290  
 That for the very peine he was nyc wode,  
 Almost he swelt and swoundid where he stode.  
 So fore hath Venus hurt him with her brand!  
 So fresh she was, and thereto so licand!  
 And to his bedde he went him hastily,  
 No more of him at this timè speke I,  
 But there I let him wepe ynow and pleine,  
 Till the fresh May woll rewin on his peine.  
 O per'lous fire, that in the bedstraw bredeth,  
 O foc familier, that his service bedeth! 1300  
 O servaunt traytour false in holy hew,  
 Like to the adder fly in bosome trew!  
 O January dronkin in plesaunce!  
 (God sheld us all from your iniquitaunce  
 Of Mariage) se how this Damian,  
 Thine owne Squire, and eke thine own born Man,  
 Entendith for to doen The villany!  
 God graunt The thine homely foc to espie!  
 For in this world n'is a werse pestilence  
 Than homely foc, al day in thy presence. 1310  
 Pe-fourmid hath the Sunne his Ark diurne,  
 No lengir may his body here sojourn,  
 On th' Horison, as in that Latitude,  
 Night with his mantill, that is derk and rude,  
 Gan for to sprede the Hemisphere about;  
 For which departid is the lusty rout  
 Fro January with thonk on every side,  
 Home to their housis lustily they ride,  
 There as they don their thingis as them list,  
 And whan they saw their time they gon to rest. 1320  
 Sone aftir this lusty January  
 Woll go to bedd, he woll no lengir tary,  
 He drinkith Ipocras, clary, vernage,  
 And spicis hot, to encrese his corage,  
 And lectuaries had he then full fine,  
 Soche as the cursid Monk Dan Constantine  
 Hath writtin in his boke De Coitu,  
 To ete them all he n'old nothing eschew.  
 And thus to his privy frendis said he,  
 For Godd's love, as sone as it may be, 1330  
 Let void all this house in curteis wife sone;  
 Men drinkin, and the Travers drew anone.



So hastid January, it must be done.  
The bride was brought to bed as still as stone;  
And whan the bed was with the Preeft yblessed,  
Out of the chambir every wight them dressed.  
And January' hath fast in his armes take  
His freshe May, his paradise, his make,  
He lullith her, he kisth her full oft,  
With the thik bristles of his berde unsoft,  
Ylike the skinn of houndfish, sharp as brere,  
(For he was shave al new in his manere)  
He rubbith her upon her tendir face,  
And sayid thus, alas! I mote trespase  
To you my spouse, and you gretely offend,  
Or time come that I woll adoun descend.  
But natheless consid'rith this, qð he,  
There n'is no werkman, whatsoere he be,  
That may both werkin well and hastily,  
This woll be don at lesure perfetely,  
It is na t'rece how longe that we play,  
I trow in wediok couplid ben we tway,  
And blessid be the yoke that we ben in,  
For in our Actis we may do no sinn.  
A man may do no sinn with his own wife,  
Ne hurtin himself with his owne knife.  
Now we han leve to play us by the law.  
Thus labourith he till the day gan daw.  
Than takith he a fopp of fine clarie,  
And upright in his bedd than sittith he.  
And aftir he singith full loud and clere,  
And kist his wife, and makith wanton chere,  
He was all Coltish full of ragerie,  
And full of gergon as a fleckid Pie.  
The slakè Skin about his nekkè shakith  
While that he song, so chauntith he and crakith.  
But God wot what May thoughtin in her hert,  
Whan she him saw upfittin in his Shert,  
In his night capp, and with his nekk all lene,  
She praisith nor his playing worth a bene.  
Tha' seide he thus, my resting woll I take,  
Now day is come, I may no lengir wake.  
And down he laid his hedd and slept till prime,  
And eftir ward whan that he saw his time  
Upristh January. But freshe May  
Holdith her chambir unto the fourth day  
As usage is of wivis for the best:  
For every labour sometime mote have rest,  
Or ellis long time may he not endure.  
That is to sayin no living cature  
Be it or fish, or beste, or bird, or man.  
Now woll I speke of wofull Damian,  
That langurith for love, as ye shull here.  
Therefore I speke to him in this manere.  
I say, o fely Damian alas!  
Answere to this demand as in this case,  
How shalt thou to thy lady freshe May  
Tellin thy wo? She woll alwey say nay.  
Eke if thou speke, she woll thy wo bewray;  
God be thine help, I can no bettir say.  
This fike Damian in Venus fire  
So brennith, that he dyith for desire;  
For which he put his life in aventure,  
No lengir might he in this wise endure.  
But privily a pennir gan he borow,  
And in a lettir wrote he all his sorow,  
In mannir of a Compleint or a lay,  
Unto this feire and freshe lady May,  
And in a purse of silk hong on his Shert  
He hath it put, and laid it at his hert.  
The Mone, that at nonetide that ilkè day  
(That January' had weddid freshe May)  
Out of Taurus was into Cancer gliden,  
So longe hath she in her chambir biden,  
As Custom is unto these noblis all,  
A bride shall not etin in the Hall,

Till dayis four othir thre at the leste  
Ypassid ben, then let her go to feste.  
On the fourth day complete fro none to none,  
Whan that the highè Mals was now ydone, 1410  
In hallè satt this January' and May,  
As freshe as is the brighte Sommer's day.  
And so befell how that this godè Man  
Remembrith him upon his Damian,  
And seide, St. Mary! how may this be  
That Damian entendith not to me?  
Is he ay fike? or how may this betide?  
His Squiris, which that stodin him beside,  
Excusid him because of his sikeness,  
Which lettid him to do his besinefs. 1420  
None othir Cause might makin him tary.  
That me forthinkith, qð this January,  
He is a gentill Squyir by my trouth,  
If that he dyed it were grete harme and routh,  
He is as wise, discrete, and as secre  
As any man I wote of his degre,  
And thereto manly, and eke servisable,  
And forto ben a thrifty man right able.  
But aftir mete as sone as evre' I may  
I woll my self him visit, and eke May, 1430  
To don him al the comfort that I can.  
And for that word him blessid every man,  
That of his bounty, and his gentilnes  
He wold so comfortin in his sikeness  
His Squyir, for it was a gentil dede.  
Dame, qð this January, take gode hede  
That aftir mete, ye and your wymen all  
Whan ye han ben in chambir out of hall,  
That ye all gon to see this Damian,  
Doth him disport, he is a gentill Man, 1440  
And tellith him, that I woll him visite  
Have I nothing but restid me a lite.  
And spede you fast, for I wollin abide  
Till that ye slepin fast here by my side.  
And with that word he gan to him to call  
A Squyir, that was Marshall of his hall,  
And told him certeine thingis that he wold.  
This freshe May hath streight her wey yhold  
With all her wymen unto Damian,  
And by his bedd's side down sat she than, 1450  
Comforting him as godely as she may.  
This Damian, whan that he his time say,  
In secret wise his purse, and eke his bill,  
(In the which he had writtin all his will)  
Hath put into her hond withoutin more,  
Save that he sighid wondrous depe and sore,  
And softly to her right thus sayid he,  
Mercy, and that ye discovir nat me,  
For I am dede, if that this thing be kid.  
This purse hath she within her bosome hid, 1460  
And went her wey, ye get no more of me,  
But unto January come is she,  
And on his bedd's side she satt full soft,  
He takith her, and kisth her full oft,  
And lay'd him down to slepe, and that anon  
She fainid her as tho' that she must gon  
There as ye wot, that every wight hath nede,  
And whan she of this bill hath takin hede,  
She rent it all to cloutis, and at last  
Into the privy softly she it cast. 1470  
Who studyith now but faire freshe May?  
Adoun by old January she lay,  
That slept, till that the cough hath him awaked,  
Anon he pray'd her to stripp her all naked,  
He wold of her, he seid, have some plesaunce,  
And seid, her clothis did him encombraunce.  
And she obeyith, be she lese or lothe;  
But lest that precious folk be with me wroth,  
How that he wrought I dare not to you tell,  
Or if she thought it Paradise or Hell. 1480  
But



But I shall let them werkin in their wife,  
Till Evesong ring, and that they must arise.

Were it by destiny, or aventure,  
Were it by influence, or by nature  
Of Constellation, that in soche estate  
The hevin stode that time fortunate,  
(Was for to put a bill of Venus werkes,  
For al thing hath a time, as sayin Clerkes)  
To any womman for to get her love,  
I cannot say; but the grete God above,  
That knowith that no act is causeless,  
Demith of all; for I woll hold my pece.

But soth is this, how that this freshe May  
Hath takin soch empreffion that day  
Of pite of this sike Damian,  
That from her herte she ne drivin can  
The remembraunce for to doin him ese.  
Certein thought she, whom that this thing displese,  
I reke not, for of this I him assure,  
I lovin him best of any cature,  
Although he no more haddin than his Shert.

Lo! pite remnith sone in gentill hert.  
Here you may se how excellent Franchise  
In wymen is, whan they them nar' avise.  
Some Tiraunt is, as there ben many one,  
That hath a hert as hard as any stone,  
Which wold have let him stervin in the place,  
Well rathir than have grauntid him that grace,  
And her rejoisid in her cruill pride,  
And rekid not to ben an homicide.

This gentill May, fillid of all pite,  
Right so of her hond a lettir wrote she,  
In which she grauntid him her very grace,  
There lakkith nought but only time and place,  
Where that she mightin to his lust suffise,  
For it shall be right as he wold devise.

And whan she saw her time upon a day,  
To visite Damian goth this faire May,  
And sotilly this letter down she thrust  
Undir his pillow, rede it if him lust,  
She toke him by the hond, and hard him twist,  
So secretly, that no wight of it wist,  
And bid him ben all whole, and forth she went,  
To January, whan he for her sent.

Uprilith Damian the next morow,  
Al passed is his likeness, and his sorow,  
He kembith him, and proinith him, and piketh,  
And doth all that his lady list and liketh.  
And eke to January he goth as low  
As evir did a dogge for the bow,  
He is so plefaunt unto every man,  
For craft is alle, whoso that it can,  
That every wight is faine to speke him gode,  
And fully in his lady's grace he stode.  
Thus lete I Damian about his nede,  
And in my tale right forth woll I procede.

Some Clerkis holdin that felicite  
Stont in delite, and therefore certein he,  
This nobill January with all his might,  
In honest wise as longith to a Knight,  
Shope him to livin full deliciously,  
His housing, his array, as honestly  
To his degre, was makid as a kinges;  
And among othir of his honest thinges  
He had a gardin wallid all with stone,  
A fairer garden wote I no where none,  
For out of dout I verily suppose  
That he that wrote the Romaunt of the Rose  
Ne couth of it the bewte well devise,  
Ne Priapus ne mightin not suffice,  
Though he be God of gardins, for to tell  
The bewte of the gardin and the well,  
That stont undir a laurere alwey grene,  
Full oftin time King Pluto and his Quene

Proserpina, and allè her fayrie  
Disportin them, and makin melodie  
About that well, and dauncid as men told.

This nobil Knight, this January the old,  
Soch deinty hath in it to walk and play  
That he woll suffir no wight bare the kay, 1560  
Save he himself, and for the smale wiker

He barin alwey of silver a Cliket,  
With which, whan he him list he wold unshter,  
And whan that he wold pay his wife her dett  
In Somir feson, thithir wold he go,  
And May his wife, and no wight but they two,  
And thingis which that were not don abed,  
They in that gardin perfourmid and sped.  
And in this wise many a mery day  
Livid this January and this freshe May; 1570  
But worldly joy may not alwey endure  
To January, ne to no cature.

O sodein hap! O fortune unstable!  
Like to the Scorpion decevable,  
That stat'rist with thy hede whan thou wolt sting,  
Thy taile is dethe through thy envenoming.  
O brotill joie! O swete poison queint!  
O Monster, that so sodeinly canst peint  
Thy gilts undir the hew of stedfastness,  
That thou decevist both the more and less! 1580

Why hast'ow January thus deceived?  
And haddist him for thy full frend received,  
And now thou hast birast him both his cyn,  
And he for sorow desirith to dyen.

Alas this nobil January so fre!  
He wepith and he wailith pitously,  
Amid his lust, and his prosperity  
Is woxin blind, and that all sodeinly,  
His deth therefore desireth he uttirly;  
And therewithal the fire of jelousie 1590  
(Lest that his wife shold fall in some foly)

So brent his herte, that he woldin faine  
That some man bothè him and her had flaine.  
For ne aftir his deth, ne in his life

Ne wold he that she werin love ne wife,  
But evir live a widdow in wedes blake,  
Sole, as the turtle that hath lost her make.  
But at the last aftir a month or tway

His sorow gan to swage, the soth to say,  
For whan he wist it might none othir be, 1600  
He paciently toke his adversity:

Save out of all dout may he not forgone  
That he was jelous evirmore in one,  
Which jelousy was so outrageous,  
That ne in Hall, ne in none othir house,  
Ne in none othir place, nevir the mo  
He n'old suffir her nothir ride ne go,  
But if that he had hond on her alwey,  
For which full oftin wepith freshe May,  
That lovith Damian so benignly, 1610  
That she mote either dyin sodeinly,  
Or els mote she have him all at her left,  
She waitith whan her hert sholdin to brest.

Upon that othir side, this Damian  
Becomin is the sorowfullist man  
That evir was, for neither night ne day  
Ne might he speke a word to freshe May,  
As to his purpose, of no such matere,  
But if that January must it here,  
That had a hand upon her evirmo. 1620

But nathèless by writing to and fro  
And privy signis wist he what she ment,  
And she knew all the signes of his entent.  
O January! what might it The availe  
Thou mightest se as ferr as Shippis faile?  
For as gode is a blind decevid be,  
As be decevid whan a Man may se.

Lo!



Lo! Argus which that had an hundrid eyen,  
For all that evir he couth pore and pryen,  
Yet was he blent, and God wote so ben mo, 1630  
That wenin willy that it n'is not so.  
Pafs ovir is an ese, and say no more.

This freshe May, of which I speke of yore,  
In warm wax hath imprintid thilk cliket,  
That January bare of that smale wiket,  
By which into his gardin oft he went,  
And Damian, that knew all her entent,  
The Cliket counterfitted privily.  
There n'is no more to say, but hastily  
Some wonder by this Cliket shall betide, 1640  
Which ye shull herein, if ye woll abide.

O Noble Ovid! Soth sayst thou, God wote,  
What sight is it, if love be long and hote,  
That he n'll find it out in some manere?  
By Pyramus and Thisbe men may lere;  
Though they were kept full long streight ovir all,  
They ben accordid rowning through a wall;  
There n'is no wight couth find out soch a sight.  
But now to purpose; ere the dayis eight  
Were passid, er' the Month July befill, 1650  
That January hath caught so grete a will  
Through egging of his wife him for to play  
In his gardin, and no wight but them twey,  
That in a morow to this May said he,  
Rise up my wife, my love, my Lady fre,  
The turtle voice is herd, my lady swete,  
Wintir is gon with all his rainis wete,  
Come forth now with thyn eyin columbine,  
How fairer ben thy breftis than is wine!  
The gardin is enclosid all about, 1660  
Come forth my white spouse, out of alle dout  
Thou hast me woundid in my hert, o wife,  
No spot in The there n'as, in all thy life,  
Come forth, and let us takin our disport,  
I chese The for my Wife, and my Confort.  
Such olde lewd wordis than usid he;  
And unto Damian a sign made she,  
That he shold go before with his cliket;  
This Damian hath opened this wiket,  
And in he stert, and that in soche manere, 1670  
That no wight might it se, nor might it here.  
And still he satt undir a bush anon;  
This January as blind as is a stone,  
With May in his hondè, and no wight mo,  
Into his freshe Gardin is he go,  
And clappid to the Wiket sodeinly.

Now wife, qð he, there n'is but thou and I,  
Thou art the cecture that I best do love,  
For by that Lord, that sitt in Heven above,  
I had moche levir dyin on a knife, 1680  
Than The offendin, my dere and trew wife;  
For Godd'is sake, think how that I The chese,  
Nought for no Coverise of godes douteles,  
But only for the love I had to The;  
And though that I be old, and may not se,  
Be to me trew, and I woll tell you why,  
Certis thre thingis shall ye win thereby.

First love of Crist, and to your self honour,  
And all mine heritage both tounne and toure,  
I give it you, make chartirs as ye list,  
This shall be don to morow er Sunne rist.  
So wisely God my Soule bringin to blifs;  
I pray you on this Cov'enant ye me kifs,  
And that I be jelouse wite me nought,  
Ye ben so depe imprintid in my thought,  
That whan I do consider your bewte,  
And therewithall th'unlikely eld of me,  
I may not certis, though I sholdin dye  
Forbere to ben out of your Cumpany,  
For very love; this is withoutin dout; 1700  
Now kisse me wife, and let us rome about.

This freshe May, whan she these wordis herd,  
Benignly to January answer'd,  
But first and forward she began to wepe,  
I havin, qð she, a soule for to kepe,  
As well as ye, and also mine honour,  
And also of wivehode thilk tendir flour,  
Which that I have ensurid in your hond,  
Whan that the preste to you my body bond.  
Wherefore I woll answer in this manere, 1710  
By the gode leve of you my Lord so dere.

I pray to God, that never daw that day,  
That I ne sterve, as foule as woman may,  
If evir I do to my kinn that shame,  
Or els that I empairin so my name,  
That I be false, and if I do that lak,  
Do stripè me, and put me in a sak,  
And in the next river do me to drench.

I am a gentilwoman, and no wench,  
Why speke ye thus! but Men ben aye untrew, 1720  
And wymen have reprofe of you aye new,  
Ye can none othir communing, I leve,  
But speke to us of untrist and repreve.

And with the word she saw where Damian  
Sat in the bush, and knele he began,  
And with her fingers signis madin she  
That Damian shold climb upon a tre,  
That chargid was with frute, and up he went,  
For verily he knew all her entent,  
And every sign that she couth ymake, 1730  
Well bett than January her own make.  
For in a letter she had told him all  
Of this matere how that he worchin shall.

And thus I let him sittin in the pery,  
And January and May roming full mery.

Bright was the day, and blew the firmament,  
Phœbus of gold doun hath his strems sent,  
To gladin every flour with his warmnes,  
He was that time in Gemini I ghes,  
But littil fro his declination 1740  
Of Cancer Jovis exaltation.

And so bifell in that bright morow tide,  
That in the gardin on that farthir side  
Dan Pluto that is the King of Fayrie,  
And many' a lady in his Cumpany,  
Following his wife the quene Proserpina,  
Which he ravished out of Sicilia  
Eche aftir othir right as on a line,  
While that she gad'rid flouris in a Mede, 1750  
In Claudian ye may the story rede,  
How in his grisly Cart he did her sett.

This King of fayrie adoun him hath sett,  
Upon a bench of Turvis fresh and grene.  
And right anon thus seide he to his quene;  
My wife, qð he, that no wight may say nay,  
The' experience so provith every day  
The treson, which that woman doth to man;  
Ten hundrid thousand storys tell I can,  
Notable of your untrouth, and brotilnes.

O Salamon richist of all richese, 1760  
Fulfillid of Sapience, and worldly glory,  
Full worthy ben thy words of Memory,  
To every wight that wit and refon can,  
Thus praisith he the bounty of a Man.

Among a thousand Men yet found I one,  
But of all wymen found I never none.  
Thus saith that King that knew your wikidnes.  
And Jesus filius Sirach as I ghesle  
Ne spekith of you but seld reverence.  
A wildè fire, a corrupt pestilence 1770  
So fall upon your bodys yet to night.  
Ne se you not this honourable Knight,  
Bicause alas! that he is blind and old.  
His ownè Man shall makin him Cokold.

U

Lo



Lo where he sitt the lechour in the tre!  
 Now woll I grauntin of my Majesty  
 Unto this old and blind and worthy Knight,  
 That he shall han ayen his eyin sight,  
 Whan that his wife wold don him villony,  
 Than shall he knowin all her harlotry,  
 Both in represe of her and othir mo.  
 Ye shall, q<sup>3</sup> Proserpine, and woll ye so?  
 Now by my Mo<sup>3</sup>ir's Ceres soule I swere  
 I shall give her fufficient answere,  
 And alle wymen aftir for her sake,  
 That though they were in any gilt ytake,  
 With face bold they shullin themselves excuse,  
 And bere them down that woldè them accuse.  
 For lak of answere none of them shall dyen,  
 All had ye se the thing with both your eyen, 1790  
 Yet shall we so visage it hardily  
 And wepe, and chide, and swere so sotilly,  
 That ye shullin ben as lewdè as gees.  
 What rekith me of your Autorities?  
 I wote well that this Jew, this Solomon,  
 Fond of us wymen folis many one,  
 But though that he ne fond no gode woman,  
 Yet hath there yfond many' anothis man,  
 Wymen full trew, full gode, full vertuous,  
 Witnes of those that dwell in Christ's house, 1800  
 With Martyrdome they provid their Constaunce;  
 And Romain Gestis makin remembraunce  
 Of many' a verry trewè wife also,  
 But Sir ne be nought wroth all be it so,  
 Though that he said he fond no gode woman,  
 I pray you take the sentence of the Man,  
 He mentè thus, that in Sov'raigne bounte  
 N'is none but God that sitt in Trinite.  
 Eye, for verry God that ne is but one.  
 What makin ye so moche of Solomon? 1810  
 What though he made a temple Godd'is house?  
 What though he werin rich and gloriouse?  
 So made he eke a temple of false Goddis,  
 How might he don a thing that more forbod is?  
 Parde, as faire as ye his name emplaister,  
 He was a Lechour, and an Idolaster,  
 And in his eld the very God forfoke,  
 And if that God ne had, as faith the boke,  
 Sparid him for his fa<sup>3</sup>ir's sake, he shoid  
 Have lostin his reign sonir than he wold. 1820  
 I sett right nought of all the Villony  
 That ye or wymen write a butterfly.  
 I am a woman, nedis mote I speke,  
 Or ellis swell till that my hert to breke.  
 For sith he said that we ben jangleris,  
 As evir mote I brouke both my tressis,  
 I shall not sparin for no curtisy  
 To speke them harm that wold us villony.  
 Dame, q<sup>3</sup> this Pluto, be no lengir wroth,  
 I give it up, but sith I swore mine oth, 1830  
 That I wold grauntin him his sight ayein,  
 My word shall stond, that warne you I certein:  
 I am a King, it sett me not to lie,  
 And I, q<sup>3</sup> she, the quene am of fairie,  
 Her answer she shall have I undirtake.  
 Than let us no mo wordis hereof make,  
 Forsothe I woll no lengir you contrary.  
 Now let us turn again to January,  
 That in this gardin with this faire fresh May 1840  
 Singith merryr than the Popingay,  
 You love I best, and shall, and othir none;  
 So long about the Alleys is he gone,  
 Till he was comin againt thilk pery,  
 Whereas this Damian sittith full mery,  
 On high emong this freshe levis grene.  
 This faire fresh May, that is so bright and shene,  
 Gan for to fike, and said alas my side!  
 Now Sir, q<sup>3</sup> she, for ought that may betide

I must have of these peres that here I se,  
 Or I mote dyin, so fore longith me 1850  
 To etin of the smalè peris grene.  
 Help for her love that is of Hevin quene!  
 I tell you well a woman in my plight  
 May have to frute so grete an appetite,  
 That she may dyin but that she it have.  
 Alas! q<sup>3</sup> he, that I ne' had here a knave,  
 That cou<sup>3</sup> climbin, alas! alas! q<sup>3</sup> he,  
 For I am blind. Ye, Sir, no force, q<sup>3</sup> she,  
 But woldin ye vouchsafe for Godd'is sake 1860  
 The pery in your armis for to take,  
 For well I wote that ye mistrustin me,  
 Then wold I climbin well ynow, q<sup>3</sup> she,  
 So I my fote might sett upon your bak.  
 Forsoth, said he, in me shall be no lak,  
 Might I you helpin with mine hert'is blode.  
 He stoupith doune, and on his bak she stode,  
 And caught her by a twist, and up she goth.  
 (Ladys, I pray you that ye be not wroth,  
 I cannot glose, for I am a rude Man)  
 And sodeinly anon this Damian 1870  
 Gan pullin up the smok, and in he throng  
 A grete tent, and a thrifty, and a long,  
 She seidè, it was the meryist fit  
 That evir in her life she was at yet;  
 My Lord'is tent servith me nothing thus,  
 It foldith twifold by swetè Jesus,  
 He may not swivin nothing worth a leke,  
 And yet he is full gentil and full meke:  
 This is levir to me than Evinsong.  
 And whan that Pluto had sene this grete wrong, 1880  
 To January he gave again his sight,  
 And made him se as well as er he might.  
 And whan that he had caught his sight againe,  
 Ne was there nevir man of thing so faine,  
 But on his wife his thought was evirmo,  
 Up to the tre he cast his eyin two,  
 And saw how Damian his wife hath dressed  
 In soche mannir it may not ben expressed,  
 But if I wold spekin uncurtisly.  
 And up he gaf a roing and a crie, 1890  
 As doth the Mo<sup>3</sup>ir whan the child shall die,  
 Out, help, alas! harrow, he gan to crie,  
 For sorow almost he began to die,  
 That his wife was swivid in the pery.  
 O strongè lady hore, what doist thou?  
 And she answerid, Sir, what aylith you?  
 Have pacience and reson in your mind,  
 I have you holpin of both your eyen blind,  
 Up perill of my soule I shall not lien,  
 As me was taught to help you to your eyen, 1900  
 Was nothing bettir for to make you se  
 Than stroggle with a man upon a tre.  
 God wote I did it in full gode entent.  
 Stroggle, q<sup>3</sup> he, ye algate in it went  
 As stiff, and eke as round as any bell,  
 It is no wondir though thy belly swell,  
 Thy smok upon his brest it lay so theche,  
 That still methought he pointid on the breche:  
 God geve you both on sham'is deth to dien,  
 He swivid The, I saw it with mine eyen, 1910  
 Or ellis be I hongid by the halfe.  
 Than is, q<sup>3</sup> she, my Medicinè false,  
 For certainly if that ye mightin se,  
 Ye wold nat say these wordis unto me.  
 Ye han some glimm'ring, and no perfite sight.  
 I se, q<sup>3</sup> he, as well as er' I might,  
 Thonkid be God, with both myn eyin two,  
 And by my trouth methought he did The so.  
 Ye Mafin, ye Mafin, gode Sir, q<sup>3</sup> she,  
 This thank have I for that I made you se!  
 Alas, q<sup>3</sup> she, that evre' I was so kind!  
 Now Dame, q<sup>3</sup> he, let all pafs out of mind,  
 Come



Come doune my lefe, and if I have mislaide,  
God help me so as I am ill apaid.  
But by my fað'ris foule I wend to have sene  
How that this Damian had with The lien,  
And that thy smok had lyn upon his brest.

Ye Sir, qð she, ye may wene as ye lest;  
But, Sir, a man that wakith out of slepe  
He may not sodeinly well takin kepe  
Upon a thing, ne se it persitely,  
Tyll that he be adawid verily.  
Right so a Man, that long hath blindè be,  
Ne may not sodeinly so well yse  
First whan the sight is newcomin ageine,  
As he that hath a day or two ysene,

Till that your sight establisthed be a while,  
There may full many a sight you begyle.

Beware, I pray you, for by hevin King  
Full many' a man wenith to se a thing,

1950

And it is all anothir than it semith,  
He that misconceivith full oft mildemith.  
And with that word she lept down fro the tre;

1930

This January, who is glad but he?

He kissith her, he clepith her full oft,  
And on her womb he strokith her full soft,  
And to his paleis home he hath her lad.

Now, gode Men, I pray you, beth ye all glad;

Thus endith now my Tale of January,

God blefs us all and his Moðir Mary.

1950

Thus endith the MARCHAUNT'S TALE.







Here followeth the Wife of BATH's PROLOGUE.

**E**xperience, though none Authority  
 Were in this world, is right ynow for me,  
 To speke of wo that is in Mariage;  
 For, Lordings, sith I twelve yere was of age,  
 Thankid be God, that is eterne on live,  
 Husbondes at Chirch dore have I haddè five,  
 For I so oftin have yweddid be.  
 And all were worthy men in their degre.  
 But me was told not long ago, I wifs,  
 That sithin Crist went nevir but onis  
 To wedding in the Cane of Galile,  
 That by the ilk ensample taught he me,  
 That I ne shold weddid be but onis;  
 Lo! herk here a sharp word for the nonis,  
 Beside a Well Jesu both God and Man  
 Speke in represe of the Samaritan.  
 Thou hast haddè five husbondis, qð he,  
 And that ilkè Man which that now hath The  
 Is not thy husbond; thus seid he certeine,  
 But what he ment thereby I cannot saine.  
 Well! but I ask a point; why the fift man  
 Was none husbond to the Samaritan?  
 How many might she have in Mariage?  
 Yet herd I nevir tellin in mine age  
 Upon this numbir true definitioun,  
 Men may devine; and glosin up and doune;  
 But well I wore expres withoutin lye,  
 God bad us for to wex and multiplic.  
 That gentle text can I well undirstond,  
 Eke well I wore he said that mine husbond  
 Shold leve faðir, moðir, and take to me,  
 But of none numbir mentioun made he,  
 Of Bigamy or of Oëtogamy,  
 Why shold men spekin of it villony?  
 Loke here the wise Man King Salomon!  
 I trow that he had wivis mo than one,

As woldè God it lefull were to me,  
 To be refreshid half so oft as he,  
 Which gest of God had he for all his wivis,  
 No man hath soche, that in this world on live is. 40  
 God wote, this nobil King, as to my wit,  
 The first night had many a mery fit,  
 With eche of them so well was him alive.  
 Blessid be God that I have weddid five,  
 Welcome the sixt whan that evir he shall,  
 10 For sith I may not kepe me chafte in all,  
 Whan my husbond is fro the world ygon,  
 Some christin man shull weddè me anon.  
 For than th' Apostle saith that I am fre  
 To wedde a God's half where it likith me. 50  
 He saith that to be weddid is no sinne,  
 Bettir 'tis to be weddid than to brinne.  
 What rekith me, though folk say villony  
 Of shrewd Lamech, and of his bigamy?  
 I wot Abraham was a holy man,  
 20 And Jacob eke, as ferr as I here can,  
 And eche of them had wivis mo than two,  
 And many othir holy man also.  
 Where can you say in any manir age  
 That evir God defendid mariage 60  
 By exprefs words? I pray you tellin me,  
 Or where commaundid he virginite?  
 I wote as well as ye it is no drede,  
 Th' Apostle, whan he spake of Maidinhede,  
 He seidè thereof precept had he none,  
 30 Men may counsaile a woman to ben one,  
 But counsailling is no commaundement;  
 He put it in our ownè juggèment.  
 For haddè God commaundid Maidinhede  
 Than had he dampnid wedding out of drede. 70  
 And certis if there were no sede yfow,  
 Virginitie, than whereof shold it grow?



Poul ne durst not commaundin at the lest  
 A thing, of which his Maistir gafe non lest.  
 The dart is set up for Virginite,  
 Catch whoſo may, who rennith beſt let ſe.  
 But this word is not take of every wight,  
 But there as God liſt geve it of his might.  
 I wote well the Apoſtel was a Maid,  
 But natheleſs though that he wrote and ſaide  
 He wold that every wight were ſoch as he;  
 Al n'is but counſaile to Virginite.  
 And for to ben a wife he gafe me leve  
 Of Indulgence, ſo n'is it to repreve  
 To wedde me, if that my Make dy,  
 Without exception of Bigamy.  
 Al were it gode no woman for to touch,  
 He ment as in his bed, or on his couch:  
 Perill is for fire and tow to aſſemble,  
 Ye know what this enſample may reſemble.  
 This is the Al, he held Virginitie  
 More profitith than wedding in freilte.  
 I reſtre clepe I, but if that he and ſhe  
 Word lecin all their life in chaſtite.  
 I graunt it well, and I have none envy  
 Though Madirhede preſerr to Bigamy.  
 It them liketh to ben clene body' and gholt,  
 Of nune chite I n'll makin no boſt.  
 For we'll ye know a ſora in his houſehold  
 Had not every Veſſil all of geld.  
 Some ben of ore, and don their Lord ſerviſe,  
 God clepith folk to him in ſondry wiſe,  
 And everich hath of God a propir gilt,  
 Some this, and ſome that, as him liſtith ſhift.  
 Virginitie is grete perfection,  
 And Continence eke with devocion.  
 But Criſt that of perfeccion is well,  
 Bad not every wight he ſhold go and ſell  
 All that he had, and geve it to the pore,  
 And in ſoch wiſe ſolow him and his lore.  
 He ſpake to them that wold live parſitely,  
 And Lordings, by your leve that am not I;  
 I woll beſtow the flour of all myn age  
 In th' Actis and the frute of Mariage.  
 Tell me alſo to what Conciutioun  
 Were members made of generacione?  
 And of ſo parſite wiſe, and why ywrought?  
 Truſtith right well they were not made for nought,  
 Gloſe whoſo woll, and ſayin up and doune  
 That they were makid for purgacioun  
 Of Urine, and ſoch othir thingis ſmale,  
 And eke to know a female from a male  
 And for non othir cauſe: what ſay ye no?  
 Experience wote well it is not ſo,  
 So that the Clerkis be not with me wroth,  
 I ſay that they were ymakid for both;  
 This is to ſain, for office and for eſe  
 Of engendring, there we not God diſpleſe.  
 Why ſhold men ellis in their bokis ſett  
 That man ſhold yeldin to his wiſe her dett?  
 Now wherewith ſhuldin he make his payment,  
 If he ne uſ'd his ſely instrument?  
 Then were they makid upon a Creture  
 To purge Urine, and eke for engendrure.  
 But I ſay not that every wight is hold,  
 That hath ſoch harneis as I to you told,  
 To gon and uſin them to engendrure,  
 Then ſhuld men take of chaſtity no cure,  
 Criſt was a Maid, and ſhapin as a Man,  
 And many' a Seint fiſhin the world began,  
 Yet livid they in parſite chaſtite,  
 I n'll not eye with no virginite.  
 Let them with brede of purit whete be fed,  
 And let us wivis ete our barly bred.  
 And yet with barly bred Mark tell us can,  
 Our Lord Jeſu reſreſud many' a Man.

In ſoche a ſtate as God hath clepid us  
 I woll perſevere, I n'am precious,  
 In wivehode woll I uſe mine instrument  
 As frely as my makir hath it lent. 150  
 If I be daungerous God geve me ſorow,  
 Myn huſbond ſhall it have both eve and morow,  
 That whan him liſt come forth and pay his dett,  
 An huſbond woll I have, I woll not let,  
 Which ſhall be both my dettour, and my thrall,  
 And have his tribulacioun withall,  
 Upon his fleſh, while that I am his wiſe,  
 I have the powir during all my life  
 Upon his propir body, and not he, 160  
 Right thus the Apoſtel taught unto me,  
 And bad our huſbonds ſer to love us well,  
 All this ſentence me likith every dell.  
 Up ſtert the Pardoner, and that anon,  
 Now Dame, qd he, by God and by St. John  
 Ye ben a noble prechir in this caſe.  
 I was about to wed a wiſe, alas!  
 What ſhold I buy it on my fleſh ſo dere?  
 Yet had I levir wed no wiſe two yere.  
 Abide, qd ſhe, my tale is not begon;  
 Nay thou ſhalt drinkin of anothis ton, 170  
 Er that I go, ſhall ſavir worſe than Ale,  
 And whan that I have told forth my tale  
 Of tribulacioun in Mariage,  
 Of which I am expert in all myn age,  
 This is to ſay my ſelf hath ben the whip,  
 Than mayſt'ow cheſe The wheſir thou wolt ſip  
 Of thilke ton, that I ſhall ſet abroch,  
 Beware of it er thou to nere aproch,  
 For I ſhall tell enſamplis mo than ten,  
 I thoſe woll not beware by othir men, 180  
 By him ſhall othir men correctid be,  
 Theſe ſame wordis writith Dan Ptolome.  
 Rede in his Almageſt, and take it there.  
 Dame I wold pray you, if your will it were,  
 Seide this Pardoner, as ye began  
 Tell h forth your tale, and ſpare for no man,  
 And techin us yong men of your prauke,  
 Gladly, qd ſhe, if that it may you like.  
 But that I pray to al this Cumpany,  
 If that I ſpeke aſtir my fantaſy, 190  
 As take it not a greſe of that I ſay,  
 For mine entent is not but for to play.  
 Now Sirs, then ſhall I tellin forth my ta'e,  
 As evir mote I drinkin wine or ale  
 I ſhall ſay ſoth. Of huſbonds that I had  
 Thre of them werin gode, and two were bad.  
 The thre that were gode men were rich and old,  
 Unnethis mightin they the Statute hold  
 In which they were yboundin unto me,  
 Ye wot well what I mene of this Parde. 200  
 As God me help, I laugh whan that I think  
 How pitouſly a night I made them ſwink.  
 But by my ſay, I told it of no ſtore,  
 They had me geve their londs, and their treſore,  
 Me nede no kengir to do diligence  
 To win their love and do them reverence.  
 They lovid me ſo well, by God above,  
 That I ne told no dainty of their love,  
 A wiſe woman woll bety her anon  
 To gettin their love, there as ſhe hath none. 210  
 But ſith I had them wholly in mine hond,  
 And that they had gevin me all their lond,  
 What ſhold I takin kepe them for to pleſe,  
 But if it were for my profit and eſe?  
 I ſette them a work ſo, by my ſay,  
 That many night they ſongin welaway.  
 The bacon was not fett for them I trow  
 That ſome men have in Eſſex at Donmowe.  
 I governed them ſo well aſtir my law,  
 That eche of them full bliſfull was, and ſaw, 220  
 X 10

of it



To bringè me gay thingis fro the fayre,  
 They were full fame, whan that I spoke them faire,  
 For God it wot I chid them spytouly.  
 Now herk'nith how I bere me propirly.  
 Ye wise wivis that can undirflonde,  
 Thu shall ye speke, and berin them on honde,  
 For half so boldily there can no man  
 Swerin and lyin as a woman can.  
 I say not this by wivis that ben wife,  
 But if it be whan they them misavise, 230  
 A wife wife shall, if that she can her gode,  
 Berin them in hond that the Cow is wode,  
 And takith witness of her ownè Maide  
 Of her assent, but herk'nith how I saide.  
 Sir old Keynarde, is this then thyne aray,  
 Why doth my neighbour's wife gon so gay?  
 She is honourid ovr' all where she goth.  
 I sett at home, I have no thrifty cloth.  
 What dost thou Sirra, at my neighbours house?  
 Is she so fair? art thou so amorous? 240  
 What rownst'ow with our maid? *benedicite*!  
 Sir old lechour, letin thy japis be.  
 And if I have a gossip, or a frend  
 Withoutin gilt, thou chidist as a fend,  
 If that I walk or play unto his house.  
 Thou commist home as dronkin as a mouse,  
 And prechist on thy bench with evil prefe  
 Thou seist to me it is a grete mischefe  
 To weddin a pore woman for costage,  
 And if that she be rich of high parage, 250  
 Then saist thou 'tis a very turmentry  
 To fustir her pride and melancolie;  
 And if that she be fair, thou very knave,  
 Thou saist that every hollour woll her have.  
 She may no while in chastity abide,  
 That is assailid upon everich side.  
 Thou saist some folk desire us for richese,  
 Some for our shape, and some for our faireness,  
 And some for she can either sing or daunce,  
 Some for gentilness, some for daliaunce, 260  
 Some for their hondis and their armis smale.  
 Thus goth all to the devil by thy tale.  
 Thou saist men may not kepe a Castil Wall,  
 It may so long assailid ben ovr' all.  
 And if that she be soule, thou saist that she  
 Covitith every man that she may se.  
 For as a Spaniell she woll on him lepe,  
 Till that she find some man that woll her chepe.  
 Ne none so grey a gose goeth there in Lake,  
 As sayst'ow, that woll ben without her Make. 270  
 And saist it is a hard thing for to weld  
 A wight, that no man woll his thankis held.  
 Thus saist thou Lorell whan thou gost to bed  
 That no wise man nedith for to wed,  
 Ne no man that entndith unto heven;  
 With wilde thondir dent, and fire leven  
 More thy wikid neke be all to broke;  
 Thou saist that dropping housis, and eke smoke,  
 And chiding wivis makin men to fle  
 Out of their own housis; ah *benedicite*! 280  
 What ailith soch an old man for to chide?  
 Thou saist we wivis woll our vicis hide  
 Till we be weddid, then we will them shew.  
 Well may this be a proverb of a shrew.  
 Thou saist that oxin, assin, horse and hounds  
 They ben assayid all at diverse flounds,  
 Bafins and lavers, er that men them bye,  
 Sponis, stolis, and all soche husbondry,  
 And so be portis, clothis, and arays,  
 But folk of wivis makin none assays, 290  
 Till they be weddid, oldè dotard shrew,  
 And sayst how than we woll our vicis shew.  
 Thou saist also that it displestith me,  
 But if that thou wilt praisin my bewte,  
 And but thou pore alwey upon my face,  
 And clepin me faire Dame in every place;  
 And but thou make a fest on that ilk day  
 That I was born, and make me fresh and gay;  
 And but thou don to my nourice honour,  
 And unto my chambir within my bour, 300  
 And to my fað'r's soik and his allies,  
 Thus sayist thou, old barrill full of lies.  
 And again of our Apprentise Jenkin,  
 For his crisp here shining as gold so fine,  
 And for he squirith me both up and doun,  
 Hast thou ycaught a false suspectioun,  
 I n'll him not, though thou were dede to morow;  
 But tell me this, why hidist thou with sorow  
 The keyis of thy chest away from me?  
 It is myn gode as well as thyne parde. 310  
 Wenst'ow to make an Idior of our Dame?  
 Now by the Lord that callid is St. Jame,  
 Thou shalt not both although thou werin wode  
 Be Maistir of my body and my gode.  
 That one thou shalt forgon maugre thyn eyen.  
 What helpith on me to enquire or spien.  
 I trow thou woldist lok me in thy chest.  
 Thou shuldist say, wife go where as The list,  
 Take your disport, I woll leve no talis,  
 I know you for a gode wife, Dame Alis. 320  
 We love no man that takith kepe or charge  
 Where that we go; we woll ben at our large.  
 Of allè men yblessid mote he be  
 The wise Astrologir Dan Ptoime,  
 That saith this Proverb in his Almagest,  
 Of allè men his wisdom is the best  
 That rekith not who hath the world in hond.  
 By this Proverb thou shalt wele undirflond,  
 Have thou ynow, what nede The reke or care  
 How merily that othir folk do fare? 330  
 For certis, oldè dotard, by your leve,  
 Ye shullin have queint right ynow at Eve.  
 He is to gret a niggard that woll werne  
 A man to light his candle' at his lanterne,  
 He shall have nevir the less light parde,  
 Have thou ynow, thou darist not plaine The.  
 Thou saist also, that if we make us gay  
 With clothis, or with precious aray,  
 That it is perill of our chastite.  
 And yet with wordis thou must enforce The, 340  
 And say these wordis in th' Apostle's name,  
 In habite made with chastite and shame  
 Ye wymen shold apparill you, qð he,  
 And not in tressid here, and gay perre,  
 As perle, ne with goldè, ne clothis rich.  
 Aftir the text, ne aftir the rubrich,  
 I woll not werch as mochill as a gnat.  
 Thou saidist als that I was like a Cat,  
 But whoso wold sengin the Catt's skinne,  
 Than woldè the Cat dwellin in his inne: 350  
 And if the Catt's skinne be slick and gay,  
 She n'll not dwell in house for half a day,  
 But forth she woll or any day be dawed,  
 To shew her skinn, and gon a Catrewawed.  
 This is to say, if I be gay, Sir Shrew,  
 I woll renn out my borill for to shew.  
 Sir oldè sole, what helpith The to spien?  
 Though thou play Argus with his hundrid eyen  
 To be my wardè corps as he can best,  
 In faith he shall not kepe me but me lest, 360  
 Yet couth I make his berd, so mote I the.  
 Thou sayist eke that there be thingis thre,  
 The which thinges gretely troublin all the erth,  
 And that no wight ne may endure the ferth.  
 O lese Sir Shrew, Jesu shortin thy life,  
 Yet prechist thou, and saist an hatefull wife  
 Rek'nid is for one of these mischauncis;  
 Ben there then none othir ressemblauncis,

That



That ye may likin your parables to,  
But if a fely wife be one of tho?  
Thou lik'nist eke a woman's love to hell,  
To barrin lond, where watir may not dwell.  
Thou lik'nist it also to wildè fire,  
The more it breus, the more it hath desire  
To consume any thing that brent would be.  
Thou saist, right as wormis shendin a tre,  
Right so a wife destroyith her husbond,  
This knowin they that ben to wivis bond.  
Lordings, right thus as ye have undirtonde  
Bare I stiffly myne old husbond on hond,  
That thus they seidin in their dronkinnesle;  
And all was false, but that I toke witnessle  
Of my man Jenkin, and my neice also.  
O Lord, the pyne I did them and the wo,  
And that full gilleles by Godd's swete pine,  
For as an horse I couth both bite and whine,  
I couth compleine though I were in the gilt,  
Or ellis oftintime I had ben spilt.  
Yet whofo to Mill comith first, first grint,  
I pleinid first, and so was our war stint.  
They were full glad t' excusin them full blive  
Of what they agilt nevir in their live.  
Of wenchis wold I berin them on hond  
Whan that for sike unnethis might they stond.  
Yet tiklid I his herte, for that he  
Wenid I had of him so grete cheerte;  
I swore that all my walking out by night  
Was for to espy wenchis that he dight:  
Undir that colour had I mochill mirth.  
For all soch wit is give us in our birth,  
Deceit, weping, spinning God hath ygive  
To wymen kindly while that they may live.  
And thus of o thing I may avaunt me,  
At th' end I had the best in ech degre  
By sight, or force, or by some othir thing,  
As by continuall murmur or grutching.  
Namely abedd had they mochill mischaunce,  
There wold I chide, and don them no plesaunce,  
I wold no lengir in the bed abide,  
If that I felt his arm ovir my side,  
Till he had made his ransom unto me,  
Then wold I let him do his nicete.  
And therefore every man this tale I tell,  
Wive whofo may, all bein for to sell,  
With empty hondis men may no haukis lure,  
For winning wold I all his lust endure,  
And make me than a fainid appetite,  
And yet in bacon had I no delite,  
That made me that I evir wold him chide;  
For though the Pope had sittin him beside,  
I wold not sparin them at their own bord,  
For by my trowth I quit him word for word,  
As help me very God omnipotent,  
Though I right now should make my Testament,  
I ne him ow a word but it n'is quitt,  
I broughtin it about so by my witt,  
That they must give it up as for the best,  
Or ellis had we nevir ben at rest.  
For though he lokid as a wode lionn,  
Yet shold he fail of his Conclusioun.  
Than wold I say, now gode lefe takin kepe,  
How mekily lokith Wilkin our Shepe,  
Come nere, my Spouse, and let me kifs your cheke,  
Ye sholdin be all pacient and meke,  
And havin a swete spicid Conscience,  
Sith ye so preche of Job's pacience,  
Suff'rith alwey sith ye so well can preche.  
And but ye do, certeine we shall you teche  
That it is laire to have a wife in pece  
One of us two mote obeyin doutles,  
And sithin a man is more resonable  
Than woman is, ye mote ben suffirable.

What cilith you to grutch thus, and to grone?  
Is it for you wold have my queint alone?  
Why take it all, lo! have it every dell,  
Peter I shrew you but ye love it well,  
For if I wolde sell my belle chote  
I couth walkin as fresh as any rose;  
But I wold kepin it for your own tothe;  
Ye be to blame by God I say you sothe. 450  
Soch mannur wordis haadè we on hond.  
Now wold I spekin of my fourth husbond.  
My fourth husbonde was a Revelour,  
This is to say he had a Paramour,  
And I was yong, and full of ragery,  
Stubbourn, and strong, and jolne as a Pic.  
Lord how couth I dauntin to an harp female,  
And sing, I wis, as any Nightingale!  
Whan I had dronk a draught of swete wine.  
Metellus the soule chote and the swine, 460  
That with a staif biraft his wife her life  
For she dronk wine, though had I ben his wife,  
Ne shuld he nought have dauntid me fro drink.  
And aftir wine of Venus must I think. 390  
All so sikir as cold engendrith hail  
A lico'rous Mouth must have a lecherous taile.  
In wymen vinolent is no detence.  
This knowin lechours by experience.  
But o Lord Crist! whan it remembrith me  
Upon my youth, and on my jolite, 470  
It tiklith me about the herte rote,  
Unto this day it doth my herte bote,  
That I have had my wold as in my time,  
But Age alas! that all wold undermine,  
Hath me biraft my bewte and my pith 400  
Let go, farewell, the Devill go therewith.  
The flour is gon, there n'is no more to tell,  
The bran, as I best can, now mote I sell.  
But yet to be right mery wol I fond,  
Now forth to tellin of my fourth husbond. 480  
I say I had in my hert gret despise  
That he of any othir had delite,  
But he was quit by God and by St. Joce,  
I madin him of the same wode a Croce, 410  
Not of my body in no foul manere,  
But certainly I madin folk soche chere  
That in his own grete made I him to frie,  
For angir, and for very jelousie.  
By God, on erth I was his Purgatory,  
For which I hope his soule is now in glory. 490  
For God it wote he sat full oft and song  
Whan that his shoe full buttirly him wrong.  
For there was none save God and he that wist  
In many wise how fore that I him twist. 420  
He dyed whan I came fro Jerusalem,  
And lyth in grave undir the Rode beme.  
All ne is not his tomb so curious  
As was the Sepulture of Darius,  
Which that Apelles wrought so sotilly;  
It is but waste to bury preciously; 500  
Let him farewell, God geve his Soule gode rest:  
He is now in his grave and in his chest.  
Now of my fift husbonde wold I tell,  
God nevir lett his soul comin to Hall. 430  
And yet was he to me the moste shrew,  
That fele I on my ribbis all by rew,  
And evir shall unto my ending day.  
But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,  
And therewithal he couth so well me glose,  
Whan that he wold he had my belle chote, 510  
That though he had me bere on every bone,  
He couthè winne agen my love anon.  
I trow I loved him the bett, for that he  
Was of his love so daungereous to me  
We wymen have, if that I wold not lie.  
In this straunge mattere a queint fantasy;



Waitin what thing we may not lightly have  
 Thereafter all day woll we crie and crave,  
 Forbid us thing, and that desirin we,  
 Prefs on us hard, and then wollin we fle,  
 With damnger utter we all our chaffare,  
 Grete prefs at Markit makith dere the ware,  
 And to grete chepe is hold at littil price.  
 This knowith every woman that is wise.

My fift husbonde, God his soule blefs,  
 Which that I toke for love, and no richese,  
 He sometime was a Clerk in Oxinford,  
 And had left schole, and went at home to bord  
 With my gosip ydwelling in our tounce,  
 God have her soule, her name was Alifoune.

She knew my hert, and eke my privity  
 Bettr than our Parsh preest, so mote I the,  
 To her bewrayid I my Counsaile all,  
 For had my husbond pist against the wall,  
 Or done a thing that shold have cost his life,  
 To her and to anothir worthy wife,  
 And to my neice, the which I lovid well,  
 I wold have told his Counsaile every dell,  
 And so I did full oftin, God it wote,  
 That made his face full oftin rede and hote,  
 For very shame, and blamid him for he  
 Had told to me so grete a privite.

And so bifell it, that once in a Lent  
 So oftin time I to my Gosip went,  
 For evir yet I lovid to go gay,  
 And for to walk in March, Aprill, and May,  
 Fro hous to hous to harkin sondry tales,  
 That Jenkin Clerk, and my Gosip Dame Ales,  
 And I my self into the feldis went.

My husbond was at London all that Lent,  
 I had the bettir leysir for to play,  
 And for to se, and eke for to be seye  
 Of lusty folk, what wist I where my grace  
 Was shapin for to ben, or in what place?  
 Therefore made I my Visitations  
 To Vigilis and to Processions,  
 To prechings eke, and to Pilgrimagis,  
 To plays of Miracles, and Mariagis,  
 And werid on me my gay skarlit gites,  
 These wormis, ne these moughtis, ne these mites  
 Upon my patrill feet them nevre a dell,  
 And well'ow why? for they were usid well.

Now woll I tell forth what happid to me;  
 I say that in the feldis walkid we,  
 Till trewly we haddin soche daliaunce  
 This Clerk and I, that of my purveiaunce  
 I speke to him, and seide how that he  
 If I were widow shold weddin me.  
 For certainly I say for no bostance,  
 Yet was I nevir without purveiance  
 Of Mariage, ne of othir thingis eke;  
 I hold a Mous'is wit not worthin a leke  
 That hath but one hole for to stertin to,  
 And if that failin than is all undo.  
 I bare him on hond, he had chantid me,  
 My Dame taught me forsoth that sotilte,  
 And eke I said I mete of him all night,  
 He wold have slaine me as I lay upright,  
 And all my bedd was full of very blode,  
 And yet I hope that he shold do me gode,  
 For blode betok'nith gold, as I was taught;  
 And all was false, I dremid of him naught,  
 But as I folowed ay my Dam'is lore,  
 As well of that as othir thingis more.

But now Sir --- let me se --- what shall I saine?  
 Aha! by God I have my tale againe.  
 Whan that my fourth husbond was on the bere,  
 I wept algate and madin fory chere,  
 As wivis motin, for it is usage,  
 And with my kerche cov'rid my visage,

But for that I was purveid of a Make  
 I wept but small and that I undirtake.  
 To chirch was my husbond born on morow  
 With Neighboures that for him madin sorow.  
 And Jenkin eke our Clerk was one of tho,  
 As help me God, whan that I saw him go  
 Aftir the bere, methought he had a paire  
 Of leggis and of fete so clene, so faire,  
 That all my hert I gave unto his hold.  
 He was I trow but twenty winter old,  
 And I was forty, if I shall say sothe,  
 And yet I had alwey a Colt'is tothe.

Gaptoth't I was, and that became me well,  
 I had the print eke of Dame Venus secl.  
 As help me God, I was a lusty one,  
 And faire, and rich, and yong, and well bigon.  
 And trewly as my husbondes told me  
 I had the bestè queint that mightin be.

For certis I am full Venerian  
 In feling, and my hert is Marcian.  
 Venus me gaf my lust and lic'roufness,  
 And Mars gaf me my sturdie hardiness.  
 Mine ascendant was Taure, and Mars therein,  
 Alas! alas! that evir love were sinn.

I folowed ay mine inclination  
 By vertue of my Constellation,  
 That madin me that I couth not withdraw  
 My chambr' of Venus from a gode felaw.  
 Yet have I Mart'is mark upon my face,

And also in anothir privy place.  
 For God so wille by my Salvation  
 I lovid nevir by discretion,  
 But evir folowid mine appetite,  
 All were he short, or long, or blak, or white,  
 I toke no kepe so that he likid me,  
 How pore he was, ne eke of what degre.  
 What shold I say? but at the Month'is end  
 This jolly Clerk Jenkin, that was so hend,  
 Hath weddid me with grete solempnite.

And to him gaf I all the lond and fee  
 That evir was me geven theretofore.  
 But aftirward repentid me full fore.  
 He n'o'dè suffir nothing of my list,  
 But by God he smote onis with his fist,  
 For that I rent out of his boke a lefe,  
 That of that stroke myn cris waxin defe.

Stubborn I was as is a lioness,  
 And of my tonge a very jangleress,  
 And walk I wold as I had done beforen  
 Fro house to house, altho' he had it sworn.  
 For which fall oftin times wold he preche,  
 And me out of old Roman gestis teche,  
 How that Sulpicius Gallus lest his wife,  
 And her forsoke for term of all his life  
 Nothing but for opin hede he her saye  
 Loking out at his dore upon a day.

Anothir Roman told he me by name,  
 That for his wife was at a Sommir game  
 Without his weting, he forsoke her eke.  
 And than wold he upon his Bible seke.  
 That ilkè proverb of Ecclesiast,  
 Where he commaundith and forbiddith fast  
 Man shall not suffre' his wife roill about.

Than wold he sayin thus right out of dout,  
*Whoso byldith his house all of Salows,  
 And priketh his blind h rse ovir falows  
 And juff'eth his wife for to seche hallowis,  
 Is worthy to ben honged on the gallows.*

But all for nought, I settè not an hawe,  
 Of his proverbis, ne of his old Sawe.  
 Ne wold I not of him correctid be,  
 I hate him that my vicis tellich me,  
 And so do mo of us, God wor, than I,  
 This made him wode with me, all uttirly,



I n'old forbere him in no mannir caas.  
 Now wolle I say you sothe, by St. Thomas,  
 Why that I rent out of his boke a lefe,  
 For which he smote me that I was d'fe.  
 He had a boke, that gladly night and day,  
 For his disport he wold redin alway,  
 Yclepid Valerie and Theophrast,  
 At which boke he lough alwey full fast;  
 And eke there was a Clerk sometime in Rome,  
 A Cardinall, that highrin Seint Jerome,  
 That made a boke agenst Jovinian,  
 In which boke there was eke Tertullian,  
 Chrysippus, Trotula, and Helowis,  
 That was an Abbess nat ferr fro Paris.  
 And eke the Parables of Salomon,  
 Ovid's art, and bokis many one,  
 And all these were boundin in one Volome,  
 And every night and day was his Custome  
 (Whan he had leysir and vacatioun  
 From othir worldly Occupatioun)  
 To redin in this boke of wikid wivis,  
 He knew of them mo Legendis and livis  
 Than ben of gode wymen in the bible;  
 For trustith wele it is impossible  
 That any Clerk wold speke gode of wivis  
 But if it be of holy Seintis livis.  
 Ne of none othir woman ner' the mo,  
 Who paintith the Lion telith me who?  
 By God if wymen haddin writtin Stories  
 As Clerkis han within their Oratories,  
 They wold have writt of Men more wikidness,  
 Than all the mark of Adam may redress.  
 The childrin of Mercury and Venus  
 Ben in their working full contrarious,  
 Mercury lovith wisdom and science,  
 And Venus lovith riot and dispence.  
 And for their diverse disposition  
 Eche fallith in othir's exaltation.  
 And thus God wot Mercury' is desolate  
 In Piseis, where Venus is exaltate.  
 And Venus falls where Mercury is rais'd,  
 Therefore no Woman of no Clerk is prais'd.  
 The Clerk whan he is old, and may nought do  
 Of Venus werkis worth his olde shoe,  
 Than sit he doune, and write in his dotage  
 That wymen cannot kepe their Mariage.  
 But now to purpose, why I tolde The  
 That I was betin for a boke parde.

Upon a night Jenkin that was our Sire  
 Redde on his boke as he sat by the fire  
 Of Eve first, that for her wikidness  
 Was all mankind brought unto wretchedness,  
 For which that Jesu Crist himself was flaine,  
 That boughtin us with his hert's blode againe.  
 Lo! here expresse of wymen may ye find,  
 That woman was the los of all Mankind.  
 Tho radd he me how Sampson lost his heers,  
 Sleeping his Leman cut them with her sheers,  
 Thorough which trefoun he lost both his eyen.

Tho radd he me, if that I shall not lye  
 Of Hercules, and his Deianire,  
 That causid him to set himself on fire,  
 Nothing forgot he the care and the wo,  
 That Socrates had with his wivis two.  
 How that Xantippe cast pifs on his hede,  
 This sely man sat still as he were dede,  
 He wipid his hede, no more durst he saine,  
 But er the thondir stint there comith raine.  
 Of Pasiphie tha was Quene of Crete,  
 For shrewdness him thoughtin that tale so swete.  
 Eye speke no more, it is a grisly thing  
 Of her horrible lust and her liking.  
 Of Clytemnestra for her lechery,  
 That falsely made her husbond for to die.

He radd it with well gode devotion.  
 He told me eke for what occasion  
 Amphiaras at Thebis lost his life,  
 My husbond had a Legend of his wife,  
 Eryphyle, that for an ouche of gold  
 Hath privily unto the Grekis told  
 Where that her husbond hid him in a place;  
 For which he had at Thebis fery grace.  
 Of Lima told he me, and of Lucie,  
 They both madin their husbonds for to dye,  
 That one for love, that othir was for hate.  
 Lima her husbond on an Evin late  
 Poysonid had, for that she was his so,  
 Lucy licorous loved her husbond so,  
 That for he shold alwey upon her think,  
 She gave to him soche a love mannir drink,  
 That he was dede er it was morow,  
 And thus Algatis husbonds hadde sorow.  
 Than told he me how one Latameus  
 Compleinid to his felow Arius,  
 That in his gardin growid soche a tre,  
 On which he seidin that his wivis thre  
 Hongid themselves for hertis despitous.  
 O Leve brothir, qd this Arius,  
 Gevin me a plant of this blisfull tre,  
 And in my garden plantid shall it be.  
 Of latir date of wivis hath he redd,  
 That some han flaine their husbonds in bedd,  
 And let their lechour dight them all the night,  
 While that the Cors lay on the flore upright.  
 And some had drivin Nalis in their brame  
 Whilis they slepe, and thus they have them flaine.  
 Some have gevin them poyson in their drink.  
 He spake more harm than any hert may think.  
 And therewithall he knew mo Proverbis  
 Than in this world growith gras or herbis.  
 But is, qd he, thyne habitation  
 Be with a Lion or a foule dragon,  
 Than with a woman using for to chide.  
 Bet is, qd he high in the rote t' abide,  
 Than with an angry wife down in an house,  
 They ben so wikid and contrarious.  
 They hatin that their husbonds lovin ay;  
 He said, a woman cast her flaine away,  
 Whan she cast of her smok, and farther mo  
 A fair woman but she be chaff also,  
 Is like a gold ring on a fowls nose.  
 Who wold ween, or who couth suppose  
 The wo that in myne hert was and the paine?  
 And whan I saw that he wold never lye  
 To redin on this cursid boke all night,  
 Al fodeinly thre levis have I plight  
 Out of his boke, right as he radd, and eke  
 I with my fist so toke him on the cheke  
 That in the fire he fell bakward adoun,  
 And up he flet, as doth a wode houn,  
 And with his fist he smote me on the hede  
 That on the flore I lay as I were dede.  
 And whan he saw how stille that I lay,  
 He was agast, and wold have fled away,  
 Till at the last out of my swoone I braud.  
 O last thou flaine me, false thete, I said,  
 For my londe thus hast thou murdrid me?  
 Er I be dede yet wolle I once kifs The.  
 And nere he came, and knelid fair adoun,  
 And seide, dere suster, swete Alhoune,  
 As help me God I shall The never finte,  
 That I have done it is thy self to wite:  
 Forgeve it me, and that I The beseke;  
 And yet estones I but him on the cheke,  
 And seide, thete, thus moche am I bewrake,  
 Now wolle I dye, I may no lengir speke  
 But at the last with mochill care and wo  
 We fell accordid by our selven two,



He gaf me all the bridill in mine hond  
 To have the governaunce of houe and lond,  
 And of his tongue, and of his hond also,  
 And made him brenn his boke anon right tho.  
 And whan that I had gottin unto me  
 By Maistry all the Sovereignty,  
 And that he seidin, myn own trewe wife  
 Do as thou list the term of all thy life  
 Kepe thyne honour, and kepe eke myne estate,  
 Aftir that day we nevir had debate.  
 God help me so, I was to him as kind  
 As any wife fro Denmark unto Inde,  
 And also true, and so was he to me,  
 I pray to God, that sitt in Majesty  
 To blissin his soule for his mercy dere.  
 Now woll I say my tale if ye woll here.

The frere ylough whan he had herd all this,  
 Now, Dame, qð he, so I have joy and blis,  
 This is a long preamble of a tale.  
 And whan the Sompnour herde the frere gale,  
 Lo! qð this Sompnour, by Goddes armis two  
 A frere woll intermete him evirmo,

Lo! godè men, a fly and eke a frere  
 Woll fall in every dish and eche matere.  
 What spekest thou of Preambulation?  
 What? amble' or trot, either pece or sit doune,  
 Thou lettist our disport in this matere.  
 Ye, wolt thou so, Sir Sompnour, qð the Frere, 840  
 Now by my fay, I shall ere that I go  
 Tell of a Sompnour soche a tale or two,  
 That all the folk shall laughin in this place.  
 Now doin, els, frere, I beshrew thy face,  
 Qð this Sompnour, and I beshrewè me  
 But if I tellin talis two or thre  
 Of freris, ere I come to Siringbourne,  
 That I shall make thine herte for to mourne,  
 For well I wot thy pacience is gon.  
 Our Hostè cryid pece, and that anon, 850  
 And seide, let the Woman tell her tale,  
 Ye farin as folk that dronk ben of Ale:  
 Doe Dame tell forth your tale, and that is best.  
 All redy Sir qð she, right as you lest,  
 If I have licence of this worthy frere.  
 Yes, Dame tell forth your Tale, I woll it here.

Here ends the PROLOGUE of the Wife of BATH.



## The Wife of BATH's TALE.

A Bachelor of King Arthur's Court is enjoin'd by the Queen, upon pain of Death, to tell what thing it is, that women do most desire. At length he is taught it by an old Woman, whom he is enforc'd to marry.

**I**N the old dayis of the King Arthure  
 (Of which the Bretons spekin grete honour)  
 All was this lond fullid of Fayry,  
 The Elquene with her jolly Cumpany 860  
 Daunfid full oft in many a grene mede,  
 This was the old Opinion, as I rede,  
 I speke of many hundrid yere ago,  
 But now can no man se none eldis mo.  
 For now the grete charity and prayers  
 Of Limitours, and othir holy Freres,  
 That ferehin every lond, and every streme,  
 As thik as motis in the Sunnè beme,  
 Blessing halls, chambirs, kitchinis and boures,  
 Cities, boroughs, castilis, and hie toures,  
 Thorpis and barnis, shipins and dairys,  
 This makith that there ben now no fayrys.  
 For there as wont to walkin was an Elf  
 There walkith now the Limitour himself,  
 In Undirmelis and in Morrownings,  
 He saith his Mattins and his holy thinges,  
 As he goth in his Limitatioune,  
 Wymen may now go safely up and doune,  
 In every bush, and undir every tre  
 There n'is none othir Incubus but he,  
 And he ne will don them no dishonour.  
 And so befell it that this King Artour  
 Had in his hause a lusty bachilere,  
 That on a day came riding fro th' rivere,  
 And happid that alone as he was born,  
 He saw a Maidin walking him befor,  
 Of which Maidin anon maugre her hede  
 By very force he raft her Maidinhede.

For which oppresson was soche clamour,  
 And soche persute unto the King Artour, 890  
 That damnid was this Knight for to be dede,  
 By course of law, and shuld have lost his hede,  
 Peraventure soche was the Statute tho,  
 But that the quene and othir ladys mo  
 So longè prayid the King of his grace,  
 Tyll he his life hath grauntid in that place,  
 And gave him to the quene all at her will  
 To chese wheðir she wold him save or spill.  
 The Quene thankith the King with all her might,  
 And aftir this thus spake she to the Knight, 900  
 Whan that she se her time upon a day;  
 Thou standist yet, qð she, in soche aray,  
 That of thy life yet hast'ow no furtie,  
 I graunt The thy life if thou canst tell me  
 What thing it is that wymen most desiren  
 Beware and kepe thy nekkè bone from iren.  
 And if thou canst tell it me not anon,  
 Yet woll I geve The levè for to gon  
 A twelvemonth and a day to seke and lere  
 And answeve suffisaunt in this matere, 910  
 And surety woll I have er that thou pass  
 Thy body for to yeldin in this place.  
 Wo was the Knight, and sorowfully sikith,  
 But what? he may not don all as him likith.  
 And at the last he chose him for to wend  
 And come agen right at the yer's end,  
 With soche answeve as God wold him purvey.  
 Taking his leve he wendith forth his wey.  
 He sekith every houe and every place,  
 Whereas he hopith for to findin grace 920  
 To



To lern what thing the wymen lovin most.  
 Yet he ne couth arrivin in no Colte  
 Whereas he might findin in this matere  
 Two Creturis accordyng both yfere.  
 Some said that wymen lovid best richese,  
 Some seide honour, and some said jollines,  
 Some rich aray, some seidin lust abedd,  
 And oftime to be widow, and ywedd.  
 Some said that our hert is mostly esid,  
 Whan that we ben flatterid and presid.  
 He goth full nie the sothe, I woll nat lie,  
 A man shall winn us best with flattery,  
 And with attendance, and with besynes  
 Ben we ylimid both the more and less.  
 And some men say how that we lovin best,  
 For to ben fre, and don right as us lest,  
 And that no man repreve us of our vice,  
 But say that we be wise, and nothing nice,  
 For trewily there n'is none of us all,  
 If any wight woll claw us on the gall,  
 That we n'll kik for that he saith us sothe.  
 Assay, and he shall find it, that so doth.  
 For be we ne're so vitious withinn.  
 We woll be holdin wise, and elene from sinn.  
 And some men sain, that grete delite have we  
 To ben holdin stabil, and eke secre,  
 And in o purpose stedfastly to dwell,  
 And not bewrayin thing that men us tell.  
 But that tale is not worth a rake flele,  
 Parde we wymen konnin nothing hele.  
 Witnes of Midas; Woll ye here the tale?  
 Ovid amongis othir thingis smale  
 Saith Midas had undir his longè heres  
 Growing upon his hede two As's eres,  
 The whichè vice he hid as best he might  
 Full sotilly from every mann's sight,  
 That saw his wife there wist of it no mo,  
 He loved her most, and trustid her also,  
 He prayid her that unto no creature  
 She shold not tellin of his disfigure.  
 She swore him, not for all the world to winn  
 She n'old not do that villony, ne sinn,  
 To make her husbond have so foule a name,  
 She n'old not tell it for her owne shame,  
 But natheles her thoughtin that she dide,  
 That she so long sholdin a Counsaile hide,  
 Her thought it swoll so sore about her hert,  
 That nedily some word she must astert,  
 And sith she durst tellin it to no man  
 Doune to a Marris faste by she ran,  
 Tyll she came there her hert was on a fire,  
 And as a bittorn bumpith in the mire,  
 She laid her mouth unto the watir doune,  
 Bewray me not thou watir with thy soun,  
 Qð she, to The I tell it, and no mo,  
 Mine husbond hath long As's eris two.  
 Now is mine hert all whole, now it is out,  
 I might no lengir kepe it out of dout.  
 Here now ye se, though we a time abide,  
 Yet out it mote, we can no Counsaile hide.  
 The remnaunt of the tale if ye woll here,  
 Redith Ovid, and there ye may it lere.  
 This Knight of which my tale is specially,  
 Whan that he saw he might not come thereby,  
 That is to say, what wymen lovin most,  
 Within his hert sorowfull was his gost.  
 But home he goth, he mightin not tojourne,  
 The day is come that homewards must he turne,  
 And in his way it happid him to ride  
 In all his care undir a forest side.  
 Whereas he saw upon a daunce ygo  
 Of Lady's four and twenty, othir mo.  
 Towards the daunse he drowe him full yerne  
 In hope that he some wildorn there shold lerne.

But certainly er he came fully there  
 Vanishid was the daunse he wist not where.  
 No creature saw he there that berin life,  
 Save on the grene sitting he saw a wife,  
 A foulir wight there may no man devise,  
 Again the Knight the old wife gan arise, 1000  
 And said, Sir Knight, here tothlyith no way,  
 Tellith me what you sekin by your fay.  
 Peraventure it may the bettir be,  
 930 These old folk konnin mochi thing, qð she.  
 My lese Moðir, qð this Knight, certene  
 I n'am but dede, but if that I can seine  
 What thing it is that wymen most desire,  
 Cou's ye me wisse, I wo'd well quite your hire.  
 Plight me thy trouth, here in my hond, qð she,  
 The next thing that I requirin of The 1010  
 Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,  
 And I woll tell it you er it be night.  
 Have here my trouth, qð the Knight, I it graunt;  
 940 Then qð the wife, I may me well avaunt  
 Thy life is safe, for I woll flond thereby,  
 Upon my life the quene woll say as I.  
 Let se wh ch is the proudest of them all  
 That werth or a kerchief or a call,  
 That dare say nay, of that I shall you teche.  
 Let us go forth withoutin lengir speche 1020  
 Tho townid she a pillil in his ere,  
 And bad him to be glad, and have no fere.  
 Whan they ben comin to the Court, this Knight  
 950 Said he had hold his day as he had hight;  
 And redy was his answer, as he said.  
 Full many noble wife, and many maid,  
 And many widow, for that they be wise,  
 (Th. quene her self sitting as a Justice)  
 Assenblid ben his answer for to here:  
 And afterward this Knight was lode appere. 1030  
 To every wight commaundid was silence,  
 And that the Knight shold tel in Audience  
 What thing that worldly wymen lovin melle.  
 960 This Knight ne stode not still as doth a belle,  
 But to t is question anon answerde,  
 With manly voice, that all the Court it herd.  
 My liege Lady, generally, qð he,  
 Wymen desirin to have sovereignty  
 As well ovir their husbonds as their love,  
 And for to ben in Maistry them above 1040  
 This is your most desire, though ye me kill,  
 Doth as you list, I am here at your will.  
 In all the Court ne was there wife ne maide,  
 970 Ne widow that contrary'd what he said,  
 But seid he was worthy to have his life.  
 And with that word upstertin the old wife,  
 Which that the Knight found sitting on the grene,  
 M'erey qð she, my sovereign lady quene,  
 Er that your Court departin do me right.  
 I taught this answer unto this Knight, 1050  
 For which he plightid me his trouthe there,  
 The first thing that I wold of him requere,  
 He wold it do, if it lay in his might  
 Before this Court than pray I The Sir Knight,  
 Qð she, that thou me take unto thy wife,  
 For well thou wost, that I have kept thy life.  
 If I say false, say nay upon thy fay.  
 This Knight answerde alas! and welaway!  
 I wot right well that soche was my behest,  
 For Godd's love chafish a new request. 1060  
 Take all my gode, and let my body go.  
 Nay, qð she, then I shrew us both in two.  
 For tho that I be foule and old and pore,  
 990 I n'old for all the metal nor the ore  
 That under erth is grave, or lath above,  
 But if that I thy wife were and thy love  
 My love, qð he, nay my Damnation!  
 Alas! that any of my Nation



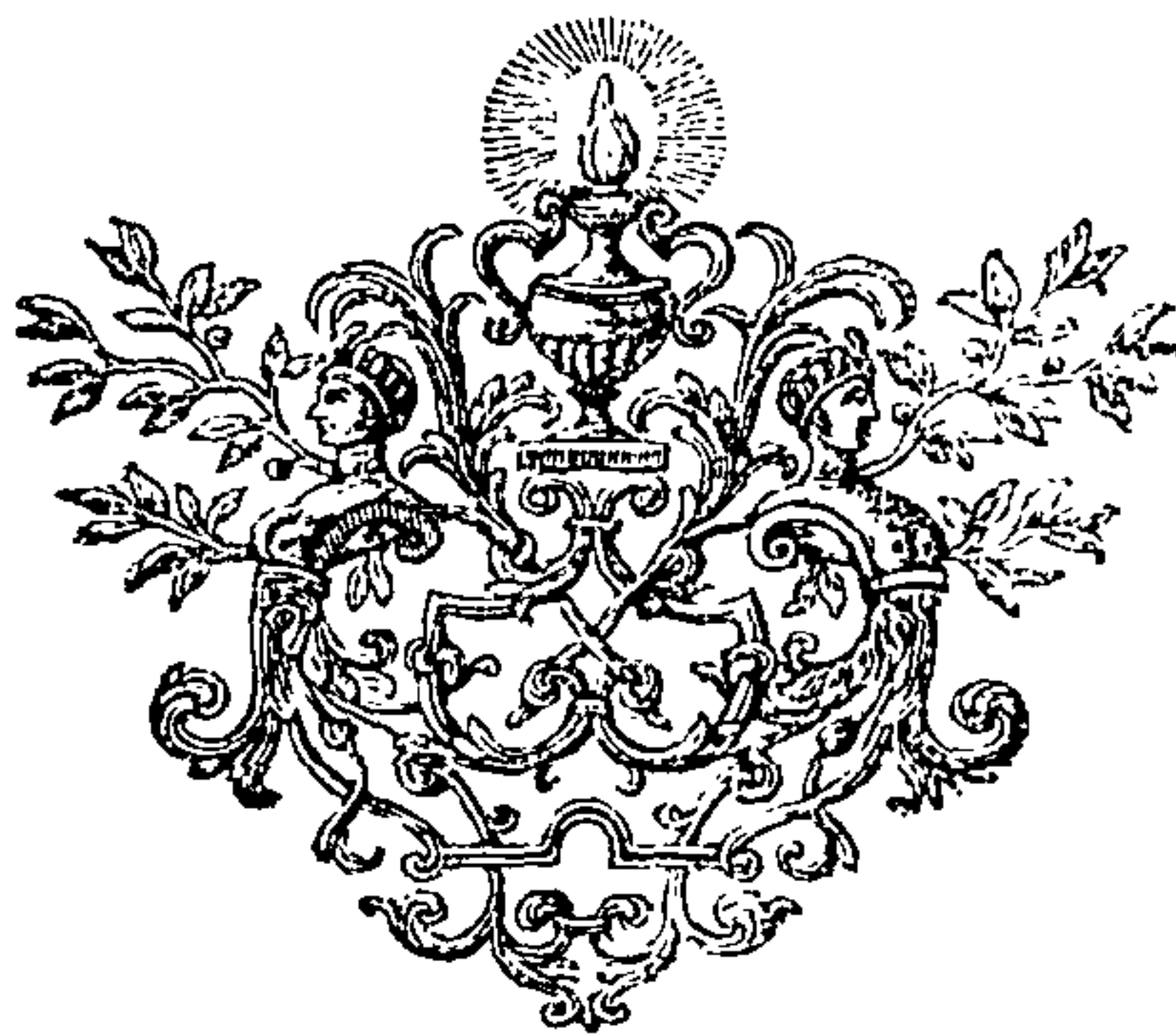
- Sholdin evir so foule disparaged be.  
 But all for noght, the end is this, that he  
 Constrainid was, and nedis must her wedd,  
 And takith this old wife, and goth to bedd.  
 Now woldin some men sain peraventure  
 That for my negligence I do not cure  
 To tellin you the joy, and the array  
 That att the feste was that ilkè day.  
 To the which thing I shortly answeire shall  
 I say there was no joy, nor feste at all.  
 There n'as but heviness, and mochil sorow,  
 Full privily he wed her on a morow,  
 And all day aftir hid him as an Oule,  
 So wo was him, his wife lokid so foule.  
 Grete sorow haddè this Knight in his thought,  
 Whan he was with his wife abed ybrought,  
 He wallowith, and tornith to and fro;  
 His olde wife lay smiling evirmo;  
 And said, o dere husbond, o *benedicite*,  
 Farith every knight with his wife as ye?  
 Is this the law of King Arthur's house?  
 Is eche Knight of his love thus daungerous?  
 I am your own true love, and eke your wife,  
 I am she which that favid hath your life,  
 And certis yet did I you ne'r unriht.  
 Why farin ye with me thus the first night?  
 Ye fare like a man that has lost his witt.  
 Fy! what is my gilt? for God's love tell it,  
 And it shall be amendid if I may.  
 Amendid, q'ð this Knight, alas! nay, nay.  
 That wold not ben amendid nevir mo.  
 Thou art so lothely, and so old also,  
 And thereto commin of so low a kind,  
 That no wondir though I wallow and wind.  
 So wolde God, q'ð he mine hert might brest.  
 Is this, q'ð she, the cause of your unrest?  
 Yea certinly, q'ð he, no wondir is.  
 Now Sir q'ð she I cou'd amend all this  
 If that me list, er it were dayis thre.  
 So well ye might you berin unto me.  
 But for ye spekin of soche gentilnes,  
 As is descendid out of old richess,  
 That therefore shullin ye be gentilmen,  
 Soch arrogance n'is not worthy an hen.  
 Lo! who that is most vertuous alwey  
 Privy and apert, and most tendith aye  
 To do the gentle dedis that he can,  
 Takith him for the gettrist Gentilman,  
 Crist wold we claim of him our gentilnes,  
 Not of our Elders for their old richess.  
 For though they geve us all their heritage,  
 For which we claime to ben of high parage,  
 Yet may they noght bequethin for no thing  
 To none of us their vertuous living,  
 That made them Gentilmen ycallid be,  
 And bad us folow them in soche degre.  
 Full well can the wife Poet of Florence,  
 That hight Dantes, spekin in this sentence.  
 Lo! in soch manir rime is Dantes tale,  
 Full feld uprisith by his braunchis smale  
 Prowess of Man, for God of his godeness  
 Wold that we claim of him our gentilnes.  
 For of our Elders may we nothing claime  
 But temp'rall thingis that may hurt or maime.  
 Eke every wight wot this as well as I,  
 If gentilnes were plantid nat'rally  
 Unto a certeine linage doune the line,  
 Privy' and apert, than wold they nevir fine  
 To don of gentilnes the faire Office,  
 They mightin do no Villony ne vice.  
 Take fire, and bere it to the derkist house,  
 Betwixt this, and the Mount of Caucasus,  
 And let men shet the doris, and go thenne,  
 Yet wold the fire as faire lyin and brenne
- As twenty thousand men might it behold,  
 His office natural ay wold it hold,  
 Up perill of my life till that it dye.  
 Here may ye sein well how that gentrye  
 Is not annexid to possession,  
 Sithin folk ne don their operation  
 Alway as doth the fire, lo! in his kind.  
 For God it wot men may full oftin find  
 A lord's sonne don shame and Villony,  
 And he that wold have prife of his gentry,  
 For that he was born of a gentle house,  
 And had his Eldrs noble, vertuous,  
 And n'ill himself doin no gentill dedis,  
 Ne follue' his gentil Auncitre that ded is,  
 Ne n'is not gentill, be he Duke or Erle,  
 Fy Villain! sinfull dedes makith a cherle.  
 For gentilnes n'is but the renomie  
 Of thy Ancestors for their high bountie,  
 Which is a stronge thing for thy persone,  
 Thy gentilnes comith fro God alone.  
 Then comes our very gentilnes of grace  
 It was nothing bequethe us with our place.  
 Thinkith how noble, faith Valerius,  
 Was thilkè King Tullus Hostilius  
 That out of povert rose to high nobles!  
 Redith Senec, and redith eke Boece,  
 There shall ye sene exprefs, that it no drede is  
 He is gentill, which that doth gentill dedis.  
 And therefore, dere Husbond, I thus conclude  
 All were it that mine Auncetirs were rude  
 Yet may the High God, and so hopin I  
 Grauntin me grace to livin vertuously.  
 Than am I gentill, whan that I begin  
 To livin vertuously and levin Sinn.  
 Now thereas ye of povert me repreve,  
 The hiè God, on whom that we beleve,  
 In wilfull povert chese to lede his life,  
 And certis every man, maidin, and wife  
 May undirstond, that Jesu Hevin King  
 Ne wold not chese a vitious living.  
 Glad povert is an honest thing certeine,  
 This wold Senec, and othir Clerkis saine.  
 Whoso wold hold him paid of his povert,  
 I hold him rich, all had he not a Shert.  
 He that covitith is a full pore wight,  
 For he wold han what is not in his might,  
 But who nought hath, ne covitith to have  
 Is rich, although men hold him but a knave.  
 Juvenal faith of povert merrily,  
 Very povert it singith propirly.  
 The pore man whan he goith by the way  
 Beforn the thevis he may sing and play.  
 Povert is hatefull gode; and as I gessè  
 A full grete bringir out of besinesse,  
 A grete amender eke of Sapience,  
 To him that takith it in pacience.  
 Povert is this, although it seme clenge,  
 Possession, that no wight wold challenge.  
 Povert full oftin whan a man is low  
 Makith himself, and eke his God to know.  
 Povert spectacle is, as thinkith me,  
 Through which one may his very frendis se.  
 And therefore sin that I do you not greve  
 Of my povertie, no more me repreve.  
 Now, Sir, of Eld ye eke reprevid me,  
 And certis, Sir, though none authority  
 Were in no boke, ye gentles of honour  
 Saine that men shold an oldè wight honour,  
 And clepe them fathir for your gentilnes,  
 And Authors shall I findin, as I gessè.  
 There as ye saine, that I am foule and o'd,  
 Than drede you noght to ben a Cokewold.  
 For filth and elth also, so mote I the,  
 Ben grete Wardeinis upon chastite.



But natheles since I know your delite,  
I shall fulfill your worldly appetite.  
Chese now, qð she, one of these thingis twey,  
To have me soule and old till that I deye, 1220  
And be to you a true and humble wife,  
And never you displese in all my life,  
Or ellis woll you have me yong and faire,  
And take your aventure of the repaire  
That shall come to your house because of me,  
Or in some othir place, as well may be?  
Now chese your selfin whethir that you liketh.  
This Knight avisith him, and fore he siketh,  
But at the last he said in this manere.  
My Lady, and my love, and wife so dere, 1230  
I putte me in your wise governaunce,  
Chesith your self which may be most plesaunce,  
And most honour to you and me also.  
I do no force the whethir of the two.  
For as you likith it suffisith me.  
Than have I got the Maistery, qð she,  
Since I may chese to govern as I lest;  
Yea certis, wife, qð he, I hold it best.  
Kiss me, qð she, we be no lengir wroth,  
For by my trowth I woll be to you both, 1240

This is to say, to be both faire and gode,  
I pray to God that I mote stervin wode,  
But I to you be all so sad and trew,  
As evir was wife sith the world was new.  
And but I be to morow faire to sene  
As any Lady, Emperess, or Quene,  
That is betwene the Est and eke the West,  
Doth with my life, qð she, right as you lest.  
Cast up the Courtain, and loke how it is.  
And whan this Knight saw apertly all this, 1250  
That she so faire was, and so yong thereto,  
For joy he hent her in his armis two.  
His herte bathid in a bath of blis,  
A thousand times arow he gan her kiss,  
And she obeyid him in every thing  
That moughtin doen him plesure or liking,  
And thus they livid to their livis end,  
In perfite Joy: And Jesu Crist us send  
Husbandis meke, and yong, and fresh abed, 1260  
And grace to overlive them that we wed.  
And I pray to God to shortin their lives  
That woll not be governid by their wives,  
And old and angry nigards of dispence,  
God send them sone a very pestilence.

Thus endith the Wife of BATH's TALE.







Here beginneth the FRERE's PROLOGUE.

**T**His worthy Limitour, this noble Frere,  
 He made alwey a manir louring chere  
 Upon the Somner, but for honeste  
 No villeyous word yet to him spake he.  
 But at the last he said unto the wife,  
 Dame, q<sup>d</sup> he, God geve you a right gode life,  
 Ye have here touchid, all so mote I the,  
 In schole mattir a grete difficulte.  
 Ye han said mochill thing right well I say.  
 But Dame, here as we ridin by the way  
 Us nedith not to spekin but of game,  
 And let Autoritys a Godd's name  
 To preching, and to schole eke of Clergy.  
 But if it like unto this Company  
 I woll you of a Somner tell a game,  
 Parde ye may well knowin by the name  
 That of a Sompnour may no gode be said,  
 I pray that none of you be ill apaid;

A Sompnour is a rennir up and doun  
 With Maundements for fornicatioun,  
 And is ybete at every toun's end. 20  
 Tho spake our Host, as Sir ye shuld ben hend  
 And curteis, as a man of your estate.  
 In this Cumpany we woll no debate.  
 Tellith your tale, and let the Sompnour be.  
 Nay, q<sup>d</sup> the Sompnour, let him say to me  
 What so him list, whan it come to my lot  
 Parde I shall him quittin every grote. 10  
 I shall him tellin which a grete honour  
 It is to be a flattering Limitour,  
 And eke of many othir manir crime, 30  
 Which nedith not reherfin at this time,  
 And of his Office I shall tell I wis.  
 Our Host answerid, Pece, no more of this.  
 And astirward he said unto the Frere,  
 Tell forth your tale my levè Maistir dere.

Here endeth the FRERE's PROLOGUE.

The



## The FRERE's TALE.

A Sompnour and the Devil meeting on the way, after conference, become sworn brethren, and to Hell they go together. A covert invective against the bribery and corruption of the Spiritual Courts in those days.



Hilome there was dwelling in my Contre  
 An Archdecon, a man of high degre,  
 That boldly diddin execution  
 In punishing of fornication,  
 Of Witchecraft, and eke of baudery,  
 Of Defamation, and advoutrie  
 Of Chirch gerevis, and of testaments,  
 Of Contrastes, and of loss of Sacraments,  
 Of Usurie and Simonie also,  
 But certis lecheroures did he moch wo,  
 They sholde singin if they werin hent;  
 And smale tythirs they werin foule yshent,  
 If any perfon wold upon them pleyne,  
 There might astert them no pecunial peyne.  
 For smale tithis and eke small offering  
 He made the peple pitously to sing.  
 For er the Bishop caught them with his hoke,  
 They werin in the Archdekin's boke.  
 And than had he through his jurisdiction  
 Powir to don on them correction.  
 He had a Sompnour redy to his hond,  
 A flyir boy was there none in Englonde,  
 For subtilly he had his espiale,  
 That taught him where that he might him availe. 60  
 He coude spare of Lechours one or two  
 To techin him to four and twenty mo.  
 For though this Sompnour wode were as an hare,  
 To tell his harlotry I wold not spare.  
 For we ben out of his Correction,  
 They han of us no jurisdiction.  
 Ne nevir shall in term of all their lives.  
 Peter, so ben the wymen of the Stives,  
 Qd this Sompnour, yput out of our cure.  
 Pece with mischaunce, and with misaventure, 70  
 Saidin our Host, and let him tell his tale.  
 Now tellith forth, and let the Sompnour gale,  
 Ne sparith not, myn owne Maistir dere.  
 This false thefe, this Sompnour, qd the frere,  
 Had alwey bauldis redy to his hond,  
 As any hauke to lure in Englonde,  
 That tellith him all the secre they knew,  
 For their acquaintance was not come of new.  
 They werin his approvirs privily,  
 He toke himself a grete profit thereby:  
 His Maistir knew not alwey what he wan,  
 Withoutin Maundement a lewde Man  
 He couth summon up peyne of Crist's curse,  
 And they were inly glad to fill his purse,  
 And madin him grete festis at the Nale,  
 And right as Judas hadde purfis smale,  
 And was a thefe, right soche a thefe was he,  
 His Maistir haddè but half his duty.  
 He was, if I shall gevin him his laude,  
 A thefe, and eke a Sompnour, and a baud.  
 He had eke Wenchis of his retinue,  
 That whethir Sir Robert, or els Sir Hew,  
 Or John, or Rafe, or whofo that it were,  
 That lay by them, they told it in his ere.  
 The Wenchis and he were of one assent,  
 And he wold fetch a faim'd Maundement,  
 And summon them to the chaptir both two,  
 And pill the Man, and let the Wench go,

Than wold he say, frend, I shall for thy sake  
 Do strikin her out of our letteres blake, 100  
 Thou dare no more, as in this case travaile,  
 I am thy frend, there I may The availe.  
 For certine he knew of bribery's mo  
 Than possible is to tell in yeris two.  
 For in this word n'is there Dog for the bow  
 That can an hurt dere from an whole one know  
 But than the Sompnour knew a fly lechour,  
 Or an Avoutir, or a Paramour;  
 And for that was the frute of all his rent,  
 Therefore on it he sett all his entent. 110  
 And so bifell, that once upon a day,  
 This Sompnour, wayting evir on his pray,  
 Rode to summon an old wife, a ribibe,  
 Faining a Cause for he wold have a bribe.  
 And happid that he saw before him ride  
 A gay yoman undir a forest side,  
 A bow he bare, and arrows bright and shene,  
 He had upon him a Courtpie of grene,  
 An hat upon his hede with frengis blake,  
 Sir qd this Sompnour, haile, and wele o'retake. 120  
 We come, qd he, and every gode felaw,  
 Whithir ridest thou undir this grene wode shaw,  
 Saide this yoman, wilt'ow feir to day?  
 This Sompnour him answerid and said nay.  
 Here fast by, qd he, is all mine entent  
 To ridin for to raisin up a rent,  
 That longith unto my Lord's duty.  
 Art thou then a bailif? I am qd he,  
 He durst not then for very filth and shame  
 Say that he was a Sompnour, for the name. 130  
 Depardeux qd this bailif, lese brother,  
 Thou art a bailif, and I am another.  
 I am unknowin as in this Countre,  
 Of thine acquaintance I wolde pray The,  
 And eke of brothirhode, if that thou list,  
 I have both gold and silvir in my chest,  
 If that ye hap to come into our Shire  
 All shall be thine right as thou wolt desire.  
 Graunt mercy, qd this Sompnour, by my faith.  
 Everich in other's hond this trouth ylayeth, 140  
 For to be sworne breth'rin till they dye;  
 And with that word they ridin forth their way.  
 This Sompnour with that was so full of jangles,  
 As full of venome ben the wariangles,  
 And ay enquering upon every thing.  
 Brothir, qd he, where may be your dwelling,  
 Anothir day if I sholde you seche?  
 This yoman him answer'd in so'te speche;  
 Brothir, qd he, ferre in the North Countre,  
 Where as I hope sometime I shall The se, 150  
 Er we depart I shall The so well wif,  
 That of my house shaltin thou never mis.  
 Now, Brothir, qd the Sompnour, I you pray,  
 Techin me, while we ridin by the way  
 (Sith that ye ben a bailif, as am I)  
 Some sotilie, and tell me faitfully  
 In mine office how that I may most winn:  
 And sparith not for Conscience ne Sinn,  
 But, as my brothir, tell me how don ye.  
 Now by my trouth, my brothur dere, said he, 160  
 As



As I shall tellin The a faithfull tale,  
My Wagis ben full streit, and eke full smale.  
My Lord is hard to me, and daungerouse,  
And mine office is full laboriouse;  
And therefore by extortion I leve,  
Forsothe I take all that men woll me geve,  
Algate by flight, or apert violence,  
From yere to yere I winn all my dispenne,  
I can no bettir tellin faithfully.

Now certis, qð this Sompnour, so fare I,  
I sparin not to take, God it wor,  
But if it be too hevy, or too hot,  
That I may get in Counsaile privily,  
No mannir conscience of that have I,  
N'ere mine extortion I might not live,  
Of soche japis wollin I not be thrive;  
Stomach ne Conscience ne know I none,  
I shrew all these shrift faðirs everichone.  
Well be we met by God and swete Seint Jame.  
But leve brothir tellith me thy name,  
Quoðe this Sompnour, in this mene while.

This Yoman gan a litil sor to smile,  
Brothir, qð he, wolt thou that I The tell?  
I am a fend, my dwelling is in Hell,  
And here I ride about my purchasing,  
To wetin whare I may get any thing,  
My purpose is th' effect of all my rent,  
Loke how thou ridist for the same intent,  
To winnin gode, thou rekist never how.  
Right so fare I, for ridin woll I now  
Unto the world's ende for a prey.

Ah! qð this Sompnour, *benedicite!* what say?  
I wenid ye were a yoman trewly,  
Ye have a mann's shape, as well as I.  
Have ye a figure then determinate  
In hellè, there ye ben in your estate?

Nay certeinly, qð he, there have we none,  
But whan us likith we can take us one,  
Or ellis make us seme, that we ben shape,  
Sometimis like a man, or like an ape,  
Or like an angel can I ride or go,  
It is no wondir thing tho it be so.  
A lousie juggler can decevin The,  
And yet parde can I more craft than he.

Why, qð the Sompnour, ride ye than or gone  
In sondry shape, and not alwey in one?

Forthat, qð he, we will us soche form make,  
As is most able our preys for to take.  
What makith you to have all this labour?  
Full many a Cause, leve Sir Sompnour,  
Seidè this fend, but alle thing hath time,  
The day is short, and it is passid prime,  
And yet ne wan I nothing in this day,  
I woll entend my winning, if I may,  
And not entend our wittis to declare,  
For, brothir mine, thy wittes ben all to bare,  
To undirstond, although I wold tell The;  
But for thou axist why labourin we?  
For sometime ben we Godd's instruments,  
And menis to don his commaundements,  
What so that him lust upon his catures,  
In divers acts, and in divers figures.  
Withoutin him we have no might certeine,  
If that him list to stondin there ageyne.  
And sometime, at our prayir, han we leve  
Only the body, not the Soule, to greve;  
Witness of Job, to whom we diddin wo;  
And sometime have we might of bothè two,  
This is to faine, of body and soule eke;  
And sometime we ben sust'rid for to seke  
Upon a man, and don his soule unrest,  
Not his body, and all is for the best:  
Whan he withstondith our temptation,  
It is a cause of his Salvation,

Albeit that it was not our entent,  
He sho'd be safe, but that we shold him hent.  
And sometime we be servaunts unto man,  
As to the Archibishop Seint Dunstan,  
And to th' Apostel servaunt eke was I.

Yet tell me, qð this Sompnour, feythfully, 240  
Makin ye you new bodies thus alwey  
Of Elements? The fend answerid nay.

Sometime we faine, and sometime we arise  
With dede bodys, and that in sondrie wise.  
And spekin as renably, faire, and well,  
As did the Pythones to Samuell.  
And yet do some men say it was not he,  
I do no force of your divinite.

But o-thing warne I The, I woll not jape,  
Thou wolt algatis wete how we be shape. 250

Thou shalt hereaftirward my brothir dere,  
Come where The nedith not of me to lere,  
For thou shalt by thyn own experience  
Conn in the chair the rede of this sentence,  
Bettir than Virgil while he was on live,  
Or Dantes also: now let us ride blive,  
For I woll holdin company with The,  
Tyll it be so that thou forsake me.

Nay, qð this Sompnour, that shall not betide;  
I am a yoman, that is knowen full wide, 260

My trouth I woll hold to The in this caas,  
For though thou were the Devil Sathanas,  
My trouth I wollin hold unto my brothir,  
As I am sworn, and eche of us till othir,  
For to be trewe brothir in this caas.

And, brothir, we gon on to our purchase.  
Take thou the part, that men wollin The geve,  
And I woll mine, and thus shall we both leve:  
And if that eithir havin more than other,  
Let him be trew, and part it with his brother. 270

I graunt it, qð the Devil, by my fay.  
And with that word they ridin forth their way.  
And right at th' entring of the toun's ende  
(To which the Sompnour shope him for to wend)  
They saw a Cart, that chargid was with hay,  
The which a Cartir drove forth on his way.  
Depe was the way, for which the Cart still stode:  
This Cartir smote, and cryde as he were wode,  
Heit Scot, heit Brok, what spare ye for the nones?  
The fend you fetch, qð he, body and bones, 280  
As ferforth as ye were evir yfoled,

So mochil wo as I have for you tholed:

The Devil have it all, horse, cart, and hay.

Qð this Sompnour, here shall we have a prey,  
And nere the fend he drew, as nought ne were,  
Full privily, and rownid in his ere,  
Herkin, my brothir, herkin by thy feyth,  
Herist thou not how that the Cartir seyth?  
Hent it anon, for he hath geve it The,  
Both hay and cart, and eke his Caples thre. 290

Nay, qð the Devil, God wot ne'r a dele,  
It is not his entent trustith me wele,

Ask him thy self, if thou throwist not me,  
Or ellis stint a while, and thou shalt se.  
This Cartir thakid his horse on the croup,  
And they begonnin to draw and to stoupe:  
Heit now, qð he, that Jesus Crist you blefs,  
And all his hondy werk both more and less,  
That was weil ytwight, my own liard boy,  
And I pray God save The and Seint Eloy. 300

Now is my Cart out of the Slough parde.  
Lo! brothir, qð the fend, what told I The!

Here may ye fein, myn own derè brother,  
The Carle spake o thing, but he thought another.  
Let us go forth aboutin our viage,  
Here winn I nothing upon cariage.

Whan that they comin somewhat out of tounne,  
This Sompnour to his brothir gan to rounne,

Brothir,



Brothir, qð he, here wonnith a rebek;  
That had almost as lese to lese her nek,  
As for to gere a penny of her gode:  
I woll have twelve pence though that she were wode,  
Or I woll Sompnè her to our office;  
And yet, God wot, of her I know no vice,  
But for thou canst not, as in this Countre,  
Winnin thy cost, ensample take of me.

This Sompnour clappith at the wedow's gate,  
Come out, he seide, thou old veritrate,  
I trow thou hast some Frere or preeft with The.

Who clappith seide this wife, *benedicite!*  
God save you, Sir, what is your swete will,  
I have, qð he, of Summons here a bill,  
Upon paine of cursing loke that thou be  
To morow before our Archdekin's knee,  
To ansuir to the court of certeine thinges.

Now the Lord Jesu, qð she, King of Kinges  
So wisely helpin me, as I ne may,  
I have ben sike, and that many a day,  
I may not go so ferr, qð she, ne ride,  
But I be dede, so prikið it my side.  
May I not ask a libell, Sir Sompnour,  
And answe're give there, by my Procutor,  
To soche thing as men wold apposin me?

Yes, qð this Sompnour, pay anon---- let se  
Twelve pence to me, and I woll The acquite,  
I shall no profite have thereof but lite,  
My Maistr hath the profit and not I.  
Come off, and let me ridin hastily.

Geve me twelve pence, I may no lengir tary.  
Twelve pence, qð she, o Lady Seint Mary  
So wisely help me out of care and sinn,  
This wide world though that I shold it winn,  
Ne have I not twelve pence within my hold.  
Ye knowin well that I am pore and old,  
Kith your almis on me a pore old wretch.

Nay than, qð he, the foulè fend me fetch,  
If I Th' excuse, though thou sholdist be spilt.

Alas! qð she, God wot I have no gilt.  
Pay me, qð he, or by the swete Seint Anne  
I woll streight bere away the newè panne,  
For dett which that thou owist me of old,  
Whan that thou madest thy husbond a Cokold,  
I paid at home for thy Correction.

Thou liest, qð she, by my Salvacion.

310 I nevir was er now widow ne wife  
Sompnid unto your Court in all my life,  
Ne nevir n'as I but of body trewe,  
Unto the Devil rough and blake of hew  
Geve I thy body, and my pan also.

And whan the Devil herdin her curse so 360

Upon her knees, he said in this manere,  
Now Mabily myn ownè Moðir dere,  
Is this your will in earnest that ye say?

The Devil, qð she, set him er he dye,  
And pann and all, but he woll him repent.

Nay, nay, old Stote, that is not mine entent,  
Qð this Sompnour, for to repentin me,  
For any thing, that I have had of The,  
I wold I had thy smok and every cloth.

Now, brothir, qð the Devil, be not wroth, 370

Thy body, and this pann is mine by right,  
Thou shalt with me to Hellè yet to night,  
Where thou shalt knowin of our privy,  
More than a Maistr of Divinity.

And with that word the foulè fend him hent,  
Body and Soule he with the Devil went,  
Where that Sompnours havin their heritage,

And God, that madin antir his image  
Mankind, savin and gyde us all and some,  
And leve these Sompnours gode men to become. 380

Lordings, I couth have told you, qð this liere,  
Had I had leysure of this Sompnour here,  
Aftir the text of Crist, of Poul and John,  
And of othir Doctours many an one,  
Soche peinis, as your hertis might agrise,

340 Al be it so no tonge may it devise,  
Though that I might a thousand wintir tell  
The peynis of that cursid house of Hell.

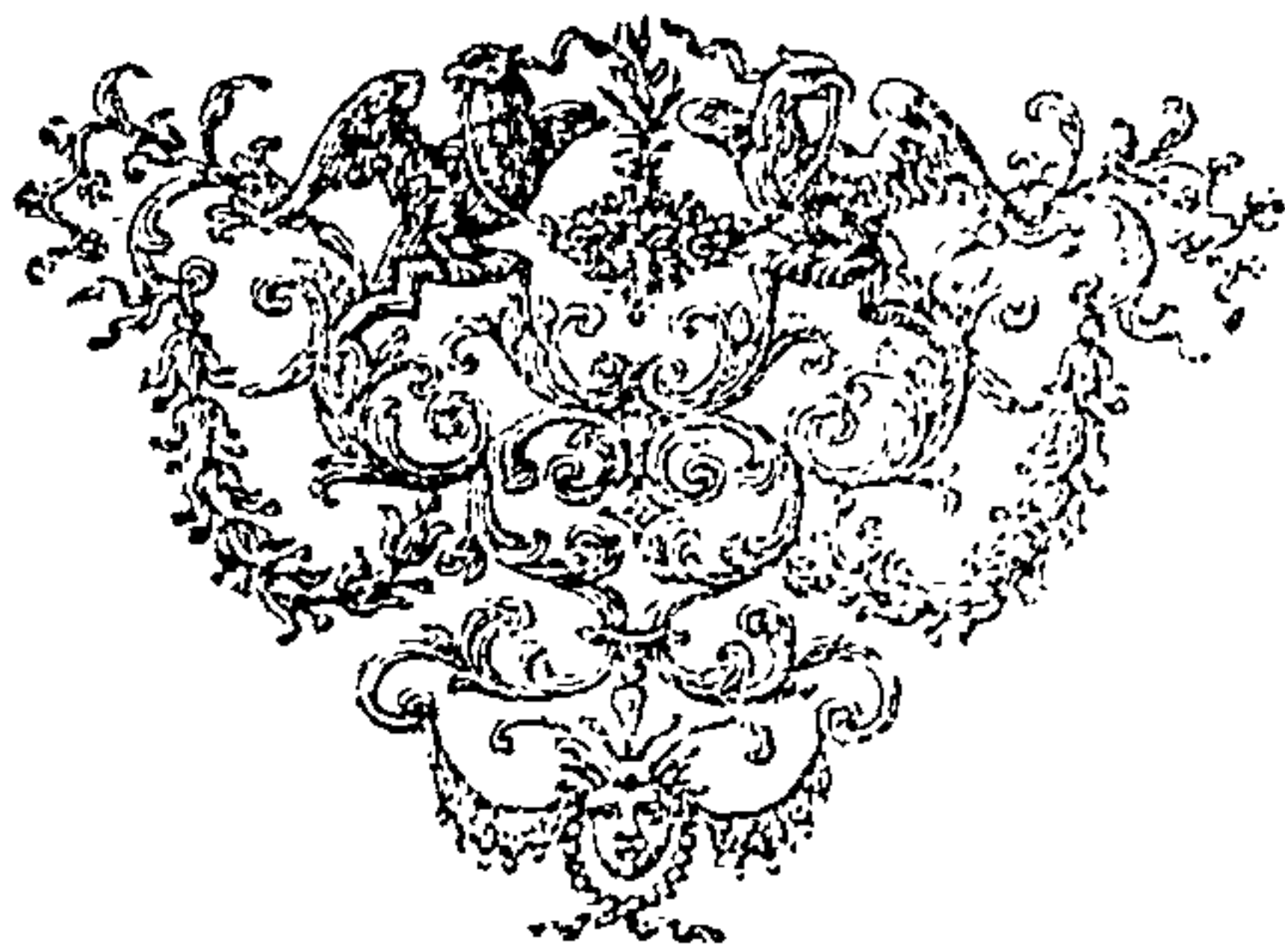
But for to kepe us fro that cursid place  
Wakith, and prayith Jesu of his grace 390

To kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas.  
Herk'nith this word, beware as in this caas,  
The Lioun sittith in await alway  
To flea the innocent, if that he may.

Disposith ay your hertis to withstond

350 The fend, that The wold makin thrall and bond.  
He may not temptin you ovir your might,  
For Crist woll be your champion and knight,  
And prayith that this Sompnour him repent  
Of his misdede, er that the fend him hent. 400

Thus endeth the FRERE's TALE.







### Here beginneth the SOMPNOUR's PROLOGUE.

**H**is Sompnour in his stirops high he stode,  
**T** Upon this Frere he star'd, his hert was wode,  
 That like an aspin lese he quoke for ire.  
 Lordings, qð he, but o thing I desire

And you beseeche, that of your curtesy,  
 Sithins ye han herd this false frere ylye,  
 As sult' rith me I may my tale ytell.

This Frere ybostith, that he knowith Hell,  
 And God it wot that it is litil wonder,  
 Freris and Fendis ben but little' asonder.  
 For parde ye han ostè time here tell  
 How that a Frere ravishid was to hell  
 In spirit onis by a Visioun,  
 And as an Angell led him up and doune  
 To shewin him the peynis that were there,  
 In all the place yet saw he not a Frere.  
 Of othir folk he saw ynow in wo.  
 Unto the Angell spake the Frere tho.

Now Sir, qð he, han freris soch a grace  
 That none of them shall come unto this place? 420

Yes, qð this Angell, many millioun.  
 And unto Sathanas ladd he him doune.

And now hath Sathanas, said he, a taile  
 Brodir than of a Carike is the saile.

Hold up thy taile, thou Sathanas, qð he,  
 Shew forth thyn erse, and let the Frere se  
 Where is the nest of Freris in this place.

And er that half a forlong wey of space,  
 Right so as bees swarmin out of an hive,  
 Out of the Devil's erse they gan to drive,

410 Twenty thousand Freris all on a rout,  
 And throughout Hell they swarmid all about,  
 And come agen as fast as they might gon,  
 And into his erse they crepte everichone.

He clapt his taile agen, and lay full still.  
 This fryir whan he lokid had his fill  
 Upon the turment of this fory place,  
 His spirit God restorid of his grace  
 To his body agen, and he awoke,  
 But nathèless yet for fere still he quoke,  
 So was the Devil's erse ay in his mind!

440 That is his herytage of very kind.

God save you all, save this accursid Frere,  
 My Prologue woll I end in this manere.



## The SOMPNOUR's TALE.

A Begging Fryer coming to a Farmer's house, who lay sick, obtaineth of the sick Man a certain Legacy, which must be equally divided among his Convent. A requital to the Fryer, shewing their coufenage, loytering, impudent begging, and hypocritical praying.



Ordinges, there is in Yorkshire, as I ghesse,  
A marishe Contre callid Holderneshe,  
In which there went a Limitour about,  
To preche, and eke to beg it is no dout.  
And so bifell that on a day this Frere  
Had prechid in a Chirche in his manere, 450  
And specially abovin every thing  
Excitid the pepill in his preching  
To Trentalis, and to geve for Godd's sake  
Wherewith men mightin holie housis make,  
There as divine servise is honourid,  
Not there as it is wastid and devourid:  
Ne there it nedith not for to be geve,  
As to Possessioners, that may els leve,  
Thonkid be God, in wele and haboundaunce.  
Trentalls, qð he, deliverith fro Penaunce 460  
Ther frendis soules, as well olde as yonge,  
If so that they ben hastily ysonge,  
Not for to holde a Preeft jolic and gay,  
(He singith not but o messe in a day)  
Delive'rith out, qð he, anon the Soules,  
Full hard it is with Fleshe-hoke, or with Oules  
To ben yclawid, or to brenne or bake,  
Now spede you hastily, for Crist's sake.  
And whan this Frere had said al his entent,  
With *Qui cum Patre* forth away he went. 470  
Whan folk in Chirche had yeve him what 'hem left,  
He went his way, no lengir wolde he rest,  
With scrip and tippid stafte, ytuckid hie:  
In every house he gan to pore and prie,  
And beggid mele, and chese, or ellis come.  
His felaw had a stafte rippid with horne,  
A pair of Tables, alle of ivory,  
A Poyntell polishid full ferously,  
And wrote alwey the namis as he fode  
Of alle the folk, that yave 'hem any gode 480  
Askauncis, as if he wolde for 'hem prey.  
Yeve us a Bushell Where, or Malt, or Rey,  
A Godd's Kichell, or a trip of Chese,  
Or ellis what ye list, I may not chese,  
A Godd's half-peny, or a Masse-peny,  
Or yeve us of your Brawn, if ye have any,  
A Dagon of your blanket, leve Dame,  
Our Sustir dere, lo, here I write your name,  
Bacon, or bese, or such thing as ye find.  
A sturdie Harlot went them ay behind, 490  
That was ther Host's man, and bare a sacke,  
And that men yave 'hem laid it on his backe.  
And whan he was out at the dore anon  
He playned away the namis everichone,  
That he before had writtin in his Tables,  
He servid 'hem with nysses and with Fables.  
Nay, there thou lyist, Sompner, qð the Frere.  
Pece, qð our Hoste, for Crist's Moðir dere,  
Tell forth thy tale, and spare it not at all.  
So thrive I Host, qð he, and so I shall. 500  
So long he went fro house to house, till he  
Came to a house there he was wont to be  
Refreshid more than in an hundrid placis,  
Sore sik lay the gode Man, whose the place is,  
Bedrid upon a couche low he lay;  
*Deus hic*, qð he; O Thomas frend, gode Day,

Seidè this Frere, all curtisly and soft;  
Thomas, qð he, God yeld it you, full oft  
Have I upon this Bench farin full wele,  
Here have I etin many' a mery mele: 510  
And fro the Bench he drove away the Catte,  
And layed adoun hispotent, and his hatte,  
And eke his scrip, and set him soft adoun.  
His felaw was go walkid in the Toun  
Forth with his knave, into that Hostelrie  
Whereas he shope him that ilke night to lie.  
O my dere Maistir, qð this sike Man,  
How have ye farin sithin March began?  
I saw you not this fortnight day and more.  
God wote, qð he, laboured have I full fore, 520  
And specially for thy Salvacion  
Have I saied many precious Orison,  
And for our other frendis, God 'hem blefs!  
I have this day ben at your Chirche at Messe,  
And saied a Sermon after my simple witte,  
Not alle after the Text of Holie writte,  
For it is harde to you, as I suppose,  
And therefore I woll teche you alle the Glose.  
Glosing is a glorious thing certaine,  
For Lettir slayith, as we Clerkis saine. 530  
There have I them taught to ben charitable,  
And spend ther gode there it is resonable.  
And there I saw our Dame, ah where is she?  
Yonder in the yard I trow that she be  
Seidè this man, and she woll come anon.  
Eye, Maistir, ye be welcome, by St. John,  
Seidè this wise, how fare ye, hartily?  
This Frere arisith up full curtisly,  
And her embracith in his armis narow,  
And kissith her swetely, and chirkit as a sparrow 540  
With his lips; Dame, qð he, I fare right wele,  
As he that is your servaunt every dele,  
Thankid be God that you have soule and life,  
Yet sawe I not this day so faire a Wife  
In alle the whole Chirche, so God me save.  
Yea, God amend alle faultis, Sir, qð she,  
Algatis welcome be ye, by my fay.  
Graunt mercy Dame, that have I found alway,  
But of your grete godenefs, and by your leve,  
I wold you prayin that ye n'old you greve, 550  
I woll with Thomas speke a litil throwe,  
These Curates ben full negligent and slowe  
To gropin tenderly a Mann's Conscience,  
In shrift and preching is my diligence,  
And to studie on Peter's words and Poul's,  
I walke to ffishin Christen-mennis soules,  
To yeldin Jesu Crist his propre rent,  
To sprede his wordis is alle mine entent.  
Now by your feith, dere Maistir mine, qð she,  
Chidith him wele now for Sainct Charite, 560  
For he is aye angrie as a Pisse-Mire,  
Though that he have all that he can desire,  
Though I him wrie on night, and make him warme,  
And over him lay my leg or mine arme,  
He gronith like our bore that lyeth in lye,  
Othir disport of him right none have I;  
I may not plesse him in no mannir caas.  
O Thomas, je vous die, Thomas, Thomas,

This



This makith the fend, thys must be amended,  
Ire is a thing that God highly defended,  
And thereof woll I speke a word or two.

Now Maistir, qð the Wife, ere that I go,  
What woll ye dine? I woll go thereabout.

Now Dame, qð he, je vous die fans dout,  
Have I not of a Capon but the Liver,  
And of your white bred nought but a shiver,  
And afir that a rossid pigg'is hedde,  
(But I n'old for me that no beste were dedde)  
Than hadde I ynow for my suffisaunce,  
I am a man of litil sustenaunce,  
My spirit hath his fostring in the Bible,  
My bodie is forredie and penible  
To wakin, that my stomach is distroied,  
I praye you, Dame, that ye be nought annoied,  
Though I so frendly you my Counsaile shew,  
By God, I n'old have told it but to few.

Now Sir, qð she, but one word er I go,  
My child is dedde within these wekis two,  
Sone afir that ye went out of this toun.  
His Dethe I saw by Revelatioun  
Sayid this Frere, at home in our Dortour,  
I dare well saye, that within half an hour  
Afir his Dethe I saw him bore to blisse  
In my Visioun, so God my soule wille;  
So did our Sexten, and our Fermerere,  
That have ben true Freris these fifty yere,  
Thei may now, God be thankid of his lone,  
Makin ther Jubile, and walke alone.  
And up I rose, and alle our Covent eke,  
With many a tere trilling on our cheke,  
Withouthin noyse, or clattering of Belles,  
The Deum was our song, and nothing elles,  
Save that to Crist I bad an Orisoun,  
Thanking him of my Revelatioun;  
For Sir and Dame, trustith ye me right well,  
Our Orisouns ben more effectuell,  
And more we se of Crist'is seeret thinges  
Than borell folk, albeit they were Kinges.  
We live in poverty and Abstinence,  
And borell folk in richesse and dispence  
In mete and drink, and in ther foul delite,  
We have this world'is lust al in despite.  
Lazar and Dives livid diversly,  
And diverse guerdons haddin they thereby.  
Whoso woll praye, he must fast and be clene,  
And fatte his soule, and make his body lene.  
We fare as saith the Apostel, clothe and fode  
Suffiith us, though thei be not full gode.  
The cleneness of the fasting of us Freres  
Makith that Crist acceptith of our Prayers.  
Lo! Moises fourtie days and fourtie night  
Fastid, ere that the High God of his might  
Spake with him in the Mountain of Sinai,  
With emptie womb, fasting many a day  
Recevid he the Lawe, that was written,  
With Godd's finger; and Hely, well ye witten,  
In Mount Oreb er he had any speche  
With the hie Godde, that is our soul'is leche,  
He fastid long, and was in contemplaunce.  
Aaron, that had the Temple' in governaunce,  
And eke the othir Prestis everychone,  
Into the Temple whan thei shuldin gon,  
To pray for the pepill, and do servise,  
They n'oldè drinkin in no mannir wise  
No kind of drink, that dronkin might hem make,  
But there in abstinence did praye and wake,  
Lest that they deidin; take hede what I say,  
Sobre ben thei that for the pepil pray,  
Ware what I say; ynow for it suffiseth,  
Our Lord Jesu, as holie Writ deviseth  
Yave us ensample of fasting and prayers;  
Therefore we Mendicantes, we sely Freres

Ben weddid to Povert and Continence,  
To Charite, Humblesse, and Abstinence,  
To Persecucion for Rightwisenesse,  
To Weping, Misericorde, and Clenenesse.  
And therefore may ye sein that our prayers  
(I speke of us, we Mendicantes, we Freres)  
Ben to the high God more acceptable  
Than yours with your festis at your table. 650  
Fro Paradise first, if I shall not lie  
Was Man out chasid for his gluttonie,  
And chaste was man in Paradise certaine.  
580 But herkin now, Thomas, what I shall saine;  
I have no text of it, as I suppose,  
But I find it in mannir of a glose:  
That specially our swete Lorde Jesus  
Spake this by Freris, whan he saidin thus,  
Blessid be thei, that pore in spirit ben!  
And so forth all the Gospel may ye sene 660  
Whethre' it be liker our professioun,  
Or theirs, that swimmin in possessioun.  
Fy on ther pomp! and on ther gluttony!  
And eke on ther leudnesse! I them desye.  
590 Methinkith they ben like Jovinian,  
Fat as a whale, and walking as a swan,  
Al vinolent as botill in the spence:  
Ther Prayir is of littil reverence,  
Whan they for soulis say the Psalm of David,  
Lo! bouffe, they saine, *Cor meum eructavit.* 670  
Who foloweth Crist'is Gospel and his lore  
But we, that humble be, and chaste, and pore,  
Werkers of Godd's worde, and not auditours?  
600 Therefore right as an Hauke upon his sours  
Upspringith in the aire, right so the prayers  
Of charitable, chaste, and besy Freres  
Makin their sours to Godd'is eris two.  
Thomas, Thomas, so mote I ride or go,  
And by that Lord that clepid is Sainct Yve,  
Ne thou our broðir were, thou shuldst not thrive. 680  
For in our Chapter pray we day and night  
To Crist, to sendin The both helth and might  
Thy body for to weldin hastily.  
610 Got wote, qð he, nothing thereof sele I,  
As helpe me Crist, as in a fewè yeres  
Have I spendid on diverse mannir Freres  
Full many' a pound, yet fare I ner the bet,  
Certaine my gode have I almost beset.  
Farewell my gold, for it is all ago.  
The Frere answerde, O Thomas, dost thou so? 690  
What nedith The diverse Freris to seche?  
What nedith him, that hath a parfit leche  
To sechin othir lechis in the toun?  
620 Your inconstaunce is your confusioun.  
Hold ye me then, and eke all our Covent  
To prayin for you insufficient?  
Thomas, that jape ne is not worth a mite,  
Your maladie is for we have too lite;  
A, yeve that Covent four and twenty grotes,  
And yeve that Covent half a quarter otes, 700  
And yeve that Frere a peny', and let him go:  
Nay, nay, Thomas, it may be nothing so.  
What is a farthing worth partid in twelve?  
630 Lo! eche thing that is onid in himselve  
Is more strong, than when it is so yskattered;  
Thomas, of me thou shalt not be yflattered:  
Thou woldist have our labour all for nought.  
The high God, that alle this world hath ywrought,  
Saith that the workman is worthy his hire.  
Thomas, of your tresour I naught desire 710  
As for my self, but that all our Covent  
To pray for you is ay so diligent,  
And for to buildin up Crist'is owne Chirch;  
640 Thomas, if ye woll lernin for to wirch  
Of building up of Chirchis, maie ye find,  
If it be gode, in Thomas life of Inde.



Ye liggin here full of angir and ire,  
 With which the Devill fet your hert on fire,  
 And chidin here this holie Innocent,  
 Your wife, that is so meke and pacient;  
 And therefore trow me, Thomas, if you lest,  
 Ne chide not with thy wife, as for the best;  
 And bere this word away now by thy faith  
 Touching soche thing, lo! what the Wiseman saith,  
 Within thy house ne be thou no Lion,  
 To thy subjects do thou no oppreßion,  
 Ne makin not thy aquentaunce to fle.  
 And, Thomas; yet cõsonis warne I The,  
 Beware of hir that in thy bosome slepeth,  
 Ware of the Serpent, that so flyly crepeth  
 Undir the grasse, and stingith subtilly;  
 Beware, my sonne, and herkin paciently,  
 That twentie thousand men have lost their lives  
 For striving with ther Lemmans and ther Wives.  
 Now sith ye have so holy a meke Wife,  
 What nedith you, Thomas, to makin strife?  
 There n'is, I wis, no serpent so cruell  
 Whan men tredde on his taile, ne half so fell,  
 As woman is, whan she hath caught an ire,  
 Verry vengeance is then all her desire.  
 Ire is a sinn, one of the gretest of seven,  
 Abominable to the King of Heven,  
 And to himself it is destructioun.  
 This every leud Vicar and Parsonne  
 Can say, how ire engendriþ homicide;  
 Ire is, in sothe the excusour of pride.  
 Of ire right cõuth I say soche mochil sorow,  
 That my tale shuld lastin till the morow,  
 And therefore praye I God, both day and night,  
 To an irous man that he send litil might!  
 It is grete harme, and certis grete pite,  
 To fet an irous man in high degre.  
 Whilome there was an irous Potestate,  
 As saith Senec, that during his estate  
 Upon a day out riddin Knightis two;  
 (And as Fortune wouldin it shulde be so)  
 That one of hem came home, the othir nought;  
 Anon the Knight before the judge is brought,  
 That seide thus, thou hast thy felaw slaine,  
 For which I deme The to the dethe certaine;  
 And to anothir Knight commaundid he,  
 Go, lede him to the dethe, I chargè The.  
 And happid, as thei wentin by the weye  
 Toward the place there where he shuldin deye;  
 The Knight came, which Men wenid had be dede,  
 Then thoughtin they it was the beste rede  
 To ledin hem bothe to the judge againe.  
 Thei seidin, Lord, lo! the Knight hath not slaine  
 His felawe; here he stant, whole and alive.  
 Ye shulle be dede, qð he, so mote I thrive,  
 This is to sayin both one, two, and thre.  
 And to the first Knight right thus spakin he,  
 I dampnid The, thou must algate be dedde,  
 And thou also must nedis lese thine hedde,  
 For thou the cause art why thy felaw dyeth;  
 And to the third Knight right thus he seyth,  
 Thou hast not don what I commaundid The;  
 And thus he did them slayin allè thre.  
 Irous Cambyfes was eke dronkelewe,  
 And ay delitid him to ben a shrewe.  
 And so bifell, a Lord of his meine,  
 That lovid well vertuons moralite,  
 Saied on a day betwixt hem two right thus;  
 A Lord is lott, if he be vicious,  
 And dronkenesse eke is a foule record  
 Of any man, and namely of a Lord;  
 There is full many an eye, and many an ere  
 Awaiting on a Lord, and he n'ot where;  
 For Godd'is love drinkith more temperately;  
 Wine makith a man to lese wretchidly

His mind, and eke his limmis everychone.  
 The reverse shalt thou se, qð he, anon,  
 And preve it by thine owne experience,  
 That wine ne doth to folk no soche offence;  
 There n'is no wine berevith me my might  
 Of honde, ne fore, ne of my eyin sight:  
 And for despite he dronke mochill the more  
 An hundrid timis than he did before.  
 And right anon this cursid irous wretch,  
 This Knight'is sonne let before him fetch,  
 Commaunding him he shulde before him stound,  
 And sodainly he toke his bowe in honde,  
 And up the string he pullid to his ere,  
 And with an arrow slough the child right there.  
 Now whithre have I a sikir hand or none,  
 Qð he, is alle my might and mind agone?  
 Hath wine berevin me myn eyin sight?  
 What shulde I tell the answer of the Knight?  
 His sonne was slaine, there is no more to say.  
 Beware therefore with Lordis how ye play,  
 Sing Placebo, and I shall, if I can;  
 But if it be unto a porè man,  
 To a porè man men shulde his vicis telle,  
 Not to a Lord, though he shulde go to Helle.  
 Lo! Irous Cyrus, that ilke Persian,  
 How he destroyid the River Gisan!  
 For that an horse of his was dreint therein,  
 Whan that he went Babilon for to winne;  
 He madin that the river was so smale,  
 That men might ride, or wade it over alle.  
 Lo! what sayed he, that so welle techin can?  
 Ne be no felawe to none irous man,  
 Ne with no wode man walkin by the way,  
 Lest thou repent; I wolde no ferthir say.  
 Now, Thomas, lese broðir, leve thine ire,  
 Thou shalt me find as just, as is a Squire;  
 Hold not the Devil's knise ay in thine hert,  
 Thine angir doth The alle too forè smerte;  
 But shew to me alle thy Confessioun,  
 Nay, qð the like man, by Sainct Simeon;  
 I have be shrive this day of my Curate,  
 I have him told alle wholly myn estate,  
 Nedith no more to speke of it, qð he,  
 But if me leste of my humility.  
 Yeve me than of thy gold to make our Cloyster,  
 Qð he, for many a muscle, and many an oyler,  
 Whan othir men have ben full well at ese,  
 Have ben our fode, our Cloyster for to reyse:  
 And yet, God wot, unnethe the fundament  
 Parfourmid is, ne of our pavement  
 There is not yet a tile within our wones,  
 By God, we owin fourtie pound for stones.  
 Now helpe, Thomas, for him that harrowed Helle,  
 For ellis mote we alle our bokis selie;  
 And if men lak our Predicatioun,  
 Than goth this world all to destructioun.  
 For who so woll us from the world bereve,  
 So God me savin, Thomas, by your leve,  
 He wold berevé out of this world the Sonne!  
 For who can teche, and werchin as we conne?  
 And that is not of litil time, qð he,  
 But sithin Hely was, or Helise,  
 Han Freris ben, that find I of recorde  
 In Charite, ythonkid be our Lord.  
 Now, Thomas, help us, for Sainct Charite.  
 And down anon he sitte him on his kne.  
 This sike man woxin nie wode for ire,  
 He woldin that the Frere had ben a fire  
 With alle his false Dissimulatioun.  
 Soche thinges as ben in my possessioun,  
 Qð he, that may I give ye, and none other,  
 Ye saine me thus, how that I am your brother.  
 Yes certis, qð this Frere, trustith me wele,  
 I toke our Dame our letter, and our sele.  
 B b  
 Now,



Now, qð he, welle, and somewhat shalle I geve  
Unto your holie Covent, while I leve,  
And in thyne honde thou shalt it have anon,  
On this condicioun, and othir none,  
That thou depart it so, my levè brother,  
That every Fryer have as moche as other:  
This shalt thou swere on thy professioun,  
Withoutin fraude, or cavillatioun.

I swere it, qð the Fryer by my faith,  
And therewithall his hond in his he layth,  
Lo! here my faith, in me shalle be no lack.  
Than put thy honde adoun right by my back,  
Seide this man, and gropin well behind,  
Benethe my buttoke, there shalt thou find  
A thing, that I have hid in privite;  
Ah! thought this Frere, that shalle ygo with me. 880  
Adoun he shofth his honde unto the clift,  
In hope to findin there some godè gift.  
And whan this sike man feltin this Frere  
About his towell groping here and there,  
Amid his hand he let the Frere a farte;  
There n'is no Capell drawing in a Carte,  
That might have let a farte of soche a soun.

The Frere upstert, as doth a wode lioun;  
Ah! false Churle, qð the Frere, for Godd'is bones,  
This hast thou in despite doe for the nones. 890  
Thou shalt abie this farte, if that I maie.

His meine, which that herd of this affray,  
Came leping in, and chafid out the Frere,  
And forth he gooth with a full angrie chere,  
And sette his felawe there as laye his store,  
He lokid as he were a wildè Bore,  
He grintid with his tethe, so was he wrothe!  
A sturdie pace doune to the Courte he goth,  
Whereas there woned a man of grete honour,  
To whome that he was alwey Confessour.  
This worthie man was Lord of that village;  
This Frere ycame, as he were in a rage,  
Whereas this Lorde satte eting at his borde,  
Unnethis might this Frere spekin o worde,  
Till at the last he seide, God you se.

This Lord gan loke, and said *benedicite*!  
What now, Frere John? What manir world is this?  
I se right welle, that something is amifs.  
Ye loke as though the wodde were full of thevis,  
Sittidoun anon, and telle me what your greve is, 910  
And it shalle be amendid, if I maie.

I have, qð he, had a despote to day,  
God yelde it you, adoun in your village,  
That in this worlde there n'is so pore a page,  
That he n'old have abominacioun  
Of that I have recevid in your toun.  
And yet ne grevith me nothing so fore,  
As that the oldè Churle with lokkis hore  
Blasphemid hath our holie Covent eke.

Now, Maistir, qð the Lord, I you beseke: 920  
No Maistir, Sir, qð he, but servitour,  
Though I have had in scholis that honour,  
God likith not that men us Rabbi calle,  
Nothir in market, ne in your large halle.

No force, qð he, but telle me alle your grese.  
Sir, qð this Frere, an odious mischefe  
This day betidde to myn ordre and me,  
And so per consequence to eche degre  
Of holie Chirche, God amendin it sone.

Sir, qð the Lorde, we wot what is to done, 930  
Distemper you not, ye ben my Confessour,  
Ye be the salte of the erthe, and the favour,  
For Godd'is love your pacience now holde,  
Tell me your grese; and he anon him told,  
As ye han herde before, ye wote well what.

The Ladie of the Housè ay stille ysatte,  
Till she had herdin what the Frere had sayd.  
Eye, Godd'is Mothir qð she, blisfull Maide!

Is there nought ellis? telle me faithfully.

Madame, qð he, how thinkith ye thereby? 940  
How me thinkith? qð she, so God me spede,  
I say a Churle hath done a Churl'is dede.

What shulde I say, God let him nevir the,  
His sike hedde is alle fulle of vanite,  
I holde him in a mannir of frensie.

Madame, qð he, by God, I shalle not lie,  
But I in othir wise may ben awreke,  
I shalle defame him ovre' alle where I speke,  
That false blasphemour, which that chargid me  
To part it, that wolde not departid be, 950  
To every man ylike much, with mischaunce!

The Lorde satte stille, as he were in a traunce,  
And in his herte he rollid up and doune  
How that his Chorle had ymaginacioun  
To shewin soche a probleme to the Frere,  
Nevir erst or now herde I soche matere,  
I trowe the Devill put it in his mind,  
In alle Arismetrike there shalle no man finde  
Byforne this day of soche a questioune,  
Who shulde make a demonstracioun 960  
That every man shulde have ylike his parte  
As of the soun or favour of a Farte?  
O nicè, proudè Churle, I shrewe thy face.

Lo! Sir, qð the Lorde, with hardè grace,  
Who evir herde of soche a thing er now?  
To every man ylike? tellin me how?  
It is impossible, it may not be.

Eye nicè Churle! God let him nevir the.  
The rombling of a farte, and every soun,  
N'is but of aire reverberacioun, 970  
And ay it wastith lyte and lyte away,  
There is no man can demin by my fay,  
If that it were departid equally.

What? lo my Churle! lo, yet how shrewdely  
Unto my Confessour to day he spake!

I holde him certaine a Demoniak.

Now etc your mete, and let the Chorle go playe,  
Let him go hange himself a Divell way.  
Now stode the Lord'is Squyr at the borde,  
That carft his mete, and herdè worde by worde 980  
Of alle this thing, of whiche I have you sayd.

My Lord, qð he, be ye not ill apayed,  
For I couth tellin for a gowne of cloth  
To ye, Sir Frere, so that ye be not wroth,  
How that this farte shulde evin delid be  
Among your Covent, if it likith The.

Telle, qð the Lorde, and thou shalt have anon  
A gown of cloth, by God, and by Saint John.

My Lord, qð he, when the weðir is faire 990  
Withoutin winde, or perturbing of ayre,  
Let bring a cartwhele here into this halle,  
But loke to that it have its spokis alle.

Twelve spokis hath a cartwhele comynly.  
And bring me then twelve Freris, wot ye why?  
For thirtene is a Covent, as I ghesse.

Your Confessour here for his worthinesse  
Shalle parfourme the nombir of his Covent.  
Than shalle they knele adoun by onc assent,  
And to every spok's-end in this manere  
Full sadly layin his nose shalle a Frere. 1000

Your nobill Confessour there, God him save,  
Shalle holde his nose upright into the nave;  
Then shalle this Churle, with belie stifte and tought,

As any Tabour, hither ben ybrought,  
And sette him on the whele right of this Carte,  
Upon the Nave, and make him let a Farte,  
And ye shulle se, up perill of my life,  
And by prefe which that is demonstratife,

That equally the soun of it wille wend,  
And eke the stink, unto the spokis end. 1010  
Save that this worthie man, your Confessour,  
(Because he is a man of grete honour)

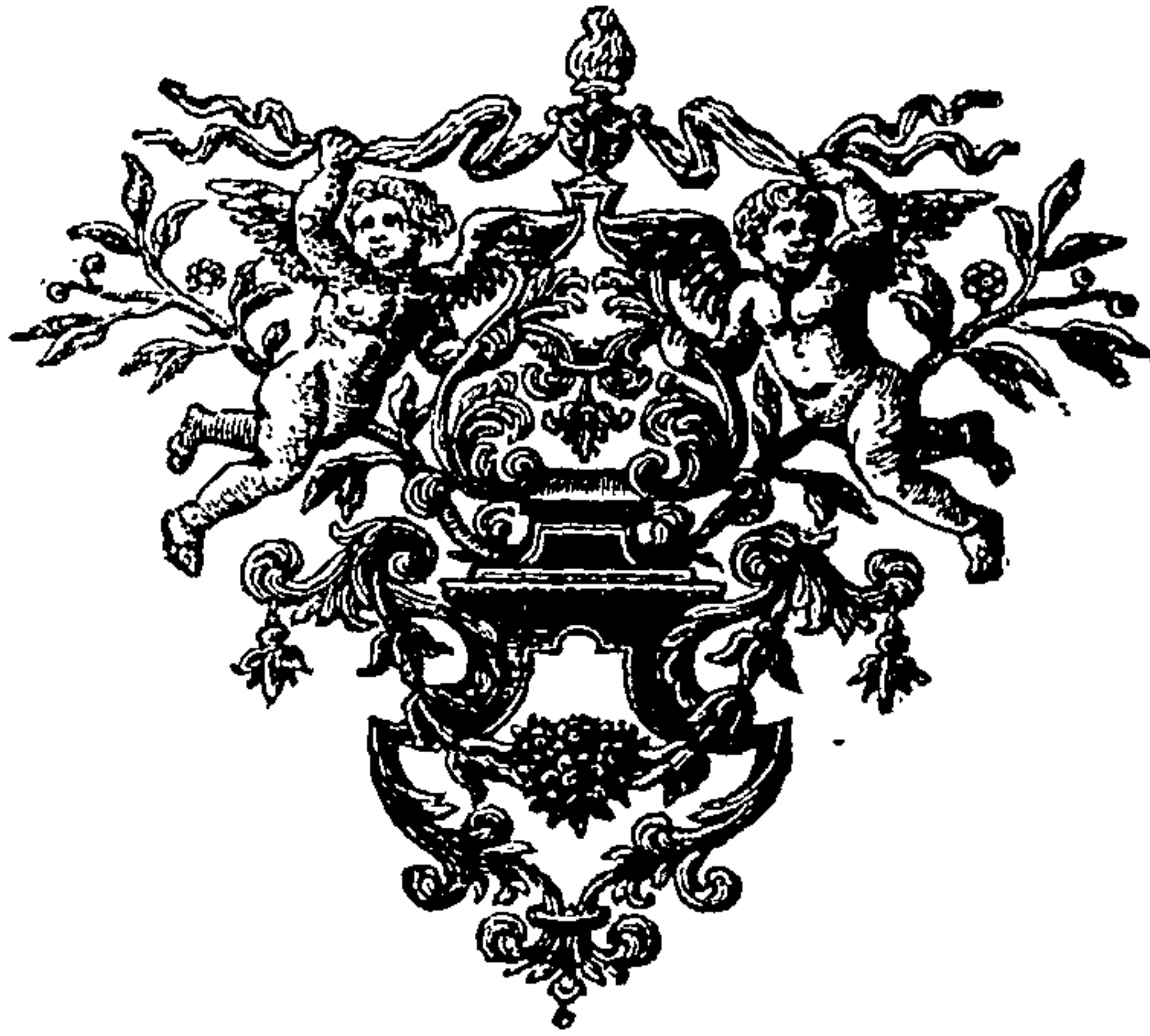
Shalle



Shalle have the first frutis, as resoun is,  
The noble usage of Freris is this,  
The worthiest man of them shalle first be served,  
And certeinly he hath it well deserved.  
He hath to day taught us so mochill gode  
With preching in the Pulpit there he stode,  
That I may vouch-safe, I sayin for me,  
He haddè the first smelle of fartis thre,  
And so woll all his brethrin hardily,

He berith him so faire and holilie.  
The Lorde, the Ladie, eche man save the Frere,  
Seidè that Jenkin spake in this matere  
As well as Euclid cou'de, or Ptolomie;  
Touching the Chorle thei saied, that subtiltie  
And high wit made him spakin as he spake,  
He n'is no fole, ne no Demoniakè;  
1020 And Jenkin hath ywonne a newè Gounè;  
My Tale is done, we ben almost at tounè. 1030

Here endith the SOMPNOUR's TALE.



Here





Here followeth the Clerk of Oxenford's PROLOGUE.



IR Clerk of Oxenford, our Hostè saide,  
Yeride as coye and stille, as doth a Maide  
That were new spousid sitting att the  
borde;  
This day ne herde I of your mouthe a  
worde:

I trowe you studie about some sophime,  
But Salomon saide that all thing hath time.  
For Godd'is sake as beth of better chere,  
It is no time now for to studie here.  
Telle us some mery talè by your faye,  
For what man that is entrid into playe  
He nedis mote unto that playe assent.  
But prechith not as Freris don in Lent,  
To makin us for our olde sinnes to wepe,  
Ne that thy talè make us not to slepe.  
Telle us some mery thing of adventures,  
Your termis, colouris, and your figures  
Kepe them in store tille so be ye endite  
High Stilè, as whan men unto Kingis write,  
Spekith so plaine at this time, I you praye,  
That we may understòndin what you saye.

This worthie Clerke benignly him answerde,  
Hostè, q'ð he, I am under your yerde,  
Ye have of us as now the governaunce,  
And therefore wolle I do you obeysaunce,  
As ferre as resoun askith, hardily.  
I wolle you telle a talè, whiche that I  
Lernid at Padow of a worthie Clerke,

As preved is by his wordes, and by his werke.  
He is now dede, and nailid in his cheste,  
I praye to God to sende his soule gode rest!  
Frauncis Petrarke, the Laureate Poete,  
Hightin this Clerke, whose Rhetorike so swete  
Enluminid Itaille of Poetrie,  
As Livian did of Philosophie,  
Or Law, or othir arte particulere;  
But Dethe, that wolle not suffir us dwelle here  
But as it were the twinkling of an eye,  
Them both hath slaine, and allè we shall deye.

But for to tellin of this worthie man,  
That taught me this tale, as I first began;  
I say that he first with hie stile enditeth  
(Ere he the bodie of his talè writeth)  
A Proheme, in the whiche descrivith he  
Piemont, and of Saluce the Countre,  
And spekith of Apennine hillis hie,  
That ben the boundis of West Lumbardie,  
And of Mount Vesulus in speciale,  
Whereas the Po out of a wellè smalle  
Ytakith his first springing and his sours,  
That Estewarde evre' encrefith in his cours  
To Emelleward, to Ferare, and Venise,  
The whiche a longe time werin to devise,  
And truily, as to my judgèment,  
Methinkith it a thing impertinent,  
Save that him leste so convey his matere.  
But this is his tale, as ye shullin here.

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1080



## The Clerke of OXENFORD's TALE.

Walter the Marquis of Saluce proverth the Pacience of his Wife Grisild by  
thre most sharp Trialls.

**T** Here is upon the West side of Itale,  
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,  
A lustie plaine, habundaunt of Vitaile,  
Where many a rounne and toure thou  
may'st behold, 1090

That foundid were in time of Faðris olde,  
And many an othir delectable sight,  
And Saluces this noble countre hight.

A Marquis whilome Lorde was of that londe,  
As were his worthie Elders him before;  
And obeyfaunt ay redie to his honde  
Were alle his Liegis, bothe lesle and more,  
Thus in delite he lived, and hath don yore,  
Beloved and dradd, through favour of Fortune,  
Both of his Lordis, and of his Commune. 1100

Therewith he was (to speke of his Lynage)  
The gentillist yborne of Lumbardie,  
A faire persone, and stronge, and yonge of age,  
And full of honour and of curtise,  
Discrete ynough his contre for to gye,  
Save in some thingis that he was to blame;  
And Walter was this yongè Lord's name.

I blame him thus, that he confidrid nought  
In time coming what mightin him betide,  
But on his present lust was alle his thought, 1110  
And for to hauke and hunt on every side  
Well nigh all othir curis let he slide,  
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of alle)  
Wedde no wife, for ought that might befall.

Only that pointe his peple bare so fore  
That flockmele on a day they to him went,  
And one of 'hem, that wisist was of lore,  
(Or ellis that the Lorde wolde best assent  
That he sholde telle him what his peple ment, 1120  
Or ellis cou'de he shew wele soche matere)  
He to the Marquis sayed as ye shulle here.

O noble Marquis, your humanite  
Assurith us, and gevith hardinesse  
As oft as time is of necessite  
That we may to you tell our hevinesses,  
Acceptith now, Lorde, of your gentillesse;  
That we with pitous hertes unto you plaine,  
And let your eris not my voice disdaine.

Alle have I not to done in this matere  
More than anothir man hath in this place, 1130  
Yet forasmuch as ye, my Lorde so dere,  
Have alwey shewid me favour and grace;  
I dare the bettir axe of you a space  
Of audience, to shewin our request,  
And ye, my Lorde, to done right as ye leste.

For certis, Lorde, so wele us likith you,  
And all your werke, and aye have done; that we  
Ne cou'de not our own self devisin how  
We might more livin in felicity,  
Save one thing, Lorde, if that it your wille be, 1140  
That for to be a weddid man you leste;

Then were your peple' in soveraine hert'is rest.

Bowith your neck undir the blisfull yoke  
Of Sovèraintie and not of servise,  
Which that men clepin spousaile or wedloke,  
And thinkith, Lorde, among your thoughtis wile,  
How that our dayes passin in fondrie wile,  
For though we slepe, or wake, or runne, or ride,  
*Aye fleeth time, it woll no man abide.*

And tho your grene youthe flower growith as yet, 1150  
In crepith age alwey as stille as stone,  
And dethe menasith every age, and smite,  
In eche estate, for there escapith none,  
And also certaine as we know echone  
That we shulle dye, and uncertaine we alle  
Ben of that day that dethe shall on us falle:

Acceptith than of us the true entent,  
That nevir yet refusidin your heste,  
And we wolle, Lorde, if that ye wolle assent,  
Chese you a wife in short time, at the leste 1160  
Borne of the gentillist, and of the mest  
Of all Italie, so that it ought seme  
Honour to God and you, as we can deme.

Delivir us out of this besy drede,  
And take a wife, for the high Godd's sake,  
For if it so befall (as God forbede),  
That through your dethe your lynage sholde yllake,  
And that a straunge successour sholdin take  
Your heritage, O wo were us on live!  
Wherefore we pray you hastily to wive. 1170

Ther mekè prayir, and ther pitous chere  
Madè the Marquis herte to have pite,  
Wollin ye, qð he, myne owne pepill dere,  
To that I nevir erst thought constreine me?  
I me rejoicid of my liberte,  
That seldin time is found in mariage;  
There I was lē I mote ben in servage.

But nathelès I se your true entent,  
And trust upon your wit, and have done aye,  
Wherefore of my tre will I woll assent 1180  
To weddin me as sone as ere I maye;  
But there as ye have profrid me to daye  
To chesin me a wife, I you relese  
That choice, and pray you of that profir cese.

For God it wote, that childrin oftin ben  
Unlike thier worthie elders them before,  
Bounte comith of God, and not of strenge  
Of whiche they ben engendrid and ybore,  
I truste in Godd's bounte, and therefore  
My mariage, and myne estate and reste  
I him betake, he may done as him leste. 1190

Let me alone in chesing of my wife,  
That charge upon my back I woll endure,  
But I you praye and charge upon your life,  
That what wife that I take, ye me ensure  
To worship her, while that her life may dure,

C c

In



In werde and werke, both here and ellifwhere,  
As she an Emperour's doughtir were.

And furthirmore thus shalle ye swere that ye  
Agens't my choice shall nevir grutch ne strive, 1200  
For fith I shalle forgoe my liberte  
At your request, as evir mote I thrive,  
There as my herte is sette there woll I wive,  
And but ye woll assent in soche manere,  
I praye you speke no more in this matere.

With hertie wille thei swerin and assent  
To alle this thing, there sayed not one wight nay,  
Beseching him of grace ere that thei went  
That he wolde grauntin them a certeine day  
Of his spoufaile, as sone as ere he may. 1210  
For yet alweye the peple somewhat dredde,  
Lest that this Marquis ne wolde no wife wedde:

He grauntid 'hem a day; soche as them leste,  
On whiche he wolde be weddid sikirlye,  
And saide he did alle this at ther request,  
And thei with humble' entent full buxumlie,  
Kneling upon ther knees full reverentlie  
Him thonkid alle, and thus thei have an end  
Of ther entent, and home ayen thei wend.

And hereupon he toke his officeres, 1220  
Commaunding them for the feste to purvay,  
And to his privie Knightis and his Squires  
Soche charge he yave, as he leste on them lay,  
And thei to his commaundement obey,  
And eche of 'hem doeth all his diligence  
To don unto that feste high reverence.

*Explicit Pars prima, sequitur Pars secunda.*

Not ferre fro thilke Paleyse honourable,  
Thereas this Marquis's hope his mariage,  
There stode a thorpe of sight delectable,  
In whiche the pore folk of that village 1230  
Haddin ther bestis and ther herbigage,  
And of ther labour toke ther sustenance,  
After that the erthe yave 'hem habundaunce.

Among these pore folk there dwellid a man,  
Whiche that was holdin porist of 'hem alle,  
But the high God sometimis fendin can  
His grace unto a litil Ox's-stalle,  
Janicola men of that thorpe him calle.  
A doughtir had he faire enough to fight,  
And Grisildis this yongè maidin hight. 1240

But for to speke of vertuouse beaute,  
Than was she one the feirist undir sonne.  
And full porely yfostrid up was she  
No lico'rous lust was through her herte yronne,  
But oftir of the welle than of the tonne  
She dranke, and for that she wolde vertue plesse,  
She knewe welle labour, but none idle esse.

But though this maidin tendir were of age,  
Yet in the breste of her virginite  
There was enclosed sad and ripe corage, 1250  
And in grete reverence and charite  
Her oldè pore faðir yfostrid she.  
A fewe shepe spinning on the felde she kepte,  
She woldè not ben idle till she slepte.

And whan homewarde she came, she woldè bring  
Wortis or othir herbis timis ofte,  
The whiche she shradde and sethe for ther living,  
And made her bed full harde and nothing soft,  
And aye she kept her faðer's life on loft,

With every obeisaunce and diligence 1260  
That childe might do to faðer's reverence.

Upon Grisildis this povert cature  
Welle oftin hath the Marquis sette his eye,  
As he on hunting rode peraventure,  
And whan it felle that he might her espye,  
He not with wanton loking of folie  
His eyin cast on her, but in fadè wife  
Upon her chere he wolde him oft avise,

Commending in his herte her womanhede,  
And eke her vertue, passing every wight 1270  
Of so yonge age, as welle in chere as dede;  
For though the peple have no grete insight  
In vertue, he confiderid full right  
Her bounte, and purposid that he wolde  
Her wedde only, if evir he wedde sholde.

The daye of wedding came, but no wight can  
Tell what manir of woman it shold be,  
For whiche mervayle wondrid many a man,  
And saidin whan they were in privite,  
Wolle not our Lorde yet leve his vanite? 1280  
Wolle he not wedde alas! alas the while!  
Why wolde he thus himself and us begyle?

But nathèless this Marquis hath do make  
Of gemmis sette in golde and in azure  
Brochis and ringis for Grisildis sake,  
And of her clothing toke he the mesure  
Of a maidin like unto her stature,  
And eke of othir ornamentis alle  
That unto soche a wedding sholde befallè.

The time of undern in the famin daye 1290  
Approchid that the wedding sholdè be,  
And all the Paleyse put was in araye,  
Both halle and chambir eche in his degre;  
The officis stuffid with grete plente,  
There mayst thou se all dainteouse vitaille,  
That may be foundin in ferthist Itaille.

This royalle Marquis richely was araied,  
With Lorde and Ladies in his companie,  
The whiche unto the feste werin yprayed,  
And of his retinue the Bachelerie, 1300  
With many' a sounè of sondrie melodie,  
And to the village, of whiche I you tolde,  
In this araye the right waye hath yholde.

Grisild of this, God wote, full innocent,  
(That for her shapin was alle this araye)  
To fetchin water at a welle is wente,  
And comith home as sone as ere she maye,  
For welle she herdin saye that ilkè daye  
That the Marquis sholde wedde, and if she might,  
She woldè faine have sene some of that sight. 1310

She thought, I wolde with othir maidins stonde,  
That ben my felawes, in our dore, and se  
The Marquis, and therefore now wolde I fonde  
To don at home, as sone as it may be,  
The labour, which that longith unto me.  
And then may I at leysir it beholde,  
If he this waye unto the Castle holde.

And as she wolde over the threshold gone,  
The Marquis came, and gan her for to calle,  
And she sette doun her watir-pot anon, 1320  
Beside the threshold of the Ox's-stalle,  
And doun upon her knees she gan to falle,  
And with sad countenance she knelid stille,  
Till she had herde what was the Lord's wille.  
This



This thoughtfull Marquis spake unto the Maide.  
Full sobirlic, and saide in this manere,  
Where is your faðir, Grisildis, he saide?  
And she with reverence and humble chere,  
Answerid, Lorde, he is all redy here,  
And in she goeth withoutin lengir lett,  
And to the Marquis she her faðir sette.

1330

He by the honde then toke this oldè man,  
And seide thus, whan he had him aside,  
Janicola, I neither may ne can  
The plesaunce lenger of myn hertè hide,  
If thou vouchsafe, whatso'ever me betide,  
Thy doughtir wolle I take ere hens I wend,  
As for my wife, unto my liv'is end.

Thou lovist me, I wote it welle certeine,  
And art my faithfull Liegè Man ybore,  
And alle that likith me I dare welle faine  
It likith The, and speciallic therefore  
Telle me that point that I have saide before,  
And if thou wilt unto that purpose drawe?  
To takin me as for thy Sonne in Lawe.

1340

This sodaine case the man astonid so,  
That red he wext, abashed, and alle quaking  
He stode, unneth ne said he wordis mo,  
But only thus, Lorde, qð he, my willing,  
Is as ye wolle, ne ayenst your liking  
I wolle nothing, ye be my Lorde so dere,  
Right as you lest governith this matere.

1350

Than wolle I thus, qð this Marquis, sothely,  
That in thy chambir I and you and she  
Have a Collation, and wotest thou why?  
For I wolle aske her, if her wille it be  
To be my wife, and rule her aftir me.  
And all this shall be done in thy presence,  
I woll not speke out of thine audience.

And in the chambir while thei were about  
The Tretise, whiche as ye shull aftir here  
The peple came unto the house without,  
And wondrid 'hem in how honest manere  
So tentisly she kept her faðir dere.  
But uttirly Grisildis wonder might,  
For nevir erst ne sawe she soche a fight.

1360

No wondir is though she be astonid,  
To se so grete a ghest come to that place,  
She nevir was to soche ghestis wonid,  
For whiche she lokid with a full pale face;  
But shortlic fro this matere for to pace,  
These were the wordis, that the Marquis saide  
To this benigne and very feithfull maide.

1370

Grisilde, sayed he, ye shalle welle undirstond,  
It likith unto your faðir and me,  
That I you wedde, and eke it may so stonde,  
As I suppose, ye wolle that it so be,  
But these demaundis aske I first, qð he,  
That sith it shalle be done in hastie wise,  
Wolle you thereto assent, or you avise?

1380

I saye thus, be ye redy with gode herte  
To alle my lust, and that I frely may  
As me best likith, though ye laugh or smerte,  
And nevir ye to grutch me night or day,  
Whan I say yea, that ye say not ones nay,  
Nouthir by worde, nor frowning countenance,  
Swere this, and here I swere our alliaunce.

Wondring on these wordis, quaking for drede,  
She saide, my Lord, indigne and unworthie

Am I to thilk honour that ye me bede,  
But as you wolle your self right so wolle I,  
And here I swere that nevir willingly,  
In werde, werke, thought, I n'll you disobey  
For to be dede, though me were lothe to dey.

1390

This is ynough, Grisildis mine, qð he,  
And forth he goeth with a full sobre chere  
Out at the dore, and aftir him came she,  
And to the folke he saide in this manere,  
This is my wife, qð he, that stondith here,  
Honourith her, and lovith her, I pray,  
Whoso me lovith, there n'is more to say.

1400

And for that nothing of her oldè gere  
She sholde bringin into his house, he bade  
That wymen sholde dispoilin her right there,  
Of whiche these Ladies werin nothing glade,  
To handle her clothes in whiche she was clad.  
But nathèless this maidin bright of hew  
Fro fote to hedde thei clothid han all new.

Her haire han thei kembid, that lay untressed  
Full rudily, and with ther fingeres smale  
A Croune upon her hedde they han ydressed,  
And sette it full of ouchis grete and smale,  
Of her aray what sholde I make a tale?  
Unnerthe the peple knew her for fairenesse,  
Whan she transformid was in soche richesse.

1410

This Marquis hath her sponfid with a ring,  
Bought for the same cause, and then he her sette  
Upon an horse snow-white, full welle ambling,  
And to his paleyse, ere he lengir lette,  
With joyfull peple, that her ladde and mette,  
Conveyid her, and thus the day thei spend  
In revell, till the sonne gan to descend.

1420

And shortly forth this talè for to trace,  
I say that to this new-made Marquesse  
God hath ysent soche favour of his grace,  
That it ne semid by no likeliness  
That she yborne was and fed in rudeness,  
As in a Cote or in an Ox's stalle,  
But norished in an Emperour's halle.

To every wight she woxin is so dere  
And worshipfull, that folke there she was bore,  
And fro her birth that knewe her yere by yere,  
Unneth trowid thei her, but durst have swore  
That to Janicola (of whom before)  
She doughtir n'as, for as by conjecture  
'Hem thought she was right anothir creature.

1430

For though that evir vertuouse was she,  
She was encrefid in soche excellence  
Of thewis gode, sette in so high degre,  
And so discrete and faire of eloquence,  
And so benigne, and digne of reverence,  
And couthe the pepli's hertis so embrace,  
That eche her loved that lokid in her face.

1440

Not only of Saluces in the toun  
Publischid was the bountie of her name,  
But eke beside in many regioun,  
If one said welle, anothir saide the same,  
So spraddin of her bountie the grete fame,  
That men and wymen, bothe yonge and olde  
Gone to Saluces, her for to beholde.

1450

This Walter lowlic and full royallie  
Weddid hath with fortunate honeste.  
In Godd's pece livith full esly  
At home, and outward grace ynough had he,  
And



And for he sawe that undir lowe degre  
Was honest vertue hid, pepill him helde  
A prudent man, and that is sene full feld.

Not only this Grisildis through her witt  
Couth all the fear of wifly humblenesse,  
But eke, whan that the case requirid it, 1460  
The comyn profite couð she welle redresse,  
There n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse,  
In all the londe, that she ne couð appese,  
And wisely bring 'hem alle in rest and ese.

Though that her husbonde present were or none,  
If gentilman or chorle of that countre,  
Were wrothe, she knewe how to bring them at one,  
So wise and eke so ripe wordis had she!  
And in judgment of so grete equite,  
That she from Hevin sent was, as men wende,  
Peple to save, and every wronge to amende!

Not longe time aftir that this Grisilde  
Was weddid, she a doughtir hath ybore,  
Alle had she levir have bore a knave childe,  
Glad was the Marquis, and his folke therefore,  
For though a maidin childe came al before,  
She may unto a knave childe attaine  
By likelyhode, sithin she n'is barraine.

*Explicit Pars secunda, & sequitur Pars tertia.*

There felle, as it befallith oft times mo,  
Whan that this childe had sokid but a throwe, 1480  
This Marquis in his hert ylongith so  
To tempt his wife, her sadnesse for to knowe,  
That he might out of his herte throwe,  
This mervailouse delite his wife to assaye,  
Nedeless, God wote, he thought her to affraye,

He had assayid her ynough before,  
And fonde her evir gode, what nedith it  
Her for to turment alwey more and more?  
Though some men praise it for a sotill wit,  
But as for me, I say full ill it sitte 1490  
To assaye a wife, whan that it is no nede,  
And puttin her in anguish and in drede.

For whiche this Marquis wrought in this manere,  
He came alone anight there as she laye,  
With a sterne visage and right ugly chere,  
And saide her thus, Grisilde, qð he that daye  
That I The toke out of thy pore arraye,  
And put The in estate of high noblesse,  
Thou hast not that forgottin, as I ghesse,

I say, Grisilde, the present dignite, 1500  
In whiche I now have put The, as I trowe,  
Makith The not forgetfull for to be  
That I The toke in pore estate, full lowe  
For any wele, thou must thy selfin knowe,  
Takith hede of every worde what I saye,  
There is no wight that herith but we twaye,

Thou wotist thy self how that thou came here,  
Into this house, it is not longe ago,  
And thought to me ye be both lese and dere,  
Unto my Gentilles you are nothing so, 1510  
Thei say to them it is grete shame and wo,  
For to ben subject, and ben in servage  
To The, that borne art in so smalle village,

And namely sith thy doughtir was ybore,  
These wordis have thei spokin doutilesse,  
But I desire, as I have don before,  
To live my life with them in rest and pece,

I may not in this case be rechilese,  
I mote don with thy doughtir for the best,  
Not as I wolde, but as my peple left. 1520

And yet; God wote, this is full loth to me,  
But nathelless withoutin thy witting  
I wolde nought do; but this I wolde, qð he,  
That thou to me assent as in this thing,  
Shewe now thy pacience in thy werking  
That thou me hight and swore in your village  
That day, that makid was our mariage.

Whan she had herde all this she not ameved  
Neither in worde, or dede, or countenance,  
For as it semid she was not agreved, 1530  
She seide, Lorde, all lyeth in your plesauce,  
My childe and I, with hertie obeisaunce,  
Ben your own alle, and ye may save or spille,  
With your owne thing workith aftir your wille.

There may be nothing, so God my foule save,  
Likin to you, that may displein me,  
Ne I desirin nothing for to have,  
Ne dredin for to lese, but only ye,  
This wille is in my herte, and ay shall be,  
No length of time, or dethe may this deface, 1540  
Ne turne my corage to none othir place.

Glad was this Marquis of her answering,  
But yet he fainid as he were not so,  
Alle dreerie was his chere and his loking;  
Whan that he sholde out of the chambir go,  
Sone aftir this a furlong way or two,  
He privily had tolde alle his entent  
Unto a man, and to his wife him sent.

A fort of Sergeant was this privy man,  
The whiche he feithfull oft time foundin had, 1550  
In thingis grete, and eke such folk welle can  
Don execution of thingis bad,  
The Lorde knew well that he him loved and dradde:  
And whan this Sergeant knewe his Lord's wille,  
Into the chambir stakid he full stille.

Madame, he sayed, ye mote foryeve it me,  
Though I a thing do whiche I am constrained,  
Ye ben full wise, and full welle knowin ye  
That Lord's heftis may not be yfained,  
Thei may welle be ywaylid and complained, 1560  
But men must nedes unto ther lust obey,  
And so wolde I, there n'is no more to sey:

This childe I am commaundid for to take,  
And spoke no more, but up the childe he hent,  
Dispitously, and gan a chere to make  
As though he wolde have slaine it ere he went;  
Grisildis alle must suffir and consent,  
And as a Lambe she sittith meke and stille,  
And let this cruill Sergeant do his wille.

Suspect ywas the fame of thilk man, 1570  
Suspect his face, suspect his worde also,  
Suspect the time, in whiche he this began,  
Alas! her doughtir that she lovid so!  
She wenid that he wolde have slaine it tho.  
But nathelless she neither wepte ne fiked,  
Conforming her to that the Marquis liked.

But at the last to speke she thus began,  
And mekily she to the Sergeant prayed,  
So as he was a verry Gentilman  
That she might kisse her childe, ere that it dyed, 1570  
And in her barme the litil child she layed,  
With



With full sad face than gan the childe to blisse,  
And lulled it, and aftir gan it kille.

And thus she saidin in her benigne voice  
Farewelle, my childe, I shall The nevir se,  
But sith I have markid The with the Croise,  
Of thilke faȝir yblessid mote thou be,  
That for us dyid upon the Roode tre,  
Thy soule, my litil childe, I him betake, 1580  
For this night shalt thou dyin for my sake.

I trowe that to a norice in this case  
Full harde it wolde have ben this rounthe to se,  
Welle might a moȝir then have cryed alas!  
But nathlefs so sad and stedfast was she,  
That she endurid her adwerlite,  
And to the Sergeant mekily she sayed,  
Have here ayen your litil yongè maide.

Goth now, qȝ she, and doth my Lord's hest,  
But o thing wolde I praye you of your grace,  
(But if my Lorde forbid it you) at lest 1590  
Burie this litil bodie in some place,  
That no bestis or foulis it may race.  
But he no worde to that purpose wolde saye,  
But toke the childe, and went anon his waye.

This Sergeant came unto his Lorde againe,  
And of Grisildis wordis, and her chere  
He tolde him pointe fro pointe, in shorte and plaine,  
And him presentid with his doughtir dere.  
Somewhat this Lorde had rounthe in this matere,  
But nathlefs his purpose held he stille, 1600  
As Lordis don, whan thei wolde have their wille:

And bad this Sergeant, that full privily  
This childe he sholdin full soft wind and wrappe  
With alle the Circumstancis tendirly,  
And carrie it in coffer or in lappe,  
But on paine of his hedde of for to swappe,  
That no man sholdin knowe of his entent,  
Ne whence he came, ne whither that he went.

But at Boloigne unto his suster dere,  
That thilke time of Pavie was Countesse, 1610  
He sholde it take, and shew her this matere,  
Beseeching her to don her besinesse,  
This child to fostir in alle gentilnesse,  
And whose childe that it was he bade her hide  
From every wight, for ought that might betide.

This Sergeant goeth, and hath fulfilled this thing.  
But to this Marquis now returnin we,  
For now goth he full fast imagining  
If by his wif's chere he might ought se,  
Or by her wordis percevin that she 1620  
Were chaungid ought; but he couȝd nevir finde  
But evir in one mode like sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, and besie in servise,  
And cke in love, as she was wont to be,  
Was she to him in every manir wise,  
Ne of her doughtir not one worde spake she,  
None accident, ne none adwerlite  
Was sene in her; nevir her doughtir's name  
Ne namid she, for ernest ne for game.

*Explicit Pars tertia, & sequitur Pars quarta.*

In this estate there passid ben four yere, 1630  
Ere she with childe was, but as God it wolde,  
A knave coud she bare to this Waltere  
Full graciously and faire for to beholde,  
And whan that folke it to the faȝir tolde,

Non onlie he, but all the cowntre mery  
Was for the childe, and God thei thonk and hery.

Whan it was two yere olde, and fro the breste  
Departid from his norce, on a daye  
This Marquis caughtin yet anothir lesse  
To tempt his wife effronis it he maye, 1640  
O nedeless was she temptid I dare saye,  
But weddid men ne knowin no mesure,  
Whan that thei find a pacient creature.

Wife, qȝ this Marquis, ye have herde ere this,  
My pepill hevy berith our mariage,  
And namely sithin my sonne yborne is,  
Now is it worse than evir in our age,  
The murmure slayth my herte and my corage,  
For to my eres cometh the voice so merce,  
That it well nigh destroyid hath my herte. 1650

Now saye thei thus, when Walter is agon,  
Than shalle the blode of Janicole succede,  
And ben our Lorde, for othir have we none,  
Soche wordis say my pepill out of drede,  
Well ought I of such murmure takin hede,  
For certainly I drede alle soche sentence,  
Though thei not plaine speke in myn audience.

I wolde livin in pece, if that I might,  
Wherefore I am disposid uttirly,  
As I his suster yservid by night, 1660  
Right so I think to serve him privilie,  
This warne I you, that ye not sodainly  
Out of your selfe, for no wo sholde outraie,  
Beth pacient, and thereof I you praye.

I have, qȝ she, sayed thus, and evir shalle,  
I wolde nothing in no manir certaine  
But as you lesse; nought grevith me at alle  
Though that my doughtir and my sonne be flaine  
At your commaundment; this is to same,  
I have hadde no part of my childrin twaine, 1670  
But first likenesse, and aftir wo and paine.

Ye ben our Lord, doth with your ownè thing  
Right as you lesse, askith no rede of me,  
For as I left at home alle my clothing,  
Whan I came first to you, right so, qȝ she,  
I left my wille and alle my liberte,  
And toke your clothing, wherefore I you preye  
Doth your plessaunce, I wolde your lust obeye.

And certis if I haddin prescience,  
Your wille to knowe, ere you your lust me told, 1680  
I wolde it doin without negligence,  
But now I wore your lust, and what ye wolde,  
Alle your plessaunce firm and stable I holde.  
For wist I that my dethe might do you ese,  
Gladly wolde I it suffir you to plesse,

Dethe may not makin no comparison  
Unto your love. And when this Marquis sawe  
The constancy of his wife, he cast adoune,  
His eyin two, and wondred how she may  
In soche patience suffir alle all this arraie, 1690  
And forth he goth with dreerie countenance,  
But to his herte it was full grete plessaunce.

That eiger Sergeaunt in the same wife  
That he her doughtir caught, right so hath he  
(Or worse, if he couȝd any worse devise)  
Ycaught her sonne, that was full of bewte,  
And evir in one so pacient was she,  
That she no chere madin of hevynesse,  
But kist her sonne, and aftir gan him blesse.



Save this she prayid him, if that he might,  
 Her litil sonne he wold in the erth grave,  
 His tender limmis, delicate to sight,  
 Fro foulis and fro bestis them to save.  
 But she none answer of him mightin have,  
 He went his way, as he nothing ne rought,  
 But to Boloigne he tendirly him brought.

This Marquis wondrid evir lengir more  
 Upon her pacience, and if that he  
 Ne haddin sothly knowin there before,  
 That perfetely her childrin lovid she,  
 He wolde have wende, that for some sotilty,  
 And of malice, and for cruell corage,  
 That she had suffrid this with sad visage.

But he knewe welle, that next himself certaine  
 She loved her childrin best in any wise,  
 But now of wymen wolde I aske full faine,  
 If these assayis mightin nor suffice,  
 What coude a sturdie husbonde more devise  
 To preve her wivehode, and her stedfastnesse,  
 But he continuing in sturdinesse?

But there be folke of soche condition,  
 That when thei have a certeine purpose take,  
 Thei cannot stint of their intention,  
 But right as thei were boundin to a flake  
 Thei wolde not of that ther first purpose flake.  
 Right so this Marquis hath fully purposed  
 To tempt his wife, as he was first disposed.

He waitid if by worde or countenance  
 That she to him was changid of corage,  
 But nevir couð he findin variaunce,  
 She was ay in one herte and one visage,  
 And evir ferthir that she was in age  
 The more truer, if it were possible,  
 She was to him in love, and more penible.

For which it semid thus, that of them two  
 There n'as but one wille; for as Walter left  
 The famin lust was her plesauce also,  
 And, God be thonkid, alle felle for the best,  
 She shewid welle for none worldly unrest  
 A wife as of her self nothing ne sholde  
 Wille in effect, but as her husbonde wolde.

The Sclander of Walter wonder wide sprad,  
 That of cruill herte he full wickidly  
 (For that he a pore woman weddid had)  
 Hath murdrid both his childrin privily;  
 Soche murmure was among 'hem comynly;  
 No wondir was, for to the pep'is ere  
 There came no worde but that thei murdrid were.

For which there as his peple there before  
 Had loved him well, sclander of his defame  
 Maidin 'nem that thei hatid him therefore,  
 To ben a murdrer is an hateful name!  
 But nathelès for earnest ne for game  
 He of his cruill purpose wolde not stint,  
 To tempt his wife ywas all his entent.

Whan that his doughtir twelve yere was of age,  
 He to the Court of Rome in sotill wise  
 Enformid of his wille sent his messlage,  
 Commaunding hem such bullis to devise,  
 As to his cruill purpose may suffice,  
 How that the Pope had, for his pep'is rest,  
 Bad him to wed another, if him left.

I saye he bade thei sholdin counterfete  
 The Pop'is Bullis, making mentioune

That he hath leve his first wife for to lete,  
 As by the Pop'is Dispensatioune,  
 To stinte the rancour and dissentiounne  
 Twixte his pepill and him, so spake the Bulle,  
 The whiche thei han publishid at the fulle.

The rude pepill, as it no wondir n'is,  
 Wendin full welle that it had ben right so,  
 But whan these tidinges came to Grisildis,  
 I demin that her herte was full of wo,  
 But she was stille ylike sadde evirmo,  
 Disposid welle was this humble creture  
 The' adversite of fortune to endure,

Abiding evir his lust and plesauce,  
 To whome that she had gevin herte and alle,  
 As to his verry worldly suffisaunce.  
 But shortlie if I telle this storie shalle,  
 This Marquis writtin hath in specialle  
 A Lettre, in which he shewed alle his entent,  
 And privilie to Boloigne he it sent,

To the Erle of Pavie, whiche that had tho  
 Weddid his sustir, praying specially  
 To bringin him ayen his childrin two  
 In honourable state, all opinly,  
 But one thing he him prayid uttirly,  
 That he no wight, although thei did enquere  
 Ytellen sholde whole childrin that thei were.

But say that the maidin sholde weddid be  
 To the Marquis of Saluces anon;  
 And as the Erle was prayid so did he,  
 At the day sette he on his way is gone  
 Towarde Saluce, and Lordis many one  
 In riche araie, this maidin for to gyde,  
 And her yong brothir riding by her side.

Arayid was towarde her mariage  
 This maidin freshe shining with gemmis clere,  
 And her brothir, that seven yere was of age,  
 Arayid was full freshe in his manere,  
 And thus in grete noblesse, and in glade chere,  
 Towarde Saluces speding their journey  
 Fro day to day thei ridin forthe ther way.

*Explicit Pars quarta, & sequitur Pars quinta.*

Among alle this, aftir his wike usage,  
 This Marquis yet his wife to temptin more  
 To the utterist prose of her corage,  
 Fully to have experience, and lore,  
 If that she were as stedfast as before.  
 He on a day in opin audience  
 Full boistously hath saide her this sentence.

Certis, Grisilde, I had ynow plesauce  
 To han you to my wife for your godeness,  
 And for your trouthe, and for your obeisaunce,  
 Not for your lynage, ne for your richesse.  
 But now I knowe in verry sothfastnesse  
 That in grete Lordship, I me welle avise,  
 There is grete servitude in sondrie wife.

I may not don as every Ploughman may,  
 My peple me constrainith for to take  
 Anothir wife, and cryin day by day,  
 And eke the Pope, this rancour for to flake,  
 Consentith it, that I dare undirtake,  
 And truly thus moche I wolde you say,  
 My newè wife is coming by the way.

Be stronge of herte, and voide anon the place,  
 And thilkè dowir that ye brought to me

Take



Take it ayen, I graunt it of my grace,  
Retournith to your faȝer's house, qȝ he,  
No man may alway have prosperite, 1830  
With evin herte I rede you to endure  
The stroke of fortune, or of aventure.

And she againe answerde in patience,  
My Lorde, qȝ she, I wote and wist alwaye,  
How that betwixte your high magnificence  
And my poverte no wight can ne may  
Makin comparifoune, it is no nay,  
I helde me nevir digne in no manere  
To ben your wife, ne yet your chamberere.

And in this house, there ye me Ladic made, 1840  
(The High God take I as for my witnesse,  
And all so wisely as he my soule glade)  
I helde me neither ladie ne maistresse,  
But humble servaunt to your worthinesse,  
And evir shalle while my life may endure,  
Abovin evyry worldely cature.

That ye so longe of your benignite  
Have holdin me in honour and nobley,  
Where I was nothing worthie for to be,  
That thonke I God and you, to whome I preye 1850  
To yeld it you, there is no more to seye.  
Unto my faȝer gladly wolle I wende,  
And with him dwelle unto my liv'is ende.

There I was foftrid of a childe full smale,  
Tille I be dede my life there wolle I lede,  
A widowe clene in herte, bodie, and alle,  
For sithin I gave you my maidinhede  
I am your trewe wife, it is no drede,  
God sheldè soche a Lord's wife to take  
Anothir man to husbonde or to make. 1860

And of your newè wife God of his grace  
So graunt you welthe and high prosperite.  
For I wolle gladlie yeldin her my place,  
In the whiche I was blifsfulle wont to be,  
For sith it likith you, my Lorde, qȝ she,  
(That whilome werin alle my hert's rest)  
That I shalle gon; I shalle go when you lest.

But thereas ye me proffir such dowaire  
As I first brought, it is welle in my mind 1870  
It were my wretchid clothis nothing faire,  
The whiche to me now were fulle harde to finde.  
O gode God! how gentil, and eke how kinde  
Ye semid by your speche, and your visage,  
That daye that makid was our mariage!

But sothe is saide, alwey I finde it true,  
For in effect it provid is on me,  
Love is not olde as whan that it is newe,  
But certis, Lorde, for none adversite,  
To dyin in this place, it shalle not be 1880  
That I in worde or werke shulle ere repent,  
That I you yafe myne herte in gode entent.

My Lorde, ye wote, that in my faȝer's place  
Ye did me strippin out of my pore wede,  
And richly ye me claddin of your grace,  
To you I brought nought ellis out of drede,  
But faithe, nakidnesse, and my maidinhede,  
But here ayen your clothing I restore,  
And eke my wedding ringe for evirmore.

The remnaunte of you jewelles redie be 1890  
Within your chambre, dare I safely faine,  
Nakid out of my faȝer's house, qȝ she,  
I came, and nakid I more turne againe.

Alle your plesauce folowe woldin I faine,  
But yet I hope it be not your entent  
That I smokkelle out of your Paleyse went.

Ye couȝ not do so dishonest a thing,  
That thilke wombe, in whiche your childrin lay,  
Sholde before the pepill in my walking  
Be sene all nakid; wherefore I you praye, 1900  
Let me not like a worme go by the waye:  
Remembrith you myn owne Lorde so dere,  
I was your wife, though I unworthie were.

Wherefore in guerdon of my maidinhede  
(Which I to you brought, and not again bere)  
As but vouchsafe to yeve me to my mede  
But soche a smocke as I was wonte to were,  
That I therewith may wrie the wombe of her  
That was your wife; and here I take my leve  
Of you, myn only Lorde, lest I you greve. 1910

The smocke, qȝ he, that thou hast on thy back  
Let it be stille, and bere it forth with The,  
But welle unnethe that wordè had he spake,  
But went his way for routhe and for pite.  
Before the folke her selfin strippid she,  
And in her smocke with fore and hede al bare  
Towardes her faȝer's house forth is she fare.

The folke her folowed weping in her wey,  
And fortune evir cursid as thei gone,  
But she fro weping kept her eyin dreye, 1920  
Ne in alle this time worde spakin she none.  
Her faȝer, that these tidinges herde anon  
Cursid the day, and the time, that nature  
Shopin him to ben a livis cature.

For out of doute this olde and poverte man  
Was evir suspect of her mariage,  
For evir he demid sith it began,  
That whan the Lorde filled had his corage,  
Him woldin thinke it was a disparage  
To his estate so lowe for to alight, 1930  
And voidin her so sone as ere he might.

Ayenst his doughtir hastily goth he,  
(For he by noise of folk knew her coming)  
And with her olde cote, as it mightin be,  
He cov'rid her sorowfully weping,  
But on her bodie he might not it bringe,  
For rude was the clothe, and she more of age,  
By dayis fele, than at her mariage.

Thus with her faȝer for a certaine space  
Dwellith this flower of wively pacience, 1940  
That nevir by her worde, ne by her face,  
Before the folke, ne eke in their absence,  
Shewid she that to her was done offence.  
Ne of her hie estate no remembraunce  
Had she, as by her manir countenaunce.

No wondir is, for in her grete estate  
Her ghost was ay in plaine humilite,  
No tendir mouthe, ne yet herte delicate,  
Ne pompe, ne semblaunce of high roialte,  
But full of pacient benignite, 1950  
Discrete, and prideles, and ay honourable,  
And to her husbonde evir meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humblef,  
As Clerkis (whan 'hem lest) can well endite,  
Namely of men, but in gode sothefastnesse  
Though Clerkis praisin wymen but a lite,  
There can no men in humblefesse them acquite



As wymen can, ne ben thei halfe so true,  
As wymen ben, but it befall of newe.

*Explicit Pars quinta, sequitur Pars sexta.*

Fro Boloigne is the Erle of Pavie come, 1960  
Of whiche the fame yspronge to more and lesse,  
And to the Pepl'is eris alle and some  
Was tolde eke, how that a newe Marquesesse  
He with him brought in pompe, and soche richesse,  
That nevir was there sene with Mann's eye  
So noble araye in alle West Lumbardie.

The Marquis, whiche that shope and knewe all this,  
Ere that this erle was come sent his message  
To thilke pore felie cature Grisildis,  
And she with humble herte and glad visage, 1970  
And with no swelling thought in her corage  
Came at his hest, and on her knees her sette,  
And reverently and wisely she him gret.

Grisild, q'ð he, my wille is uttirly,  
This maidin, that shalle weddid be to me,  
Recevid be to morowe roially,  
As it is possible in my house to be,  
And eke that every wight in his degre  
Have his estate in sitting and servise,  
And alle so plesaunt as ye can devise. 1980

I have no woman suffisaunt certaine  
The chambris to aray in ordinaunce  
Aftir my lust, and therefore wolde I faine  
That thine were all soche manir governaunce,  
That knowist eke of olde all my plesaunce,  
Though thine araye be bad and ill to se,  
Do thou thy devoir at the lestè weye.

Not only, Lorde, that I am glade, q'ð she,  
To done your lust, but I desire also 1990  
Your wife to plesse and serve in my degre,  
Withoutin faining, and shalle evirmo,  
Ne nevir for no wele, ne for no wo  
Ne shalle the ghost within my hertè stent  
To love you best with alle my true entent.

And with that worde she gan the house to dight,  
And tablis sette, and beddis for to make,  
And painid her to doe alle that she might,  
Praying the Chambereres for Godd'is sake  
To halfin them, and faste to swepe and shake,  
And she the moste servisable of 'hem alle 2000  
Hath every chambre arayid and his Halle.

Aboutin undern gan this Erle alight,  
That with him brought these nobill childern tweye,  
For whiche the peple ran to se that sight  
Of thor araie so richily beseye,  
And than at erst amongis 'hem thei faye,  
That Walter was no fole, though that him leste  
To chaunge his wife, for it was for the beste.

For she is fairer, as thei demin alle,  
Than is Grisilde, and more tendir of age, 2010  
And fairer fruit betwenin 'hem shalle falle,  
And mucche more plesaunt for her high lynage,  
Her broðir eke so faire was of visage,  
That him to sene the peple had plesaunce,  
Commending now the Marquis governaunce,

O stormy peple, unsad, and untrew,  
Aye undiscere, and chaunging as a fane,  
Delighting aye in rumour that is newe!  
For like the Mone evir waxe ye and wane,  
Ay full of clapping, dere ynough a jane; 2020

Your dome is false, your constaunce evil preveth,  
A full grete fole is he that on you leveth.

Thus saidin the sad folke in that Cite,  
Whan that the peple gasid up and doune,  
For thei were glad right with the novelte,  
To havin a new Ladie in the toun;  
No more of this make I now mentioune,  
But to Grisilde ayen wolde I me dresse,  
And telle her constaunce and her besinesse.

Well besic was Grisilde on every thing, 2030  
That to the feste tho was appertinent,  
Right nought was she abashed of her clothing,  
Though they were rude, and somedeke eke to rent,  
But with glade chere unto the yate is went,  
With othir folke, to grete the Marquesesse,  
And aftir doth she forth her besinesse.

With right glad chere his gestis she receveth,  
And buxomly everich in his degre,  
That no defaute no man there apperceveth,  
But evir thei wondrid what she might be, 2040  
That in so pore araie was for to se,  
And couth soche honour and soche reverence,  
And worthily thei prasin her prudence.

In all the menè while she nevir stente  
This maide and eke her broðir to commende,  
With all her herte and full benigne entente,  
So welle, that no man couth her praise amende,  
But at the laste, whan that these Lordis wende  
To sittin down to mete, he gan to calle  
Grisilde, as she was besic in the Halle. 2050

Grisilde, q'ð he, as it were in his playe,  
How likith The my wife and her beaute?  
Right welle, my Lord, q'ð she, for in gode fay  
A fairer sawe I nevir none than she,  
I praye God to yeve you prosperite,  
And so I hope that he wolde to you sende  
Plesaunce ynough unto your liv'is ende.

But one thing I besече and warne also,  
That ye ne prick with no soche turmenting  
This tendir Maidin, as ye han do me, 2060  
For she is fost'rid in her norishing  
More tendirly, and to my supposing  
She couð not welle adversite endure,  
As couldin a porer fost'rid cature.

And whan this Walter sawe her pacience,  
And her glade chere, and no malice at alle,  
And he so ofte had don to her offence,  
And she constaunt and stable as a Walle,  
Continuing her innocence ovre alle,  
This sturdie Marquis gan his herte to dresse 2070  
To rue upon her wively stedfastnesse.

This is ynough, Grisildis myn, q'ð he,  
Be nowe no more agaste, ne ill apaide,  
I have thy faithe, and thy benignite,  
As welle as evir woman was, afflaide,  
In grete estate, or poverly araide,  
Now knowe I welle, dere Wife, thy stedfastnesse,  
And in his armes her toke, and gan to kesse.

And she for wondir toke thereof no kepe,  
Ne herdin she what thing to her he saide, 2080  
She fared as she had stert out of a slepe,  
Till she out of her masidnesse abraide;  
Grisilde, q'ð he, by God that for us deyde,  
Thou art my wife, ne none othir I have,  
Ne nevir had, as God my soule save.

This



This is my doughtir, which thou hast supposid  
To ben my wife, that othir faithfully  
Shalle be myn heir, as I have purposid,  
Thou barist them in thy bodie truly,  
At Boloign have I kept 'hem sikerly; 2090  
Take 'hem ayen, for now thou maist not say  
That thou hast lorne none of thy childern tway;

And folke, that otherwise han saide of me,  
I warne them wele, that I have done this dede  
For no malice, ne for no cruelte,  
But for to' assaie in The thy womanhede,  
And not to slei my childern, God forbede!  
But for to kepe 'hem privlie and stille,  
Till I thy purpose knewe, and alle thy wille.

Whan this she herde, aswoune down she fallith, 2100  
For pitous joye, and aftir her swouning  
She bothe her yonge Childerne to her callith,  
And in her armis, pitously weping,  
Embracith 'hem bothe, tendirly kissing,  
Full like a Moðir, with her saltè teres,  
She bathid bothe ther visage and ther heres.

O what a pitous thing it was to se  
Her swouning, and her pitous voice to here!  
Graunt mercie! Lorde God, thonke I you, qð she,  
That ye have savid me my childern dere, 2110  
Now reke I never to be dede right here,  
Sith I stonde in your love, and in your grace,  
No force of dethe, ne whan my spirit pace.

O tendir, o dere, o yonge childerne mine,  
Your wofull Moðir wenid stedfastly,  
That cruell houndis, or some foule vermine  
Had erin you, but God of his mercie,  
And your benigne faðir so tendirly  
Hath done you kepe, and in that samè stounde  
Alle sodainly she swapte doune to the grounde.

And in her swounde so sadly holdith she  
Her childrin two, whan she gan them embrace,  
That with grete sight, and grete difficulte  
The childerne from her armes they gan to race.  
O many' a tere on many a pitous face  
Doun ran of them that stod in there beside,  
Unnethe about her might no man abide.

Walter her gladith, her sorowe slakith,  
She risith up abashid from her traunce  
And every wight her joie and feste makith, 2130  
Tille she had caught ayen her countenaunce,  
Walter her doth so faithfully plesaunce,  
That it was deinty for to se the chere  
Betwixt 'hem two, whan thei were met yfere.

These Ladies, whan that thei their timè sey,  
Han takin her, and to the chambir gone,  
And strippid her out of her rude arraie,  
And in a clothe of golde that brightly shone,  
And with a croune of many a riche stone  
Upon her hede, into the Halle her brought, 2140  
And there she was honourid as she ought.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisfull ende,  
For every man and woman doth his might  
This day in mirth and revell to dispend,  
Till on the welkin shone the sterris bright;  
For more solempne in every mann's sight  
This feste ywas, and greter of costage,  
Than was the revell of ther mariage.

Full many' a yere in high prosperite  
Livin these two in concord and in rest, 2150

And richely his doughtir maryid he  
Unto a Lorde, one of the worthiest  
Of all Itale, and than in pece and rest  
His wif's faðir in his courte he kepte;  
Tille that his soule out of his body crepte;

His sonne succedith in his heritage;  
In rest and pece, aftir his faðir's day,  
And fortunate was eke in mariage,  
Alle put he not his wife in grete assay.  
This worlde is not so stronge, it is no nay, 2160  
As it hath ben in oldè timis yore,  
Then herkenith what the Autour saith therefore.

This storie is not faide that wivis sholde  
Followe Grisilde in her humilite,  
For it were importable, though thei wolde,  
But for that every wight, in his degre,  
Sholde be constaunt in alle adversite,  
As was Grisildis, whereof Petrarke writeth  
This storie, whiche with high style he enditeth.

For sith a woman was so pacient 2170  
Unto a mortalle man, welle more we ought  
Receve all in gre that God hath us sente,  
For with grete skille he previth what he wrought,  
But he ne temptith no man that he bought,  
As saith Sainct Jame, if ye his Pissle rede,  
He previth folke all day, it is no drede:

And suffrith us, as for our exercise,  
With the sharpe scourgis of adversite  
Full ofte to be betin in sondrie wise,  
Not for to knowe our wille, for certis he 2180  
Ere we were borne yknewe alle our frailte,  
And for our best is alle his governaunce,  
Let us then live in vertuous suffraunce.

But one worde herk'nith, Lordinges, ere ye goe,  
It were full harde to findin now adayes  
In alle a toun Grisildis thre or two,  
For if that thei were put to soche assayes,  
The Golde of them hath now so bad alayes,  
With Brasie, that though the Kithe be faire at eye,  
It woldin rathir braft atwo than plie. 2190

For which here for the Wif's love of Bathe,  
Whose Life and Seft Almighty God maintene  
In high maistry, or ellis were it skate,  
I wolde with lustie herte bothe freshe and grene  
Say you a Songe, to gladdin you I wene,  
And let us flintin of earnest matere,  
Herk'nith my Songe, that saith in this manere.

~~~~~

*L'envoy de Chaucer à les Mariz de nostre temps.*

Grisilde is dede, and eke her pacience,  
And bothe at onis buried in Itale,  
For whiche I crie in opin audience 2200  
No weddid Man be so hardie to' assaile  
His wif's pacience, in hope to finde  
Grisildis, for in certaine he shall faile.

O noble wivis, full of hie prudence!  
Let no humilite your tonguis naile,  
Ne let no Clerke have cause ne diligence  
To write of you a storie of mervaile,  
As of Grisildis pacient and kinde,  
Lest Chicheface you swallow' in her entraile.



Followeth Echo, that holdith no silence,  
 But evir answereth at the Countre taile,  
 Beth not adassid for your innocence,  
 But sharpely take on you the governaile,  
 Emprintith well this lesson on your mind,  
 For common profite sith it may availe,

Ne drede them not, do them no reverence,  
 For though thine husbonde armed be in maile,  
 The arrowes of thy crabbid eloquence  
 Shalle perce his herte, and eke his adventaile,  
 In jelousie I rede The thou him binde, 2220  
 And ye shalle make him couche as doth a quail.

If you be saire, theré folke ben in presençe  
 Shewe thou thy visage, and thy apparaile,  
 If thou be foule, be fre of thy dispence;  
 To get The frendis aye do thy travaile,  
 Be aye as light of chere as lefe on linde,  
 And let him care, and wepe, and wring, and waile.

2210 Ye archwivis stondith at your defence;  
 Sith ye be stronge as is a grete camaile;  
 Ne suffir not that men don you offence; 2230  
 Ye slendir wivis, feble in bataile,  
 Beth eygre' as any Tiger is in Inde,  
 Aye clappith as a mille, I you counsaile.

Here endeth the Clerke of Oxenford's TALE.

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Here foloweth the Wordes of our Hoste.

**H**is worthie Clerke whan endid was his Tale,  
 Our Hoste saide and swore by Cockis bones,  
 Me levir were than a barrell of Ale  
 My wife at home had herd this Legend ones;  
 This is a gentle tale for the nones,  
 As to my purpose, wistè ye my wille,  
 But thing that wolde not be, let it be stille. 2240







## Here followeth the FRANKLEIN's PROLOGUE.



HE oldè gentill Britons in ther days  
Of diverse Aventoures madin ther layes,

*The Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford's  
MS begins with our Host's words as above,  
and goes on—*

[“ I have a wife, although that pore she be,  
“ Yet hathè she an hepe of vicis, lo!  
“ For of her tongue a verry shrew is she,  
“ For to my wille the contraire wolle she doe,  
“ There is no force; let alle soche thingis goe;  
“ But wit ye what, in counseile be it seide,  
“ Me rewit fore that I am to her teyde.  
“ Sir Frankleine, commith hete, if your will be, 2250  
“ Sey us a Tale, as y' are a Gentilman;  
“ It shalle be done trewly, mine Hoste, qd he,  
“ I wolle you tell as shortly as I can,  
“ Holde me excused, though I unworthie am

“ To telle a tale, but I wolde nought rebelle  
“ Ayenst your wille, a tale now wolde I telle.]

Rymed in first in ther owne Briton tongue,  
Whiche Layis with ther instruments thei songe,  
Or ellis redin 'hem for ther plesaunce,  
And one of them have I in remembraunce, 2260  
Whiche I shalle saye as welle as ere I can.  
But Sires, because I am a borell man,  
At my beginning first I you beseeche,  
Havith me excusid of my rude speche.  
I lernid nevir Rhetorike certeine,  
Thing that I speke it mote be bare and pleine.  
I nevir slepte on th' Mount of Parnasso,  
Ne lernid Marcus Tullius Cicero;  
Coloures ne knowe I none, withoutin drede,  
But soche coloures as growin in the mede, 2270  
Or ellis soche as men dye with, or peynte,  
Coloures of Rhetorike ben to me queint,  
My spirite felith nought of soche matere,  
But if ye lust, my Tale shullin ye here.



## The FRANKLEIN's TALE.

Aurelius after much labour and cost bestowed to win the Love of Dorigen, another Man's Wife, is content in the end, through the good dealing of her and her husband, to lose both his labour and cost. The scope of this Tale seemeth to be a contention of Courtesy.

**I**N Armorike, that clepid is Britaine,  
 There was a Knight, that loved, and did his  
 paine  
 To servin a Ladie in his beste wife,  
 And many' a labour, many' a grete emprise  
 He for his Ladie wrought, ere she was wonne;  
 For she was one the fayrist under Sonne, 2280  
 And eke thereto comin of high kinrede,  
 That welle unnethis durst this Knight for drede  
 Telle her his woe, his paine, and his distresse:  
 But at the last, she for his worthinesse,  
 And namily for his meke obeysaunce,  
 Hath soche a pite caught of his penaunce,  
 That privily she felle of his accorde,  
 To take him for her husbonde, and her Lorde;  
 Of soche Lordship as men have ore ther wives.  
 And for to lode in the more blisse ther lives, 2290  
 Of his fre-wille he swore her as a Knight,  
 That nevir in his life, ne day ne night,  
 Ne sholde he take upon him no maistry  
 Ayenst her wille, ne kith her jelousie,  
 But her obeye, and folowe' her wille in alle,  
 As any Lovir to his Ladie shalle:  
 Save that the name of Sovereignty,  
 That wolde he have, for shame of his degre.  
 She thonkith him of his grete humblenesse,  
 And seide, Sir, sith of your gentilnesse 2300  
 Ye profrid me to have so large a raine,  
 Ne wolde God nevir betwixtin us twaine,  
 As in my gilte, were outhir werre or strife,  
 Sir, I wolle be your true and humble wife,  
 Have here my trouthe, till that my herte breste,  
 Thus ben thei both in quiet and in rest.  
 For one thing, Siris, safely dare I seye,  
 That frendis everich othir must obeye,  
 If that thei longe will holdin cumpany.  
 Love wolle not be constreynid by maistry: 2310  
 Whan maistry cometh, the God of Love anon  
 Betith his winges, and farewell, he is gon.  
 Love is a thing as anie spirite fre,  
 Wymen of kinde desirin liberte,  
 And not to be constreynid as a thralle,  
 And so done men, if I the sothe say shalle.  
 Loke whoso that most pacient is in love,  
 He is at his advauntage alle above,  
 Pacience is an high vertue certene,  
 For it vanquishith, as these Clerkis seine, 2320  
 Thingis, that rigour nevir shalle attaine.  
 For every worde men may not chide or plaine,  
 Lernith to suffir, or, so mote I gone,  
 Ye shalle it lerne, whethir ye wolle or none.  
 For in this worlde certene no wight there is,  
 That he ne dothe or saithe sometime amis.  
 Ire, sikenesse, or constellacioun,  
 Wine, woe, or chaunging of complexioun,  
 Causith fulle ofte to done amis or speken,  
 On every wronge a man may not be wroken. 2330  
 Astir the time must be the temperaunce  
 To every wight, that can of governaunce;  
 And therefore hath this wise and worthie Knight  
 To live in ese suffraunce to her behight,  
 And she to him full wisely eke gan swere,

That nevir sholde there be defaute in her.  
 Here may men se humble and wise accorde,  
 Thus hath she take her servaunte and her Lorde,  
 Servaunte in love, and Lorde in mariage,  
 Then was he bothe in Lordship and servage; 2340  
 Servage? nay, but in Lordship alle above,  
 Sith he hath bothe his ladie and his love,  
 His ladie certis and his wife also,  
 The whiche that law of londe accordith to.  
 And whan he was in this prosperite,  
 Home with his wife he goth to his contre,  
 Nat ferre fro Denmarke there his dwelling was,  
 Whereas he livith in joie and solas.  
 Who couth ytelle, but he that weddid be,  
 The joie, the ese, and the prosperite, 2350  
 That is betwixte an husbonde, and a wife?  
 A yere and more lastid this blisfull life,  
 Till that this Knight, of whiche I speke of thus,  
 That of kinrede was cleped Arveragus,  
 Shope him to gone, and dwelle a yere or twaine  
 In Englonde, that tho clepid was Britaine,  
 To seke in armis worship and honour,  
 For alle his luste he sette in soche labour,  
 And dwellid there two yere, the boke saithe thus.  
 Now wolle I stinte of this Arveragus, 2360  
 And speke I wolle of Dorigen his wife,  
 That loved her husbonde as her hert's life;  
 And for his absence wepith she and siketh,  
 As done these noble wivis, whan 'hem liketh.  
 She mournith, wakith, fastith, and sore plaineth,  
 Desire of his presence her so constreineth,  
 That alle this wide worlde sette she at nought.  
 Her frendis, which that knewe her hevie thought,  
 Comfortin her in alle, that ere thei may,  
 Thei prechin her, and telle her night and day, 2370  
 That causeless she slayith her selfe, alas!  
 And every comfort possible in this caas  
 They done to her, with all ther besinesse,  
 And alle to make her leve her hevinesse.  
 By processe, as ye knowin everich one,  
 Men mowin so longe gravin in a ston,  
 Tille some figure therein imprintid be;  
 So longe han they comfortid her, till she  
 Recevid hath by hope and by resoun  
 The' imprinting of her consolacioun, 2380  
 Through whiche her grete sorowe began to' af-  
 swage,  
 She may not alway dure in soche a rage.  
 And eke Arveragus in alle this care  
 Hath sente her letteres home of his wellfare,  
 And that he wolle come hastily againe,  
 Or ellis had this sorowe her herte slaine.  
 Her frendis sawe her sorowe gan to' aslake,  
 And prayed her on ther knees, for Godd's sake,  
 To come and romin in ther cumpany,  
 Away to drivin her derke fantasie; 2390  
 And finally she grauntid that request,  
 For welle she sawe it was alle for the beste.  
 Now stondith her Castill fast by the See,  
 And oftin with her frendis walkid she,  
 Her to disportin on the bankis high,  
 Whereas she many shippes and bargis sie,  
 Sailing



Sailing ther course whithre them list to goe,  
 But yet was that a parcell of her woe,  
 For to her selfe full ofte alas! said she,  
 Is there no ship, so many as I fe, 2400  
 Wolle bringin home my Lorde? than were my herte  
 Warishid of these bitter painis smerte.  
 Anothir time she woldin sitte and thinke,  
 And caste her eyin downwarde fro the brinke,  
 But whan she saw the grisly rockis blake,  
 For verry fere so wolde her herte quake,  
 That on her fete she might not her sustene;  
 Than wold she sitte adoune upon the grene,  
 And pitoussly into the See beholde,  
 And saye right thus with sorowfull sighes colde, 2410  
 Eternalle God! that through thy purveyaunce  
 Ledist the worlde by certaine governaunce,  
 In idle, as men saine, ye nothing make,  
 But, Lorde, these grisly fendly rockis blake,  
 That seme rathir a foule confusioun  
 Of werke, than any faire creationne  
 Of soche a parfite God, wise, and full stable,  
 Why have ye wrought this werke unresonable?  
 For by this werke Northe, Southe, Weste, ne Este,  
 There n'is yfstrid man, ne birde, ne beste; 2420  
 It dothe no gode, to my witte, but annoyeth,  
 Se ye not, Lorde, how it mankinde destroyeth!  
 An hundrid thousande bodies of mankinde  
 Have rockis slaine, alle be thei not in minde.  
 Sin mankinde is so faire parte of thy werke,  
 That thou it madist like to thine owne merke,  
 Than semid it ye had a grete cherte  
 Towarde Mankinde; but how then may it be  
 That ye soche menis make it to destroyen,  
 Which menis don no gode, but evre' annoyen? 2430  
 I wote welle, Clerkis wolde saine as 'hem leste,  
 By argumentes, that alle is for the beste,  
 Though I ne cannot welle the causis knowe;  
 But thilke God, that made the winde to blowe,  
 Ay kepe my Lorde, this is my conclusioun,  
 To Clerkis let I alle this disputatioun.  
 But I wolde God that alle these rockis blake  
 Were sonkin into Helle for his sake:  
 These rockis do so sle my herte for fere!  
 Thus wolde she saye with many' a pitous tere. 2440  
 Her frendis sawe it was for no disporte  
 To romin by the See, but discomforte,  
 And shapin 'hem to playin somewhere elles,  
 They ledin her by riveres, and by welles,  
 And eke in other placis delectables  
 Thei daunce and playin at chefs and at tables.  
 So on a day, right on the morowe-tide,  
 Unto a gardin, that was there beside,  
 In whiche that thei had made ther ordinaunce  
 Of vitales, and of othir purveyaunce, 2450  
 Thei gon, and playin 'hem all the longe day.  
 And this was in the first morowe of Maye,  
 Whiche Maye hath paintid, with his soft shoures  
 This gardin full of levis and of floures:  
 And crafte of mann'is honde so curiously  
 Arayid had this gardin right nobly,  
 That nevir was there gardin of soche price,  
 But if it were the verry Paradise!  
 The odour of the floures, and the freshe sight  
 Woldin have made any pensife herte light, 2460  
 That ere was borne, but if to grete sikenesse  
 Or to grete sorowe helde it in distresse.  
 So fulle it was of beaute with plesaunce!  
 Anon astir dinner gan thei to daunce,  
 And singe also, save Dorigen alone,  
 Whiche made alweye her complainte and her mone,  
 For she ne sawe him on the daunce ygo,  
 That was her husbonde, and her love also.  
 But natheless she must her time abide,  
 And with gode hope letin her sorowe slide. 2470

Upon this daunce, amongis othir men  
 Dauncid a Squyir before Dorigen,  
 That freshe ywas, and jollie of arraye,  
 As to my dome, as is the monthe of Maye.  
 He singith, dauncith, passing every man,  
 That is or was sithin the worlde began.  
 Therewith he was, if men sholde him describe,  
 One of the beste faring men on live,  
 Yonge, stronge, and vertuous, and riche, and wise,  
 And welle beloved, and holdin in grete prise; 2480  
 And shortly if the sothe I tellin shalle,  
 Unwitting of this Dorigene at alle,  
 This lustie Squyir, servaunte to Venus,  
 Whiche that yclepid was Aurelius,  
 Had lovid her beste of any cature,  
 Two yere and more, as was his aventure,  
 But nevir durste he telle her his grevaunce,  
 Withoutin cupp dranke he all his penaunce.  
 He was dispairid, nothing durste he saye,  
 Save in his songis somewhat wolde he wraye 2490  
 His woe, as in general complaining?  
 He saide, he loved, and was beloved nothing.  
 Of which matere madin he many layes,  
 Songis, Complaintes, Roundeles, and Verilayes,  
 How that he durstin not his sorowe telen,  
 But languishith as dothe a fende in Heile,  
 And dye he must, he saide, as did Echo  
 For Narcissus, that durste not telle her woe;  
 In othir manir than ye herde me saye,  
 Ne durste he not to her his woe bewraye, 2500  
 Save peradventure sometime at dauncis,  
 There yonge folke kepyn ther observauncis,  
 It may welle ben he lokid on her face,  
 In soche a wise as men that askin grace.  
 But nothing wiste she of alle his entente,  
 Nathelesse it happid ere that thei thence wente,  
 Becausin that he was her nigh neighbour,  
 And was a man of worship and honoure,  
 And she had knowin him of timis yore,  
 Thei fallin in speche, and so more and more 2510  
 Unto his purpose drewe Aurelius,  
 And whan he sawe his time, he seide thus.  
 Madame, q' he, by God that this world made,  
 So that I wiste that I might your herte glade,  
 I wolde that day that your Arvyragus  
 Went ore the See, that I Aurelius  
 Had gon there, I sholde nevir come againe,  
 For welle I wote my service is in vaine!  
 My guerdon n'is but breking of my herte,  
 Madame, ruth upon my painis smerte, 2520  
 For with one worde ye may me sle or save,  
 I lere at your fore God wolde that I were grave,  
 I have as now no lesire more to feye,  
 Have mercie, swete, or ye wolde do me deye.  
 She gan to loke upon Aurelius,  
 Is this your wille, q' she, and say you thus?  
 Nevir erst, q' she, wiste I what ye mente,  
 But now, Aurelius, I knowe your entente,  
 By thilke God, that gave me soule and life,  
 Ne shalle I nevir be an untrew wife, 2530  
 In worde, ne werke, as ferre as I have witte,  
 I wille be his to whome that I am knitte,  
 Take this for small answer as from me.  
 But astir this in pleye thus saidin she,  
 Aurelius, q' she, by God above,  
 Yet wolle I grauntin you to be your love,  
 (Sith I se you so pitoussly complaine)  
 Loke what daye that endlong to Britaine  
 Ye remeve alle the rockis stene by stene,  
 That thei ne lettin ship ne bore to gone, 2540  
 I saye whan ye have made the coste so clene  
 Of rockis, that there is no stene yfene,  
 Than wolle I love you best of any man,  
 Have here my trouthe, in alle that ere I can.



Is there none othir grace in you, qð he?  
 No by that Lorde, qð she, that makid me,  
 For welle I wore, that it shall nere betide,  
 Let soche folie out of your herte aslide.  
 What deinty sholde a man have in this life  
 For to goe love anothir mann's wife?  
 That hath her bodie, whan so that him liketh.

Aurelius fulle oftin forely siketh.  
 Woe was Aurely, whan that this he herde,  
 And with a forowfull chere he answerde,  
 Madame, qð he, this were impossible,  
 Then mote I dye on sodaine dethe horrible,  
 And with that worde he turnid him anone.

Tho come her othir frendis everichone,  
 And in the alleys romid up and doune,  
 And nothing wiste of this conclusioun,  
 But sodainly began to revell newe,  
 Tille that the brighte sunne had losse his hewe,  
 For the' Horison had refte the sunne his light  
 (This is as moche to faye, that it were night)

And home thei gon in joie and in solas,  
 Save only wretched Aurelius, alas!  
 He to his house is gone with sory herte,  
 He said he might not fro his dethe asterte,  
 Him semith that he felith his herte colde,  
 Up to Hevin his hondis gan he holde,  
 And on his knees bare he set him adoun,  
 And in his raving said this orisoun,  
 For very wo out of his witte he braide,  
 He ne wist what he spake, but thus he saide,  
 With pitous herte his plainte hath he begonne,  
 Unto the goddes, and first unto the sonne  
 He said: Apollo God, and governour  
 Of every plante, and herbe, and tre, and floure,  
 That yevest after thy declinacion

To ilke of hem his time and his ceson,  
 As thine herberow chaungith low and hie,  
 Lord Phœbus, cast thy merciable eye  
 On wretched Aurelius, which am but lorne,  
 Lo lorde, my lady hath my deth isworne  
 Withoutin gilt, but thy benigne  
 Upon my dedely hert have some pite;  
 For wel I wot, lorde Phœbus, if ye leste,  
 Ye may me helpin save my lady beste,  
 Now vouche ye save that I may you devise,  
 How that I maye be holpen, and in what wise.

Your blisful sustir Lucina the shene,  
 That of the See chefe Goddesse is and Quene,  
 Though Neptunus hath deite in the see,  
 Yet Emperers abovin him is she,  
 Ye knowin wel lord, right as her desire  
 Is to be quickened and lighted of your fire,  
 For whiche she foloweth you full besily,  
 Right so the see desirith naturally  
 To solowin her that is the goddesse  
 Both of the see, and rivers more and lesse.  
 Wherefore, lorde Phœbus, this is my request,  
 Do this miracle, or do mine hert brest,  
 That now next at this opposicion,  
 Whiche shall be in the signe of the Lion,  
 As prayith her so grete a flode to bringe,  
 That five fadome at leste it ovispringe  
 The highest rocke in Armorike Britaine  
 And let this flodde endurin yeris twaine,  
 Than certis to my lady may I say,  
 Holdith your hest, the rockis ben away.  
 This thing may ye full lightly don for me,  
 Pray her to gon no fastir course than ye,  
 I say thus, praye your sustir that she go  
 No fastir course than ye in yeris two,  
 Than shalle she be at evin full alweye,  
 And springe flode shall be lasting night and dey;  
 And but that she vouchsafe in fuche manere  
 To grauntin me my soveraine lady dere,

Pray her to sinkin every rocke adoun  
 Lowe into Helle her own derke regioun 2620  
 Undir the ground, there Pluto dwellith in,  
 Or nevir more shall I my lady win.

Thy temple' in Delphos, wolle I barefote seke,  
 O Lorde Phœbus, se the teres on my cheke,  
 And on my paine have some compassioun;  
 And with that worde in swoun he fel adoun,  
 And longe time he thus lay in a traunce.  
 His brothir, which that knew of his penaunce,  
 Up caught him, and to bedde hath him ybrought;  
 Dispeyrid in thus turment and this thought 2630  
 Now lerte I thus this woful cature lye,  
 Chese he for me whethre' he wolle live or dye.

Arviragus with hele and grete honour  
 (As he that was of chivalry the flour)  
 Is comin home, and othir worthy men,  
 O blisful art thou now Dame Dorigen,  
 That hast thy lusty husbonde in thine armes,  
 That freshe knight, that worthy man of armes,  
 That lovith The, as his own hert's life,  
 Nothing lifte him to be imaginatife 2640  
 If any wight had spoken (while he was out)  
 To her of love, therof had he no dout,  
 He nought entendith to no soche matere,  
 But dauncith, justith, and makith gode chere.

And thus in joy and blisse I let hem dwell,  
 And of wofull Aurelius wol I tell.

In langour and in turmente dispitous,  
 Two yere and more, lay wretched Aurelius,  
 Er any fote on erth he mightin gone,  
 Ne comfort in this time ne had he none, 2650  
 Save of his brother, whiche that was a clerke,  
 He knewe of al this wo, and al this werke,  
 For unto none othir creature certain  
 Of this matere, ne durst he no worde sain,  
 Undir his brest he bare it more secre  
 Than Polyphemus did for Galathe,  
 His brest was hole withoutin for to fene;  
 But in his hert aye was the arrowe kene,  
 And well ye knowen, that of a surfanure,  
 In surgery, is perilous the cure, 2670  
 But men might touch the arow', or come thereby.

His broðir waylith for him privily,  
 Til at the last him fel in remembraunce  
 That while he was at Orliaunce in Fraunce  
 (As these yonge clerkis that ben likerouse)  
 To redin artis that ben curious  
 Sekin in every halke and every herne  
 Perticuler sciencis for to lerne,  
 He him remembrid that upon a deie  
 At Orliaunce in studie' a boke he seie 2680  
 Of Magike naturell, which his felawe,  
 That was that time a bachelor of lawe,  
 All were he there to lerne an othir craft,  
 Had privily upon his deske ilast,  
 Whiche boke spake of mochill operacions  
 Touching the foure and twentie Mansions  
 That longin to the Mone, and soche folie,  
 As in our dayis is not worth a flie,  
 For holy church fayith in our bileve,  
 He suffrith non illusion us to greve,  
 And whan this boke was in his remembraunce, 2690  
 Anon for joie his harte began to daunce,  
 And to himself he sayid privily  
 My brothir shall be warished hastily,  
 For I am sikir there be sciencis,  
 By whiche men make divers aparences,  
 Soche as these sotill tregetoris plaie,  
 For oft at festis have I well herd saie,  
 That tragetors, within an hallè large,  
 Have made to come in watir and a barge, 2700  
 And in the hallè rowin up and down,  
 Somtime hath semid come a grim Lioun,

And



And somtime flouris spring as in a mede,  
Somtime a vine, and grapis white and rede,  
Somtime a castill alle of lime and stone,  
And whan 'hem likid, voidin 'hem anon,  
Thus semid it to every mann's sight.

Now than conclude I thus, if that I might  
At Orliaunce some'old felawe yfinde,  
That had this Mon's Mansions in minde, 2710  
Or othir Magike naturall above,  
He should wel make my brothir have his love.  
For with an apparaunce a clerke maie make  
To mann's sight, that all the rockis blake  
Of Britain, wer ivoidid everichone,  
And shippis by the brinke to come and gone,  
And in soche forme endure a yere or two,  
Than wer my brothir warished of his wo,  
Than must she nedis holdin her bihest,  
Or ellis he shall shame her at the lest.  
What should I make a lengir tale of this?  
Unto his brother's bedde he comin is,  
And soche comfort he yave him for to gon  
To Orleunce, that he up stert anon,  
And on his waie than is he forth ifare  
In hope for to ben lessid of his care.

Whan thei wer come almost to that cite,  
(But if it were a two forlong or thre)  
A yong clerke roming by himself thei met,  
Whiche that in Latin thriftily 'hem gret,  
And astirward he saied a wondir thing,  
I knowe, q'ð he, the cause of your coming,  
And ere thei farthir any fote ywente,  
He told 'hem all that was in ther entent.

This Briton clerke askid him of felawes,  
The whiche he had yknowen in oldè dayes,  
And he answerid him, that thei dedde were,  
For whiche he wepte full many a salt tere.

Donne of his horse Aurelius light anon, 2740  
And with this Magicien forth is he gon  
Home to his house, and made him well at ese,  
'Hem lackid no vitaille that 'hem might plesse.  
So well araied an hous as there was one  
Aurelius in his life sawe nevyr none.

He shewid him, or he went to suppere,  
Forestes and parkis, full of wildè dere,  
There sawe he hartis with ther hornis hie,  
The gretist that were evir fene with eye,  
He sawe of 'hem an hundrid slayn with houndes,  
And sum of arowes bled with bittir woundes, 2750  
He sawe, whan voidid were the wildè dere,  
These fauconers, upon a faire rivere,  
That with the haukis han the Heron slaine.

Tho sawe he knightis justing in a plain,  
And after this he did him soche plessaunce,  
That he him sheved his lady in a daunce,  
On whiche himself ydauncid as him thought.  
And whan this maistir, that this magike wrought,  
Sawe it was time, he clapped his hondis to,  
And farewell our revell, all was ago. 2760  
And yet remeved thei not out of the house,  
While that thei sawe all this sight merveilous,  
But in his studie, there his bokis be,  
Thei satin still, and no wight but thei thre.

To him this maistir callid his squiere,  
And saied him thus, is redy our suppere?  
Almoste an houre it is, I undertake,  
Sin I you bad our supper redy make,  
Whan that these worthy men ywent with me  
Into my studie, there my bokis be. 2770

Sir (q'ð the squier) whan it likith you  
It is all redy, though you woll right now.

Go we suppe than, q'ð he, 'tis for the beste,  
These amorous folke sometime mote have rest.

And astir suppir fell thei in trete,  
What summe shoulde this maister's guerdon be,

To remeve all the rockis of Britain,  
And eke fro Garumne to the mouth of Saine.

He made it strange and swore so God him save,  
Lasse than a thousand pound wold he not have, 2780  
Ne gladly for that somme nolde he it doen.

Aurelius with blisfull herte anon  
Answerid thus: Fie on a thousande pound  
This widè worlde, whiche that men saie is round,  
I would it yeve, if I were lorde of it,  
This bargain is fuldrive, for we be knit,  
Ye shall be payid truely by my trowth,  
But loke now for no negligence or slouth  
Ye staye us here no lengir than to morowe;

Naie, q'ð this clerke, have here my faithe to borowe.  
To bedde is gon Aurelius whan him leste,  
And well nie all that night he had his rest,  
What for his labour, and his hope of blisse,  
2720 His wofull herte of penaunce had a lisse.

Upon the morowe, whan that it was daie,  
To Britainwarde toke thei the rightè waie,  
Aurelius, and this Magicine beside,  
And ben discendid there thei would abide,  
And this was, as the boke doeth me remember,  
In the cold frostie ceson of December. 2800

Phebus waxed old, and hewed ilike Laton  
That afore in his hote exaltation  
Shone as the brenning gold, with stremis bright,  
2730 But now in Capricorne adoun he light,  
Whereas he shone full pale, I dare well sain;  
The bitter frostis with the flete and raine  
Destroyid hath the grene in every yerde,  
Janus sit by the fire with double berde  
And drinkith of his bugle horne the wine,  
Biforn him stont braunc of the tuskid swine 2810  
And Nowell singith every lustie man.

Aurelius, in all that evre' he can  
Doeth to this maistir chere and reverence  
And prayith him to doen his diligence  
To bringin him out of his painis smerte,  
Or with a sward that he would slit his herte.

This sotill clerke soch routh hath on this man,  
That night and daie he spedde him that he can  
To waite a time of his conclusioun,  
This is to saie, to make illusioun, 2820  
Or soche an apparence, or jogelrie,

I ne can no termes of Astrologic,  
That she and every wight should wene and saie,  
That of Britain the rockis wer awaie,  
Or els thei werin sonke undir the grounde,  
Till at the last he hath his time ifound  
To make his japis and his wretchidnesse  
Of soche a superstitious cursidnesse

His Tablis Tolitanis forth he broughte, 2830  
Full well correctid, him ne lackid nought  
Neither his Collect, ne his Expans yeres,  
Neither his Rotis, ne his othir geres,  
As ben his Centris, and his argumentes,  
And his Proporcinnell Convenientes

For his Equacions in every thing,  
And by his eight Speris in his werking  
He knew ful well how far Alnath was shove  
Fro the hedde of thilke fixe Aries above,  
That in the ninth Spere considerid is,  
Full subtilly he' had calculid all this, 2840

And whan he had found his first Mansion,  
He knewe the remnaunt by proportion,  
And knewe the rising of the Monè wele,  
And in whose face, the terme, and every dele,  
And knewe also his othir observaunces,  
For soche illusions, and soche mischaunces  
As Hethin folke usid in thilkè daies,  
For whiche ne makid he no lenge delaies,  
But through his magike, for a weke or tway,  
It semed that all the rockis wer away. 2850

Aurelius,



Aurelius, whiche that dispeirid is,  
Whithir he shall have his love, or amis,  
Awaitith night and daie on this miracle,  
And whan he knewe there was non obstacle,  
But that voidid were these rockes everichon,  
Doun to the maistir's fete he fell anon,  
And saied, I wofull wretche Aurelius  
Thanke you my lorde, and lady mine Venus,  
That me hath holpen fro my caris cold,  
And to the temple' his waie forth hath he hold, 2860  
Where as he knewe he should his lady se,  
And whan he sawe his time, anon right he  
With dredfull hertè, and with humble chere  
Saluid hath his soverain lady dere.

My rightfull lady (qð this wofull man)  
Whom I bothe serve and love, as I best can  
And lothest wer of all this worlde displese,  
N'ere it that I for you have soche disese,  
That I must die here at your fete anon,  
Nought would I tel how wo is me begon, 2870  
But certis either must I die or plain,  
Ye flea me giltlesse for very pain,  
But of my deth, although ye have no routh,  
Avisin you, er that ye breke your trouth,  
Repentith you, for that ilke God above,  
For ye flea me, bicause that I you love,  
For madame, well ye wote that ye have hight,  
Not that I challenge any thing of right  
Of you my soverain lady, but of grace,  
But in a gardin yonde, in soche a place, 2880  
Ye wote right wel what thingye behight me,  
And in my hondè there your trouth plight ye,  
To love me best, God wote ye sayid so,  
Albeit that I worthy am thereto,  
Madame, I speke for the honour of you,  
More than to save my hert's life right now,  
I have doen right as ye commaundid me,  
And if ye vouchsafe, ye mai go and se,  
Doeth as you list, havith your hest in minde  
For quicke or ded, right there ye shall me finde, 2890  
In you lieth all to doe me live or deie,  
But well I wote the rockis ben aweie.

He toke his leve, and she astonied stode,  
In all her face there n'as a droppe of blode,  
She wenid nere to come in soche a trappe,

Alas (qð she) that evir this should happe,  
For wende I nere by possibilite  
That soche a mistir or marvaile might be,  
It is against the processe of nature;  
And home she goeth a sorowfull cature  
For very fere unnethis maie she go,  
She wepith and wailith a daie or two,  
And swounith, so that it was routh to se,  
But why it was to no wight toldin she,  
For out of toun was gon Arviragus,  
But to her self she spake, and sayid thus  
In her complaint, as ye shall aftir here,  
With visage pale, and with sorowfull chere.

Alas (qð she) on The, fortune, I plain,  
That unware hast wrappid me in thy chain, 2910  
Fro whiche to escape, wot I no socour,  
Save only deth, or els grete dishonour,  
One of these two behovith me to chese,  
But natheles, yet had I levir to lese  
My life, than of my body to' have a shame,  
Or knowe my self false, or lesin my name,  
And with my dethe I maie be quit I wis,  
Hath there not many' a noble wife er this,  
And many' a maide, islain her self alas!  
Rathir than with her body doen trespas! 1920  
And certis, lo! these stories ben witnesse,  
Whan thurtie Tyrautes, full of cursidnesse,  
Had slain Phidon, in Athenes at the feste,  
Thei commaundid his doughtirs to arest,

And bringin 'hem beforne 'hem in dispite  
All nakid, to fulfill ther foule delite,  
And in ther faðer's blode thei made 'hem daunce  
Upon the pavement, God yeve them mischaunce,  
For which these wofull maidins full of drede,  
Rathir than thei wolde lese ther maidinhede, 2930  
Thei privily ben stert into a well,  
And drent 'hemselvis, as the bokis tell.

Thei of Messene let enquire and seke  
Of Lacedæmon fiftie maidins eke,  
On which thei would have doen ther lecherie,  
But there was none of all that companie  
That she n'as slain, and with a glad entent  
Chese rathir for to dien, than for to' assent  
To ben oppressed of her maidinhede,  
Why should I than to dyin ben in drede? 2940

Lo! eke the tyraunt Aristoclides  
That loved a maid that hight Simphalides,  
Whan that her fathir slain was on a night,  
Unto Diana's temple goth she right,  
And hent the image with her armis two,  
And fro the image wolde she nevir go,  
No wight might fro it her hondis arace  
Till she was slain right in the self same place.

Now sithnes that maidins had soche dispite  
To ben defoulid with manns foule delite, 2950  
Well ought a wife rathir her self to fle,  
Than be defoulid, as it thinkith me.

What shall I say of Hasdrubal's wife?  
That at Cartage biraft her self her life,  
For whan she sawe the Romanes wan the toun,  
She toke her childrin all, and lept adoun  
Into the fire, and chese rathir to die,  
Than any Roman did her vilanie.

Hath not Lucrece islain her self, alas!  
At Rome; for that there she oppressed was 2960  
Of Tarquine, for her thought it was a shame  
To livin, whan that she had lost her name.

The eight maidins of Melesie also  
Han slain 'hemselfe for very drede and wo,  
Rathir than folk of Gaule should 'hem oppresse.

More than a thousande stories, as I geise,  
Couth I now tell as touching this matere.

Whan Abradate was slain, his wife so dere  
Her self yllowe, and let her blode to glide  
In Abradat's woundis, brode and wide, 2970  
And saied, my body at the lestè waie  
There shall no wight defoule if that I maie.

What should I mo ensamplis hereof sain?  
Sin that so many han 'hemselvin slain,  
Well rathir than thei would defoulid be,  
I woll conclude that it is best for me  
To fle my self than be defoulid thus;  
I wolle be true unto Arviragus,  
I woll my selvin fle in some manere,  
Right as did Democen's doughtir dere, 2980  
Bicause that she ne wolde defoulid be.

O Sedasus, it is full grete pite,  
To redin how thy doughtirs didn', alas!  
That slown 'hemself for soche a manir caas;  
As grete a pite was it, or well more,  
The Theban maidin, that for Nichanore  
Her selvin slewe; right for soche manere wo  
Anothir Theban maidin did right so,  
For one of Macedone had her oppressed,  
She with her dethe her maidinhede redressed. 2990

What shall I sain of Nicerat's wife,  
That for soche case biraft her self her life?

How true was eke to Alcibiades  
His love, that for to dyin rathir chese,  
Than let his bodie ungravid to be!

Lo! whiche a wife was Alceste! (qð she)  
What saith Homere of gode Penelope?  
All Grece yknowith of her chastite.



Of Laodamia is writtin thus.  
That whan at Troie was slain Protefelaus,  
No lengir n'olde she live after his daie.

The same of noble Portia tell I maie,  
Withouten Brutus couth she nevir live,  
To whome she haddin all her herte ygive.

The parsite wifehode of Artemisy  
Honourid is, throughout all Barbary.

Oh Thenta Quene, thy wifely chastite  
Unto all wivis maie a mirroure be.

The same thing I saie of Bilia,  
Of Rhodogune, and eke Valeria.

Thus plainid Dorigene a daie or tweie,  
Purposing evir that she wouldè deie,  
But natheles upon the thirde night  
Home came Arviragus, the worthie knight,  
And askid her why that she wept so fore,  
And she gan wepe evir lengir the more.

Alas (qð she) that evir I was borne!  
Thus have I saied, (qð she) thus have I sworne,  
And told him all, as ye have herde before,  
It nedith not reherse it any more.

This husbond with glad chere in sondry wif  
Answerd and saied, as I shall you devise,  
Is there aught els, my Dorigene but this?

Naie naie (qð she) God helpe me so as wis,  
This is to moche, and it were Godd'is will.

Ye wife (qð he) let slepin that is still,  
It maie be well peraventure to daie,  
Ye shallin your trouthe holdin by my saie,  
For God so wisly have mercie on me,

I had well levir stickid for to be,  
For very love whiche that I to you have,  
But that ye sholdin your trouthe kepe and save,  
Trouthe is the hyest thing that men may kepe,  
But with that word he braist anon to wepe,  
And saied, I you forbid on pain of dethe,  
That nevir whiles you lastith life or brethe  
To no wight tell of this misaventure,

As I maie best I woll my wo endure,  
Ne make no countenance of hevinesse,  
That folke of you maie demin harme, ne gesse.  
And forth he clepid a squier and a maide,  
Goth forth anon with Dorigene he saied,  
And bringith her in soche a place anone.

Thei toke ther leve, and on ther waie thei gone,  
But thei ne wistin why she thiðir went,  
She n'olde no wight ytellin her entent.

Peraventure an hepe of you, I wis,  
Will holdin him a leude man in this,  
That he wolde put his wife in jeopardie,  
Herk'nith the Tale er ye upon him crie,  
She may have bettir fortune than you semeth,  
And whan that you have herde the Tale, demeth.

This squier, whiche that hight Aurelius,  
On Dorigene, whiche was so amorous,  
Of aventure happid her for to mete  
Amid the tounce, right in the maistir strete,  
As she wouldin have gon the waie forth right  
Toward the gardin, there as she had hight,  
And he was to the gardinward also,  
For well he spyid whan that she would go  
Out of her hous, to any manir place,  
But thus thei met of aventure or grace,  
And he saluith her with glad entent,  
And askid of her whiðir that she went.

And she answerid half as she wer mad,  
Unto the gardin, as my husbond baddè,  
My trouthe for to holdin, alas alas!

Aurelius gan wondrin of this caas,  
And in his herte had gret compassion  
Of her chere, and her lamentacion,  
And of Arviragus the worthy knight,  
That bad her holdin all that she had hight,

3000 So loth he was that she should breke her trouthe,  
And in his herte he caught of it grete routh,  
Considering the best on every side,  
That fro his lust wer him bettir abide,  
Than doe so hie a churlishe wretchidnesse  
Ayenst fraunchise, and ayenst gentilnesse,  
For whiche in fewe wordis saied he thus.

Madame, saiech to your lorde Arviragus, 3080  
That sithin I se this grete gentilnesse

Of him, and eke I se well your distresse,  
That him were levir shame, (and that were routhe)

Than that ye to me sholdin breke your trouthe,  
I have well levir evir suffir wo,

Than departin the love betwixt you two;

I you relese madame, into your honde

Quite every surement, and every bonde,

That ye have made to me, as here biforne,

Sithens thilke time that ye werin borne, 3090  
My trouthe I plight, I shall you ne repreve

Of no beheft, and here I take my leve

As of the truest and the bestè wife,

That evir yet I knewe in all my life,

But every wight beware of ther bihest,

On Dorigene remembrith at the lest;

Thus can a squier doen a gentill dede,

As well as can a knight, withoutin drede.

She thonkid him upon her knees all bare,

And home unto her husbonde is she fare, 3100  
And told him all, as ye han herd me saied,

And be ye sikre, he was so well apaied,

That it were impossible me to write.

What should I lengir of this case endite?

Arviragus, and Dorigene his wife

In soverain blisse ledin forth ther life,

Ne was there angir evir 'hem betwene,

He cherished her, as though she wer a Quene,

And she was to him true for evirmore,

Of these two folkes ye get of me no more. 3110  
Aurelius, that his cost hath all forlorne

Curfid the time that evir he was borne;

Alas! (qð he) alas! that I beheight

Of purid gold a thousandè pound of weight

To this Philosopher, how shall I doe?

I se no more, but that I am fordoo,

Mine inheritaunce mote I nedis sell,

And ben a beggir, here maie I not dwell,

And shamin all my kinrede in this place,

But I of him maie get some bettir grace. 3120  
But natheles I wolde of him aslaie

At certain dayis yere by yere to paie,

And thonkin him of his grete curtesie,

My trouthe right woll I kepe, I woll not lie.

With sorie herte he goth to his coffer,

And broughtin gold unto the Philosopher,

The value of five hundrid pound I gesse,

And him besechith of his gentilnesse

To grauntin him daies of the remenaunt,

And saied: maistir I dare well make avaunt 3130  
I failid nevir of my trouthe as yet,

For sickerly my debt shall wel be quit

Towardis you, how that evir I fare

To gon a begging in my kirtell bare,

But would ye vouchsafe upon suerte

Two yere or thre for to respitin me,

Than were I well, for ellis mote I sell

Mine heritage, there is no more to tell.

This Philosopher sobirly answerde

And seide thus, whan he his wordis herde,

Have I not holdin covenaut to The? 3140  
Yes certis, well and truily (qð he)

Haft thou not had thy lady as The liketh?

No no (qð he) and sorily he siketh.

What was the cause, tell me if that thou can?

Aurelius anon his tale began,



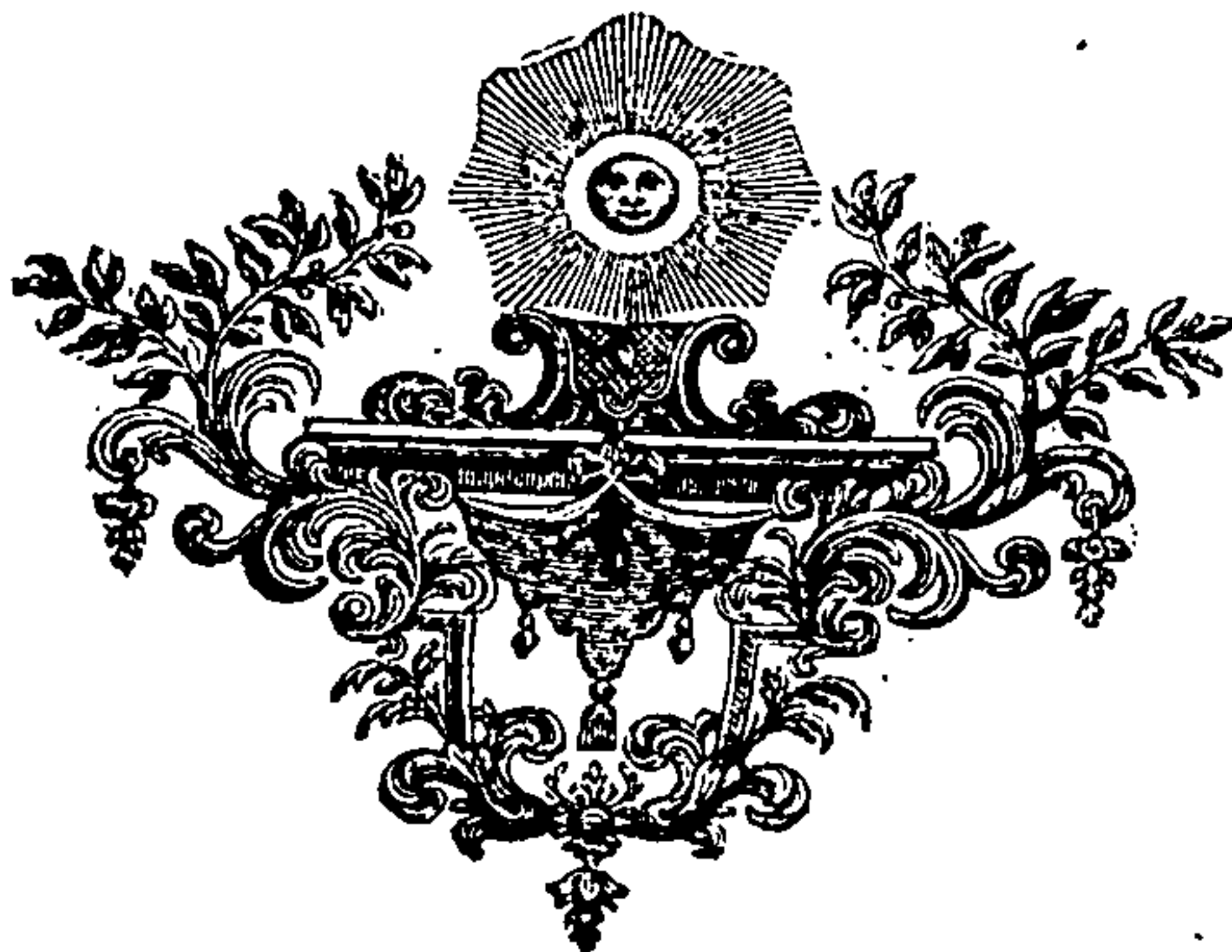
And told him all as ye han herd bifore,  
It nedith not reherce it any more.

He saied Arviragus of gentilnes  
Had levir die in sorowe and distresse, 3150  
Than that his wife werin of her trouthe false,  
The sorowe' of Dorigene he told him als,  
How loth she was to ben a wicked wife,  
And that she had levir have lost her life,  
And that her trouth she swore through innocence,  
She nevir erst herd speke of apparence,  
That made me have of her so grete pite,  
And right as frely as he sent her me,  
As frely sent I her to him again ;  
This is all and some, there n'is more to fain. 3160  
The Philosopher answerd, levè brother,  
Everiche of you did gentilly to other,

Thou art a squier, and he is a knight,  
But God forbid it, for his blisful might,  
But if a clerke could doen a gentill dede  
As well as any' of you, it is no drede.

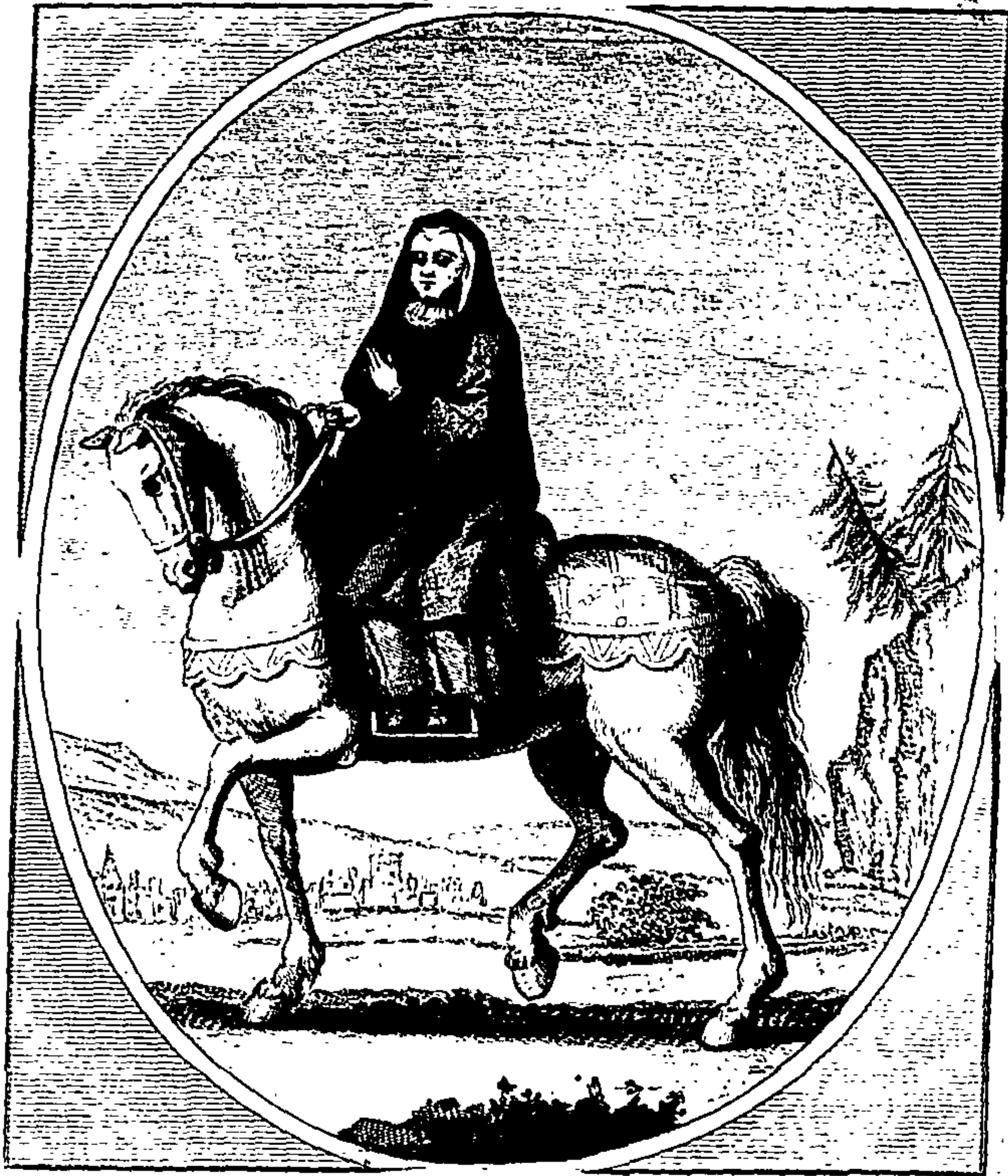
Sir I relese to The thy thousande ponde,  
As now thou werin crope out of the ground,  
Ne nevir er now haddist knowin me, 310  
For sir, I woll not takin a peny,  
For all my craft, ne nought for my travaile,  
Thou hast ipaied right well for my vitaile,  
It is inough, farewel and have gode daie,  
And toke his horse, and rode forth on his waie.  
Lördinges this question would I aske now,  
Whiche was most franke and fre, as thinkith you?  
Now tellith me, er that I ferthir wende,  
I can no more, my tale is at an ende.

Here endith the FRANKLEIN's TALE.



Here





## Here beginneth the Second Nonne's PROLOGUE.



HE Minister and Norice unto vices  
Which that men clepe in English idlenesse,  
That Porter of the gate is of delices,  
To' eschue, and by her contrair' her op-  
presse,

That is to saine, by lesfull besinesse,  
Welle oughtin we to doen alle our entent,  
Lest that the Fende through idlenesse us hent.

For he that with his thousande cordis slie  
Continually us waitith to beclappe,  
Whan he maie man in idlenesse espie,  
He can so lightly catche him in his trappe,  
Till that a man be hent, right by the lappe,  
He n'is not ware the fende hath him in hond,  
Well ought us werche, and idlenesse withstond.

And though men dreddin nevir for to die,  
Yet se men well by reson doutilefs;  
That idlenesse is rote of slogardie,  
Of which ther comith nevir gode ences,  
And sith that sloth holdith 'hem in a lees,  
Onely to slepe, and for to ete and drink,  
And to devourin all that othir swinke.

And for to put us from soche idelnesse,  
That cause is of so grete confusion,  
I have here doen my faithfull besinesse,  
Aftir the Legende in translacion  
Right of thy glorious life and passion,  
Thou with thy garlond wrought with rose and Lily,  
The mene I, maide and martir saint Cecily.

And thou that flowir art of virgins all,  
Of whom that Bernard list so well to write,

To The at my beginning first I call,  
Thou comfort of us wretchis, do me' endite  
Thy maidins deth, that whan through her merite  
The eterne life, and of the fende victorie,  
As men maie after redin in her storie.

Thou maide and mothir, doughtir of thy sonne,  
Thou Welle of mercie, sinfull soul's cure,  
In whom that God of bounte chese to wonne,  
Thou humble' and hie ore every creature,  
Thou noblist, so ferre forthe ovir nature, 40  
That no disdain thy makir had of kinde  
His sonne in blode and fleshe to clothe and winde.

Whiche in the cloistre of thy blisfull sidis  
Toke mann's shape, the eterne love and pees,  
That of the trine compas Lorde and guide is,  
Whom heven, yerth, and se, withoutin les  
Aie heryin, and thou virgine wemles  
Bare of thy body', and dwellist maidin pure,  
The creatour of every creature.

20 Assemblid is in The magnificence, 50  
With mercie, godenes, and with soche pite,  
That thou that art the sonne of excellence  
Not only helpist 'hem that prayin The,  
But oftin time of thy benigne  
Full frely, or that men thine helpe beseeche,  
Thou goest before, and art ther liv'is leche.

Now help thou blisfull, and meke, and faire maide,  
Me flemid wretche, in this desert of gall,  
Thinke on the woman of Canane, that saied  
That whelpis etin some of the crommes finall 70  
That from ther Lord's table ben ifall,

And



And though that I unworthy childe of Eve  
Be sinfull, yet acceptith my beleve.

And for that faith is ded withoutin werkis  
So for to werchin yeve me witte and space,  
That I be quit from the place that most derk is,  
O thou that art so faire and full of grace,  
Be thou mine advocate in that hie place,  
There as withoutin ende is song Ofanna,  
Thou Christ's mothir, and doughtir of Anna. 80

And of thy light my soule in prision light,  
That troublid is by the contagion  
Of my body, and also by the wight  
Of yerthly lust, and false affeccion,  
O haven of refuge, O salvacion  
Of them that ben in sorowe and distresse,  
Now helpe, for to my werke I woll me dresse.

Yet I praie you, that redin that I write,  
Foryeve me, that I doe no diligence  
This ilke storie subtilly to endite, 90  
For both have I the wordes and the sentence  
Of them that at the sainct's reverence  
The storie wrote, and folowen her legende,  
And praie you that ye wol my werke amende.

First woll I you the name of sainct Cecily  
Expoune, as men maie in her storie se,  
It is to saie in Englishe, hevin's lilly,  
For the pure chastnes of virginite,  
Or for the whiteness had of honeste,  
And grene of conscience, and of gode fame 100

The sote favour, Lilly was her name.

Or Cecily's is to saie, the waie to blinde,  
For she ensample was by gode teching,  
Or els Cecily, as I writtin finde,  
Is joignid by a manir conjoigning  
Of heven and Lia, in her figuring.  
The heven is set for thought of holinesse,  
And Lia, for her lasting besinesse.

Cecily maie be saied in this manere  
Wanting of blindnes, for her gretè light 110  
Of sapience, and for her thewis clere,  
Or ellis Lo! this maidin's namè bright  
Of heven and Leos cometh, of which by right  
Men might the hevin of people her call,  
Ensamble of gode and wise werkis all.

For Leos peple' in Englishe is to saie,  
And right as men maie in the hevin se  
The Sunne, and Mone, and sterris every waie,  
Right so men ghostly in this maidin fre 120  
Sawen of faith the magnanimitè,  
And eke the clerenes hole of Sapience,  
And sondrie werkis bright of excellence.

And right so as these Philosophers write  
That hevin is swift, round, and eke brenning,  
Right so was faire Cecilia the white  
Full swift and besie in every gode working,  
And round and hole in gode persevering,  
And brenning evre' in charite full bright;  
Now have I declarid you what she hight.

Here endeth the Second NONNE's PROLOGUE.

## The Second NONNE's TALE.



HIS maide Cecily as her Legend saieth,  
Was come of Romans, and of noble  
kinde,  
And from her cradle fostrid in the faith  
Of Christe, and bare his Gospell in  
her minde,

She nevir cessid, as I writtin finde,  
Of her prayir, and God to love and drede,  
Beseeching him to kepe her maidinhede.

And whan this maidin shoud unto a man  
Iweddid be, that was full yong of age,  
Which that iclepid was Valerian  
And daie was comin of her mariage,  
She full devout and humble' in her corage  
Undir her robe of gold, that sat full faire,  
Had next her fleshe iclad her in an heire.

And whiles that the organs made melodie,  
To God alone thus in her herte song she,  
O Lorde, my soule and eke my body gie  
Unwemmed, lest that I confoundid be,  
And for his love, that died upon a tre,  
Every second or thirde day did she faste,  
Aye bidding in her orisons full faste.

The night camin, and to bed must she gone  
With her husbonde, as ofte is the manere,  
And privily she said to him anon,

O swete and wel bylovid spouse dere,  
There is a counsaile, and ye wol it here,  
Which that right faine I wold unto you saie,  
So that ye me sware, it not to bewraine.

Valerian gan fast unto her swere  
That for no case, ne thing that mightin be  
He shoud nevir to none bewraien her, 160  
And than at laste thus unto him sayed she,  
I have an angel, whiche that lovith me  
That with gret love, where so I wake or slepe,  
Is redy aye, my body for to kepe.

140 And if that he may felin out of drede  
That ye wolle you govern nothing amis,  
He wolle you save and kepe till you be dede,  
For your clene living, and for your godenesse,  
And bringe you streightway unto heavenly blifs,  
He wolle you love as me for your cleneness, 170  
And shewe you of his joie, and his brightness.

Valerian, correctid as God wolde  
Answerd ayen, if I shal trustin The,  
Let me that aungel se, and him beholde,  
And if that it a very aungel be,  
Than wol I done as thou hast prayid me,  
And if thou love anothir man forsothe  
Right with this sword than wol I sle you bothe.  
Cecily



Cecily answerd anon in this wise,  
If that ye lust, that Angel shul ye se,  
So that ye trowe on Christ, and you baptise;  
Goth forth to Via Appia (qð she)  
That from this toun ne stant but milis thre;  
And unto the pore folkis that there dwell  
Say 'hem right thus, as I shallin you tell.

Tell 'hem that I Cecile, you to 'hem sende  
To shewin you the gode Urban the olde,  
For secret nedis, and for gode entent,  
And whan that ye saint Urban han beholde, 190  
Tel him the wordis, that I to you tolde,  
And whan that he hath purgid you fro sinne,  
Than shal ye se that Angel er ye twinne.

Valerian is to that place igoñ,  
And right as him was taught by her lerning,  
He found this holy man Urban anon  
Among these saintis burials louting;  
And he anon, withourin rarying,  
Did his message, and whan he had it tolde,  
Urban for joy, gan his hondis up holde.

The teris from his eyin let he fall,  
Almighty God, O Jesu Christ (qð he)  
Sowir of chaste counsaile, hierde of us all;  
The frute of thilke fede of chastite  
That thou hast sowe in Cecile, take to The;  
Lo! like a bely bee, withoutin gile  
The servith evir thine owne thral Cecile.

For thilke spouse, that she ytoke but newe  
Ful like a fierse Lion, she sendith here  
As meke as any lambe was to the ewe;  
And with that word, anon there gan apere 210  
An olde man, clad in white clothis clere,  
That had a boke of golde letters in honde,  
And gan biforne Valerian for to stond.

Valerian as dedde fel down for drede,  
Whan he this olde man saw standing so,  
And on his boke right thus he gan to rede,  
O Lord, O Faith, O God withoutin mo  
Of Christendome, and fathre' of al also,  
Above al, and ovir al every where,  
These wordis al with Gold ywrittin were.

Whan this was rad, than said this olde man,  
Levisti thou this or none, say ye or nay,  
I leve al this thing (qð Valerian)  
Under the hevin no wight ne thinke may  
A sothir thing than this, I dare well say.  
Tho vanisid the olde man, he n'ist where  
And pope Urban him christenid right there.

Valerian goth home, and saint Cecily  
Within his chambir with an Angel fonde, 230  
This aungel had of rose and of lillye  
Corounis two, the whiche he bare in honde,  
And first to Cecile, as I undirstonde,  
He yave that one, and after gan he take  
That othir to Valerian her make.

With body clene, and with unwemmid thought  
Kepith aye wel these corounis (qð he)  
From paradise to you I have 'hem brought,  
Ne nevir more shallin they rottin be,  
Ne lesin ther swete savour, trustith me, 240  
Ne nevir wight ne shalle 'hem se with eye,  
But he be chaste, and hate alle vilonie.

And thou Valerian, for thou so sone  
Assenteddist to gode counsaile also

180 Say what you list, and thou shalt have thy bone;  
I have a brothir (qð Valerian tho)  
That in this world I lovyn no man so,  
I pray you that my brothir may have grace  
To know the trouth, as I do in this place.

The angel sayed, God likith your request 250  
And you both with the palme of martirdom  
Yshallin come unto the blisfull feste,  
And with that worde Tiburce his brothir come  
And whan that he the favour undernome,  
Whiche that the rosas and the lilies caste,  
Within his hert he gan to wondir faste.

And said: I wondir this time of the yere  
Whence that this sote favour comith so  
Of rosas and lilies, that I smell here,  
For though I had them in mine hondis two, 260  
The favour might in me no depir go,  
The swete smel, that in mine hert I finde,  
Hath chaungid me al in anothir kinde.

Valerian said, two coronis have we  
Snowe white and rose red, that shinith clere,  
Which that thine eyin han no might to se,  
And as thou smellist 'hem through my praierc,  
So shalt thou sene 'hem my leve brothir dere,  
If it so be that thou wilt without flouthe  
Bileve aright, and know the very trouthe. 270

Tiburce answerid, saicst thou this to me  
In forthnesse, or in dreme herkin I this?  
In dremis (qð Valerian) han we be  
Unto this time, brother mine, iwis;  
But now at erst, our dwelling in trouth is. 280  
How wost thou (qð Tiburce) and in what wise?  
Qð Valerian, that I shal The devise.

The angel of God hath me the trouth taught,  
Which thou shalt sein, and thou wilt reney 280  
The idols, and be clene, or ellis naught.  
Of the miracles of these crounis twey  
Saint Ambrose in his preface lust to sey,  
Full solempnely this noble doctour dere  
Commendith it, and faith in this manere.

The palme of martirdom for to receive,  
Seint Cecily, fulfillid of God's yeste,  
The world and eke her chambre gan she weive,  
Witness Tiburce's, and Cecil's shifte,  
To which God of his bounte woldin shifte 290  
Corounis two, of flouris wel smelling,  
And made the angel 'hem the crounis bring.

The maid hath brought 'hem to the blisse above,  
The world hath wist what it is worth certain  
Devocion and chastite to love. 230  
Tho shewed him Cecile all opin and plaine  
That al idollis ben but thingis vain,  
For they ben dombe, and thereto they ben dese,  
And chargid him his idoles for to lese.

Who that this trowith not, a beste he is,  
(Qð this Tiburce) if that I shall not lie.  
And she gan kisse his breste, whan she herde this, 300  
And was ful glad he couth the trouthe espie,  
This day take I The as for mine allie,  
Saide this blisful maidin faire and dere,  
And astir that she said, as ye may here.

Lo right so as the love of Christ (qð she)  
Made me thy brother's wife, right in that wise  
Anon for mine aye here take I The,  
Sithins that thou thine idoles wolt despise,  
H h



Go with thy brother now, and The baptise, 310  
And make The clene, so that thou maist beholde  
The angel's face, of which thy brothir tolde.

Tiburce answerde, and said: my brothir dere,  
First tell me whethir shall I? to what man?  
To whome, q<sup>d</sup> he? come forth with right gode chere,  
I wol The lede unto the pope Urban.  
To Urban? brothir mine Valerian,  
(Q<sup>d</sup> this Tiburce) wilt thou me thi<sup>d</sup>ir lede?  
Me thinkith that it were a wondir dede.

Ne menist thou not Urban (q<sup>d</sup> he tho)  
That is so oftin dampnid to be dede,  
And womnith aye in halkis to and fro,  
And dare not onis puttin forth his hede?  
Men shouldin him brenne in a fire so rede  
If he were founde, and men might him espie,  
And we also, that bere him companie.

And while we seken thilke divinire,  
That is ihidde in hevin privily,  
Algate ibrent in this world shoud we be.  
To whom Cecily answerid boldely, 330  
Men mightin drede, right wel and skilfully  
This life to lesin, mine owne der<sup>e</sup> brother,  
If this were living onely and non other,

But there is bettir life in othir place,  
That nevir shal be losse, ne drede The nought,  
Which Godd's Son to us told through his grace,  
That Father's Sonne hath all thingis ywrought,  
And al that wrought is with a skilfull thought,  
The Gost, that from the fathir gan procede,  
Hath fullid him withoutin any drede. 340

By word and by miracle, Godd's Sonne,  
Whan he was in this worlde, declarid here,  
That there is othir life there men may wonne.  
To whom answerd Tiburce: O sustir dere,  
Ne saidist thou right nowe in this manere,  
There n'as but one God lorde in sothfastnesse,  
And now of thre how may you bere witnesse.

That shal I tel (q<sup>d</sup> she) or that I go;  
Right as man hath sapiencis thre  
Memory, engine, and intellectu also, 350  
So in suche beyng of divinire  
Thre personis may there right wel ybe;  
Tho gan she there full besily him preche  
Of Christ's sonne, and of his painis teche.

And many pointis of his passion,  
How Godd's Sonne in this worlde was witholde  
To doin mankind plaine remission,  
That was ybounde in sinns and caris colde;  
Al these thingis she unto Tiburce tolde;  
And aftir this Tiburce in gode entent . 360  
With Valerian to pope Urban went,

That thonkid God, and with glad hert and light  
He christenid him, and made him in that place  
Persite in his lerning, as Godd's knight,  
And aftir this Tiburce ygate suche grace,  
That every day he saw in time and space  
The' Angel of God, and every manir bone  
That he God askid, it was sped ful sone.

It were fulle harde by ordir for to saine  
How many wondirs Jesu for him wrought,  
But at the last, to tellin shorte and plaine,  
The Sergeantis of the toun for hem fought,  
And hem before Almache the Prefect brought,  
Which hem apofed, and knew al ther entent,

And to the' Image of Jupiter hem sent.

And said, whoso wol do no sacrifice  
Swappe of his hede, this is my sentence here.  
Anon these martirs, that I you devise,  
One Maximus, that was an officere  
Of the Prefect's, and his Corniculere, 380  
'Hem hent, and when he forth the faintis lad,  
Himselfe he wepte for pite that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd these faintis lore,  
He gate hem of the turmentouris leve,  
And had hem to his house withoutin more,  
And with ther preching, er that it were eve  
Thei gan fro the turmentouris to reve,  
And fro Maxime, and fro his folke echone,  
The false faith, to trowin in God alone.

Cecily came, whan it was woxin night, 390  
With priestis, that hem christenid al in fere,  
And aftirward, whan day was woxin light,  
Cecily saied hem with a sobir chere,  
Now Christ's own knightis both leve and dere,  
Castith away the werkis of derknesse,  
And armith you in armour of brightnesse.

Ye han forsoth idone a great bataile,  
Your cours is run, your faith hath you conserved,  
Goth to the croune of life that maie not faile,  
The rightful juge, whiche that ye han yferved, 400  
Shal yeve it you, as ye have it deserved,  
And whan this thing was said, as I devise,  
Men lad hem forth to done the sacrifice.

But whan they were unto the place ybrought,  
To tellin shortly the conclusioun,  
They n'olde ensence, ne sacrifice right nought,  
But on ther knees they fatin hem adoun,  
With humble herte and sad devocion,  
And lostin bothe ther hedis in the place,  
Ther soulis went unto the king of grace. 410

This Maximus, that sawe the thing betide,  
With pitouse teris tolde it anon right,  
That he ther soulis sawe to hevin glide  
With aungels full of clerenesse and of light, 350  
And with his word convertid many a wight,  
For whiche Almachius did him so bete  
With whippes of lede, till he his life gan lete.

Cecile him toke, and buried him anon  
By Tiburce and Valerian sothly,  
Within her burying place under a stone, 420  
And aftir this Almachius hastily  
Bad his ministers fetchin opinly  
Cecile, so that she might in his presence  
Do sacrifice, and Jupiter encence.

But they convertid were at her wise lore,  
And weptin full fore, and yave full credence  
Unto her worde, and cridin more and more  
Christ Godd's Sonne, withoutin difference  
Is very God, this is alle our sentence,  
That hath a servaunt so gode him to serve, 430  
Thus with o voice we trow nough we serve.

Almachius, that herde all this doying  
Bad fetchin Cecile, that he might her se,  
And alderfirst, lo! this was his asking,  
What manir woman arte thou (q<sup>d</sup> he)  
I am a gentill woman borne (q<sup>d</sup> she)  
I aske of The (q<sup>d</sup> he) though it The greve  
Of thy religion and of thy beleve?



Ye have begon your question folishly,  
(Q<sup>d</sup> she) that wolde two answeris conclude 440  
In one demaunde, ye asken leudily.  
Almachius sayed to that similitude  
Of whence comith thine answering so rude?  
Of whence (q<sup>d</sup> she?) whan that she was yfrained,  
Of conscience, and of gode faith unfained.

Almachius said, ne takist thou none hede  
Of my powir? and she him answerde this,  
Your might (q<sup>d</sup> she) ful litill is to drede,  
For every mortall mann's power n'is,  
But like a bladdir full of winde, iwis, 450  
For with a nedl's point, whan it is blowe,  
May al the bosse of it be laide full lowe.

Full wrongfully begannist thou (q<sup>d</sup> he)  
And yet in wrong is thy perseveraunce,  
Wolt thou not how our mighty Princis fre  
Have thus commaundid and made ordinaunce,  
That every christin wight shal have penaunce,  
But if that he his christendome withsey:  
And gon al quite, if he wol it reney?

Your Princis errin, as your Nobles dothe,  
Q<sup>d</sup> tho Cecily, in a wode sentence,  
Ye make us gilty, and it is not sothe,  
For ye that knowen wel our innocence,  
For as muche as we done a reverence  
To Christ, and for we bere a christin name,  
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

But we that knowin well thilke namè so  
For vertuous, we may it not withsey.  
Almachius answerd, chese one of these two,  
Do sacrifice, or christendome reney, 470  
That thou mowe now escapin by that weye.  
At whichè worde the holy blisful maide  
Gan for to laugh, and to the judge she saide,

O judge confusid in thy nicete,  
Wolt thou that I reney my innocence,  
To makin me a wickid wight (q<sup>d</sup> she)?  
Lo! he dissimulith here in audience  
He stareth and woddith in his advertence.  
To whom Almachius said: O sely wretche  
Thou wotist not how far my might may stretche. 480

Have not our mighty princis to me yeven  
The yest of powir and authority,  
To makin folke to dyin, or to liven?  
Why spekest thou so proudly than to me?  
I speke it not but stedfastly (q<sup>d</sup> she)  
Not proudly, for I say as for my side,  
That we hatin dedely thilke vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a sothe for to here,  
Than wol I shewe all opiny by right, 490  
That thou hast made a full grete lesing here,  
Thou saist thy princis han yeve The the might  
Both for to fle and eke to quicke a wight,  
Thou ne mayist but only lyve bireve,  
Thou hast non othir powir ne no leve.

But thou maist say, thy princis han The maked  
Minister of dethe, for if thou speke of mo,  
Thou lyist, for thy powir is full naked;  
Do way thy boldnesse, saide Almachius tho,  
And sacrifice to our goddes, er thou go,  
I ne recke not what wrong thou me proffer 500  
For I can bere it, as a philosopher,

But thilkè wrongis may I not endure,  
That thou spekest of our gods here (q<sup>d</sup> he.)  
Cecily answerid, O nice cature,  
Thou saidist no worde sin thou spake to me,  
That I ne knewe therwith thy nicete,  
And that thou were in every maner wise  
A leude officer, and a vaine justice.

The lackith nothing to thine utter eyen  
That thou n'art blind, for thing that we sene all 510  
That is a stone, that men well may aspien,  
That ilkè stone, a God thou wolt it call,  
I rede The let thine hond upon it fall,  
And cast it wel, and stonè thou shalte it finde,  
Sens that thou seest not with thyn eyin blinde.

It is a grete shame that the peple shall  
So scornè The, and laugh at thy folye,  
For cominly men wot it well ore all,  
That mighty God is in his hevins hyc,  
And these ymages wel maiste thou aspie 520  
To The ne to 'hemselfe may not profite,  
For in effect they be not worth a mite.

These and suche othir wordis saidin she,  
And he woxe wroth, and bad she should be lede  
Home to her house, and in her house (q<sup>d</sup> he)  
Brennin her in a bathe, with flamis rede;  
And as he bad, right so was done the dede,  
For in a bathe they gan her fast to shete,  
And night and day grete fire undir they bete.

Al the long night, and eke the day also 530  
For al the fire, and eke the bath's hete,  
She sat al colde, and felt of it no wo,  
It made her not a droppè for to swete,  
But in that bath her life she mote ylete:  
For Almachie, with ful wicked entent,  
To fle her in the bathe, his sonde he sent.

Thre strokis in the necke he smote her tho  
The turmentour, but for no manir chaunce  
He might not smitin al her necke a two,  
And for there was that time an ordinaunce, 540  
That no man do no person such penaunce,  
The fourthe stroke to smite ne softe ne fore,  
This turmentour durst smitin her no more.

But halfe dede, with her necke ycorvin there,  
He left her lye, and on his way he went;  
The christen folke which that about her were,  
In thetis home full faire thei han her hent,  
Thre dayis livid she in this turmente,  
And never cessid she the faith to preche,  
That she was sostrid in, and them to teche. 550

And 'hem she yave her meubles and her thing,  
And to the pope Urban betoke 'hem tho,  
And sayd, I askid this of hevin's king,  
To have respite thre dayis and no mo,  
To recommaunde to you er that I go  
These soulis, lo! and that I might so werche  
Here of mine house perpetuelliche a cherche.

Saint Urban with his Dekins privily  
The body fette, and buried it by night, 560  
Among his other saintis honestly,  
Her house the church of saint Cecily hight,  
Saint Urban halowed it, as he well might,  
In whiche unto this day, in noble wife,  
Men don to Christ, and to his saintes servise.





Here beginneth the PROLOGUE of the Chanon's YEMAN.

**W**HAN endid was the life of saint Cecile,  
 Er we fully had riddin fivè mile,  
 At Boughton under blee usgan o'retake  
 A man, that clothid was in clothis blake,  
 And undir that he ware a white surplise,  
 570 His hakney, that was all pomily grise,  
 So swette, that it a wondir was to se,  
 It semid he had prickid milis thre;  
 The horse eke that his yoman rode upon  
 So swette, that unnerhis mightin he gon;  
 About the paytrell stode the some full hyc,  
 He was of fome as fleckid as a pye;  
 A wallet twifolde on his cropir lay,  
 It semid that he caried lite aray,  
 Al light for somir rode this worthy man,  
 And in my hert to wondrin I began  
 580 What that he was, till that I undirstode  
 How that his cloke was sewid to his hode,  
 For whiche, when I had long avisid me,  
 I demid him some Chanon for to be.  
 His hatte hing at his backe doune by a lace,  
 For he had riddin more than trot or pace,  
 He rode aye pricking as he werin wode,  
 A clote lese he had laide under his hode  
 For swette, and for to kepe his hede fro hete,  
 But it was mochill joye to se him swete,  
 590 His forehede droppid, as a stillatory  
 Were ful of plantaine or of pellitory,  
 And whan that he was come, he gan to crie,  
 God save (qð he) this joly company,  
 Fast have I prickid (qð he) for your sake,  
 Bicause that I woldin you ovirtake  
 To ridin in this mery company.  
 His yoman was eke ful of curtisfy

And saidè, fires, nowe in the morowe tide  
 600 Out of your hosterie I saw you ride,  
 And warnid here my lorde and foveraine  
 Whiche that to ridin with you is ful faine  
 For his disporte, he lovith daliaunce.  
 Frend, for thy warning God yeve The gode chaunce,  
 Then said our host, certaine it woldin seme  
 Thy lorde were wise, and so I may wel deme,  
 He is ful joconde also dare I laye,  
 Can he ought tell a mery tale or twaye  
 With whiche he gladin may this companie?  
 610 Who, sir? my lorde? Yea sir withoutin lie,  
 He can of mirth and eke of jolite  
 Not but inough; also sir, trustith me,  
 And ye him knewe al so well as do I,  
 580 Ye would wondir how wel and thriftily  
 He couth ywerke, and that in sondry wise,  
 He hath take on him many' a grete emprise;  
 Whiche were ful harde for any that is here  
 To bringe aboute, but they of him it lere.  
 As homely as he ridith amonge you,  
 If ye him knew, it wold ben for your prowè,  
 620 Ye woldin not forgon his acquaintaunce,  
 For mochill gode I dare lay in balaunce,  
 All that I have in my possession,  
 590 He is a man of hie discreffion,  
 I warne you wel he is a passing man.  
 Wel (qð our hoste) I pray The tel me than  
 Is he a clerke or non? tell what he is.  
 A clerke? nay greter then a clerke, iwis,  
 Saidè the yoman, and in wordis fewe  
 Hoste, of his crafte somewhat wol I The shewe. 630  
 I say my lorde can fuche a subtilte  
 But al his craft ye may not wete of me,

(And



(And somewhat helpe I yet to his werching,  
That all the grounde that we be on riding  
Til we be com to Canterbury tounē,  
He coude al clene yturnin up and dounē,  
And pave it al of silvir and of golde.

And whan this yoman hadde thus itolde  
Unto our hoste: he saide *benedicite*!  
This thing is wondir mervailous to me,  
Sens that thy lorde is of so hie prudence,  
(Bycause of whiche, men shuld him reverence)  
That of his worship reckith he so lite  
His overist flospe is not worth a mite  
As in effecte to him, so mote I go,  
It is al bauldy, and to tore also.  
Why is thy lorde so slottish I The pray  
And is of powir bettir clothes to bey,  
If that his dede accordith with thy speche?  
Tellin me that, and that I The besече.

Why (qð this yeman) wherto aske ye me?  
God help me so, for he shal never the,  
But I wol now avowin that I saie,  
And therefore kepe it secret I you praie,  
He is to wise in fay, as I beleve,  
And that is ovidone n'il nevir preve,  
And right as clerkis saine, it is a vice,  
Wherfore I holde him, in that, leude and nice;  
For whan a man hath ovir grete a wit,  
Ful ofte it happith him to misuse it:  
So doth my lorde, and that me grevith fore,  
God amende it, I can say you no more.

Therof no force gode yeman (qð our host)  
Sens of the conning of thy lord thou wost,  
Tel howe he dothe, I pray The hertily,  
Sens that he is so crafty and so fly,  
Wher dwellin ye, if it to tell ybe?

In the suburbis of a tounē (qð he)  
Lurking in hernis and in lanis blinde,  
Wheras the robbers, and thevis by kinde  
Holdin ther privy fearful residence,  
As they that dare not shewin ther presence;  
So fare we, if that I shal say the soth.

Yet, qð our hostē, let me talkin to Th',  
Why art thou so discoloured in thy face?

Peter (qð he)? God gevith sory grace,  
I am so used in the hote fire to blowe,  
That it hath chaunged my colour as I trowe,  
I am not wont in no mirrour to prie,  
But to swinke fore, and lerne to multiplie,  
We blondrin evir, and pore in the fire,

And for al that, we faile of our desire,  
For'evir we lacken our conclusion,  
To much folke we ben but illusion,  
And borowe gold, be it a pounde or two,  
Or ten or twelve, or many summis mo,  
And makin 'hem to wene at the lest way  
That of a pound we couldē makin tway;  
Yet is it false, and aye han we gode hope  
It for to done, and aftir it we grope. 700  
But that science is so ferre us bisorne  
We mowe not although that we had it sworne  
It ovirtake, it flyt away so fast,  
It wol us makin beggers at the last.  
Whiles this yeman was thus in his talking  
This Chanon drewe him nere, and herd al thing  
Whiche this yeman spake, for suspicion  
Of mennis speche evir had this Chanon,  
For Cato saierth, that *he that gilty is*  
*Demith al thing he spoke of him, iwis,* 710  
Bicause of that, he gan so nighe to drawe  
To his yeman, to herkin al his sawe.  
And thus he said unto his yeman tho,  
Holde now thy pece, and speke no wordis mo,  
For if thou do, thou shalte it fore abie,  
Thou flaudrist me here in this companie,  
And eke discoverest that thou shuldist hide.  
Ye (qð our host) tel on what so betide,  
Of al this threting recke The not a mite. 670  
In faith (qð he) no more do I but lite. 720  
And whan this Chanon saw it would not be  
But his yeman would tel his privite,  
He fledde away for very sorowe' and shame.  
Ha! (qð the yeman) here shall rise a game,  
All that I can, anon wol I you tell,  
Sens he is gon, the foulē fend him quell,  
For nevre' hereaftir, woll I with him mete  
For peny ne for pounde, I you behete;  
80 He that me first broughtin unto that game,  
Er that he die, sorow have he and shame; 730  
For it is ernest to me by my faithe,  
That fele I well, what so any man saithe,  
And yet for al my sinert and al my grefe,  
For al my sorowe, labour and mischefe,  
I couldin nevir leve it in no wise;  
Now wolde to God my witte mightin suffice  
To tellin all that longith to that arte!  
But nathelē yet woll I tel you' a parte,  
650 Sens that my lord is gon, I wol not spare,  
Suche thingis as I know I wol declare.

Here endeth the PROLOGUE of the Chanon's YEMAN.





## The Chanon's YEMAN's TALE.

A Priest of London, more covetous than wife, is deceived by a Chanon professing the Art of Alchymye.

**W**ITH this chanon I dwellid seven yere,  
And of his science I am nere the nere,  
Al that I haddè I have lost thereby,  
And God wotte, so hath many mo than I,

There I was wonte to be right freshe and gay  
Of clothing, and of other gode aray,  
Now maie I were an hose upon mine hedde;  
And where my colour was both fresh and redde  
Now it is wanne, and of a leaden hewe,  
Who so it usith most, sore shall him rue.

And of my swinke, yet blerid is mine eye,  
Lo suche avauntage is to multiplie!  
That sliding science hath me made so bare,  
That I have no gode where that evre' I fare,  
And yet I am endettid so thereby

Of gold, that I have borowid truly,  
That while I live, I ne shall it quite never;  
Let every man beware by me for ever,  
What manir man that castith him therto,  
If he continue', I hold his thrift ido,  
So helpe me God, thereby shall he nere win,  
But empre his purse, and make his wittis thin,  
And whan he, through his madnesse and folie  
Hath lost his owne gode, thorough jeopardie,  
Than he exitith othir men thereto  
To lese ther gode, as he himself hath doe,  
For unto shrewis joye it is and ese  
To have ther felawes in pain and disese;  
For thus was I ones lernid of a clerke;  
Of that no charge, I woll speke of our werke.

Whan we be there, as we shall exercise  
Our elvishe craft, we semin wondir wise,  
Our termis ben so clergiall and so quainte,  
I blowe the fire, till that myne herte faint.

What should I tellin eche proporcion  
Of thingis, whiche that we werchin upon?  
As on five or sixe uncis, maie well be,  
Of silvir, or some othir quantite,  
And besic me to tellin you the names  
Of Orpiment, brent bonis, yron squames,  
That into poudir groundin ben full small,  
And in an yerthin potte how put is all,  
And salte-peter put in, and als papere,  
Bifore these pouders that I speke of here,  
And well icovered, with a lampe of glas,  
And of moche othir thing which that there was,  
And of the pottis and glas englutynge,  
That of the aire might passin out nothing,  
And of the esie fire and smart also,  
Whiche that was made, and of the care and wo  
That we had in our matters subliming,  
And in amalgaming and calsining  
Of quicksilver, icleped Mercury crude,  
For all our sleightis, we can not conclude  
Our Orpiment, and sublimed Mercurie,  
Our groundid litarge eke on porphitric,  
Of eche of these, of uncis a certain,  
Nought helpith us, our labour is in vain,  
Ne eke our spiritis assencioun,  
Ne our matters, that lien all fixe adoun,  
Mowe in our werking nothing us availe,  
For lost is all our labour and travaile,  
And all the cost, a twentie devill waie,  
Is lost also, whiche we upon it laie.

There is also full many' an othir thing,  
That is unto our craft appertaining,  
Though I by ordir 'hem ne rehcerce can,  
Bicause that I ne am but a leude man,  
Yet woll I tell 'hem as thei come to minde,  
Though I ne cannot set 'hem in ther kinde,

As Bole Armeny, Verdegrece, Borace,  
And sondrie vessels made of yerth and glas,  
Our urinals, and our disensories,  
Viols, croslettes, and sublimatories,  
Concurbitis, and alembekis eke,  
And othir soche, dere inough of a Lcke;  
It nedith not to rehcerin 'hem all,  
Watirs rubifying, and Bolis gall,  
Arsneke, Sal Armoniake, and Brimstone,

And herbis colde I tell eke many one,  
Egremonie, Valerian, Lunarie,  
And othir soche, if that me list to tarie,  
Our lampis, brenning bothè night and daie,  
To bringe about our craft, if that we maie,  
Our founrice eke of calcinacion,

And of watirs albificacion,  
Unflekid lime, chalke, and gleire of an eye,  
Pouders divers, ashis, dong, pisse, and cleie,  
Serid pottis, salt Peter, Vitriole,  
And divers firis, made of wode and cole,

Sal Tartre, Alcaly, sal preparate,  
And combust matters, and coagulate,  
Cley made with hors dung, mann'is heere and oile,  
Of tartre alim, glas, berme, wort, argoile,  
Ros algar, and othir mattirs enbibing,  
And eke of our mattirs encorporing,  
And of our silvir citrinacion,  
Our cementing, and fermentacion,  
Our yngottis, testis, and many mo.

I woll you tell as was me taught also  
The foure spirites, and the bodies seven  
By order, as I herd my lorde nemene.

The first spirite quicke silvir clepid is,  
The second Orpiment, the third iwis  
Sal Armoniake, and the fourth Brimstone.

The bodies seven, lo! here 'hem anone,  
Sol gold is, and Luna silvir we threpe,  
Mars yron, Mercury quicke silvir we clepe,  
Saturnus leade, and Jupiter is tinne,  
And Venus copir, by my fathir kinne.

This cursid craft who so woll exercise  
He shall no gode have that maie him suffice,  
For all the gode he spendith there about  
Hellefin shall, thereof have I no doubt,  
Who so that liste to uttir his folie,  
Let him come forth and lerne to multiplie;  
And every man, that hath ought in his cofer  
Let him appere, and wexe a Philosopher,  
Askaunce that craft is so light for to lere;  
Naie naie God wote, all be he Monke, or Frere,

Priest, or Chanon, or any othir wight,  
Though he sit at his boke both daie and night,  
In lerning of this elvishe nice lore

All is in vain; and parde mochill more  
Is to lere a leude man this subtelte,  
Fie speke not thereof, for it woll not be,  
All could he littrature, or could he none,  
As in effect, he shall finde it all one,

For



For bothè two, by my salvacion,  
 Concludin in multiplicacion  
 Iliche well, whan thei havin all ido,  
 This is to sain, thei failin bothè two  
 Yet forgate I to makin reherfaile  
 Of watirs corosife, and of limaile,  
 And of bodies molificacion,  
 And also of ther induracion,  
 Oiles, ablusions, metall fusible,  
 To telle you all, would passe any bible  
 That o where is, wherefore as for the best  
 Of all these namis now wolle I me reste,  
 For as I trowe, I have you told inow  
 To reise a fende, all loke he nere so row.  
 A naie let be the Philosophers stone  
 Elixir cleped, we sikin fast echone,  
 For had we him, than were we sikre' inow  
 But unto God of heven I make avowe  
 For all our craft, whan we han all ido,  
 And all our sleight, he wolle not come us to,  
 He hath us made to spendin mochill gode,  
 For sorowe' of whiche, almost we waxin wode, 870  
 But that gode hope crepith into our herte,  
 Supposing evir, though we sorely smerte,  
 To ben relevid of him aftirward,  
 Such supposing and hope is sharpe and hard,  
 I warne you well it is to sikin ever,  
 That future temps hath made men discover  
 In trust thereof all that evir thei had,  
 Yet of that art thei could not waxin sad,  
 For unto them it is a bittir swete,  
 So semith it, for n'ad thei but a shere,  
 Which that thei might wrappin 'hem in a night,  
 And a bratte to walkin in a daie light,  
 Thei would 'hem sel, and spend it on this craft,  
 Thei con not stinte till nothing be them laste,  
 And evirmore, where that evir thei gone,  
 Men maie 'hem ken by the smell of Brimstone,  
 For all the worlde thei stincken as a Gore,  
 Ther favour is so Rammishe and so hore,  
 That though a man a mile from 'hem ybe  
 The favour wolle enfect him, trustith me. 880  
 Lo, thus by smelling, and threde bare aray,  
 If that men list, these folke knowin thei maie,  
 And if a man wolle aske 'hem privily,  
 Why thei be clothid so unthriftily?  
 Right anon thei wolle rowne into his ere,  
 And sayin, if that thei espyid were,  
 Men wolle 'hem flea, bicause of ther science,  
 Lo! thus these folke betrayin innocence.  
 Passe ovir this, I go my tale unto;  
 Er that the potte be on the fire ido  
 Of metalles, with a certain quantite  
 My lorde 'hem tempereth, and no man but he,  
 Now he is gon, I dare saie boldly  
 For as men sain, he can doen craftily,  
 Algate I wote well he hath soche a name,  
 And yet full oft he rennith in the blame;  
 And wote ye how, full oft it happith so,  
 The pot to brekith, farewell, all is go,  
 These metalles ben of so grete violence,  
 Our wallis maie not make 'hem resistence,  
 But if thei werin wrought of lime and stone,  
 Thei percin so, and through the wall thei gone,  
 And some of 'hem sinkin into the ground;  
 Thus have we lost by timis many' a ponde,  
 And some are scattered all the flore about,  
 Some lepen into the rose withoutin doubt,  
 Tho that the fende not in our sight him shewe,  
 I trowe that he with us be, that ilke shrewe  
 In hell where that he is both lorde and fire,  
 Ne is there no more wo, rancour ne ire,  
 Whan that our pot is broke, as I have saied,  
 Every man chite, and holte him ill apaied,

Some saied it was long of the fire making;  
 Some sayid naie, it was on the blowing,  
 Than was I ferde, for that was mine office.  
 Straw (qð the third) ye ben bothe leude and nice,  
 It was not temprid as it ought to be.  
 Naie (qð the fourth) stint and herkin to me,  
 Bicause that our fire was not made of Beche,  
 That is the cause, and for none othir seche, 950  
 I cannot tell whereon it is along,  
 But well I wot grete strief is us emong.  
 What (qð my lorde) there n'is no more to dopen,  
 Of these perilles I wolle beware estfone,  
 I am right sikir, that the potte was crased,  
 Be as be maie, be ye nothing amased,  
 As usage is, let swepe the flore aswithe,  
 Plucke up your herte, and be ye glade and blithe.  
 The mullocke on an hepe yswepid was,  
 And on the flore ycast was a canvas, 960  
 And all this mullocke in a Sive ithrowe,  
 And siftid and ipluckid many' a throwe.  
 Parde (qð one) somwhat of our metall  
 Yet is there here, although we have not all,  
 And tho this thing mishappid hath as now,  
 An othir time it maie ben well inow.  
 We mote puttin our gode in aventure,  
 A Marchaunt, parde, maie not aie endure,  
 Trustith me well, in his prosperite,  
 Somtime his gode is drounid in the see, 970  
 And sometime comith safe unto the londe.  
 Peace (qð my lorde) the next time I wol fonde  
 To bring our craft all in an othir plite,  
 And but I doe sirs, let me have the wite,  
 There was default in somwhat, well I wote.  
 An othir saied, the fire was ovir hore,  
 But be it hore or cold, I dare saie this,  
 That we concludin evir more amis,  
 We failin of that whiche we wouldin have,  
 And in our madnesse evirmore we rave, 980  
 And whan we be togither everichone,  
 Every man semith wise as Salomon,  
 But al thing, which that shinith as the gold,  
 Ne is not golde, as I have herde ytolde,  
 Ne every appell, that is faire at iye,  
 Ne is not gode, what so men clappe or erie.  
 Right so lo! farith it emongis us,  
 He that semith the wisist by Jesus  
 Is mosse sole, whan it comith to the prefe,  
 And he that semith truist is a thefe, 990  
 That shall ye knowe, er that I from you wende,  
 By that I of my tale have made an ende.  
 There was a Chanon of Religoun  
 Emongis us, wolle enfect all a toun,  
 Although it as grete were as Ninive,  
 Rome, Alisaundre, Troie, and othir thre,  
 His sleightis, and his infinite falsnesse  
 There couth no man ywrittin, as I gesse,  
 Though that he might livin a thousande yere,  
 In all this world of falsnesse n'is his pere, 1000  
 For in his termis he wolle him so winde,  
 And speke his wordis in so flie a kinde,  
 Whan that he commune shall with any wight,  
 That he wolle makin him dote anon right,  
 But that it a fende be as himself is;  
 Full many' a man hath he begiled er this,  
 And mo wolle, if that he maie live a while,  
 And yet men ride and gone ful many' a mile  
 Him for to seke, and have his acquantaunce,  
 Not knowing ought of his false governaunce; 1010  
 And if ye lust to give me audience,  
 I wolle it teilin here in your presence.  
 But worshipfull Chanons religious,  
 Ne demith not that I schlauder your hous,  
 Although that my tale of a Chanon be,  
 Of every order some shrewe is parde,

And



And God forbid that all a companie  
Should rue a singuler mann's folie;  
To flander you is nothing mine entent;  
But to correctin that amis is mente,  
This tale ywas not only told for you,  
But eke for other mo; ye wote well how  
That emongis Christ's Aposteles twelve  
There was no traitour but Judas himselve.  
Than why sholdin the remenaunt have blame  
That gillefs were? by you I saie the same;  
Save only this, if ye woll herkin me,  
If any Judas in your covent be,  
Remeveith him betimis, I you rede,  
If shame or losse may causin any drede,  
And be nothing displefid I you praie,  
But in this case herkinith what I saie.

**I**N London was a Priest Annuellere,  
That therein had ydwelt many a yere,  
Whiche was so plesant and so servisable  
Unto the wife, where that he was at table,  
That she would suffir him nothing to paie  
For borde ne clothing, went he nere so gaie,  
And spending silvir had he right inow;  
Thereof no force, in plesauce went his plow, 1040  
But for to telle you forthe of this Chanon,  
That brought this priest unto confusion.  
This false Chanon camin upon a daie  
Unto this priest's chambir where he laie,  
Beseching him to lene him a certain  
Of gold, and he would quite it him ayen,  
Lenith me a Marke (qð he) but daies thre,  
At my day I wolle sans faile quite it The,  
And if it so be, that thou finde me false,  
An other daie than hang me by the halfe. 1050  
This priest toke him a marke, and that aswith,  
And this Chanon him thankid many sith,  
And toke his leve, and went forth on his wey,  
And at the third day brought him his money;  
And to this priest he toke this gold ayen,  
Whereof this priest was wondir glad and fain.  
Certis (qð he) nothing anoyith me  
To lene a man a noble, two or thre,  
Or what thing were in my possession,  
Whan he so true is of condicion,  
That in no wise he brekin wolle his daie,  
To soche a man I can never saie naie.  
What qð this Chanon, should I be untrue?  
Nay that were a thing fallin of the newe,  
Trowth is a thing that I woll ever kepe  
Unto the daie, in whiche that I shall crepe  
Into my grave, or ellis God forbede,  
Belevith this as sikir as your crede,  
God thonke I, and in gode time be it saied,  
That there n'as never man yet ill apaid  
For gold ne silvir that he to me lent,  
Ne never falshe in mine herte I ment.  
And sir (qð he) now of my privite  
Sithin so godelich ye have ben to me,  
And kithid to me so grete gentilnesse,  
Somwhat, to quite with you your kindnesse,  
I woll you shewe, if that ye woll it lere,  
(I shalle it shewe to you anon right here)  
How I can werchin in Philosophie,  
Take gode hede, ye shall it se with your eye, 1080  
That I woll doe a maistris or I go.  
Yea, qð this priest, yea, Sir, and woll ye so,  
Mary therof I praie you hartily.  
At your commaundement, sir, truely,  
Qð the Chanon, and ellis God forbede;  
(Lo how this thefe ycouth his service bedes!)  
Full soth it is that such profered servise  
Stinkith, as witnesstith the oldè wife,

And that full sone I woll it verifie  
In this Chanon, rote of all trecherie, 1090  
That evirmore delite hath and gladnesse,  
(Soche fendly thoughtis in his herte empresse)  
How Christ's peple he may to mischef bring;  
God kepe us from his false dissimuling.  
What wist this sely priest with whom he delt?  
Ne of his harme comming nothing he felt;  
O sely priest! O sely innocent!  
With coverise anon thou shalt be bleit;  
O gracelesse, and full blind is thy conceite, 1100  
Nothing art thou aware of his disceite,  
Whiche that this Foxe hath shapin unto The,  
His wilie wrenchis thou ne maieft not fle;  
Wherefore to go to the conclusion,  
That referrith to thy confusion.  
Unhappie man, anon I woll me hie  
To tellin thine unwitt, and thy folie,  
And eke the falsnesse of that othir wretche,  
As ferforth as my conning woll ystretche.  
This Chanon was my lorde ye woulde wene,  
Sir hoste, in faith, and by the hevin's Quene, 1110  
It was an othir Chanon, and not he,  
That can an hundrid folde more subtilte,  
He hath betrayid folke many a time,  
Of his falsnesse it dolith me to rime,  
And ever whan I speke of his falskede,  
For shame of him, my chekis waxin rede,  
Algatis thei beginnin for to glowe,  
For rednesse have I none, right well I know,  
In my visage, for the fumis diverce  
Of metals, whiche ye have herde me reherce, 1120  
Consumid and wastid have my rednesse.  
Now take hede of this Chanon's cursidnesse.  
Sir (qð he) to the priest, let your man gon  
For quicksilvir, that we had it anon,  
And let him bringin uncis two or thre,  
And whan he comith, as fast shull ye se  
A wondir thing, whiche ye saw nere er this.  
Sir (qð the priest) it shall be doen I wis.  
He bad his servaunt fetchin him this thing,  
And he all redy was at his bidding, 1130  
And went him forth, and came anon again  
With this quicksilver, shortly for to fain,  
And toke these uncis thre to the Chanoun,  
And he hem layid well and faire adoun,  
And bad the servaunt colis for to bring,  
That he anon might go to his werking.  
The colis right anon werin ifet,  
And this Chanon toke out a crossilet  
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the priest,  
This instrument (qð he) which that thou seest, 1140  
Take in thy hond, and put thy self therin  
Of this quicksilver an unce, and begin  
In Christ's name to wexe a Philosopher,  
There be full fewe, whiche that I would it profer  
To shewin hem so moche of my science,  
For here shull ye se by experience  
That this quicksilver I woll mortifie  
Right in your sight anon withoutin lie,  
And make it as gode silver and as fine  
As there is any in your purse or mine, 1150  
Or ellis where, and make it malliable,  
Or ellis holdith me false and unstable  
Emongis folke for ever to appere.  
I have a pouder, that cost me full dere,  
Shall make all gode, for it is cause of all  
My conning, whiche that I you shewin shall,  
Voidith your man, and let him be thereout,  
And shet the dore, whilis we ben about  
Our privite, that no man us espie,  
Whiles that we werk in our Philosophie, 1160  
All as he bad, fulfillid was in dede,  
This ilke servaunt anon out he yede  
And



And his maistr ysher the dore anon,  
And to ther labour spidily thei gon.

This priest at this cursid Chanon's bidding  
Upon the fire right anon set this thing,  
And blewe the fire, and besied him full fast,  
And this Chanon into this croslet cast  
A pouder, I ne wote whereof it was  
Ymakid, either of chalke, yearth, or glasse, 1170  
Or somewhat ellis was not worth a flie,  
To blind with this the priest, and bad him hie/  
These colis for to couchin all above  
The crosleter, in token that I The love,  
(Q<sup>d</sup> this Chanon) lo! thine own hondis two  
Shall werke all thing that here shall be ydo.

Graunt mercie (q<sup>d</sup> the priest) and was full glad,  
And couchid colis, as the Chanon bad,  
And while he bely was, this fendly wretche,  
This false Chanon, the foulè fende him fetch! 1180  
Out of his bosome toke a Bechin cole,  
In whiche full subtilly was made an hole,  
And therein was put of silver limaile  
An unce, and stoppid was withoutin faile  
The hole with waxe, to kepe the limaile in.

And undirfondith wele that this false gin  
Was not made there, but it was made bifore,  
And other thinges that I shall tell you more  
Hereafter, which that he had with him brought  
Er he came there, to begile him he thought, 1190  
And so he did, or that thei went a twinne,  
'Till he betrayid him he could not blinne,  
It dullith me, whan that I of him speke,  
On his falshe, fain wouldin I me wreke,  
If I wist how, but he is here and there,  
He is so variaunt, he bidith no where.

But takith hede, sirs, now for Godd's love;  
He toke his cole, of whiche I spake above,  
And in his honde he bare it privily,  
And whilis the priest couchid besily 1200  
The colis, as I have told you er this,  
This Chanon sayid, frende, ye doen amis,  
This is not couchid as it ought to be,  
But sone I shall amendin it (q<sup>d</sup> he)  
Now let me medle therewith but a while,  
For of you have I pite, by saint Gile,  
Ye ben right hotte, I se well how you swete,  
Have here a clothe, and wipe awaie the wete.  
And whilis that the priest him wipid has,  
This Chanon toke the cole, I shrewe his face, 1210  
And layid it above on the midwarde  
Of the croslet, and blewe well aftirwarde,  
Till that the colis began fast to brenne.

Now yewith us drinke, q<sup>d</sup> this Chanon then,  
Afwithe all shall be well I undirtake,  
Sit we adoune, and let us mery make.  
And whan that this Chanon's bechin cole  
Was brent all, the limaile out of the hole  
Into the crosleter anon fel adoun,  
And truly so it must nedes by refoun, 1220  
Sens it so evin above couchid was,  
But thereof wist the priest nothing, alas!  
He demid all the colis yliche gode,  
For of the sleight nothing he undirstode.  
And whan this Alkamister sawe his time,  
Rise up, sir priest, (q<sup>d</sup> he) and stondith by' me,  
And for I wote well ingot have I none  
Goth walkith forth, and bringith a chalke stone,  
For I woll makin it of the same shappe  
That an ingot is, if I maie have happe. 1230  
And bringe eke with you a bolle or a panne  
Full of watir, and ye shall wele se than  
How that our bediness shall hap and preve;  
And yet for ye shall have no misbeleve  
Ne wrong conceite of me in your absence  
I ne woll not ben out of your presence,

But go with you, and come with you again.

The chambir dorè, shortly for to fain,  
Thei opened and shet, and went forth ther weie,  
And forth with 'hem they carryid the keie, 1240  
And come ayen without any delaie;  
What should I tary all the longè daie?  
He toke the chalke, and shope it in the wise,  
Of an yngot, as I shall you devise.

I saie he tokin out of his own sleve  
A teine of silver, evill mote he cheve!  
Which that ne was not but an unce of weight,  
And takith hede now of his cursid sleight,  
He shope his yngot in length and in brede  
Of this same teine, withoutin any drede, 1250  
So sily that the priest it not aspide,  
And in his sleve again he gan it hide,  
And from the fire he toke up his matere,  
And into the yngot put with mery chere,  
And into the watir vessell he it cast,  
Whan that him list, and bad the priest as fast  
Loke what there is, put in thin hond and grope,  
Thou shalt there findin silvir, as I hope.  
What divell of hell should it ellis be?  
Shaving of silvir, silvir is parde. 1260

He put in his honde, and toke up a teine  
Of silver fine, and glad in every veine  
Was this priest, whan he sawe that it was so,  
God's blessing, and his mother's also  
And all Hallowis, have ye, sir Chanon,  
Sayid this priest, and I ther Malison  
But and ye vouchsafe for to techin me  
This noble craft and all this subtilte,  
I woll be yours in all that evre' I maie.

Q<sup>d</sup> the Chanon, yet woll I make assaie 1270  
The second time, that ye mow takin hede,  
And ben expert of this, and in your nede  
An othir daie assaie in mine absence  
This discipline, and this craftie science.  
Let take an othir unce now (q<sup>d</sup> he tho)  
Of quicksilvir, withoutin wordis mo,  
And doen therwith, as I have doen er this  
With that othir, whiche that now silvir is.

The priest him besiet in all that he can  
To doen as this Chanon, this cursid man, 1280  
Commaundid him, and fast he blew the fire,  
For to come to the effect of his desire.  
And this Chanon right in the menè while  
All redy was this priest est to begile,  
And for a countinaunce in his honde bare  
An halowe sticke, take kepe and well beware,  
In the end of whiche an unce and no more  
Of silvir limaile put was all before  
As in his cole, and stoppid with waxe wele  
For to kepe in his limaile every dele. 1290  
And whiles this priest was in his besinesse  
This Chanon with his sticke gan him adresse  
To him anon, and his poudir cast in  
As he did erst (the devill out of his skin  
Him turne, I praie to God, for his falshe,  
For he was evir false in thought and dede)  
And with his sticke above the crosleter,  
That was ordainid with that false yerr,  
He stirrith the coles, till all relent gan  
The waxe againe the fire, as every man, 1300  
But he a sole be, wote well it mote nede,  
And alle that in the sticke was out yede,  
And into the crosleter hastily it fell.

Now, gode fires, what woldin ye bet than wel?  
Whan that this priest begylid was again,  
Supposyng nothing but trouth, soth to fain,  
He was so glad, that I can not expresse  
In no manir his mirth and his gladnesse,  
And to the Chanon he profered est sone  
Body and gode: (q<sup>d</sup> the Chanon) anone



Thio I be pore, craftie thou shalt me finde,  
I warne The wele yet is there more behind.  
Is there any Copir within saied he?  
Ye sir (q<sup>d</sup> the Priest) I trowe that there be.  
Ellis goe beye us some, and that aswithe,  
Now, gode sir, goith forth thy way, and hithe.

He went his waie, and with the copir came,  
And this Chanon in his hondis it name,  
And of that copir waied out but an unce.  
All to simple is my tong to pronounce,  
Or to moistre my wit the doublenesse  
Of this Chanon, rote of all cursidnesse,  
He semed frendly, to hem that knew him nought,  
But he was fendly, both in werke and thought,  
It werieth me to tell of his falschessse,  
And natheles, yet wol I it expresse,  
To the' entent that men maie beware therby,  
And for none othir cause truely.

He put this unce of copir in th' cros'let,  
And on the fire aswithe he hath it set,  
And cast in poudir, and made the priest blow,  
And in his werking for to stoupin low  
As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape,  
Right as him list, the priest he made his Ape,  
And afirward in the' ingot he it cast,  
And in the panne he put it at the last  
Of watir, and in he put his owne hond  
And in his flevè, as ye bifore hond  
Yherd me tell, he had a silvir teine,  
He sily toke it out, this cursid heine,  
Unwiting this priest of his false craft,  
And in the pann's botome he it last,  
And in the watir romblith to and fro,  
And wondir privily toke up also  
The copir teine, not knowing it this priest,  
And hiddin it, and hent him by the brest,  
And to him spake, and thus said in his game,  
Stroupith adoune, by God ye be to blame,  
Helpith me now, as I did you whilere,  
Put in your hond, and lokith what is there.

This priest toke up this silvir teine anon,  
And than sayid the Chanon, let us gon  
With these thre teinis, whiche that we han wrought  
To some Goldsmith, and wete if it be ought,  
For by my faith, I ne wolde for my hode  
But if they were silvir both fine and gode,  
And that aswithe yprovid it shall be.

Unto the Goldsmith, with these teinis thre,  
Thei went, and put these teinis in assaie  
To fire and hammer, might no man saie naie,  
But that thei wer as them ought for to be.

This sottid priest, who was gladdir than he?  
Was nevir bird gladdir ayenst the daie,  
Ne nightingale in the seson of Maye  
Was nevir none, that list bettir to sing,  
Ne lady lustier in carolling,  
And for to speke of love and womanhede,  
Ne knight in armes, to doen a hardy dede,  
To stondin in grace of his lady dere,  
Than had this Priest, this sory craft to lere;  
And to the Chanon thus he spake, and seid,  
For the love of God, that for us all deid,  
And as I maie deserve it unto you  
What shall this receit cost, tellith me now?

By' our lady (q<sup>d</sup> this Chanon) it is dere  
I warne you well, that save I and a Frere  
In Engéloude, there can no man it make.  
No force (q<sup>d</sup> he) now sir, for Godd's sake,  
What shall I paie, tellith me I you praie.

I wis (q<sup>d</sup> he) it is full dere I saie,  
Sir at one worde, if that ye list it have,  
Ye shall paie fourtie pound, so God me save,  
And n'ere the frendship that ye did er this  
To me, ye should ypayin more I wis.

This priest the somme of fourtie pound anon  
Of nobles fet, and told hem everichon  
Unto this Chanon, for this like receite,  
All his worching was but fraude and deceite.

Sir priest, he said, I kepe for to have no lose  
Of my craft, for I would it were kept close, 1390  
And as you love me, kepith it secre,  
For and men knowin all my subtilte;

By God men wouldin have so grete envie  
To me, bicause of my Philosophie,  
I should be dedde, there were none othir waie.

God it forbid (q<sup>d</sup> the priest) what ye saie,  
Yet had I levir spendin all the gode  
Whiche that I have, and ellis waxe I wode,  
Than that ye should fallin in soche mischefe,  
For your gode will, sir, have ye right gode prefe, 1400  
(Q<sup>d</sup> the Chanon) then farewell graunt mercie.

He went his waie, and nere the priest him seie  
After that daie: and whan that this priest should  
Makin assaie, at soche time as he would,  
Of this receite, farwell, it n'old not be.

Lo thus bejapid and begiled was he,  
Thus makith he his introduction  
To bringin folke to ther destruction!  
Considerith sirs, how in eche estate  
Berwistin men and golde there is debate, 1410  
So ferforth, that unnethis there is none,

This moultiplying blindeth so many one,  
That in gode faith, I trowin that it be  
The grettist cause of such grete scarfite.  
These philosophers speke so mistily

In this crafte, that men cannot come therby,  
For any wit that men have now a daies,  
They may well chattrè and jangle as do jayes,  
And in ther termis, set ther lust and paine,  
But to ther purpose shul they ner attaine; 1420

A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought  
To multiplie, and bring his gode to nought.  
Lo, suche a lucre' is in this lusty game!

A mann's mirth it wol turne all to grame,  
And emprin also gret and hevy purfes,  
And makin folke to purchasin felse curses  
Of them that han thereto ther gode yient,  
O fye for shame! thei that han ones be brente  
Alas! can not thei slie the fir's hete?

Ye that it use, I rede that ye it lete, 1430  
Lest ye lese alle; for bet than nere is late.

Nevir to thrivin were to longe a date;  
Though ye prolle aye, ye shall it nevir find,  
Ye ben as bolde as is bayarde the blind,  
That b'onderith forth, and peril castith none,  
He is as bold to renne ayenst a stone

As for to go beside it in the way;  
So farin ye, that multiplien, I say;  
If that your eyin cannot sene a right,  
Lokith that your minde lackith not his sight; 1440  
For though ye loke nevir so brode, and stare.

Ye shall not winne a mite in that chaffare  
But wastin al that ye may repe and renne;

Withdrawe the fire; leste it to fast ybrenne,  
Medlith no more with that science, I mene,  
For if ye done, your thrift is gon full clene,  
And right aswithe I wol you tellin here  
What philosophers sain in this matere.

Lo! thus saith Arnolde of the newè toun,  
As his rosarie makith mencion; 1450

He saith right thus, withoutin any lie  
There may no man Mercurie mortifie,  
But it be with his brother's knowleging,  
Lo! how that he, which first ysaid this thing,  
Of Philosophirs fathir was, Hermes.

He sayith how that the Dragon doutles  
Ne dyith not, but if that he be slaine  
With his brothir: And this is for to saine

By



By the dragon Mercury, and none other,  
He undirstode the brimstone was his brother, 1460  
That out of Sol and Luna were idrawe,  
And therefore said he, take hede to my sawe,

Let no man besie him this arte to seche,  
But he that the entencion and speche  
Of Philosophers understondin can,  
And if he do, he is a leude man,  
For this science, and this conning (qð he)  
Is of the secrete of secretes, parde.

Also there was a scholar of Plato,  
That on a time said his maistr to, 1470  
As in his boke Semor wol bete witnesse;  
And this was his demaunde in sothfastnesse;  
Tellith me the name of the privy stone.

And Plato answerd unto him anone,  
Takith the stone that Titanos men name.

Which is that? (qð he) Magnatia' is the same  
Said Plato: ye sir, qð he, is it thus?

This is *ignotum per ignotius*.

What is Magnatia, gode sir I you pray?

It is a watir that is made, I say, 1480

Of elementis four (qð then Plato)  
Tellith me, gode sir, the rote, qð he tho,  
Of that watir, if that it be your will.

Nay nay (qð Plato) certaine that I n'll;  
The Philosophers were isworne echone,

That they shuld discovir it unto none,

Ne in no boke it write in no manere,

For unto Christ it is so lefe and dere,

That he wol not that it discovered be,

But where it likith to his deite. 1490

Man to enspire, and eke for to defende,

Whan that him likith; lo! this is his ende.

Than conclude I thus, sens the God of heaven

Ne will not that the philosophers nemen

How that a man shall come unto this stone,

I rede as for the beste, to let it gone:

For who so makith God his adversary,

As for to werche any thing in contrary

Unto his wil, certes nevir shal he thrive,

Though that he multiply terme of his live. 1500

And there a pointe, for ended is my tale,

God send every true man bote of his bale.

Here endith the TALE of the Chanon's YEMAN.



Here





### Here followeth the Doctour of Phisike's PROLOGUE.

**W**HAN that this yeman his tale endid had  
Of this false Chanon, whiche ywas so bad,  
Our hoste gan say, truely and in certaine  
This priest was begilid, soth for to saine,  
He wenid to be a Philosopher,  
Til he right no golde left in his cofer,  
And sothly this Priest haddè all the jape,

This cursed Chanon put in his hode an ape,  
But al this passe I ovir will as now;  
Sir doctour of phisicke, yet I pray you,  
Tel us a tale of some honest matere.  
It shal be done, if that ye wol it here,  
Said this doctour, and his tale gan anon;  
Now gode men (qð he) herk'nith everichon.

Here endeth the Doctour of Phisike's PROLOGUE.



### Here beginneth his TALE.

**T**Here was, as tellith Titus Livius,  
A knight, that clepid was Virginius,  
Fulfilled of honour and of worthinesse,  
And strong of frendis, and eke of richesse.  
A doughtir faire had this knight by his wife,  
And nevir had he mo in all his life.  
Fayre was this maide in excellent beaute  
Abovin every wight that man may se,  
For nature hath with soveraine deligence  
Yformed her in so gret excellence,  
As though that she would say, lo! I nature  
Thus can yforme and paintin a cature,  
Whan that me list, who can me counterfete?  
Pigmaleon? Not though he forge and bete?  
Or grave or painte? for I dare well ysaine,  
Appelles, or Xeuxis, should werche in vaine

To grave or painte, or for to forge or bete,  
If they presumid me to counterfete;  
For he that is the formir principal  
Hath madin me his vicar generall  
To fourme and paintin erthly creaturis,  
Right as me list; for al thing in my cure is  
Undir the mone, that may or wane or waxe;  
And for my werkè nothing wol I axe,  
My lorde and I ben fully of accorde,  
I made her to the worship of my lorde,  
So do I all mine othir ceturis,  
Of what colour they be, or figuris;  
Thus semith me that nature wouldè say.  
This maidin was of age xii, yere and tway,  
In whiche that nature hath suche a delite,  
For right as she can paint a lilye white

1540

1530

And



And tody as rose, right with such painture  
She paintid hath this noble creature  
Er she was borne, upon her limmis fre,  
Where as by right soche colouris shoulde be:  
And Phebus dyid had her tressis grete  
Like to the stremis of his burnid here,  
And if that excellent were her beaute,  
A thousande folde more vertuous was she;  
In her ne lackith no condicion  
That is to preise, as by discrecion  
As wel in body as goste chaste was she,  
For which she flourid in virginite,  
With all humilite and abstinence,  
With al attemperance, and pacience,  
With mesure eke, in bering of aray,  
Discrete she was in answering alway,  
Tho she were wise as Pallas, dare I saine,  
(Her faconde eke, full womanly and plaine)  
No counterfettid termis hadde she  
To semin wise: but aftir her degre  
She spake, and all her wordis more and lesse  
Sowning in vertue and in gentilnesse,  
Shamefast she was, in maidins shamfastnesse,  
Constant in hert, and evre' in businesse  
To drive her out of idle slogardie,  
Bacchus had of her mouthe no maisterie,  
For wine and youth done Venus aye encrece,  
As men in fyre wol castin oyle or grece;  
And of her owne vertue unconstrained  
She hath full oftin her self like yfained,  
For that she wouldin sic the company  
Where likely was to tretin of foly,  
As is at festes, at revels, and at daunces,  
That ben occasions of daliaunces,  
Suche thingis makin children for to be  
To sonè ripe and bolde, as men may se,  
Whiche is ful perilous, and hath ben yore,  
For al to sonè may she lern the lore  
Of boldenefs, when she is wexin a wife.

And ye maistressis in your oldè life  
That lordis doughtirs han in governaunce,  
Ne takith of my worde no displeaunce,  
Thinkith that ye ben set in governinges  
Of lordis doughtirs, onely for two thinges,  
Eithir for you han kepte your honeste,  
Or ellis ye han fallin in frelte,  
And knowin well inough the oldè daunce,  
And conne forsakin fully that mischaunce  
For evirmore; therefore for Christ's sake  
Kepith wel tho folke that ye undirtake.  
A thefe of venison, that hath forsaste  
His likerousnesse and all his thev'is crafte,  
Can kepe a forest beste of any man;  
Now kepeth 'hem well, for and ye wol ye can,  
Lokith well, to no vice that ye assent,  
Lest ye be dampnid for your ill entent,  
For who so dothe, a traytour is certain,  
And takith kepe of that I shall you sain,  
Of al treyson soveraine pestilence  
Is, when a wight betrayith innocence.

Ye fathers, and eke ye mothers also,  
Though ye han children, be it one or mo,  
Yours is the charge of al ther surveyaunce,  
Whilis they ben undir your govinaunce,  
Beth ware, that by ensample' of your living,  
Or by your negligence in chastising,  
That they ne perishe: for I dare wel say  
If that they don, ye shal ful fore obay:  
Undir a shepherde softe and negligent  
The wolf hath many' a shepe and lambe to rent.

Sufficieth one ensample now as here,  
For I mote turne ayen to my matere.

This maide of which I tell my tale expresse  
She kepte her selve, she nedid no maistresse,

1550 For in her living maidins mightin rede  
As in a boke, every gode worke and dede  
That longith to a maidin vertuous;  
She was so prudent and so bounteous,  
For whiche the fame out spronge on every side  
Bothe of her beaute and her bounte wide,  
That through the londe they preisid her echon  
That lovid vertue, save Envy alone,  
That sory is of othir mennis wele,  
And glad is of ther sorowe, and unhele.

1560 The doctour makith this descripcion.  
This maide went on a day into the toun  
Towarde the temple, with her mothir dere,  
As is of all yonge maidins the manere.

Now livid there a Justice in that toun,  
That govinour was of that regionne,  
And so beset, this Justice his eyen cast  
Upon this maide, avising her ful fast  
As she came forth by ther as the Judge stode,  
Anon his hert ychaungid, and his mode,  
So was he caught with beaute of this maide,  
And to himselfe full previly he saide,  
This maidin shall be mine for any man.

1570 Anon the fende into his hertè ran,  
And he taught him sodainly, by what sleight  
The maidin to his purpose winne he might;  
For certis, by no force, ne by no mede  
Him thought he was not able for to spede,  
For she was stronge of frendis, and eke she  
Confirmid was in suche soveraine beaute,  
That well he wist he might her nevir winne  
As for to make her with her body sinne;  
For whiche with grete deliberacioun

1580 He sent after a client in the toun,  
The whiche he knew ful subtrill and ful bold;  
This Judge unto this client his tale told  
In secret wise, and made him to enlure  
He shulde it tellin unto no creature,  
And if he did, he shoulde letin his hede.  
And whan assentid was this curtid rede,  
Glad was the Judge, and made mochil gode chere,  
And yave him gifis precious and dere.

1590 When shapin was all this conspiracie  
Fro point to point, how that his lecherie  
Parfourmid shoulidin be full subtilly,  
As ye shulle aftir herin opily.

Home gothe this client that hight Claudius,  
But this false Justice that hight Appius,  
So was his name, for it ne is no table,  
But knowen for thing historiall notable,  
The sentence of it sothe is out of dout,  
This false judge I say, gothe now fast about  
To hastin his delite, al that he may;

1600 And so biset, sone aftir on a day  
This false judge, as tellith us the storie,  
As he was wonte, fate in his confistorie,  
And yave his domis upon sondry caas,  
This false client came forth a ful gret paas,  
And seide, Lord, if that it be your will,  
As doth me right upon this pitous bill,  
In whiche I plaine upon Virginus,  
And if that he wol say it is not thus,  
I wol prove it, and findin gode witnesse,

1610 That sothe is that which my bill wol expresse.  
The judge answerd, of this in his absence  
I may not yeve definitive sentence,  
Let do him call, and I woll gladly here,  
Thou shalt have all right, and nothing wrong here.

Virginus came to wete the judg's will,  
And right anon was radde this curtid bill,  
The sentence of it was as ye shall here.

1620 Unto you, my lorde Appius so dere,  
Shewith your pover servaunt Claudius,  
How that a knight, callid Virginus,



Ayent the lawe, and ayent equite  
Holdith expresse ayent the will of me  
My servaunt, which that is my thral by right,  
Which from mine hous was stolin on a night,  
Whilis she was full yonge, I will it preve,  
By witnesse lord, so that ye you not greve,  
She is not his doughtir, what so he say,  
Wherefore, my lorde Justice, I do you pray  
Yelde me my thral, it that it be your will.  
Lo! this was all the sentence of that bill.

Virginus gan on the client beholde,  
But hastily, er he his tale had tolde  
He would have defendid, as shuld a knight,  
And by witnesse of many a trewe wight,  
That al was false, that said his adversary.

This cursid Justice would no lengir tary,  
Ne here a worde more of Virginus,  
But yave his judgement, and pronouncid thus.

I deme anon this man his servaunt have,  
Thou shalt no lengir her in thine house save,  
Go bring her forth, and put her in our warde,  
This man shal have his thral, thus I award.  
And when this worthy knight Virginus,  
Through the assent of the judge Appius,  
Ymust by force his dere doughtir up-yeven  
Unto the judge, in lechery to liven,  
He gothe him home, and set him in his hall,  
And let anon his derè doughtir call,  
And with a face as dede as ashis colde  
Upon her humble face he gan beholde,  
With father's pite, sticking through his hert,  
Al wolde he not from his purpose convert.

Doughter (qð he) Virginia by name,  
There ben two wayis, either deth or shame  
That thou must suffer, alas that I was borne!  
For nevir thou deservedist wherforne  
To dyin, with a sworde or with a knife.  
Oh my dere doughtir, comfort of my life,  
Whiche I have fostrid up with such pleasaunce,  
That thou ne were out of my remembraunce!  
O doughtir mine, which that art my last wo,  
And in my life my lastè joye also!  
O jemme of chastite, in pacience  
Take thou thy dethe, for this is my sentence,  
For love and not for hate thou must be dede,  
My pitous honde mote smitin of thine hede;  
Alas that evir Appius The sey!  
Thus hath he falsely judgid The to dey:  
And told her al the case, as ye before  
Han herd, it nedith not to tell it more.

O mercy dere fathir, than (qð this maide)  
And with that worde she both her armis layde  
About his necke, as she was wonte to do,

The teris braste out of her eyin two,  
And sayd, O my gode fathir shall I die?  
Is there no grace? is there no remedie?  
No certis O dere doughtir mine (qð he)  
Than geve me leve, my lefe faðir, qð she,  
My deth for to complaine a litil space,  
For parde, Jepte yave his doughtir grace  
For to complaine, er he her slough, alas!  
And God it wot, nothing was her trespas,  
But that she ranne her fathir first to se  
To welcome him, with gret solemprite.  
And with that word she fel aswouned anon;  
And aftir whan her swouning was agon  
She risith up, and to her fathir sayde,  
Blissid be God, that I shall die a mayde,  
Yeve me my deth, er that I have a shame,  
Doth with your child your wil a God's name.  
And with that word she prayith him ful ofte  
That with his swerd he shouldin smit her softe;  
And with that word in a swouned doun she fell.  
Her fathir with sorouful hert and fell  
Her hede of smote, and by the toppe it hente,  
And to the judge he it yave in presente,  
As he sat in dome in consistorie.

Whan the judge it sawe, as saith the storie,  
He bad take him, and honge him also fast.  
But right anon all the people in thraist  
To save the knight, for routh and for pite,  
For knowen was the judg's iniquite;  
The peple anon had suspect in this thing  
By manir of this clientes chalinging,  
That it was by the assent of Appius,  
They wist right well that he was lecherous;  
For whiche unto this Appius they gon,  
And kestin him in prison right anon,  
Where as he slew himself; and Claudius,  
That servaunt was unto this Appius,  
Was demed for to be hongid on a tre.  
But Virginus, of his grete pite  
So prayid for him, that he was exiled,  
And ellis certis he had ben begiled.  
The remnaunt were hongid, both more and lesse,  
That consented were to this cursidnesse.

Here men may se how sin hath his merite;  
Beware, for no man wot how God wol smite;  
In no degre, ne in no maner wise,  
The worne of conscience wollin arise  
Of wickid life, though it so privy be  
That no man wote of it but God and he,  
Whethir he be a leude man or lered,  
He n'ot how sone that he may ben affered.  
Therefore I redin you this counsaile take,  
Forsakith sinne, er that sinne your forsake.

Here endeth the Doctour of Phisikes TALE.

Here foloweth the wordes of our Hoste.

OUR Host gan swere as he were woxin  
wode,  
Harowe (qð he) by naylis and by blode,  
This was a false thete, and a cursid Justice,  
As shameful dethe, as hertè may devise  
Come to false judgis, and ther advoca's,  
Algate this sely maide is slain, alas!  
Alas! to dere abought she her beaute.  
Wherefore I say, that allè men may se,  
That yestis of fortune, or of nature  
Ben cause of dethe of many a cature.

Her beaute was her dethe, I dare wel faine;  
Alas so pitously as she was slaine.  
But herof wol I not procede as nowe,  
Men have full ofte timis more harme than prowé.  
But truily, mine ownè maistir dere,  
This is a right petous tale for to here.  
But nathelèsse, passe ovir, is no force,  
I pray to God to save thy gentle corce,  
And thy urinalles, and thy jordanis,  
Thine ypocras, and eke thy galianis,

1820  
And



And evèry boxe fal of letuarie  
 God blesse hem and our lady seint Marie.  
 So mote I the, thou arte a propir man,  
 And lyke a prelate by saint Damian,  
 Thou spake enough, I can not say in terme,  
 But wele I wote thou dost myne herte to yerne,  
 That I have almost caught a cardiacle,  
 By *Corpus Domini*, but I have triacle,  
 Or ellis a draught of moiste cornye ale,  
 Or but I here anothir mery tale,  
 My hert is losse, for pite of this maide;

1830

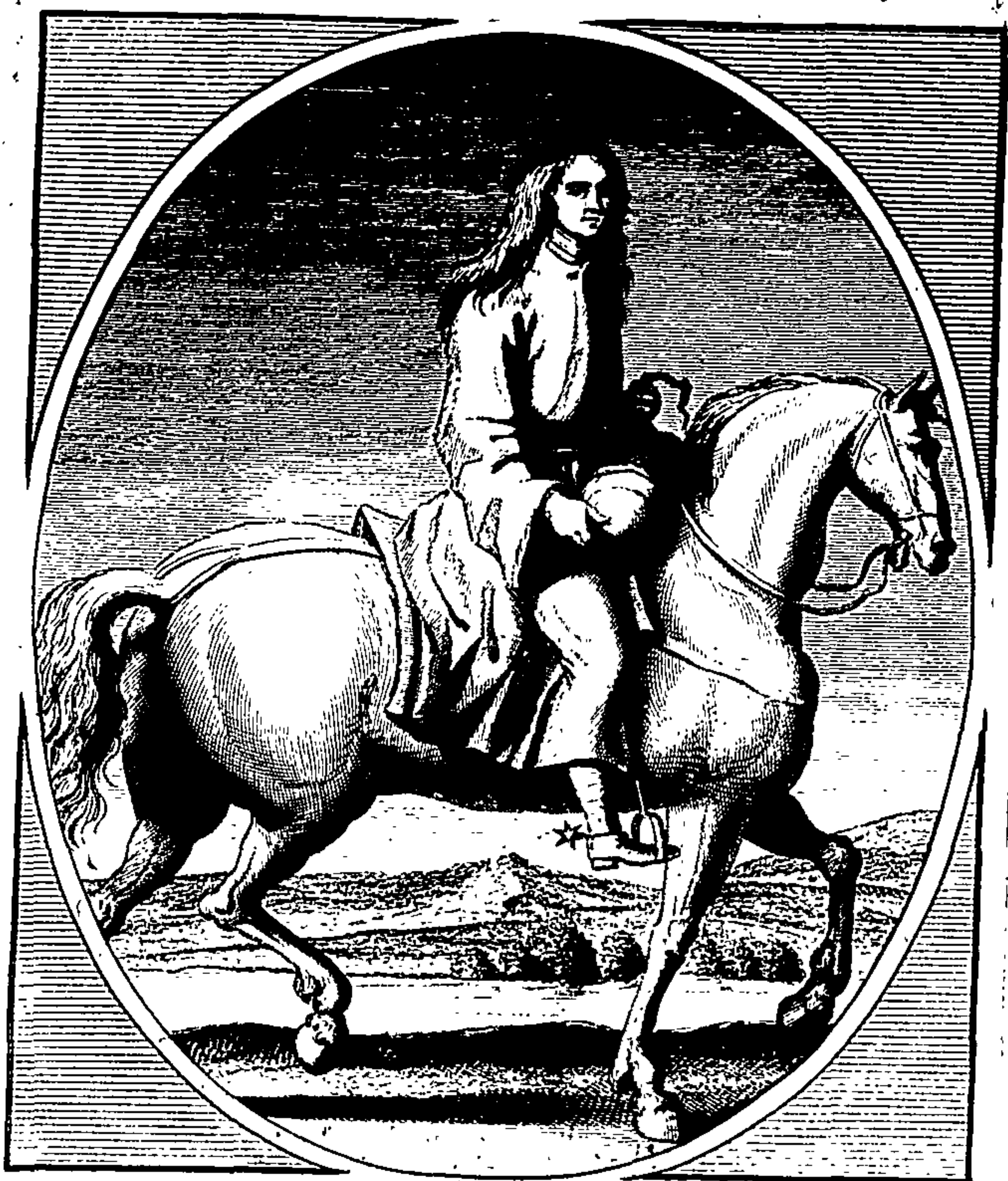
Thou belamy, Jolin pardoncr, he saide,  
 Tel us some mery tale, or jape, anon.  
 It shal be don (qð he) by saint Runion;  
 But first, (qð he) here at this ale-house stake,  
 I woll bothe drinke, and etin of a cake.  
 But right anone, these gentils gon to crye,  
 Nay, let him tell us of no ribaudrye,  
 Tel us som moral thing, that we mow lere  
 Somè witte, and than wol we right gladly here.  
 I graunt (qð he) I wis, but I mote thinke  
 On some honest thing, whilis that I drinke.

Here endeth the wordes of the Hoste.



Here





Here followeth the PROLOGUE of the PARDONER.

**L**Ordinges (q̃ he) in chyrch whan that  
I preche,  
I painin me to have an hautein speche,  
And ring it out, as round as doth a  
bell,

For I can all by rote, which that I tell,  
My theme is alwey one, and evir was,  
(*Radix malorum est cupiditas*)  
First I pronouncin from whence that I come,  
And then my Bullis I shewe al and some,  
Then our Liege Lord's sele on my patent,  
That shewe I first, my body to warrent,  
That no man be so bolde, ne preest ne clerke,  
Me to distourbe of Christ's holy werke,  
And aftir that, I tellin forth my tales  
Bullis of Popis, and of Cardinales,  
Of Patriarkes, and of Bishopes I shewe,  
And in latin I speke wordis a fewe  
To savir with my predicacion,  
And for to stere men to devocion;  
Than shewe I forth my longè cristal stones  
Ycrammid ful of cloutis and of bones,  
Relikes they ben, as wenin they echone.

Than have in laton a sholdir bone,  
Whiche that was of an holy jew's shepe.

Gode men saye I, take of my wordis kepe,  
If that this bone be washen in any wel,  
If cowe or calfe, or shepe, or oxin swel,  
That any worme hath etin, or 'hem stonge,  
Take watir of this wel, and washe his tongue, 1870  
And it is hole anon: and farthirmore  
Of pockis, and of scabbes, and every sore  
Shall every shepe be hole, that of this well  
Drinkith a draught, take kepe of that I tell.

If that the gode man, that the bestis oweth,  
Wol every day, er that the cocke croweth  
Fasting ydrinkin of this wel a draught,  
As thilke holy jewe our elders taught,  
His bestis, and his store shall multiply;  
And sirs, also it helith jelosye, 1880  
For though a man be fall in jelous rage,  
Let makin with this watir his potage,  
And nevir shall he more his wife mistrift,  
Though he in soth the defeaute by her wift,  
Al had she takin priestis two or thre.

Here is a mittaine eke, that ye may se,  
He that his honde wol put in this mittaine  
He shal have multiplying of his graine,  
Whan he hath sowin, be it whete or otes,  
So that he bringe some pennys, or els grotes. 1890

And men and women, o thing I warne you,  
If any wight ben in this churchè now,  
That hath done sinne so horrible, that he  
Dare not for shame of it yshrivin be,  
Or any woman, be she yonge or olde,  
That hath ymade her husbond a cokewolde,  
Such folk shul have no powir ne no grace  
To offir to my relikes in this place,  
And who so findith them out of such blame,  
Commith up, and offre in Godd's name, 1900  
And I attioyle him by the' auctorite,  
Suche as by bulle was grauntid unto me.

And by this gaude have I wonne every yere  
An hundrid marke, sith I was pardonere,  
I stondin like a clerke in my pulpet,  
And whan the leude peple ben doune iset,  
I preche so as ye have lered here before,  
And tel to them an hundrid japis more,



Than paine I me to stretchin forth my necke,  
 And este and west, upon the peple I becke, 1910  
 As dothe a dove, sitting upon a berne,  
 My hondis and my tonge goin so yerne;  
 That it is joy to se my befinesse,  
 Of avarice and of suche cursidnesse  
 Al my preching is for to maken 'hem fre  
 To yeve ther pens, and namely unto me;  
 For mine entent is not but for to winne,  
 And nothing for correction of sinne,  
 I reke not whan that thei ben buryid, 1920  
 Though that ther soules gon a blackburyid.  
 For certis many a predication  
 Comith oft tyme of ill entencion;  
 Some for plesaunce of folke, and for flattery,  
 To ben avauncid by hipocrisy,  
 And some for veine glory, and some for hate;  
 For whan I dare not other waies debate,  
 Than wol I sling 'hem with my tonge smerte  
 In preching, so that he shall not asterte  
 To ben diffamid falsely, if that he  
 Hath trespassed to my bretherne or to me; 1930  
 For though I tellin not his propre name,  
 Men shall wel knowin that it is the same  
 By signis, or by othir circumstaunces,  
 Thus quite I folke, that doth us displeaunces,  
 Thus spitt I out my venim undir hewe  
 Of holinesse, to semen holy and trewe.  
 But shortly mine entent I wol devise,  
 I preche of nothing but of covetise,  
 Therefore my theme is yet; and evir was  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.* 1940  
 Thus can I prechin ayenst the same vice  
 Whiche that I use, and that is avarice.

But though my selfe be gilty in that sinne,  
 Yet can I makin other folke to twinne  
 From avarice, and fore 'hent to repent,  
 But that is not my principall entent,  
 I prechin nothing but for covetise,  
 Of this matere it ought inough suffise.  
 Than tell I 'hem ensamples many one 1950  
 Of oldè stories, longe time agone,  
 For leude peple lovin talis olde,  
 Whiche thingis they can well report and holde;  
 What trowin ye? whilis that I may preche,  
 And winnin gold and silvir for to teche,  
 That I wol live in povert wilfully?  
 Nay nay, I never thoughtin it truely.  
 For I wol preche and begge in sondric londes,  
 I wol not do no labour with mine hondes,  
 Ne makin baskettis, and live therby, 1960  
 Bicause I wol not livin idilly,  
 I wol none of the Apostels countrefete,  
 I wol have money, mault, and chese, and whete,  
 Al were it yevin of the porist page,  
 Or of the porist widdow' in a village,  
 All shulde her childrin stervin for famine,  
 Nay, I wol drinke the licoure of the vine,  
 And have a joly wenche in every toun.  
 But herkenith, lordinges, my conclusioun.  
 Your liking is that I should tel a tale,  
 Now I have dronken a draught of corny ale, 1970  
 By God I hope I shal tel you a thing,  
 That shal by reson ben at your liking;  
 For though my selfe be a full vicious man,  
 A moral tale yet I you tellin can,  
 Which I am wont to preche silvir to winne;  
 Now holde your pece, my tale I wol begin.

Here endeth the PARDONER'S PROLOGUE.

The PARDONER'S TALE.

**I**N Flaunders whilom was a company  
 Of yongè folke, that haunted in foly,  
 As hasard, riot, stewis, and tavernes,  
 Where as with harpis, lutes, and geternes,  
 Thei dauncen and plaien at dice both night and day,  
 And eten also, ovir that ther might may,  
 Through which they don the devil sacrifice  
 Within the devil's temple, in cursid wise  
 By superfluite abhominable,  
 Ther othis ben so gret and dampnable  
 That it is grisly for to here 'hem swere,  
 Our blisfed Lord's body they al to tere,  
 'Hem thought the Jewis rent him not inough,  
 And eche of 'hem at others sinnè lough. 1990  
 And right anon comen in the tomblesteres  
 Fetis and smale, and yongè flutisteres,  
 Singers with harpis, baudes, and wafereres,  
 Suche ben the very Devil's officeres,  
 To kindle and blowe the fire of lechery,  
 That is annexid unto gloteny,  
 The holy writte take I to my witnesse,  
 That lechery is in wine and dronkenesse.

Lo how that dronkin Lot unkindly  
 Lay by his doughtirs two unwetingly! 2000  
 So dronke he was, he ne wist what he wrought,  
 And therefore fore repentin him he ought.  
 Herodes, who so wol the stories seche,  
 There may ye lerne, and by ensample teche,  
 When he of wine was replete at his feste,  
 Right at his owne table he yave his heste  
 To seen Johan the Baptiste ful gilleste.  
 Seneca saith eke gode wordis douteles.  
 He saith he can no difference yfinde  
 Betwixt a man that is out of his minde 2010  
 And betwixt a man that is dronkelew,  
 But wodenesse that is fallin in a shrewe  
 Perseverith lengir than dronkenesse.  
 O gloteny, fulfilled of cursidnesse!  
 O the cause first of our confusion!  
 O originall of our dampnacion,  
 Til Christ had bought us with his blode again!  
 Lo se how dere, shortly for to sain,  
 Abought was first this cursid vilonic!  
 Corrupt was al this world through glotonic. 2020  
 M m Adam



Adam our fornfathir, and Eve also  
Fro Paradise, to labour and to wo  
Were drivin for that vice, it is no drede;  
For whiles that Adam fastid, as I rede  
He was in Paradise, and whan that he  
Ete of the fruit defendid on the tre,  
Anon he was out cast to wo and pain;  
O glotonie, on thee well ought us plain.

Oh, wist a man how many maladies  
Folowe of excessle and of glotonies,  
He woulde ben the more mesurable  
Of his diete, sitting at his table.  
Alas! the short throte, and the tendir mouthe  
Makith that East and West, and North and South,  
In yerth, in aire, in watir men to swinke,  
To getten a gloton deinte mete and drinke  
Of this matter, o Paule, wel can't thou trete,  
Mete unto wombe, and wombe eke unto mete,  
And yet shall God destroie both, as Paul saieth;  
Alas! a foule thing it is, by my saieth,  
To saie this worde, and foulir is the dede,  
Whan man so drinkith of the white and rede,  
That of his throte he makith his privie  
Through thilkè cursid superfluite.

The Apostle saieth, weping full pitously,  
There walkin many, of whiche told have I,  
I saie it now weping with pitous voice,  
That thei ben enemies of Christ's croice,  
Of which the ende is deth, wombe is ther God.  
O belie! O wombe! and O stinkin cod  
Fulfilled of dong and of corrupcioun!  
At eithir ende of The foule is the soun.  
How grete the cost and labour is to finde  
These cokis? how thei stamp, and strein, and grinde,  
And tournin substaunce into accident!  
To fulfill all thy likerous talent  
Out of the hardè bonis knockin thei  
The mary (for thei cast it not awaie)  
That maie go through the gullet safe and sote,  
Of spicerie, of levis, barke, and rote,  
Shall ben his sauce imadin by delite  
To maken hem have a newir appetite.  
But certis he that hauntith soche delices  
Is dedde, whiles that he livith in the vices.

A lecherous thing is wine and dronkenes,  
It's full of striving and of wretchidnes;  
Oh dronkin man, disfigured in thy face,  
Sower is thy breth, foule art thou to embrace,  
And through thy dronkin nose sownith the soun  
As tho thou saidist aie, Sampson, Sampson;  
And yet God wot Sampson dronk nevir wine;  
Thou fallist, as it wer a stickid swine;  
Thy tong is lost, and all thine honest cure;  
For drokenesse is very sepulture  
Of man's witte, and his discrecion;  
In whom that drinke hath dominacion  
He can no counsaile kepe, it is no drede;  
Now kepe you fro the white, and fro the rede,  
And namily fro the White wine of Lepe,  
That is to sell in Fishestrete and in Chepe;  
This Wine of Spain crepith in subtilly,  
And other winis growing fast thereby,  
Of whiche there risith soche fumosite,  
That whan a man hath dronkin draughtis thre,  
And wenith that he be at home in Chepe,  
He is in Spain, right at the toun of Lepe,  
Nought at Rochell, ne at Burdeaux toun,  
And than wollin he saie, Sampson, Sampson.  
But herkenith, lordinges, o word, I you pray,  
That all the soverain aetis, dare I saie,  
Of victories in the old Testament,  
Through very God, that is omnipotent;  
Were doen in abstinence and in praier;  
Lokith the Bible, there ye mow it lere:

Lokith Attila, the grete conquerour  
Died in his slepe, with shame and dishonour;  
Bleding aie at his nose in dronkinnesse;  
A capitain should live in sobirnesse.

And ovir all this, avise you right well  
What was commaundid unto Lamuel,  
Not Samuel but Lamuel saie I,  
Rede the Bible, and finde it expresly  
Of wine yeving to hem that have justice,  
No more of this, for it maie wele suffice.

And now that I have spake of glotonie,  
Now woll I defende you of hasardrie.  
Hasarde is very mothir of lesinges,  
And of deceit, and cursid forweringes,  
Blaspheme of Christ, manslaughter, wast also,  
Of bataille oft time, and of othir wo,  
It is repreve, and contrary to honour  
For to be holden a common hasardour,  
And evir higher that he is in stare,  
The more still he is holden desolate,  
If that a Prince shall usin hasardrie,  
In all governaunce and all policie  
He is as by comen opinion  
Holdin the lesse in reputacion.

Stillebon that was a wise ambassadour  
Was unto Corinth sent with grete honour,  
Fro Calidone, to makin aliaunce,  
And whan he came, him happid this perchaunce,  
That all the gretist that wer of the londe  
Playing at hasarde besily he fonde,  
For whiche, as sone as that it mightin be,  
He stole him home ayen to his countre,  
And sayid, there woll I not lese my name,  
I n'll not take on me so grete defame,  
For to alie you to none hasardours,  
Sendith othir wisir enbassadours,  
For by my trouth, me were levir to die  
Than I should you to hasardours alie,  
For ye that ben so glorious in honours  
Shall not alyin you with hasardours  
As by my will, ne by any tretie,  
This wise Philosopher, thus sayid he.

Lokith eke how to king Demetrius  
The king of Parthis, as the boke saieth us,  
Sent him a paire of Dice of gold in scorne,  
For he had used hasardrie there biforne,  
For whiche he held his glory and renoun  
At no value or reputacioun,  
Lordis might findin othir manir plaie  
Honest inough to drive the daie awaie.

Now woll I speke of othis false and grete  
A worde or two, as oldè bokes entrete:  
Grete swering is a thing abhominable,  
And false swering is yet more reprovale,  
The most hie God forbad swering at all,  
Witnesse of Mathew, but in speciall,  
Of swering, saieth the holy Jeromie,  
Thou shalt swere soth thine othis, and not lie,  
And swere in dome and eke in rightwisnesse,  
But idle swering is a cursidnes.

Behold and se that in the first table  
Of hie God's heftis honourable,  
How that the seconde heste of him is this,  
Take not my name in idelnesse amis.  
Lo! he rathir forbiddith soche swering  
Than homicide, or othir cursid thing;  
I saie as thus, by order as it stondeth,  
This knowe thei that his heftis understondeth,  
How that the seconde heste of God is that,  
And furthirmore, I woll The tell all plat,

That



That vengeance shall not depart fro his hous  
That of his othis is outrageous,  
By Godd's precious hart, and his nailes,  
And by the blode of Christ that is in Hailes,  
Sevin is my chaunce, and thin five and thre,  
By Godd's armis, if thou false plaie me  
This daggir shall thorough rhine hartè go.  
This fruit comith of thilke bonis two,  
Forswering, ire, falsnesse, and homicide.

Now for the love of Christ, that for us dide,  
Levith your othis, bothè gret and smale,  
For I shall tell you a mervailous tale.

These riotours thre, of whiche I you tell,  
Long ere to prime were rongin any bell,  
Were set 'hem in a Taverne for to drinke,  
And as thei sat, thei herdin a Bell clinke  
Biforne a cors, that was caried to' his grave,  
That one of 'hem gan call unto his knave,  
Go fast (qð he) and askin redily  
What cors is this, that passith forth hereby?  
And loke that thou reportin his name wele.

Sir (qð he) it nedith nevir a dele,  
It was me tolde er ye came here two houres,  
He was parde an old felowe of yours,  
And all sodainly was he slain to night,  
For dronke as he sat on his bench upright  
There came a privie thefe, men clepin dethe,  
That in this countrey all the peple slaeth,  
And with his spere he smote his hert atwo,  
And went his waie, withoutin wordis mo.  
He hath a thousande slain, this pestilence,  
And maistr, er ye come in his presence  
Me thinkith that it were full necessarie  
For to beware of soche an adversarie;  
Beth redy for to mete him evirmore:  
Thus taught me my faðir, I saie no more.

By saint Mary, sayid this Tavernere,  
The child saiech forhe, for he hath slaine this yere  
Hens ovir a mile, in a grete village,  
Bothe man and woman, bothè child and page.  
I trowe his habitation be there,  
To ben avisid, gret wisdom it were  
Er that he did a man soche dishonour.

Ye Godd's armis (qð this riotour)  
Is it soche perill with him for to mete?  
I shall him seche by stile and eke by frete,  
I make a vowe, by Godd's digne bones.  
Herkinith felowes, we thre ben all ones,  
Let eche of us hold up his honde to other,  
And eche of us become other's brother,  
And we woll sekin this false traitour dethe,  
He shall be slain, whiche that so many slaeth,  
By God's dignite, er it be night.

Togiðir han these thre ther trouthis plight  
To live and die eche of them with othir,  
As though he werin his owne born brothir.  
And up thei sterten all dronkin in this rage,  
And forth thei gon are toward that village,  
Of whiche the Taverner hath spoke bifore;  
And many a grissy othe han thei swore,  
And Christ's blessid body thei to rent,  
Deth shall be dedde, if that we maie him hent.

Whan thei han gon not fully half a mile,  
Right as thei would have trödin ore a stile;  
An olde man and a pore hath with 'hem met,  
This old pore man full mekily 'hem gret,  
And sayid thus, now lordinges God you se.

The proudest of these riotours thre  
Answerd ayen, what chorle with forie grace  
Why art thou all forwrappid, save thy face?  
Why livist thou so long in so gret age?

This old man gan lokin in his visage,  
And sayid thus: for I ne can not finde  
A man, although I walkid into Inde;

Neither in cite, ne in no village,  
That would exchaungin his youth for mine age, 2240  
And therefore mote I havin min age still,  
For as long time as it is Godd's will.

Ne deth, alas! ne wolle not have my life,  
Thus walke I like a restless caitife,  
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,  
I knocke with my staffe both erliche and late,  
And sayin thus, leve mothir, let me in,  
Lo! how I vanishe, fleshe, and blode, and skin,  
Alas! whan shall my bonis ben at rest?

Mothir, with you would I exchange my cheft, 2250  
That in my chambir long time hath ybin,  
Ye for an herin clout to wrappe me in,  
But yet to me she woll not doen that grace,  
For whiche full pale and welkid is my face.

But firs, to you it is no curtisie  
To speke unto an old man ylonie,  
But he trespas outhir in worde or dede,  
In holy writ, you maie your self well rede.

Ayenst an old man, hore upon his hedde,  
Ye should arise, and therefore I you rede 2260  
Ne doeth to an old man no harme as now,  
No more than ye would a man did to you  
In age, if that ye maie so long abide:

And God be with you, wher' ye go or ride,  
I mote go thiðir as I have to go.

Naie naie old chorle, by God thou shalt not so,  
Sayid these othir hafardours anon,  
Thou partist not so lightly by saint John,  
Thou spakist right now of thilke traitor deth,  
That in this countre all our frendis slaeth, 2270  
Have here my trowth, for thou art his espie,  
Tell where he is, or ellis thou shalt die  
By God and by the holy Sacrament,  
For forthly thou art of his assent

To slayin us yonge folke, thou olde false thefe.

Now firs, if that it be to you so lefe  
To findin deth, rourne up this crokid waie,  
For in that grove I left him by my faie  
Undir a tre, and there he woll abide,  
Ne for your boste he n'll him nothing hide, 2280  
Se ye that oke, right there ye shal him finde,  
And God you save that bought ayen mankinde,  
And you amende; thus sayid this old man.

Than everiche of these riotours ran  
Til thei came to the tre, and there thei found  
Floresines of gold fine and icoignid round  
Well nie a sevin bushels, as 'nem thought;  
And now no lengir aftir deth thei fought,  
But eche of 'hem so glad was of that sight,  
For that the Floresins so faire ben and bright, 2290  
That doune thei sittin by the precious horde;  
The yongist of them spake the firste worde,

Brethern (qð he) take kepe of what I saie  
My wit is grete although I borde or plaie, 2220  
This trefure hath fortune unto us yeven,  
In mirthe and jolite our life to liven,  
And lightly as it cometh, so woll we spend;  
Heie, Godd's precious harte: who would have wend  
To daie, that we should have so faire a grace?  
But might this gold be caried fro this place  
Home to my house, or ellis unto yours,  
(For well I wote that all this gold is ours)  
Than wcrin we in hie felicite,

But truly by daie it maie not be, 2230  
Men wouldin saie, that we were thevis strong,  
And for our own trefure doch us to hong.  
This trefure must icaried be by night  
As wisely and as silyly as it might; 22320  
Wherfore I rede, let loke emong us all  
To drawe, and let se where the cutte wol fall,  
He that hath the shortist cut with hert bith  
Shall renne unto the rounne, and that ful swith,



To bring us brede and drinke full privily,  
And two of us shall kepe full subtilly  
This trefure well, and if he woll not tarie  
Whan it is night, we woll this trefure carie  
By one assent, where as us listith best.

That one of 'hem tho brought grasie in his fest, 2320  
And bad 'hem draw, and loke where it wold fal,  
And it fel on the yongist of 'hem all,  
And forth toward the toun he went anon,  
And al so sone as that he was agone,  
That one of 'hem yspake unto that other,  
Thou wotist wele that thou art my sworne brother,  
Thy profite woll I tell The right anone,  
Thou wotist well that our felowe is gone,  
And here is gold, and that full grete plente  
That shall departid be emong us thre, 2330  
But nathelless, if that I can shape it so  
That it departid were emong us two,  
Had I not doen a frendly tourne to The?

That othir sayed, I n'ot how that might be,  
I woll full well that the gold were ours two,  
What should we doin that it might be so?

Shall it be counsaile (sayid the first shrew)  
And I shall tellin The in wordis fewe  
What we woll doen, and bring it well about.

I graunt it (q'ð that othir) out of doubt. 2340  
That by my trouthe I wol The not bewrain.

Now (q'ð he) thou wost well that we ben twain,  
And twain of us shall strongir be than one,  
Lokith whan he is fet, and than anone  
Arise, as though thou wouldest with him plaie,  
And I shall riven him through the sidis tway  
Whiles that thou stugglist with him as in game,  
And with thy daggir loke thou do the same,  
And than shall all the golde departid be, 2350  
My dereft frend, betwixtin The and me;  
Than maie we bothe all our lustis fulfill,  
And plaie at Dice, right at our ownè will.  
And thus accordid ben these shrewis twaie  
To slea the third, as ye han herd me saie.

This yongist, which that wentin to the toun  
Full ofte in his hert rollid up and doune  
The beaute of these floreins faire and bright,  
O Lorde (q'ð he) if so were that I might  
Have all this trefour to my self alone, 2360  
There n'is no man, that livith undir trone  
Of God, that should live so mery as I.  
And at the last the fende our enemy  
Put in his thought that he shuld poison beie,  
With which he might slayin his felowes tway.  
For why? the fende fonde him in soche living,  
That he had leve to sorowe him to bring,  
For this was uttirly his whole entent  
To slaen 'hem bothe, and nevir to repent.  
And forth he goth, no lengir would he tary  
Into the toun, unto a Potecary, 2370  
And prayid him that he wolde to him sell  
Some poison, that he might his rattis quell,  
And eke there was a Polkat in his have,  
That, as he saied, his Capons had islawe,  
And faine he wolde awreke him, if he might,  
Of vermin, that destroyid 'hem by night.

The Potecarie answerd, thou shalt have  
A thing, as wisly God my soule save.  
In all this worldè there n'is no cature  
That eteth or drinkith of this confecture 2380  
Not but the mountenance of a corne of whete,  
That he ne shall his life anon forlete,  
Ye sterre he shall, and that in a lesse while  
Than thou woldest gon a pace, not but a mile,  
This poison is so strong and violent.

This cursid man hath in his hondè hent  
This poison in a boxe, and swithe he ran  
Into the nextè strete unto a man,

And borowid of him large botels thre,  
And in the two the poison pourid he, 2390  
But the third he kept clene for his own drinke,  
For all the night he shope him for to swinke  
In caryng of the gold out of that place.  
And whan this riottour, with forie grace,  
Hath fillid with him his gret bottels thre,  
To his felowes ayen repairid he.

What nedith it thereof to fermon more?  
For right as thei had cast his deth before,  
Right so thei han him slain, and that anone;  
And whan that this was doen, than spake that one,  
Now let us sit and drinke, and make us mery,  
And aftirward thei wolne his body bury.  
And aftir that it happid one, per caas,  
To take the bottle there the poison was,  
And dronke, and yave his felowe drinke also,  
Through whiche anon thei stervin bothè two.

But certis I suppose that Avicenne  
Wrote nevir in no cannon, ne no fenne  
More wondir sorowes of empoisonning,  
Than had these wretchis two in ther ending. 2410  
Thus endid ben these homicidis two,  
And eke the false enpoisonner also.

O cursid sinne, full of all cursidnesse!  
O traitour homicide! O wickidnesse!  
O glotenie, luxure, and hafardie,  
Thou blasphemour of Christ with vilanie  
And othis grete, of usage and of pride!  
Alas mankind! how maie it so betide  
That to thy creatour, which that The wrought,  
And with his precious blode ayen The bought, 2420  
Thou art so false and so unkinde, alas!

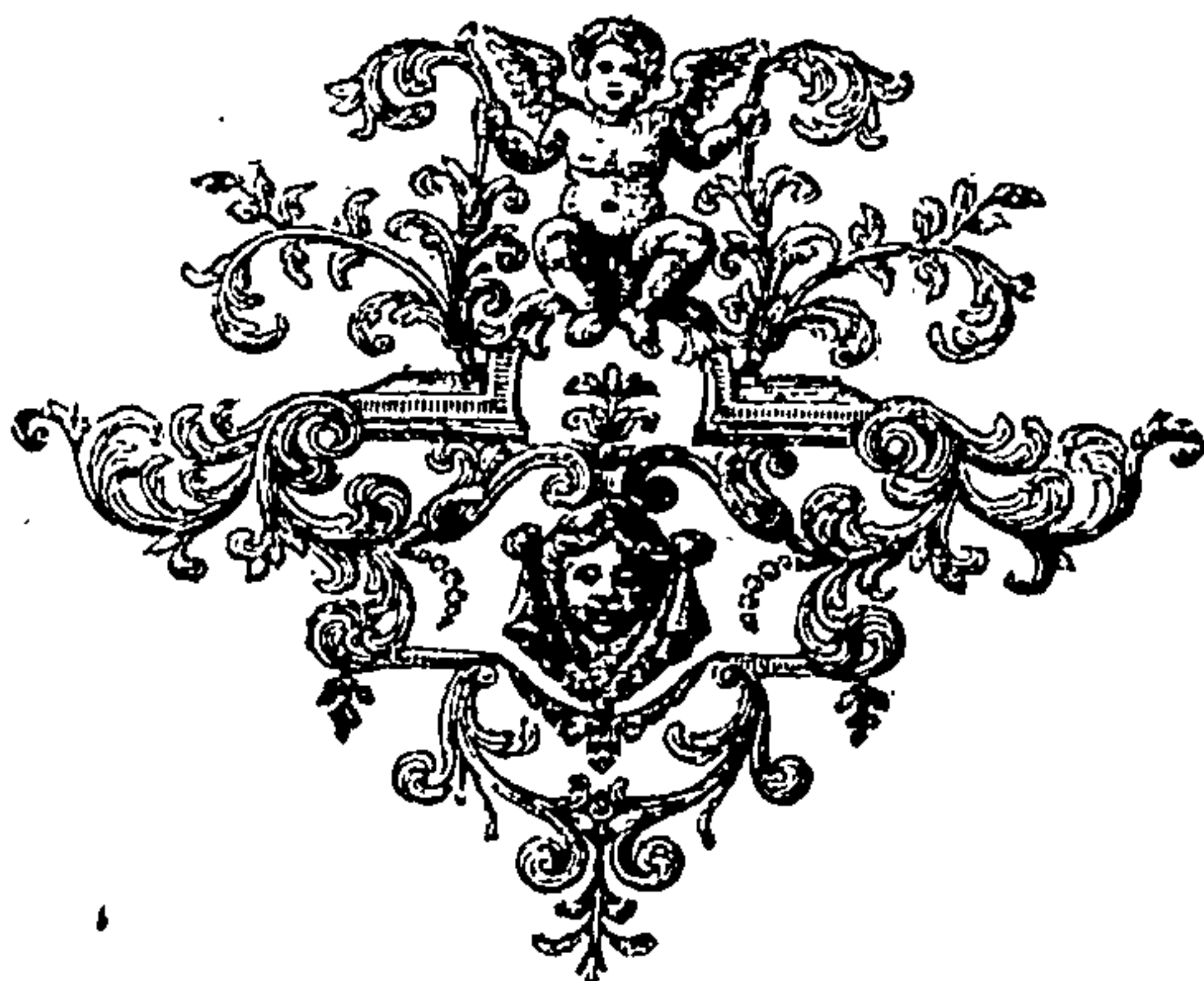
Now gode men, God foryeve you your trespas,  
And ware you fro the sinne of avarice,  
And ware you fro the sinne of avarice,  
Mine holy pardon maie you all warishe,  
So that ye offir nobles or starlinges,  
Or ellis silvir spones, brochis, or ringes,  
Bowith your hedde undir this holie Bulle,  
Cometh up ye wives, and offirith of your wol,  
Your names I enter in my rolle anon,  
Into the blisse of heaven shull ye all gon: 2430  
I you assoilin by mine high powere,  
All ye that offrin, as clene and eke clere  
As ye were borne. Lo! sirs, thus I preche.  
And Jesu Christ, that is our soulis leche,  
So grauntin you his pardon to receive,  
For that is best, I woll you not disceive.  
But sirs, one worde foryate I in my tale,  
I have reliques, and pardon in my male;  
As faire as any man in Engèlonde,  
Whiche were yevin me by the Pop'is honde. 2440  
If any' of you woll of devocion  
Offrin, and have mine absolucion,  
Cometh forth anon, and knelith here adoun,  
And mekily receivith your pardoun,  
Or ellis takith pardon as ye wende,  
All newe and freshe at every toun'is end,  
So that ye offrin alweie newe and newe  
Nobles or pens, whiche that ben gode and true;  
It is grete honour to' everiche that is here,  
That ye have a sufficient pardonere 2450  
To assoile you, in countre there ye ride,  
For aventuris, whiche that maie betide;  
Peraventure there maie fall one or two  
Doun of ther hors, and breke ther necke a two;  
Loke whiche a suretie it is to you all,  
That I am in your felowship ifall,  
That maie assoilin you bothe more and lasse,  
Whan that the soule shall fro the body passe.  
I redè that our hoste here shall beginne,  
For he is mozte envelopid in sinne; 2460  
Come forth, sir hoste, and offir first anon,  
And thou shalt kisse the reliques everichon,



Ye for a grote, unbokle' anon thy purse,  
 Naie naie (qð he) than have I Christ's curse.  
 Let be (qð he) it shall not be so theiche,  
 Thou wouldist make me kisse thin eldè breche,  
 And swere it were a relike of a saint,  
 Though it wer with thy foundement depaint,  
 But by the crosse, whiche that saint Helain fond,  
 I would I had thine coilons in mine hond 2480  
 Instede of reliques, or of sanctuarie,  
 Let cut 'hem of, I woll help 'hem to carie,  
 Thei shall be shrinid in an hogg's torde.  
 This Pardoner answerid not a worde,

So wroth he was, he would no wordè saie.  
 Now (qð our hoste) I woll no lengir plaie  
 With The, ne with non othir angrie man.  
 But right anon the worthy knight began,  
 Whan that he sawe that al the people lough,  
 No more of this, for it is right inough, 2490  
 Sir Pardoner, be mery' and glad of chere,  
 And ye sir hoste, that ben to me so dere;  
 I praie you that ye kisse the Pardoner,  
 And Pardoner, I praie The drawe The nere;  
 And as we did, so let us laugh and plaie,  
 Anon thei kised, and ridin forth ther waie.

Here endeth the PARDONER'S TALE.







Here beginneth the Host's words, and the Shipmann's Prologue.

**N**OW frendis all sayid our host so dere,  
How likith you by John the Pardonere?  
He hath unbokelid right well the male,  
He hath us toldè right a thriftie tale 2500  
As touching of mennis misgovernance,  
I praye to God him yevin as gode chaunce

As ye han herde of these riottours thre.  
I praye The, gentill Mariner, hertily,  
Tell us a gode tale, and that right anon.  
I shall be doen, by God and by saint John, -t  
Saièd this Mariner, as well as I can;  
And right anon his tale he thus began.

Here endeth the SHIPMANN's PROLOGUE.



Here foloweth the SHIPMANN's TALE.

**A** Marchaunt whilom dwelled at saint De-  
nise,  
That rich was, for the which men held  
him wife; 2510  
A wife he had of excellent beaute,  
And compinable, and revelous was she,  
Whiche is a thing that causith more dispence,  
Than worth is all the chere and reverence  
That men 'hem doen, at festis and at daunces,  
Soche salutacions and countinaunces  
Passith, as doeth a shadowe on a wall,  
But wo is him that payin mote for all,  
The fely husbonde algate he mote paie,  
He mote them both clothin and eke arraie 2520  
All for his owne worshippe full richily,  
In whiche arraie thei dauncin jolily,  
And if that he maie not, paraventure,  
Or ellis list not soche dispence endure,

But thinkith, that it is wast and ilofte,  
Than more an othir payin for ther cosse  
And lende them gold, and that is perilous.  
This noble Marchaunt held a noble hous,  
For whiche he had all daie so grete repaire, 2530  
For his largesse, and for his wife was faire,  
That wondir was: but herkenith to my tale.  
Emongis all his gestis grete and smale  
There was a Monke, a faire man and a bold,  
I trowe that thurtie Winter he was old,  
That evre' in one was drawing to that place.  
This yongè Monke, that so faire was of face,  
Acquaintid was so wele with this gode man,  
Sithinis that their first knowlege began,  
That in his hous as familier was he 2540  
As it is possible' any frende to be.  
And for as moche as that this gode man  
And eke this Monke, of the whiche I began,

Werin



Werin bothe two yborne in one village,  
The Monke him claimid, as for cosinage,  
And he again sayid not onis naie,  
But was as glad thereof, as foule of daie,  
For to his herte it was a grete plesaunce.

Thus ben they knit with eterne aliaunce,  
And eke of 'hem gan othe to ensue  
Of brotherhed, whilis ther life may dure.

Fre was Dan John, and namely of dispens  
As in that hous, and full of diligence  
To doc plesaunce, and also grete costage,  
He foryate not to yevin the leste page.  
In all that hous, but aftir ther degre,  
He yave the lorde, and sithin his meine,  
Whan that he came, some manir honest thing,  
For whiche thei wer as glad of his comming  
As foule is faine, whan that the sunne up riseth,  
No more hereof as now, for it fissileth.

But so bifell, this Marchaunt on a daie  
Shope him to makin redy his araie,  
Toward the toun of Bruges for to fare,  
To buyin there a porcion of ware,  
For whiche he hath sent to Paris anon,  
A messenger, and prayid hath Dan John  
That he shoud come to S. Denis to plain  
With him, and with his wife, a day or twain,  
Or he to Bruges went, in alle wise.

This noble Monke, of which I you devise,  
Hath of his Abbot, as him list, licence,  
Bicause he was a man of hie prudence,  
And eke an officer, out for to ride,  
To sene ther graungis and ther bernis wide,  
And unto saint Denis he cometh anon.

Who was so welcome, as my lorde Dan John  
Our dere cosin, so full of curtesie?  
With him he brought a jubbe of Malvesie,  
And eke an othir full of fine vernage  
And volatily, as was his usage;  
And thus I let 'hem both ete, drinke, and plaie,  
This marchaunt and this monke, a daie or tway.

The third daie this Marchaunt he up risith,  
And on his nede sadly him avisith,  
And up into his counting hous goth he  
To rekin with himself, as well maie be,  
Of thilke yere, how that it with him stode,  
And how that he dispendid had his gode,  
And if that he encrefid were or none;  
His bokis and his baggis many one  
He laieth afore him on his counter borde,  
Full riche ywas his trefour and his horde,  
For whiche ful fast his counter dore he shet,  
And eke he nolde that no man shoud him let  
Of his accompris, for the menè time,  
And thus he fare till it was passid prime.

Dan John was up on the morowe also,  
And in the gardin walkid to and fro,  
And hath his thingis saied full curtisly.

This gode wife comith walking privily  
Into the gardin, where he walkid soft,  
And him salueth, as she hath doen full oft,  
A maidin child came in her companie,  
Whiche as her lust, she maie governe and gie,  
For as yet undir the yerde was the maied.

O dere cosin Dan John, this gode wife sayed,  
What ailith you so rathe for to arise?

Nice (qð he) it ought inough to suffice  
Five houris for to slepin on a night,  
But it were for an old and pallid wight,  
As ben these weddid men, that lie and dare,  
As in a forme sittith a wery Hare  
All forstraughtin, with houndis gret and smale;  
But my dere Nece, why loke ye now so pale?  
I trowe for certaine that our gode man  
Hath you labourid, sith this night began,

That you were nede to restin hastily,  
And with that worde he lough full merily,  
And with his own thought he woxin all red.  
This faire wife began for to shake her hed,  
And sayid thus, ye God wore all (qð she) 2620  
Nai cosin mine, it stont not so with me,  
For by that God that yave me soule and life  
In al the relme of Fraunce, is there no wife  
That leste lust hath unto that sorie plaie,  
For I may singen alas, and welawaie  
That I was borne! but to no wight (qð she)  
Dare I not tellin how it stont with me.  
Wherefore I thinke out of this world to wende,  
Or els of my self sone to make an ende, 2630  
So full I am of drede and eke of care.

This Monke began upon this wife to stare  
And saied alas! naie, dere nece, God forbede  
That ye for any sorowe, or for drede  
Fordo your self, but tellith me your grefe,  
Peraventure I maie in your mischete  
Counsaile or helpe, and therfore tellith me  
All your anoie, for it shall secre be,  
For on my Porthose I makin an othe,  
That never in my life, for lefe ne lothe, 2640  
Ne shall I of no counsaile you bewraie.

The same ayen to you (qð she) I saie  
By God and by this Porthose I you swere,  
Though men would me all into peeces tere,  
Ne shall I nevir, for to go to hell,  
Bewraie o worde, of thing that ye me tell,  
Not for no cosinage, ne aliaunce,  
But verily for love and affiaunce.

Thus ben thei sworne, and hereupon thei kiste,  
And ilke of 'hem told othir what 'hem liste. 2650

Cosin (qð she) if that I had a space  
As I have none, and namely in this place,  
Than would I telle a legende of my life  
That I suffrid have, sith I was a wife,  
With mine husbond, though he be your cosin.

Naie (qð this Monke) by God and S. Martin  
He n'is no more a cosin unto me  
Than is this lefe, that hongith on the tre,  
I clepe him so, by saint Denis of Fraunce,  
To havin the more cause of acquaintaunce 2660  
Of you, whom I have lovid specially  
Aboven all othir women sikirly,  
This swere I you on my professioun,  
Tellith your grefe, lest that he come adoune,  
And haltith you, and goth your waie anon.

My dere love (qð she) O my own Dan John,  
Full lefe me were this counsaile for to hide,  
But out it mote, it maie no lengir bide.

My husbonde is to me the worstle man,  
That evir was, sithin the worlde began, 2670  
But sithen I am a wife, it sit not me  
To tellin no wight of our privite

Neither in bed, ne in none othir place,  
God shilde that I shoud tell it for his grace,  
A wife ne shoud not say of her husbonde  
But all honour, as I can undirstonde,  
Save unto you, thus much I tellin shall,  
As helpe me God, he is noughte worthe at all,  
In no degre, the value of a fle,

But yet me grevith most his nigardie, 2680  
And wel ye wor, that women nat'urally  
Desirin thingis fixe, as well as I,

They woldin that ther husbondis shoud be  
Hardy, and wise, and riche, and therto fre,  
And buxom to his wife, and freshe abed,  
But by that ilke Lorde that for us bled,  
For his honoure, my selfe for to arraye  
A sonday next, I mote nedis paye  
An hundred frankes, or ellis am I lorne,  
Yet were me levir that I were unborne 2690  
Than



Than me were done flaundir or villanie,  
 And if mine husbonde eke might it aspie  
 I n'ere but lost, and therefore I you prey  
 Lene me this summe, or ellis mote I dey,  
 Dan John I say, lene me this hundrid frankes,  
 Parde I wol not failin you my thanks,  
 If that ye list to do that I you pray,  
 For of a certaine day I wol you pay,  
 And to don you what plesaunce and service  
 That I may don, right as ye list devise,  
 And but I do, God take on me vengeance,  
 As soule as had Genilion of Fraunce.

This gentil Monke answerd in this manere,  
 Now truly nece and mine owne lady dere,  
 I have (qð he) on you so gret a routh,  
 That I you swere, and plight to you my trouthe,  
 That whan your husbond is to Flaunders fare  
 I wol delivir you out of this care,  
 For I wol bringin you an hundrid frankes,  
 And with that worde he caughte her by the flankes,  
 And her embracid hard, and killed her ofte;  
 Goth now your way (qð he) al stil and softe,  
 And let us dine as sone as ere ye may,  
 For by my kalender 'tis prime of day,  
 Goth now, and beth as true as I shal be.

Now ellis God forbede it, sir, qð she,  
 And forth she goth, as joly as a pie,  
 And bad the cokis that they should 'hem hic,  
 So that men mightin dine, and that anone.  
 Up to her husbonde is this wife ygone,  
 And knockid at his counter dore boldely,  
*Qui est la?* (qð he) Peter it am I  
 Qð she, what, sir, how long wollin ye fast?  
 How long time wollin ye reckin and cast  
 Your summis, and your bokis, and your thinges?  
 The devel have part of al suche rekeninges,  
 Ye have inough (qð she) of Godd's sonde,  
 Come down to day, and let your baggis stonde,  
 Ne be ye not aghamid that Dan John  
 Shal fastin al this longè day ygon?  
 What? let us go here masse, and then go dine.

Wife (qð this man) litill canst thou divine  
 The curious besinesse that we have,  
 For of us chapmen all, so God me save,  
 And by that lorde that callid is seint Ive,  
 Scarfly amongis twenty twelve shal thrive  
 Continuelly, lastin unto their age,  
 We may wel makin chere and gode visage,  
 And drivin forth the world, as it may be,  
 And kepin our estate in privite  
 Till we be dede, or ellis that we playe  
 A pilgrimage, or gone out of the way;  
 And therefore have I grete necessite  
 Upon this queint world to arisin me,  
 For evirmore we mote stondin in drede  
 Of happe and fortune, in our chapmanhede.

To Flaunders woll I gon to morue' at day,  
 And come ayen as sone as ere I may,  
 For whiche my derè wife, I The beseke,  
 As be to every wight buxom and meke,  
 And for to kepe our gode be curiouse,  
 And honestly to governe wel our house,  
 Thou hast inough, in every manir wise,  
 That to a thrifty hufwife may suffise,  
 The lackith none array, ne no vitaille,  
 Of silvir in thy purse thou maigest not faile.  
 And with that worde his counter dore he shette,  
 And doune he goth, no lengir would he lette,  
 And hastily a masse was there isaide,  
 And spedily the tablis were ilaide,  
 And unto dinner fast thei han 'hem spedde,  
 And richily the chapman this Monke fedde.

And aftir dinner, Dan John sobirly  
 This chapman toke aparte al privily,

And said him thus, cousin, it stondith so  
 That, wel I se, to Bruges ye wol go,  
 God and seint Austen spede you wele and gide,  
 I pray you, cousin, wisely that ye ride,  
 Governe you wel also of your diete,  
 Al tempe'ratly, and namely in this hete,  
 Betwixt us two, nedith no straunge fare,  
 Farwel cosin, and God shilde you fro care;  
 If any thing ~~thing~~ there be by day or night,  
 And it lie in my power or in my might,  
 That ye me wol commaunde in any wise,  
 It shal be done, right as ye wol devise.

But o thing or ye go, if it may be,  
 I wolde prayin you for to lenè me  
 An hundrid frankis, for a weke or twey,  
 For certaine bestis, that I mote nedes bey,  
 To storin therewith a place that is ours,  
 God helpe me so, I would it werin yours;  
 I shal not failin surely at my day,  
 Not for a thousande frankis, a mile way,  
 But let this thing be secrete, I you pray,  
 For yet this night these bestis mote I bey,  
 And fare now wele, mine owne cosin dere,  
 Graunt mercy of your cost and of your chere.

This noble marchaunt gentilly anon,  
 Answerde and said, O cosin mine Dan John,  
 Now sikirly this is a smale requeste,  
 My gold is yours, whan that evir you leste,  
 And not onely my golde, but my chaffare,  
 Take what you list, God shildè that you spare.  
 But one thing is, ye knowe it well ynough  
 Of chapmen, that ther money is ther plough,  
 We may creaunce while that we have a name,  
 But godelesse for to be it is a shame,  
 Pay it ayen, when it lieth at your ese,  
 After my might fain wouldin I you plesse.  
 The hundrid frankis fet he forth anon,  
 And privily he toke 'hem to Dan John,  
 No wight of all this worlde wist of this lone,  
 Saving this Marchaunt, and Dan John alone,  
 Thei drinke and speke, and rome a while and pley,  
 Till that Dan John ridith to his abbey.

The morow came, and forth rid this marchaunt  
 To Flaunders ward, his prentis him avaunt  
 Till he to Bruges came full meryly;  
 Now goth this Marchaunt wel and besily  
 About his nedes, and bieth, and creaunfith,  
 He neither playith at dice ne dauncith,  
 But as a Marchaunt, shortly for to tell,  
 He ledde his life, and there I let him dwell.

The sonday next that this Marchaunt was gon  
 To seint Denis ycomin is Dan John,  
 With croune and berde al fresh and new ishave,  
 In al this house there n'as so lite a knave,  
 Ne no wight ellis, but he was ful faine  
 For that my lord Dan John was comen againe,  
 And shortly to the pointeright for to gon,  
 This faire wife is accordid with Dan John,  
 That for these C. frankes he should al night  
 Havin her in his armis bolte upright,  
 And this acord parformid was in dede,  
 In mirth al night a besy life they lede  
 Til it was day, that Dan John yede his way,  
 And bad the meine farwel and gode day,  
 For non of 'hem, ne no wight in the toun  
 Had of Dan John any suspectioun,  
 And forth he ridith home to his abbey,  
 Or where him list, no more of him I sey.

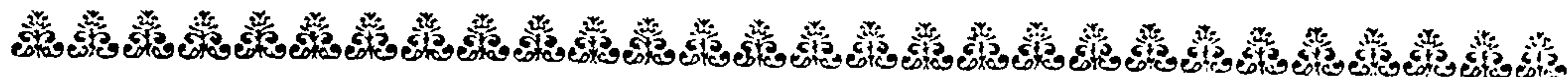
This marchaunt, whan that endid was the faire,  
 To saint Denis he gan for to repaire,  
 And with his wife he makith fest and chere,  
 And tellith her the chaffare is so dere  
 That nedis must he make a chevefaunce,  
 For he was bonden in a reconyfaunce



To payin twenty thousande frankes anon;  
 For which this Marchaunt is to Paris gon,  
 To borue' of certaine frendis that he had  
 A certain frankes, and som with him he lad.  
 And whan he was comin into the toun,  
 For chierthe and gret affectioun  
 Unto Dan John he first goth him to pley,  
 Nought for to borowe of him no money,  
 But for to wete and se of his welfare,  
 And for to tellin him of his chaffare,  
 As frendis don, when they ben mette in fere.  
 Dan John him makith fest and mery chere,  
 And he him tolde ayen full specially  
 How he had bought, ful wel and graciously,  
 Thonkid be God, all whole his Marchaundise,  
 Save that he muste in alle manir wise  
 Makin a chevesaunce, as for his beste,  
 And then shouldin he be in joy and reste.  
 Dan John answerd, certis I am right fain  
 That ye in hele be comin home again,  
 And if that I were riche, as have I blisse,  
 Of twenty thousand shildes shuld ye not misse, 2860  
 For ye so kindly, this othir day,  
 Ylent me golde, and as I can and may  
 I thonke you, by God and by saint Jame;  
 But nathelesse, I toke it to our dame  
 Your wife at home, the same golde againe,  
 Upon your benche, she wote it wel certaine,  
 By certaine tokins, that I can her tell.  
 Now by your leve, I may no lengir dwell,  
 Our abbot wol out of this toun anon,  
 And in his company I mote agon, 2870  
 Gretirh well your dame, mine own nece so swete,  
 And farewell dere cosin, till that we mete.  
 This Marchaunt which that was ful ware and wise  
 Creauncid hath, and eke paide in Paris  
 To certaine lombardes, redy in ther hondes  
 This somme of golde, and gate of hem the bondes,  
 And hom he goth, as mery as a jaye,  
 For wel he knewe he stode in such a aray,  
 That nedis must he win by that viage  
 A thousand frankes, above all his costage. 2880  
 His wife ful redy mete him at the yate,  
 As she was wonte, of old usage algate,  
 And al that night in mirth thei ben yfette,  
 For he was riche, and clerely out of dette.  
 Whan it was day, this marchaunt gan enbrace  
 His wife al newe, and kissed her in her face,  
 And up he goeth, and made it wonder tough.  
 No more (qð she) by God ye have inough,  
 And wantonly ayen with him she plaide,  
 Til at the laste this marchaunt thus ysaide.

By God (qð he) I am a litill wrothe  
 With you my wife, although it be me lothe,  
 And wote ye why? by God as I may gelle  
 For ye have made a manir of straungenesse  
 Betwixtin me and my cosin Dan John,  
 Ye should have warnid me, or I had gon.  
 That he had you an hundrid frankis paide  
 By redy token', and held him ill apaide  
 For that I to him spake of chevesaunce,  
 Me semid so, as by his countenance, 2900  
 But nathelesse, by God our hevin King  
 I ne thought not to aske of him nothing;  
 I prai The wife, ne doith no more so,  
 Tell me alway er that I fro The go,  
 Yf any dettour hath in mine absence  
 Ypayid The, lest through thy negligence  
 I might him aske a thing that he hath paide.  
 This wife was not aferde ne yet affraide,  
 But boldily she saide, and that anon,  
 Mary I desie that false monke Dan John, 2910  
 I kepe not of his tokins nevre' a dele,  
 He toke me certaine golde, I wote it wele,  
 What evill the dome on his monk's shoute,  
 For God it wote, I wende withoutin doute,  
 That he had yeve it me, bicause of you,  
 To don therwith mine honour and my prow,  
 For cosinage, and eke for belle chere,  
 That he hath had ful oftin timis here,  
 But sith I se it stonte in such a disjoynte,  
 I wol answer yon shortely to the pointe. 2920  
 Ye have mo slackir dettours than am I,  
 For I wol pay you well and redily  
 Fro day to daie, and if so be I faile,  
 I am your wife, score it upon my taile,  
 Or I shall paie as sone as ere I maie,  
 For by my trueth, I have on mine aray,  
 And not in waste, bestowed it every dele,  
 And for I have bestowed it so wele,  
 To your honour, for Godd's sake, I say,  
 As be not wrothe, but let us laugh and playe; 2930  
 Ye shall my joly body have to wedde,  
 By God I n'il not pay you but a bedde,  
 Foryeve it me, mine owne spouse so dere,  
 Turne hithirward, and makith better chere.  
 This marchaunt sawe ther was no remedy,  
 And for to chide it was but a foly,  
 Sith that the thing may not amendid be,  
 Now wife he said, I do foryeve it The,  
 But in thy life, ne be no more so large,  
 Kepe bet my gode, this yeve I The in charge. 2940  
 Thus endith now my tale, and God us sende  
 Taling inough, unto our our liv'is ende.

Here endeth the SHIPMAN'S TALE.



Here folowe the wordes of our Hoste.



WELL said by Corpus Domini (qð our  
 Hoste)  
 Now longe more thou sailin by the See  
 coste,  
 Thou gentil maistir, gentil marinere,  
 God give the Monke a thousande last quad yere,  
 Aha! felowes, beware of such a jape,  
 The monke put in the marchautes hode an ape,  
 And in his wiv's eke, by saint Austyn  
 Drawith no monkis more into your inne. 2950  
 But nowe passe ovir, let us seke aboute

Who shall tel now the first of all this route  
 Anothir tale, and with that worde he saide  
 As curtisly, as it had ben a maide,  
 My lady Prioresse, now by your leve,  
 So that I wil that I shuld you not greve,  
 I wolde demin thar ye tellin sholde  
 A tale nexte, if so be that ye wolde.  
 Now wollin ye vouchsafe my lady dere.  
 Gladly (qð she) and said in this manere. 2960

Here endeth the wordes of our Hoste.

O o

Here





Here beginneth the PRIORESSE's PROLOGUE.

*Domine Dominus noster, quàm admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terrâ.*



Lorde our Lorde, thy name how marveilouse  
Is in this widè world ysprad, qð she,  
For not only thy Laudis preciouſe  
Parfourmid are by men of dignite,  
But by the mouth of children thy bounte  
Parfourmid is, for on the breste sucking  
Sometimis shewin they thine herying.

Wherfore in laude, as I can best and may,  
Of The and her that is the lilly floure  
Whiche that The bare, and is a maide alway, 2970  
To telle a storie', I wol do my laboure,  
Nought that I may encrefin her honoure,  
For she her selfe is honour and the rote  
Of bountie, next her sonne, and soul's bote.

Mothir maidin, O maid and mothir fre,  
O bushe unbrent, brenning in Moyſes sight,  
That ravishedest down fro the deite,

Through thin humbleſſe, the Goſt that in The light,  
Of whose vertue, when he in thin hert pight,  
Concevid was the Father's ſapience, 2980  
Helpe me to tel it in thy reverence.

Lady, thy bounte', and thy magnificence,  
Thy vertue, and thy gret humilite  
There may no tonge expreſſe, in no ſcience,  
For ſomtime, lady, er men praie to The,  
Thou goeſt before, of thy benignite,  
And gettiſt us the light through thy prayere  
To gidin us unto thy ſonne ſo dere,

My conning is to weke, O bliſful Quene,  
For to declarin thy high worthineſſe, 2990  
That I ne may the weight of it ſuſtene,  
But as a childe of twelve moneth old and leſſe,  
That can unnethis any worde expreſſe,  
Right ſo fare I, and therefore I you pray  
Gidith my ſonge, that I ſhal of you ſay.

Here endith the PRIORESSE's PROLOGUE.

Here



## Here foloweth her TALE.

### A Miracle of a Christian Child murder'd by the Jews.



Here was in Asie, in a grete cite;  
Amongis christin folke a jewerie,  
Sustenid by a lorde of that countre,  
For foule usury, and lucre of villany,  
Hateful to Christ, and to his company,  
And thorough the strete men might ride and wende;  
For it was fre, and open at every ende.

A litil schole of Christin folke there stode  
Doun at the farthir ende, in whiche there were  
Children an hepe, comin of Christin blode,  
That lernid in that schole fro yere to yere  
Such manere doctrine, as men usin here,  
This is to say, to singin and to rede,  
As smale children done in ther childehede. 3010

Amonges these children was a wedowes son  
A clergion, that vii. yere was of age,  
That day by day unto schole was his won,  
And also eke, where he sey the image  
Of Christ's mothir, had he in usage,  
As him was taught, to knele adoun and say  
An *Ave Maria*, as he goth by the way.

Thus hath this wedow' her litil child itaught  
Our blissid lady, Christ's mothir dere,  
To worship aye, and he foryate it naught,  
For the sely childe would al day sone lere;  
But aye, when I remembre this matere,  
Saint Nicholas stont aye in my presence,  
For he so yonge to Christ did reverence. 3020

This litil childe his litil boke lerning  
As he sate in the schole at his primere,  
Herde *Alma Redemptoris Mater* singe,  
As children lered ther antiphonere,  
And as he durst, he drewe aye nere and nere,  
And herkened to the wordis and the note, 3030  
Til that he the first verse couth al by rote.

Nought wist he what this latin was to say,  
For he so yonge and tendir was of age,  
But on a day his felowe gan he pray  
To expoun him the song, in his langage,  
Or tell him why this song was in usage,  
This praide he him to confire and declare  
Full oftin timis, upon his knees bare.

His felowe, which that elder was than he,  
Answerd him thus, this song I have herd say 3040  
Was made upon our blessid lady fre,  
Her to salewe, and eke her for to prey  
To ben our helpe, and succour, when we dey,  
I can no more expoun in this mater,  
I lerne to singe, I can but smal grammer.

And is this songe imade in reverence  
Of Christ's mothir, said this innocent?  
Now certis I wol done my diligence  
To conne it al er Christinmasse be went,  
Though that I for my primer should be shent, 3050  
And should be betin thre times in an houre,  
I wol it conne, our lady to honoure.

His felaw taught him homwarde privily  
Fro day to day, til he couthe it by rote,

And than he songe it wel and boldly  
Fro worde to worde, acordig to the note,  
And twise a day it passith through his throte,  
To scolewarde, and homewarde when that he went,  
On Christ's mothir set was his entent.

As I have saide throughout the jewerie 3060  
This litil childe as he came to and fro,  
Ful merily then would he singe, and crye  
*Alma Redemptoris Mater*, ere mo,  
The swetenesse hath his herte yperfid so  
Of Christ's mothir, that to her to pray  
He cannot stinte of singing by the way.

Our firste foe, the Serpent Sathanas,  
That hath in Jewis hert his waspis nest  
Up swale and said, O Ebrake peple' alas!  
Is this a thing to you that is honeste, 3070  
That sliche a boy shal walkin as him leste  
In your dispite, and singen of sliche sentence  
Whiche is against your law's reverence?

From thence forth the jewis han conspirid  
This innocent out of this worlde to chafe,  
An homicide therto han thei hirid,  
That in an aley had a privy place,  
And as the child gan forth by for to pace,  
This cursid Jewe him hent, and heldin faste,  
And cutte his throte, and in a pitte him caste. 3080

I say that in a wardrope thei him threwe,  
Where that the Jewis purgid ther intraile.  
O cursid folke of Herodes all newe,  
What may your evill entent you availe?  
Murder wol out, certis it woll not faile,  
And namely ther the' honor of God shal sprede,  
The bloud out cryith on your cursid dede.

O martyr crownid in Virginite,  
Now mayst thou singe folowing ay in one 3090  
The pure white Lambe celestial, qd she,  
Of whiche the gret evangliste seint John  
In Pathmos wrote, which sayith that they gon  
Before this lambe, and sing a song al newe,  
That never fleshy woman thei ne knewe.

This pore widowe awaitith al the night  
Aftir her litill childe, and he came nought,  
For whiche as sone as it was day's light  
With face all pale for drede, and besy thought  
She hath at scole, and ellis where him sought,  
Til finally, she gan so farre aspie 3100  
That he was last seine in the jewerie.

With mother's pite in her breste enclosed  
She goth as she wer halfe out of her minde  
To every place, where that she hath supposed  
By likelyhode her litil childe to finde,  
And ere on Christ's mothir, meke and kinde,  
She cryid, and at the last thus she wrought,  
Among the cursid Jewis she him sought.

She frenith, and she prayith pitoussly  
To every Jewe that dwellith in thilke place, 3110  
To tellin her, if her childe went there by,  
They al say nay; but Jesu of his grace

Yave



Yave in her thought, within a litill space,  
That in that place, aftir her sonne she criede  
There he was caste into a pitte beside.

O grete God, that parfournidist thy laude  
By mouthe of innocence, lo here thy might!  
This Jemme of Chastite, this Emeraude,  
And eke of martirdome the rubie bright,  
There he with throte ycorvin lay upright, 3120  
He (*Alma redemptoris*) gan to singe  
So loude that all the place began to ringe.

The cristin folke, that thorough the strete went,  
In comin, for to wondir on this thing,  
And hastily they for the Provost sent,  
Which foundin the child freshly yet bleding,  
And heryeth Christ that is of Hevin King,  
And eke his mothir, honoure of mankinde,  
And aftir that, the Jewis let he binde.

This childe with pitous lamentacion 3130  
Was up takin, singin his songe alway,  
And with honoure, and grete procession  
Thei carien him unto the nexte abbey,  
His mothir sowning by the bere ylay,  
Unmethis might the peple that wer there  
This sorowful Rachell bring fro his bere.

With turment and with shamful deth eche one  
This Provost doth these Jewis for to sterve,  
That of this murdre wist, and that anone  
He ne wolde no such cursidnesse observe, 3140  
Evill shall he have that wol ill deserve,  
Therefore with wild horses he did 'hem drawe,  
And aftirwarde he honge 'hem by the lawe.

Upon his bere aye lieth this innocent  
Before the chefe auter, whiles the mass last,  
And aftir that, the abbot with his covent  
Them speddin for to bury him ful fast,  
And when they holy watir on him caste,  
Yet spake the child, when sprit was holy water,  
And songe, *O alma redemptoris mater!* 3150

This abbot, which that was an holy man,  
As monkis ben, or ellis ought to be,  
This yongè childe to covir he began,  
And saide: O derè childe, I hailin The  
By vertue of the holy Trinite

Tell me what is thy cause thus for to sing,  
Sithins thy throte is cutte to my seming.

My throte is cutte, unto my neckè bone,  
Sayid this child, and as by way of kind 3160  
I shoulde have dyid, ye longe time agone,  
But Jesu Christ, as ye in bokis finde,  
Wol that his glory laste and be in minde,  
And for the worship of his mothir dere  
Yet may I sing (*O alma*) loude and clere.

This wel of mercy, Christ's mothir swete,  
I lovid alway, aftir my conning,  
And when that I my life yshoud forlete  
To me she came, and badde me for to sing 3170  
This antem verily in my dying,  
As ye han herde, and when that I had songe,  
Me thought she layd a graine upon my tonge.

Wherefore I sing, and sing I mote certaine  
In honour of the blisful maidin fre,  
Til fro my tonge of takin is the graine;  
And aftir that, thus she said unto me,  
My litle childe, now wol I fetchin The  
When that the graine is fro thy tong itake,  
Be not agaste, I wol The not forsake.

This holy monke, this abbot, him mene I,  
His tonge out caught, and toke away the grayne,  
And he yave up the goste ful softly;  
And when this abbot had this wondir seyne,  
His saltè teris triklid doune as reyne,  
And groling he fell plat upon the grounde,  
And stil he lay, as he had ben ibounde.

The covent lay eke upon the pavement  
Weping and herying Christ's mothir dere,  
And aftir that thei risen, and forth ben went,  
And toke away this martir fro the bere,  
And in a tombe of marble stonis clere 3190  
Enclosin they his litle body swete,  
There he is now God graunt us for to mete.

O yongè Hewe of Lincoln, slaine also  
With cursid Jewes, as it is notable,  
For it is but a littil while ago,  
Praise eke for us, we sinful folke unstable,  
That of his mercy God be merciabie  
On us, and his grete mercy multiply,  
For revèrence of his mothir Mary.

Here endeth the PRIORESSE TALE.

~~~~~

Here foloweth the wordes of the Hoste to CHAUCER.

¶ Hen said was this miracle, every man 3200  
As sobre was, as wondir was to se,  
Til that our hoste to japien began,  
And than at erste he lokid upon me  
And saidè thus: what man arte thou? (qð he)  
Thou lokist, as thou wouldist finde an hare,  
For evir on the grounde I se The stare.

Aprochin nere, and loke up merily  
Now ware you sirs, and let this man have place,  
He in the waffe is shapen as wel as I,  
This were a popet in armes to embrace, 3210

For any woman, fmale and faire of face,  
He semith elvishe by his countenance,  
For unto no wight doth he daliaunce.

Say now somwhat sith othir folke han said,  
Tel us a tale of mirthe and that anon.  
Hoste (qð I) ne be not evil apaide,  
For othir tale ne certis can I none  
But of a rime, I lernid yore agone.  
Ye that is gode (qð he) we shullin here  
Some deinte thing, me thinkith by thy chere. 3220

Here endeth the wordes of the Hoste.

Here



A Northern Tale of an outlandish Knight, purposely utter'd by CHAUCER, in a Rime and Style differing from the rest, as though he himself were not the Author, but only the Reporter of the other Tales.



Listenith lordinges in gode entent,  
And I wol tellin verament  
Of mirth and of folas,  
All of a knight was faire and gent  
In batayle and in turnament,

His name was sir Thopas.  
Iborne he was in ferre countre  
In Flaunders, al beyonde the see,  
At Popering in the place.  
His fathir was a man ful fre,  
And lorde he was of that countre,  
As it was Godd's grace.  
Sir Thopas was a doughty swaine,  
White was his face as paine de maine,  
His lippis redd as rose,  
His rudde is like scarlet in graine,  
And I you tell in gode certaine  
He had a semely nose.  
His here, his berde was like saffroun,  
That to his girdel raught adoun,  
His shone of cordewane.  
Of Bruges were his hofin broun,  
His robe was of chekelatoun,  
That cost many a jane.  
He couthe hunt at the wildè dere,  
And ride an hauking by the rivere  
With grey goshaue on honde.  
Therto he was a gode archere,  
Of wrastring was there none his pere,  
There any Ram should stonde.  
Full many a maide bright in bour  
They mournid for him paramoure,  
Whan hem were bet to slepe.  
But he was chaste, and no lechoure,  
And swete as is the Bramble floure,  
That berith the redde hipec.  
And so befell upon a daie  
Forsoth, as I you tellin maie,  
Sir Thopas would outride.  
He worth upon his stede so graic,  
And in his honde a launce so gaic,  
A long swerde by his side.  
He prickith through a faire forest,  
Therein was many a wilde beste,  
Ye bothe the Bucke and Hare.  
And as he prickid North and Este  
I tellin you, him had almeste  
Betide a sorie care.  
There springin herbis grete and small,  
The Licoris and Setuall,  
And the Clove glosfer,  
And Nutmigus, to put in ale,  
Whither it be or newe or stale,  
Or for to lie in cofer.  
The birdis singen, it is no naie,  
The Sperhaue and the Poppingaie,  
That joie it was to here.  
The Throstill Cock eke made his laie,  
The wode Larke sitting on a spray,  
She song full loud and clere.  
Sir Thopas fill in love longing,  
And whan he herd the Throstill sing,  
He prickid as he were wode,  
His faire courser in his pricking  
So swette, that men mightin him wring,  
His sidis were all blode.  
Sir Thopas eke so werie was,

For pricking on the softè gras,  
So fiers was his corage,  
That doune he laied him in that place, 3290  
To makin his stede some solace,  
And gave him gode forage.  
Oh, saint Mary, *benedicte*!  
What ailith this fame love at me  
To blindè me so sore?  
Me dremid all this night, parde,  
3230 An else quene shall my lemman be,  
And slepe undir my gore.  
An Else Quene woll I love I wis,  
For in this worlde no woman is  
Worthy to be my make, 3300  
All othir women I forsake,  
And to an Else Quene I me take  
By dale and eke by doune.  
Into his saddle he clombe anone,  
And prickid ovir stile and stone  
3240 An Else Quene to espie.  
Till he so long hath ridden and gone  
That he fonde in a privie wone  
The countre of Fairie.  
Wherein he fought both North and South 3310  
And oft he spirid with his mouth,  
In many forest wilde;  
But in that Countre n'as there none  
Ne neither wife ne childe.  
Till him there came a grete Giaunt,  
3250 His name was called sir Oliphant,  
A perillous man of deede.  
He sayid childe, by Termagaunt,  
But if thou pricke out of my haunt,  
Anon I slea thy stede.  
Here wonith the Quene of Fairie, 3320  
With Harpe and Pipe, and Simphonie,  
Within this place and bour,  
The child saied, also mote I the  
To morowe woll I metin The  
3260 Whan I have mine armoure.  
And yet I hopin par ma faie,  
That thou shalt with this launcè gaie,  
Abie it through thy mawe,  
Thy hawbeck shall I, if I may,  
Perce, er it be ful prime of day, 3330  
For here thou shalt be slawe.  
Sir Thopas drowe abacke full fast,  
This Giaunt at him stonis cast  
Out of a fell staffe sling.  
3270 But faire escapid sir Thopas,  
And all was thorough Godd's grace,  
And through his faire bering.  
Yet listenith lordinges to my tale,  
Merier than the Nightingale,  
For now I woll ye rounce, 3340  
How sir Thopas, with sidis smale  
Pricking all ovir doune and dale,  
Is comen ayen to rounce.  
His mery men commaundid he  
3280 To makin him bothe game and gle,  
For nedis must he fight  
With a Giaunt, with heddis thre,  
For paramoures and jolite  
Of one that shone full bright.  
Doe come he saied my ministralis 3350  
And jeflors, to tell us talis  
Anon in mine arming,  
P p Of



Of Romaunces that been roials  
 Of Popis and of Cardinals  
 And eke of love longing.  
 Thei fet him first the fwetè wine,  
 And Mede eke in a Mazeline,  
 And roiall spicerie,  
 Of Ginger brede that was full fine,  
 Of Licoris, and eke Comine,  
 With Suger that is trie.  
 He did on next his whitè lere  
 Of cloth of lake full fine and clere  
 A breche and eke a sherte.  
 And next his shert an haketon,  
 And ovir that an habergeon  
 For percing of his herte.  
 And ovir that a fine hauberke  
 Was all iwrought of Jewis werke,  
 Full strong it was of plate.  
 And over that his cote armoure  
 As white as is the Lilly floure,  
 In whiche he would debate.  
 His shilde was all of gold so redde,  
 And theron was a Bor'is hedde,  
 A carbocle beside.  
 And there he swore by ale and brede  
 How that the Giaunt should be dede  
 Betide what so betide.  
 His jambeux were of cure buly,  
 His sword'is shethe of Ivorie,  
 His helme of Laton bright.  
 His sadell was of ruel bone,  
 His bridle as the Sunne yshone  
 Or as the Mone ylight.  
 His spere was of the fine Sympres  
 That bodith warre, and nothing pece,  
 The hedde full sharpe igrounde.

His stede ywas all dapple graie,  
 He goth an aumble by the waie 3390  
 Full softly and full round,  
 There n'as his pere in any londe;  
 Lo! Lordis mine, here is a fit,  
 If ye woll any more of it  
 To tell it woll I fonde.  
 3360  
**N**OW hold your mouth for charite  
 Bothe Knight and also Lady fre,  
 And kerkenith to my spell.  
 Of bataille and of chevalrie,  
 And eke of Ladies love drierie 3400  
 Anon I woll you tell.  
 Men speke of Romaunces of pris,  
 Of Hornechild, and of Ipotis,  
 Of Bevis and sir Gie,  
 3370 Of sir Libeaux, and Blaindamoure,  
 But sir Thopas berith the floure  
 Of riall chevalrie.  
 His gode Courser he hath bestrode,  
 And forth upon his waie he rode  
 As sparke out of the bronde. 3410  
 Upon his cresse he bare a toure,  
 And therin sticked a Lilly floure,  
 God shilde his cors fro shonde!  
 And for he was a knight aventrous  
 3380 He n'oldè slepin in none hous,  
 But liggin in his hode.  
 His bright helmet was his wanger,  
 And by him baytid his destrer  
 Of herbis fine and gode.  
 Himself dronke watir of the well 3420  
 As did the knight sir Persivell  
 So worthy undir wede.  
 Till it was on a day . . . . .

Here our Hoste interrupteth the Rime of Sir THOPAS.

**N**O more of this for Godd'is dignite,  
 (Q' then our hoste) for thou makist me  
 So wery of thy very leudenes,  
 That al so wisly God my soulè bleffe  
 Mine eris akin of thy draftie speche,  
 Now soche a rime the devill I betече,  
 This maie well be clepe rime Dogrell (q' he)  
 3430 Why so (q' I) why wolt thou lettin me  
 More of my tale, than any othir man,  
 Sens that it is the best rime that I can?  
 By God (q' he) full plainely at o worde  
 Thy draftie riming is not worth a torde,  
 Thou dost nought ellis but dispendist time,  
 Sir at one worde, thou shalt no lengir rime.  
 Let se whither thou canst tell ought in gest,  
 Or tellin in prose somewhat at the left,  
 In whiche there maie be some mirthe or doctrine.  
 Gladly (q' I) by Godd'is fwetè pine 3440  
 I woll you tell a little thing in prose,  
 That ought to like you as I do suppose;  
 Or els ye be certis to daungerous,  
 For it is a morall tale vertuous,  
 All be it tolde somtime in sondrie wise  
 Of sondrie folke, as I shall you devise.  
 As thus, ye wote that every' Evangelist,  
 That tellich us the paine of Jesu Christ,  
 Ne faieth not all thing as his felowe doeth,

But natheless ther sentence is all soth, 3450  
 And all they acordin in ther sentence,  
 All be there in ther telling difference,  
 For some of 'hem saine more, and some saine lesse,  
 Whan thei his pitous passion expresse.  
 I mene of Mathew and Mark, Luke and John,  
 But doutiless ther sentence is all one.  
 And therefore, Lordingis, I you besече,  
 If that you think I varie in my speche,  
 As thus, although I tellin somewhat more  
 Of proverbis, than ye han herd bfore 3460  
 Comprehendid in this lite tretise here,  
 To' enforcin with the' effect of my matere,  
 And though I the same wordis do not say  
 As ye han herd, yet to all you I praie,  
 Blamith me not, for that in my sentence  
 Shall ye not findin mochill difference  
 Fro the sentencis of this tretis lite,  
 After the whiche this merie tale I write.  
 And therefore herkinith what I shall saie,  
 And let me tell my tale I do you praie. 3470

*MS. Ch. has these lines after.*  
 Here endyth Chaucer's tale of Sire Thopas,  
 A doughty Knight in alle his dede;  
 God us helpe and Saynt Thomas,  
 And graunte us alle grace weel to spede.

Here ende the wordes of our Hoste.

Here





## Here beginneth CHAUCER's TALE of MELIBEUS.



Young manne called Melibeus, mightie and riche, begate upon his wife that called was Prudence, a doughtir whiche that called was Sophie.

Upon a daie bifell that he for his disport is went into the felde him to plaie: His wife and eke his doughtir hath he left within his hous, of whiche the dores were faste ishet. Four of his old foos han it aspied, and settin ladders to the walles of his hous, and by the windowes ben entred, and bet his wife, and wounded his daughter, with five mortall woundes, in five sondrie places: That is to saie, in her fere, in her hondes, in her eres, in her nose, and in her mouthe, and lesten her for ded, and wenten ther waie.

Whan Melibeus retourned was into his hous, and see all this mischief, he like a mad man renting his clothes, gan to wepe and crie.

Prudence his wife, as ferforth as she durst besought him of his weping for to stinte: But not forthy, he gan to wepe and crie ever lenger the more.

This noble wife Prudence remembred her upon the sentence of Ovide, in his boke that cleped is the remedy of love, wher as he saith he is a fole that distourbeth the mother to wepe, in the deth of her childe, till she have wepte her fill, as for a certain time: and than shall a man doen his diligence with amiable wordes, to recomfort and praie her of her weping for to stinte. For whiche reson this noble wife Prudence, suffered her husbande to wepe and crie, as for a certain space: and whan she sawe her time, she saied him in this wise. Alas my Lorde (qð she) why make ye your self for to be like a tole? Forsoth it apperteineth not unto a wise manne, to maken soche a

forowe. Your doughter, with the grace of God, shall warishe and escape. And all were it so that the right now were ded, ye ne ought not as for her deth your self distroy. Senek saith the wise manne shal not take to grete discomfort for the deth of his children, but certes he should suffre it in pacience, as well as he abideth the deth of his owne proper person.

This Melibeus answerde anon and saide: What man (qð he) shoud of his weping stint, that hath so grete a cause for to wepe: Jesus himself our Lord wepte for the deth of Lazarus his frende. Prudence answered, certes well I wot, a temperate weping is nothing defended, to him that sorowfull is, emonge folke in sorow, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. The Apostle Poule unto the Romanes writeth, menne should rejoice with him that maketh joie, and wepe with soche folke as wepen. But though a temperate weping be graunted, certes outrageous weping is defended. Mesure of weping shoud be considered, after the lore that techeth us Senek. Whan that thy frende is dedde (qð he) let not thin eyen to moile ben of teres, ne to moch drie: although teres comen to thine eyen, let hem not fal. And whan thou hast forgon thy frende, doe diligence to get an other frende: and this is more wisdom than for to wepe for thy frende, whiche thou haste lorne, for therein is no bote. And therefore if you governe you by sapience, put awaie sorowe out of your herte. Remembreth you that Jesus Sirake saith, a man that is jorous and glad in herte it him conserveth flourishing in his age: But sothely a sorowfull herte maketh his bones drie. He saith eke thus, that sorowe in herte slaith him by a manne. Salomon saith, that right as moogheche in the shepes fleise anoieth the clothes, and the fleise wormes



wormes the tre, right so anoieth sorowe the herte of man, wherfore us ought as well in the deth of our children, as in the losse of our temporall godes, have pacience.

Remember you upon pacient Jobe, whan he had losse his children and his temporalle substaunce, and in his body endured and received full many a grevous tribulacion, yet saied he thus: Our Lorde it sente to me, our Lorde hath biraft it me, right so as our Lorde would, right so it be don, iblest be the name of our Lorde. To these forsaied thinges Melibens unto his wife Prudence answerd: All thy wordes (qð he) ben true, and therto profitable, but truly mine herte is troubled with this sorowe so greuously, that I n'ot what to do. Let call (qð Prudence) your true frendes al and thy linage, whiche that ben wise, and telleth to 'hem your case, and herkeneth what thei saie in counsailling, and govern you after ther sentence. Salomon saith, werke al thy things by counsaile, and thou shalt never rue. Than by counsaile of his wife Prudence, this Melibens let cause a grete congregacion of peple, as Surgiens, Phisicians, olde folke and yong, and some of his oide enemies reconciled (as by ther semblante) to his love and to his grace: and therwithal there came some of his neighbours, that did him reverence more for drede than for love, as it happe ofte. There comen also full many subtil flatterers, and wise Advocates lerned in the lawe. And whan these folkes togethers assembled were, this Melibens, in sorowful wise, shewed 'hem his case, and by the maner of his speche it semed that in herte he bare a cruell ire, redy to doen vengeance upon his foes, and sodainly he desired that warre should begin, but nathelless yet asked he counsaile upon this matter. A Surgien by licence and assent of soche as were wise up rose, and unto Melibens saied, as ye shall here.

Sir (qð he) as to us Sergiens appartaineth, that we do to every wight the best that we can, where as we ben withholden, and to our paciente that we doen no damage: wherfore it happeth many time and oft, that whan two men have everiche wounded other, one Surgien heleth 'hem bothe, wherfore unto our art it is not pertinent to norish warre, ne parties to supporte. But certes, as to the warishing of your doughter, al be it so that perilously she be wounded, we shall doe so tentife businesse fro daie to night, that, with the grace of God, she shall ben whole and sounde, as sone as is possible. Almoſte right in the same wise the Phisiciens answerde, save that thei saiden a fewe wordes more: That right as maladies ben by ther contraries cured, right so shall man warishe warre by pece. His neighbours full of envie, his fained frendes that semed reconciled, and his flatterers, maden semblance of weping, and enpaired and agretched moche of this matter, in praifing gretly Melibe, of might, of power, of richesse, and of frendes, dispising the power of his adversaries: and saied utterly, that he anon should wreken him on his foes, and begin warre.

Up rose than an Advocate that was wise, by leve and by counsaile of other that were wise, and saied: The nede, for the whiche we ben assembled in this place, is full hevie thing, and a grete matter, bicause of the wrong and of the wickednesse that hath be doen, and eke by reson of grete damages, that in time comming ben possible to fallen for the same, and eke by reson of the grete riches and power of the parties bothe; for the whiche resons, it wer a full grete perill to erren in this matter. Wherfore, Melibens, this is our sentence, we counsaile you aboven al thing, that right anon thou doe thy diligence, in keping of thy proper person, in such a wise that thou ne wante no espie ne watche, thy body

for to save: And after that, we counsaile that in thine hous thou set sufficient garrison, so as thei maie as well thy bodie as thy hous defende: but certes to moven warre, or to doen sodainly vengeance, we maie not deme in so little time, that it were profitable, wherfore we aske leiser and space, to have deliberacion in this case to deme, for the common proverbe saith thus: He that sone demeth sone shall repent. And eke men sain, thilke Judge is wise that sone understondeth a matter, and judgeth by leiser: For all be it taryng be noifull, algate it is not to be reproved in yeving of judgement, ne in vengeance taking, whan it is sufficiente and resonable. And that shewed our Lorde Jesu Christ by ensample, for whan the woman was taken in avoutrie, and was brought in his presens to knowen what shuld be doen of her persone, all be it that he wiste well himself what he would answer, yet ne would he not answer sodenly, but he would have deliberacion, and in the ground he wrote twise, and by this cause we asken deliberacion: and we shal than by the grace of God counsaile you that thing that shal be profitable.

Up sterte than the yong folke at ones, and the most part of that companie have skorned this olde wise man, and begon to make noise and saied. Right so as whiles that iron is hot men should smite, right so men should wreken ther wronges while that thei ben freshe and newe, and with londe voice thei cried, warre, warre. Up rose tho one of the olde wise, and with his hond made countenance that thei should holden 'hem stil, and yeven him audience. Lordinges (qð he) there is ful many a manne that crieth warre warre, that wote full lite what warre amounteth. Warre at his beginning hath so grete an entring and so large, that every wight maie enter whan him liketh, and lightly find warre: but certes what ende thereof shall fall, it is not lightly to knowe. Whan that warre is ones begon, there is full many a child unborn of his mother, that shal sterve yong, bicause of thilke warre, other els live in sorowe, or dien in wretchednesse: And therefore or that any warre be bigon, menne must have grete counsaile and gode deliberacion. And whan this old manne wende to enforcen his tale by reson, well nie al at ones bigon for to rise, for to breken his tale, and bidden him full ofte his wordes to abregge: For certes he that precheth to 'hem that liste not to here his wordes, his sermon 'hem annoieth. For Jesus Sirake saith, that Musick in wepinge is a noious thinge. This is as moche to saie, as moche availleth it to speke biforne folke to whiche his speche anoieth, as it is for to singen biforne 'hem that wepe. And whan this wise man saw that him wanted audience, all shamfast he set him adoun ayen. For Salomon saith: there as thou maist not have audience, enforce The not to speke. I se well (qð this wiseman) that the common Proverbe is sothe, that gode counsaile wanteth, whan it is moste nede.

Yet hadde this Melibens in his counsaile many folke, that privily in his ere counsailed him certain thinges, and counsailed him the contrary in generall audience. Whan Melibens had herd that the grettest part of his counsaile were accorded that he should make warre, anon he consented to ther counsailling, and fully affirmed ther sentence. Than dame Prudence, whan that she sawe her husbonde shope him for to awreke him on his enemies, and to begin warre: she in full humble wise, whan she sawe her time, saied to him these wordes. My Lorde (qð she) I you beseeche as hertly as I dare or can, ne haste you not to fast, and for all guerdons yeve me audience. For Peter Alphons saith, Who so doeth to The gode or harme, haste The not to quire it, for in



in this wise thy frend wol abide, and thine enemye shall the longer live in drede. The Proverbe saith, he hasteth well that wisely can abide: And in wicked hast is no profite.

This Melibe answerd to his wife Prudence: I purpose not (quod he) to werke by thy counsaile, for many causes and reasons, for certes every wighte would holde me than a sole. This is to saie, if I for thy counsailling would chaunge thinges that ben ordained and affirmed by so many wise. Secondely, I saie that all women ben wicked, and none gode of hem al. For of a thousande men saith Salomon, I founde one gode man: but certes, of all women founde I never non. And also certes, if I governed me by thy counsaile, it should seme that I had yve The over me the maistrie: and God forbid that so it were. For Jesus Sirake saith, that if the wife have maistrie, she is contrarious to her husbande. And Salomon saith, Never in thy life, to thy wife, ne to thy childe, ne to thy frende, ne yve no power over thy self, for better it wer that thy children aske of The thinges that hem nedeth, than thy self to be in the handes of thy children. And also if I woll werche by thy counsaile, certes my counsaile must be sum time secrete, till it were time that it must be known: and this ne maie not be, if I should be counsailed by The. When dame Prudence full debonairly and with grete patience, had herd all that her husbande liked for to saie, than asked she of him licence for to speke, and saied in this wise. My lord (quod she) as to your first reson, it maie lightly ben answerd. For I saie that it is no folie to chaunge counsaile whan the thing is chaunged, or els whan the thing semeth otherwise than it semed afore. And moreover I saie, though that ye have sworn and behight to performe your emprise, and by just cause ye doe it not: men should not saie therfore ye wer a lier and forsworne. For the boke saith, that the wise man maketh no lesing, whan he tourneth his corage for the better. And albeit that your emprise be established, and ordeined by grete multitude of folke, yet dare you not accomplishe thilke ordinance but you liketh: for the trouthe of thinges, and the profite ben rather founden in fewe folke that ben wise and full of reson, than by grete multitude of folke, there every man crieth and clattereth what him liketh: sothly soche multitude is not honest. And as to the second reson, where as ye saie, that al women ben wicked: save your grace, certes ye despise al women in this wise, and he that al despiseth, as saith the boke, al displeseth. And Senecke saith, that whoso wol have sapience, shall no man dispraise, but he shall gladly teche the science that he can, without presumption or pride: and soche thinges as he nought ne can, he shall not ben ashamed to lerne hem, and to enquire of lesse folke than himself. And that ther hath ben many a gode woman, maie lightly be proved: for certes, sir, our Lorde Jesu Christ n'olde never han descended to be borne of a woman, if al women had ben wicked. And after that, for the grete bounte that is in women, our Lorde Jesu Christ, whan he was risen fro deth to life, appered rather to a woman, than to his Apostles. And though that Salomon saied, he founde never woman gode, it foloweth not therefore that all women be wicked: for though that he ne founde no gode woman, certes many an other man hath founde many a woman full gode and true. Or els paraventure the entente of Salomon was this, that in sovereign bounte he found no woman, this is to say: that there is no wight that hath parfite bounte save God alone, as he himself recordeth in his Evangelie. For there n'is no creature so gode, that him ne wanteth somewhat of the perfeccion of God that is his maker.

Your third reson is this, ye say that if ye governe you by my counsaile, it should seme that ye had yve me the maistrie and the lordship of your person. Sir, save your grace it is not so, for if so were that no man should be counsailed but onely of hem that han lordship and maistrie of his persone, men n'olde not be counsailed so ofte. For sothly thilke man that asketh counsaile of a purpose, yet hath he fre will whither he woll doe after that counsaile or non. And as to your fourth reson, there as ye saie that the janglerie of women can hide thinges that thei wote not, as who so saith, that a woman can not hide that she wote. Sir, these wordes ben understonde of women that ben jangelers and wicked, of whiche women men sain that thre thinges driven a manne out of his hous, that is to saie, smoke, dropping of rain, and wicked wives. And of soche women Salomon saith, that a man were better dwell in deserte, than with a woman that is riotous. And by your leave it am not I, for ye have ful oft assaied my grete silence and my grete patience, and eke how well that I can hide and hele thinges, that men oughten secretly to hiden. And sothly as to your fift reson, where as ye saie that in wicked counsaile women venquish the men: God wot that thilke reson stant here in no stede: for understondeth now ye asken counsaile for to doe wickednes: And if ye would werken wickednesse, and your wife restraineth thilke wicked purpose, and overcome you by reson and by gode counsaile, certes your wife ought rather to be praised than blamed. Thus should ye understond the Philosoper that saith, in wicked counsaile women venquish the husbandes. And there as ye blame all women and ther reasons, I shall shewe you by many ensamples, that many women have be ful gode and yet ben, and ther counsaile wholsome and profitable. Eke some men han saied, that the counsaile of women is either to dere, or to little worth. But albeit so that full many women be bad, and ther counsaile vile and nought worth, yet han menne found full many a gode woman, and full discrete and wise in counsailling. Lo Jacob through the counsaile of his mother Rebecke, wan the benison of his father, and the Lordship of all his brethern. Judith, thorowe her gode counsaile, delivered the cite of Bethule, in whiche she dwelt, out of the hond of Holoferne that had it all besieged, and would have destroyed it. Abigaile delivered Naball her husband, fro David the King, that would have slaine him, and appeased the ire of the King by her wit, and by her gode counsaile. Hester by her counsaile enhaunced greatly the peple of God, in the reigne of Assuerus the king. And the same bountie in gode counsailling of many a gode woman maie men rede and tell. And furthermore, whan that our Lorde had created Adam our forme father, he saied in this wise: It is not gode to be a manne alone: make we an helper to himself semblable. Here maie ye se that if that women were not gode, and ther counsaile gode and profitable, our Lorde God of heven ne would neither han wrought hem, ne called hem the helper of man, but rather confusion to man. And there saied a clerke ones in two verses. What is better than goide? Jasper. What is better than Jasper? Wisedome. And what is better than Wisedome? Woman. And what is better than a gode woman? That is a gode man. And what is better than a gode man? Nothing. And sir, by many other reasons maie ye sene that many women ben gode, and eke ther counsaile gode and profitable. And therefore, sir, if that ye woll truste to my counsaile, I shall restore you your daughter hole and sounde, and eke that I woll doe you so moche, that ye shall have honour in this case.



Whan Melibe had herd the wordes of his wife Prudence, he saide thus. I se well that the wordes of Salomon be soth. For he saith the wordes that be spoken discretly by ordinaunce, ben Honie Combes, for thei yeven swetnesse to the soule, and holsomnesse to the body. And wife, bicause of thy swete wordes, and eke for I have proved and assaied thy grete Sapience and thy grete trowth: I woll governe me by thy counsaile in all thing.

Now sir (q<sup>d</sup> dame Prudence) and sithens that ye vouchsafe to be governed by my counsaile, I woll enforme you how that ye shall governe your self, in chosing of your counsaillours. Ye shall first in all your werke, mekely besechyng to the hie God that he woulde be youre counsaillour, and shapeth you to suche entent that he yeve you counsaile and comforte, as taught Thobie his sonne; At all times thou shalt blisse God, and praie him to dresse thy waies, and loke eke that thy counsailes ben in him ever more. Saint James saith, if anye man of you have nede of sapience, aske it of God. And afterwarde, than shullen ye take counsaile in youre selfe, and examine well your owne thoughtes, of suche thinges as you thinke that ben beste for youre profite. And than shal ye drive fro your herte thinges that be contrarious to gode counsaile: that is to saye, ire, covetise, and hastinesse.

First he that asketh counsaile of himselfe, certes he must be withouten ire and wrath in himselfe, for many causes. The firste is this: He that hath gret ire and wrath in himselfe he wenerth alwaye that he may doe thing that he may not do. And secondly, he that is yrous and wrothful, he may not well deme: And he that maye not well deme, maye not well counsell. The thirde is this, he that is yrous and wroth, as saith Sencke, maie not speke but blamefull thinges, and with thilke vicious wordes he stirreth other folke to angre and to ire. And eke sir ye muste drive covetise out of your herte. For the Apostle saith, that covetise is the rote of all harmes. And trusteth right well that a covetous man ne can not deme ne thinke but onely to fulfil the ende of his covetise: and certes that ne may never be accomplished, for evermore, the more habundaunce that he hath of richesses, the more he desireth. And sir ye muste also drive oute of your hert hastinesse: For certes ye may not deme for the best a sodaine thought that falleth in your herte, but ye muste avise you on it full ofte: For as ye have herde here bifore, the comen Proverbe is this. He that sone demeth, sone repenteth.

Sir, ye ne be not alway in like disposicion, for certes some thing that semeth somtime to you that is gode for to do, an other time it semeth to you the contrarie.

And whan ye han taken counsaile in your selfe, and han demed by gode deliberacion suche thing as you semeth beste, than rede I you that ye kepe it secrete. Bewraye ye not your counsaile to no person, but if so be that ye wene sikerly that through your bewraynge, your condicion shall be to you the more profitable. For Jhesus Sirake saith: neyther to thy foe ne to thy frende, discover not thy secret, ne thy folie: for they woll yeve you audience and lookinge, and supportacion in your presence, and scorne you in your absence. Another Clerke saith, that scarflie shall you finde anie person that maie kepe counsaile sykerly. The boke saith, while that thou kepest thy counsaile in thine herte, thou kepest it in thy prison: and whan thou bewrayist thy counsaile to anie wighte, he holdeth The in his share. And therefore you is better to hide your counsaile in your hert, than to praie him to whom ye have bewrayde your counsaile, that he woll kepe it close still.

For Seneca saith: If so be that thou maiste not thine owne counsaile hide, how darste thou praie anie other wight thy counsaile secret to kepe. But nathelesse if thou wene sikerly that the bewrayinge of thy counsaile to a person wol make thy condicion stonde in the better plichte, than shalt thou tell him thy counsaile in this wise. First thou shalt make no semblant whether The were leve pece or warre, or this or that, ne shewe him not thy will ne thine entent: For truste well that comenly these counsaillours ben flatterers, namely the counsaillours of grete lordes, for they enforce 'hem alway rather to speke pleasaunt wordes enclinyng to the lord's luste, than wordes that ben trew or profitable, and therefore men saye that the riche man hath felde gode counsaile, but if he have it of himselfe. And after that thou shalt consider thy frendes and thine enemies. And as touching thy frendes, thou shalt consider whiche of 'hem ben moeste faithfull and most wise, and eldest, and moeste approved in counsaillinge: and of 'hem shalt thou aske thou counsaile, as the case requireth.

I saye, that first ye shall call to your counsaile your frendes that ben trewe. For Salomon saith: that right as the herte of a man deliteth in savoure that is sote, righte so the counsaile of trewe frendes yeveth swetenesse to the soule. And he saith also, there maye nothing be likened to the trewe frende: For certes golde ne silver be not so muche worth as the gode will of a trewe frende. And also he saith that a trewe frende is a strong defence, who so that it findeth, certis he findyth a grete tresure. Than shall ye also consider if that your true frendes be discrete and wise: for the boke saith, aske alwaye thy counsaile of them that be wise. And by this same reson shall ye call to your counsaile your frendes that ben of age, suche as seme and ben expert in many thinges, and ben approved in counsailling. For the boke saith, that in olde menne is sapience, and in longe time the prudence. And Tullius saith, that grete thinges ben not aye accomplished by strength, ne by delivernesse of body, but by counsaile, by auctorite of persones, and by science: the whiche thre thinges ne ben not feble by age, but certes they enforce and encrece daye by daye; and than shall ye kepe this for a generall rule. Firste shall ye call to your counsaile a fewe of your frendes that ben especiall. For Salomon saith, many frendes have thou, but amonge a thousande chose The one to be thy counsaillour: For al be it so that thou firste ne tell thy Counsaile but to a fewe, thou mayste afterwarde tell it to moe folke if it be nede. But loke alwaie that thy counsaillers have those condicions that I have sayd before, that is to saie, that thei be trew, wise, and of olde experience. And werke not alway in every nede by one Counsailler alone: for sometime behoveth it to be counsailed by manie. For Salomon saith, salvation of thinges is where as there be many counsaillers.

Nowe have I tolde you of whiche folke ye shall be counsailed: nowe wol I tel you whiche counsaile ye ought to eschue. First ye shal eschue the counsaillinge of foles. Salomon saith, take no counsaile of a fole: for he woll counsaile but after his owne lust and his affeccion. The boke saith, that the proper tie of a fole is this: He troweth lightly harme of every man, and lightly troweth all bountie in himself. Thou shalt eschue the counsailling of all flatterers, which as enforchen 'hem rather to praie your person by flattery, than for to tell you the sothfastnesse of thinges. Wherefore, Tullius saith, amonge all the pestilence that ben in frendeship, the gretist is flattery. And therefore it is more nede that thou eschue and drede flaterers, than any other peple. The boke saith, thou shalt rather fle fro the swete wordes of flateriug and praising, than fro the egre wordes of thy frendes that



that saith The sothes. Salomon saith, that the wordes of a flaterer is a snare to catche Innocentis. He saith also, he that speketh to his frende wordes of flaterie and of plesauce, he setteth a net beforne his fete to catche him. And therfore Tullius saith. Encline not thine eres to flaterers, ne take no counsaile of flaterers. And Caton saith, Avise The well, and eschue the wordes of swetenesse and plesauce. And eke thou shalte eschue the counsaile of thine olde enemies that ben reconciled. The boke saith, that no wight returneth safelie into the grace of his olde enemy. And Ilope saith, ne trust not to hem, to which thou hast somtime had warre or enemite, ne tel hem not thy counsaile. And Senek telleth the cause why it maye not be, for he saith, there as grete fire hath longe time endured, that there dwelleth some vapoure of hete. And therfore saith Salomon, in thine olde foe truste thou never. For sikerly though thine enemy be reconciled, and make The signe of humilite, and loute to The with his hed, truste him never: for certes he maketh thiike fained humilite more for his profite then for any humilite, or for any love of thy person, bicause that he demeth to have victory over thy persone by such fained countenance, the whiche victorie he might not have by strile or warre. And Petrus Alphons saith, make no felowship with thine olde enemies, for if thou do hem bountie, they wollen pervert it to wickednesse. And eke thou must eschue the counsaile of hem that ben thy servautes, and beren The grete reverence: for peraventure they fain it more for drede than for love. And therfore saith a philosopher in this wise; There is no wight parfitly true to him that he dredeth. And Tullius saith, there is no might so grete of any emperour that long may endure, but he have love of the peple and drede. Ye shall eschue also the counsaile of folke that ben dronkelewe, for they ne can no counsaile hide. For Salomon saith, ther n'is no privitye there as reigneth dronknesse. Ye shal have also in suspecte the counsaile of suche folke as counsaile you one thing prively, and counsaile you the contrarie openly. For Cassidorie saith, that it is a maner of sleight to hinder his enemy when he sheweth to done a thing openly, and werketh prively the contrary. Thou shalte have also in suspecte the counsaile of wicked folke, that be alwaie full of fraude. And David saith, that blisful is the manne that hath not followed the counsaile of shrewes. Thou shalt also eschue the counsaile of yonge folke, for ther counsaile is not ripe, as Salomon saith.

Nowe sir, sithens I have shewed you of suche folke as ye shal be counsailed of, and folowe it: nowe woll I teche you howe ye shall examine your counsaile. After the doctrine of Tullius, in examininge of youre counsaile, ye shall consider many thinges.

First thou shalt consider thiike thing that thou purposest, and upon that thing that thou wolt have counsaile, that very trueth be said and conserved, this is to say, tel truly thy tale, for he that saith false, may not well be counsailed in that case, of whiche he lieth. After this thou shalte consider the thinges that acorden to that thou purposest for to doe by thy counsaile, if reson acorde therto, and eke if thy might maie attaine therto: and if the more parte and the better parte of your counsaile accorden therto or no. Than shalt thou consider what thing shall folowe of ther counsaile: As hate, pece, warre, grace, profite, or damage, and many other thinges: and in all thinges thou shalt chose the beste, and weye all other thinges. Than shalt thou consider of what rote is engendred the matter of thy counsaile, and what fruite it may conceive and en-

gender. Thou shalt eke consider all the causes, from whence they be sprong. And when thou hast examined thy counsaile, as I have said, and which party is the better and more profitable, and hast approved it by many wise folke and olde, than thou shalt consider, if thou maiste performe it and make of it a gode ende. For certes reson wol not that any man shall beginne a thinge, but if he might performe it as him ought: ne no wight shoulde take upon him so hevie a charge, but that he might bere it. For the proverbe saith, he that to muche enbraceth distraineth litell. And Caton saith, assaie to do suche thinges as thou hast power to done, lest the charge oppresse The to sore, that The behoveth weve thinge that thou hast begonned. And if so be that thou be in doute, whether thou maist performe a thing or none, chose rather for to suffer than to beginne. And Peter Alphons saith, if thou hast might to do a thing, of which thou must repent, it is better holde thy tonge still than for to speke. Than maiste thou understonde by stronger reasons, that if thou hast power to performe a werke of whiche thou shalt repent The, than is it better thou suffer than begin. Wel saine they that defenden everie wight to assaie a thing of whiche he is in dout whether he maye performe it or none. And after when ye have examined your counsaile (as I have saide before) and knowe well that ye maye performe your emprise: conferme it than sadly till it be at an ende.

Nowe it is reson and time that I shewe you, whan and wherfore that ye may chaunge your counsaile, withouten reprove. Sothly a man may chaunge his purpose and his counsaile; if the cause ceseth, or whan a new case betideth. For the lawe saith, that upon thinges that newly betideth, behoveth newe counsaile. And Senek saith, if thy counsaile is come to the eres of thine enemies, chaunge thy counsaile. Thou maiste also chaunge thy counsaile, if so be thou finde that by errour or by any other cause, harme or damage maie betide. Also if thy counsaile be dishonest, other els come of dishoneste cause, chaunge thy counsaile. For the lawe saith, that all behestes that be dishoneste, ne ben of no value: And eke, if so be that it be impossible or maye not gladly be performed or kepte.

And take this for a generall rule, that every counsaile that is affirmed stronglye, that it may not be chaunged for no condicion that maie betide, I say that ilke counsaile is wicked.

**M**elibeeus, when he had herde the doctrine of his wyfe Dame Prudence, aunswerde in this wise. Dame (quod he) as yet unto this time ye han well taught me, as in governaile howe I shall governe me in the chosinge and in the withholdinge of my counsaile: But nowe should I faine that ye would condescende in especiall, howe that ye semeth by our counsaile that we have chose in this present nede.

My lord (quod she) I beseeche you in all humblesse, that ye woll not wilfully replie ayenst my reasons, ne distemper your hert though I speke thing that you displese, for God wot as in mine entente, I speke it as youre beste and for the beste for your honoure and profit eke, and sothly I hope that your benigneite woll take it in pacience. And trusteth me well that your counsaile in this case ne shuld not (as to speke properly) be called a counsaile, but a mocion or a movinge of folke, in whiche counsaile ye have erred in many a sondrie wise.

Firste ye have erred in the assemblinge of your counsaile: For firste ye should have cleped a fewe folke to your counsaile, and after ye might have shewed it to mo, if it had be nede. But ye have cleped to your counsaile a grete multitude of peple, ful chargeous



chargeous and full noyous for to here. Also ye have erred, for there as ye shoulde have onelie cleped to your counsaile your trewe frendes, olde and wife, ye have cleped straunge folke, yonge folke, false flatterers, and enemies reconciled, and folke that done you reverence withouten love. And eke ye have erred, for ye have brought with you to your counsaile, ire, covetise, and hastinesse, the which thre thinges ben contrary to every gode counsaile, honest and profitable, the whiche thre thinges ye have not destroyed neither in your selfe ne in your counsaillours, as ye ought. Ye have erred also for ye have shewed to your counsaillours your talent and your affections to make waire anon, and for to doe vengeance, and they have espyde by your wordes, to what thing ye ben enclined: and therefore han they rather counsailed you to your talent, than to youre profite. Ye han erred eke, for it semeth that you suffiseth to have be counsailed by these counsaillours onely, and with litle avisement, where as in so hie and in so gret a nede, it had ben necessarie mo counsaillours, and more deliberacion to performe your emprise. Ye han erred also, for ye have not examined your counsaile in the forsayd maters, ne in dewe maner as the case requirith. Ye have erred also, for ye made no division bytwene your trew frendes and your fained counsaillours: ne ye have not knowen the will of your trew counsaillours and frendes, olde, and wife, but ye have caste all ther wordes in an hoche poche, and enclined your herte to the more parte and to the gretter nombre of foles than of wise men. And therefore the counsaillinges that ben at congregacions and multitudes of folke, there as men take more regarde to the nombre than to the sapience of persons, ye fene well, that in suche counsaillinges, foles han the maistrie. Melibe answerde and said aye: I graunt well that I have erred, but there as thou haste told me here biforne, that he n'is not to blame that chaungeth his counsaile in certaine case, and for certaine and juste cause, I am all redye to chaunge my counsaillours righte as thou wouldest devise. The Proverbe saith, for to done sinne is mannishe, but certes for to percever longe in sinne, is the werke of the Divell.

To this sentence answereth anon dame Prudence and saide: Examineth (qð she) well youre counsaile, and let us se whiche of 'hem hathe spoke most reasonably, and taughte you beste counsaile. And for as muche as the examinacion is necessarie, lette us begin at Surgens and Phisiciens, that first spake of this mater. I say that Phisiciens and Surgiens have saide you in your counsaile discretly, as 'hem ought: and in ther speche saide full wisely, that to the office of 'hem appertaineth to donne to everye wighte honoure and profite, and no wight to anoie, and after ther craite to done grete diligence unto the cure of 'hem, which they have in ther governaunce. And sir, right as they have answerde wisely and discretly, righte so rede I that they ben hiely and soverainly guerdoned for ther noble speche, and eke for they shall more done ther ententive besinesse in the curacion of your doughter; for al be it so they ben your frendes, therefore shullen ye not suffre, that they serve you for naught, but ye ought therafter guerdon 'hem, and pay 'hem ther largesse. And as touching the propocicion, whiche the Phisiciens entreteden in this case, this is to saine, that in maladies is, that contrarie is warished by an other contrarie: I wold faine knowe howe ye understonde thilke texte, and what is your sentence. Certes (qð Melibeus) I understond it in this wise. Righte as they han done me a contrarie, so shoulde I done 'hem an other, for righte as they han venged 'hem upon me, and done me wronge, right so wold I venge me upon 'hem, and

done 'hem wrong, and than I cured one contrarye by an other.

Lo lo (qð dame Prudence) how lightly is every man enclined to his owne desire and his owne pleasure! Certes (qð she) the wordes of the Phisiciens ne shoulde not ben understond in that wise, for certes wickenesse is not contrary to wickednesse, ne vengeance is not contrarie to vengeance, ne wronge to wronge, but everye of 'hem encreseth and engendreth other. But certes the wordes of the Phisiciens should be understond in this wise, for gode and wickednesse ben two contraries: and pece and warre, vengeance, and suffraunce, discord, and acorde, and many other thinges: But certes wickednesse shal be warished with godenes, discorde by acorde, warre by pece, and so forthe in other thinges. And therto acordeth saint Paule the Apostell in many places: He saith, ne yelde not harme for harme, ne wicked spech for wicked speche, but do wel to 'hem that don to The harme, and blesse them that saith The harme. And in many other places he amonisheth pece and acord. But now wol I speke of the counsaile which was iyeve unto you by menne of Lawe, and the wise folke, and olde folke, that sayden all by one acorde as ye herde beforne, that over all thinges ye shall done your besinesse and diligence to kepe your persone, and to warnstore your house: And they saide also, that in this case ye ought to werchen ful wisely and with grete deliberacion. And sir, as to the firste pointe, that toucheth the keping of your persone: ye shall understonde that he that hath warre, shal ever devoutly and mekely praen, biforne all thinges, that Jesu Christ of his mercy wold have him in his proteccion, and to be his soveraine helper at his nede: For certes in this worlde there n'is no wight that maie be counsailed ne kepte sufficiently without the keping of our lorde Jesu Christe. To this sentence acordeth the Prophet David that saith: if God ne kepte the Cite, in idel waketh he that it kepeth. Nowe sir, than shoulde ye committe the keping of your person to your true frendes, that ben approved and iknow, and of them shoulde ye aske helpe, your person to kepe. For Caton saith: If thou have nede of helpe aske it of thy frendes, for there n'is none so gode a Phisicien as thy true frende. And after this than shal ye kepe you fro all straunge folke, and fro liers, and have alwaie in suspecte ther companie. For Peter Alphons saith, Ne take no company by the waie of no straunge man, but if so be that thou haste knowen him of lenger time: And if so be that he fall into thy companie, paraventure withouten thyne assente and gode will, enquire than as subtilly as thou canste of his conversacion, and of his life biforne, and saine thy waie, saying thou wouldest go thiðer as thou wolte not go, and if he bere a spere, holde The on the righte side of him, and if he bere a sward, holde The on the lefte side of him. And than shal ye kepe you wisely from all maner of suche people as I have saide you here before, and 'hem and ther counsaile eschue. And after this than shal ye kepe you, in suche maner, that for anye presumption of your bodely strength, that ye dispise not ne acounte not the might of your adversary so lite, that ye lette the kepinge of your person for your presumption, for every wise man dredeth his enemy. And Salomon saith: A very fole is he that of al hath drede: But certes he that thorowe hardenesse of his hert and through the hardinesse of himself hath to grete presumption, him shall yvell betide. Than shal ye evermore encounterwaite enbusshementes, and all espiaille. For Seneke saith: The wise man that dredeth harmes, eschueth harmes: He ne falleth in to no perilles, that perill eschueth. And all be it so that thou seme, that thou be in secret place, yet shalt



shalt thou alwaie done diligence in keping of thy person, this is to saie, ne be not negligent to kepe thine owne person, not onely for thy grettest enemy, but also for thy leste enemy. Seneke saith, a man that is wel advised, he dredeth his leste enemy. Ovide saith, that the litel wofull wol sle the grette Bulle and the wilde Herte. And the proverbe saith, that a litell thorne wolle greve a King ful sore, and a litell hounde wolle holde the wilde Bore. But nathelesse I say not thou shalt be so cowarde, that thou doute where as is no drede. The boke saith, that some men have grette luste to disceive, but yet they drede to be disceived. And kepe The fro the companie of skorners: For the boke saith, with skorners ne make no company, but sle the wordes as venom.

Now as to the seconde point, where as youre wyfe Counsaylours counsayled you to warnestore your house with grette diligence, I woulde fayne knowe howe ye understonde thilke wordes, and what is your sentence.

Melibeus answerde and said, certes I understonde it in this wise, that I shall warnestore mine house with toures, suche as have castels and other maner edifices, and armure and archeries, betwene whiche thinges I may my person and my house so kepe and defende, that mine enemies shullen be in drede mine house to aproche. To this sentence answerde anon Prudence. Warnstoringe (qð she) of hie toures and of hie edifices, is with grette costages and with grette travaile, and whan that they ben accomplished, yet ben they not worth a strawe, but if they ben defended with trew frendes, that ben olde and wise. And understondeth well, that the grettest and the strongest garison that riche men may have, as well to kepen ther person as ther godes is, that they be beloved with ther subiectes, and with ther neighbours. For thus saith Tullius, that there is a maner garison, that no man maie venquish ne discomfite, and that is a lorde to be biloved of his citezins, and of his peple.

Nowe sir, as to the thirde point, where as your olde and wise Counsaylours saide, that ye ought not sodainly ne hastily procede in this nede, but that ye oughten purvayen and aparayle you in this case, with grette diligence and deliberacion. Verely I trowe that they saied right treuly and right soth. For Tullius saith: In every dede or thou begin it, apparaile The with grette diligence. Than saie I, in vengeance taking, in warre, in bataile, and in warnestoringe, or thou begin I rede that thou aparaille The therto, and do it with grette deliberacion. For Tullius saith: The longe apparailing tofore the bataile maketh short victorie. And Cassiodorus saith: The garison is stronger, whan it is longe time avised. But nowe let us speke of the Counsaile that was accorded by youre neighbours, such as done you reverence withouten love, your olde enemies reconciled, your flatterers, that counsailed you certayne thinges prively, and openly counsailed you the contrarie. The yonge folke also, that counsailed you to venge you, and to make warre anon. Certes sir, as I have saide byfore, ye have gretly erred to clepe suche maner of folke to your counsaile, whiche counsaylours ben inoughe reproved by the resons afore-said. But nathelesse let us now discende to the speciall. Ye shull first procede after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes the trouthe of this mater or of this counsaile, nedeth not diligently to enquire, for it is well wiste, which they ben that han don you this trespass and villanie, and howe many trespassours, and in what maner they have done all this wronge to you, and all this villany. And after this, then shull ye examine the seconde condicion, whiche Tul-

lius addeth in this matter. For Tullius putteth a thing, whiche that he clepeth consenting: this is to saie, who ben thei, and whiche ben they, and howe manie, that consenten to thy counsaile in thy wilfulnesse, to done hastie vengeance. And let us consider also who ben they, and how manie they ben that consented to your adversaries. As to the firste point, it is well knowen whiche folke they be, that consented to your hastie wilfulnesse. For truely all tho that counsaile you to maken sodaine warre, ne be not your frendes. Let se nowe whiche ben they that ye holden so gretly your frendes, as to your person: For albeit so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ben but alone: for truely ye ne have no childe but a doughter, ne ye have no brethren ne Cosins Germains, ne none other nie kinrede, wherefore your enemies should stinte to plete with you, ne to distroy your person. Ye know also that your richesse mote be dispended in diverse parties. And whan that everie wight hath his parte, they wollen take but litell regarde to venge your deth. But thine enemies ben thre, and they have many Brethren, Children, Cosins, and other nie Kinrede: and though so were, that thou haddest slaine of hem two or thre, yet dwelleth there inowe to avenge ther deth, and to sle thy person. And though so be that your kinrede be more stedfaste and siker than the kinne of your adversaries, yet nathelesse your kinrede is but after kinrede, for they ben but litell sibbe to you, and the kinne of your enemies ben nie sibbe to hem. And certes as in that, ther condicion is better than is yours. Than lette us consider also of the counsaillinge of hem, that counsailed you to take sodaine vengeance, whether it acorde to reson or non: And certes ye knowe wel nay, for as by right and reson, there may no man take vengeance of no wight, but the judge that hath jurisdiction of it, when it is graunted him to take vengeance, hastelie, or attemperatly as the Lawe requireth. And yet more over of thilke worde that Tullius clepeth consenting, thou shalt consider, if that thy mighte and thy power maye consente and suffise to thy wilfulnesse, and to thy counsaylours: And certes thou maiste well saie naye, for likerlye as for to speke properly, we maie doe nothing but suche thinge as we maie done rightfully: and certes rightfully ye may take no vengeance, as of your own proper auctorite. Than maye ye se that your power ne consenteth not ne accordeth not with your wilfulnesse. Nowe lette us examine the thirde point, that Tullius clepeth consequence. Thou shalt undirsonde that the vengeance that thou purposeth for to take is consequent, and therof foloweth an other vengeance, perill, and warre, and other damages withouten nombre, of which we be not ware, as at this time. And as touchinge the fourthe point, that Tullius clepeth engendring thou shalt consider, that this wrong, whiche that is don to The, is engendred of the hate of thin enemies, and of the vengeance taking upon hem, that wolde engender another vengeance, and muchel sorow and wailinge of richesse, as I sayde ere. Nowe sir, as touchinge the fift point, that Tully clepeth causes, whiche is the laste point, thou shalt undirsonde, that the wronge that thou haste received hath certayne causes, whiche that clerkes callen oriens, and efficiens, and causa longinqua, and causa propinqua, that is to saie, the ferre cause, and the nighe cause. The ferre cause is almightie God, that is cause of all thinges. The nere cause is thy thre enemies. The cause accidental was hate. The cause materiall, ben the five woundes of thy doughter. The cause tormalle, is the maner of their werking that brought laders and clambe in at thy windowes. The cause finall was



for to flea thy doughter. it letted not in as moche as in them was. But for to speke of the ferre cause, as to what ende thei shall come, or finally what shal betide of them in this case, ne can I nor deme, but by coniecting and supposing: For we shall suppose that thei shall come to a wicked end, bicause that the boke of decrees saieth. Seld or with grete pain ben causes brought to a gode ende, whan thei ben badly begon.

Now sir, if men would aske me, why that God suffered menne to doe you this villanie? Truly I can not wel answeere, as for no sothfastnesse. For the Apostle saieth, that the sciences, and the judgments of our Lorde God Almighty ben full depe, there maie no man comprehende ne serche hem suffisantly. Nathelesse by certaine presumpcions and coniectinges, I hold and bileve, that God, whiche that is full of Justice and of rightousnesse, hath suffered this betide, by just cause resonable.

Thy name is, Melibee, this is to saie, a man that drinkith Honie. Thou haste dronke so moche honie of swete temporell richesse, and delices of honours of this worlde, that thou arte dronke, and hast forgotten Jesu Christe thy creatour: Thou ne hast not doen to him soche honour and reverence as The ought, ne thou ne hast not taken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that saieth, Under the Honie of the godes of thy bodie, is hid the venime that slaeth thy soule.

And Salomon saieth: if it so be that thou hast found honie, etc of the same honie, that that suffiseth: for if so be that thou etc of the same honie out of mesure, thou shalt spewe, and also be neddy and pore. And paraventure almighty God Jesu Christ hath The in dispite, and hath touned awaie fro The his face, and his eres of misericorde and mercie. And also he hath suffred and give licence, that thou thus shouldest be punished and chastised in the maner that thou hast trespassed and offended. Thou haste doen sinne against our Lorde Christe, for certes the thre enemies of mankinde, that is to saie: the fleshe, the fend, and the worlde, thou hast suffred hem entre into thine herte wilfully, by the windowes of thy bodie, and hast not defended thy self suffisiently ayenst their assautes, and their temptacions, so that thei have wounded thy soul in five places, this is to saie: the dedly sinnes that ben entered into thy herte by thy five wittes. And in the same maner our Lorde Christ hath would and suffred, that thy thre enemies ben entered into thy hous, by the windowes, and have wounded thy doughter in the forsaid maner.

Truely (q<sup>d</sup> Melibee) I se wel that ye enforce you moche by wordes to overcome me, in soche maner, that I shall not venge me on mine enemies, shewing me the perilles and the evils that might fall of this vengeance, but who so would consider in all vengeance, the perilles and evils that might sue of vengeance taking, a man would never take vengeance, and that were harme: for by the vengeance taking, ben the wicked men discovered fro the gode men. And thei that have will to doe wickednesse, restrain their wicked purpose, whan thei se the punishing and chastising of the trespassours: and yet saie I more that right as a singuler persone sinneth, in taking vengeance of an other man, right so sinneth the judge, if he do no vengeance of hem that have deserved. For Senek saith thus: That maister he saith is gode, that preveth shrewes. And as Cassiodor saieth: A man dredeth to doe outrages, whan he wote and knoweth, that it displeth to the Judges and Soveraines. And an other saieth: the judge that dredeth to doe right, maketh men shrewes, And saint Poule the Apostle saieth in his Epistle,

whan he writeth unto the Romanes, that the Judge bere not the spere without cause, but thei bere it to punishe the shrewes and misdoers, and for to defende the gode menne.

If ye woll than take vengeance of your enemies, ye shall retourne and have your recourse to the Judge, that hath the jurisdiction upon hem, and he shall punish hem, as the lawe asketh and requieth.

A ha, saied Melibee, this vengeance liketh me nothing, I bethinke me now, and take hede how that fortune hath nourished me fro my childehode, and hath holpe me to passe many a strong paas: Now I would assaie her, trowing with Godd's help, that she shall helpe me my shame for to avenge.

Truely saied Prudence, if ye woll werke by my counsaile, ye shall not assaie fortune by no waie: ne ye shall not lene or bowe unto her, after the worde of Senek; for thinges that ben foolishly doen, and that ben doen in hope of fortune, shall never come to gode ende. And as the same Senek saith: the more clere and the more shining that fortune is, the more brittle and the soner broke she is. Trusteth not in her, for she is not stedfaste ne stable. For whan thou trowest to be moste sure and stedfast of her helpe, she woll faile and disceive The. And where as ye saie, that fortune hath nourished you fro your childehode, I say that in so moche ye shall the lesse trust in her, and in her wit. For Senek saith: what man that is nourished by fortune, she maketh him a grete sole. Now than sith ye desire and aske vengeance, and the vengeance that is don after the lawe, and bifore the judge, ne liketh you not, and the vengeance that is doen in hope of fortune, is perillous and uncerteine, than have ye none other remedie, but for to have your recourse unto the soverain judge, that vengeth al villanies and wronges. And he shal venge you, after that himself witnesseth, where as he saith: leve the vengeance to me, and I shall doe it.

Melibee answerde, if I ne venge me of the villanie, that men have doen to me, I sommon or warne hem, that have doen to me that villanie, and all other, to doe me an other villanie. For it is written: if thou take no vengeance of an old villanie, thou summonest thine adversaries, to doe The a newe villanie: and also for my sufferance, men would doe me so moche villanie, that I might neither bere it ne sustain it, and so should I be put and holden over lowe. For men saie, in mikell suffering shall many thinges fall unto The, whiche thou shalt not mowe suffer.

Certes (q<sup>d</sup> Prudence) I graunt you, that over moche sufferance is not gode, but yet ne soloweth it not therof, that every persone, to whom men doe villanie, should take of it vengeance: for that appertaineth and longeth all onely to Judges, for thei should venge the villanies and injuries: And therefore those two auctorities, that ye have saied afore, ben onely understonde in the Judges: For whan thei suffer over moche the wronges and villanies to be doen, without punishment, thei sommon not a man all onely for to doe newe wronges, but thei commaunde it. Also a wise man saith, that the Judge that correcteth not the sinner, commaundeth and biddeth him do sinne. And the Judges and soveraines, might in their londe so moche suffice of the shrewes and misdoers, that they should by soche sufferance, by processe time, waxe of soche power and might, that thei should put out the Judges and the Soveraines from their places, and at laste, make hem lese their Lordshippes.

But



But let us now suppose, that ye have leve to venge you: I saie ye be not of might and power, as now to venge you, for if ye wolle make comparison unto the might of your adversaries, ye shuld finde in many thinges, that I have shewed your er this, that their condicion is better than yours, and therefore saie I, that it is gode as now, that ye suffer and be pacient.

Ferthermore, ye knowe wel that after the common sawe, it is a wodenesse, a manne to strive with a stronger, or a more mightie man than he is himself, and for to strive with a man of even strength, that is to saie, with as strong a manne as he is, it is perill: and for to strive with a weker man, it is folie, and therefore shoud a manne flie striving, as mikell as he might. For Salomon saierh: It is a grete worship to a man, to kepe fro noise and strief; and if it so befall and hap, that a man of greter might and strength than thou art, doe The grevaunce: studie and busie The rather to still the same grevaunce, than for to venge The. For Seneke saierh, that he putteth him in grete perill, that striveth with a greter manne than he is himself. And Caton saierh, if a manne of higher estate or degre, or more mightie than thou, do The annoy or grevaunce, suffer him: for he that ones hath greved The, maie an other time releve The and helpe The. Yet sette I case ye have licence for to venge you, I saie that there ben full many thinges, that shall restrain you of vengeance taking, and make you for to encline to suffice, and for to have pacience in the wronges that have ben doen to you. First and formest, if ye wolle consider the fautes that ben in your own persone, for whiche fautes God hath suffred you have this tribulacion, as I have saied to you here before. For the Poete saierh, that we ought paciently take the tribulacions that come to us, whan that we thinke and consider, that we have deserved to have them. And saint Gregorie saierh, that whan a manne considereth well the number of his defautes and of his sinnes, the paines and the tribulacions, that he suffereth, seme the lesse unto him. And in as moche as him thinketh his sinnes, more hevie and grievous, in so moche semeth his paine the lighter and the esier unto him. Also ye owe to encline and bowe your herte, to take the pacience of our Lorde Jesu Christ, as saierh saint Peter in his Epistles. Jesu Christ he saith hath suffred for us, and yeven ensample to every man to folowe and sue him, for he did never sinne ne never came there a villainous worde out of his mouth. Whan men cursed him, he cursed 'hem not. And whan men bete him, he menaced hem not. Also the grete pacience, which Saintes, that ben in Paradise, have had in tribulacion that thei have suffred, without thei deferte or gilte, ought moche stirre you to pacience. Ferthermore, ye shul enforce you to have pacience, considering that the tribulacions of this worlde but little while endure, and sone passen ben and gone, and the joye that a man seketh to have by pacience in tribulacions is perdurable, after that the Apostle saierh in his Epistle, The joye of God he saierh, is perdurable, that is to saie, everlasting. Also troweth and bileveth stedfastly, that he is not well norished and well taught, that con not have pacience, or wol not receive pacience. For Salomon saierh, that the doctrine and the witte of a man, is knowen by pacience. And in an other place he saierh, that he that is pacient, governeth him by grete prudence.

And the same Salomon saith, The angrie and wrothefull man maketh noises, and the pacient man attempreth and stilleth 'hem. He saith also, it is more worth to be pacient than to be right strong. And he that maie have the Lordship of his own herte,

is more to praise, than he that by his force or strengthe taketh grete citees. And therefore saierh saint James in his Epistle, that pacience is a grete vertue of perfeccion.

**C**ertes (q<sup>d</sup> Melibee) I graunte you Dame Prudence, that pacience is a grete vertue of perfeccion, but every manne maie not have the perfeccion that ye seke, ne I am not of the number of right perfite men. For mine herte maie never be in pece, unto the time it be avenged. And albeit so that it was grete perill to mine enemies, to doe me a villanie, in taking vengeance upon me, yet toke thei no hede of the perille, but fulfilled ther wicked will and ther corage: and therefore me thinketh men ought not to repreve me, though I put me in a litle perill, for to avenge me, and though I doe a grete excesse, that is to saie: that I venge one outrage by an other.

Ah (q<sup>d</sup> dame Prudence) ye saie your will as you liketh: but in no case of the world, a man shoud not do outrage ne excesse, for to venge him. For Cassiodor saierh, that as evill doeth he, that vengeth him by outrage, as he that doeth the outrage. And therefore ye shall venge you after the order of right, that is to saie, by the Lawe, and not by excesse, ne by outrage. And also if you wol venge you of the outrage of your adversaries, in other maner than right commaundeth, ye sinne. And therefore saierh Seneke: that a man shal never venge shreudnesse by shreudnesse. And if ye saie that right asketh to defende violence, and fighting by fighting: certes ye saie soth, whan the defence is doen without intervall, or without tarying or delaie, for to defende him, and not for to venge him. And it behoveth that a man put soch attemperaunce in his defence, that men have no cause ne matter to repreve him, that defendeth him of outrage and excesse, for els were it againe reson. Parde ye knowe well, that ye make no defence as now, for to defende you, but for to venge you: and so sheweth it, that ye have no will to doe your dede attemperately, and therefore me thinketh that pacience is gode. For Salomon saierh, that he that is not pacient, shall have grete harme.

**C**ertes saied Melibe I graunte you, that whan a man is impaciente and wrothe, of that that toucheth him not, and that appertaineth not unto him, though it harme him it is no wonder. For the lawe saith, that he is culpable, that entremetleth or medleth with soche thinges, as appertaineth not unto him. And Salomon saith, that he that entremetleth of the noise or striefe of an other manne, is like to him that taketh a straunge hounde by the eres: For right as he, that taketh a straunge hounde by the eres, is other while bitten by the hond, right so in the same wise, it is reson that he have harme, that by his impacience, medleth him of the noise of an other man, where as it appertaineth not unto him. But ye knowe well that this dede, that is to saie, my grief and my disese, toucheth me right nigh. And therefore though I be wrothe and impacient, it is no mervaille: and saving your grace, I cannot se that it might gretely harme me, though I toke vengeance, for I am richer and more mightie than mine enemies be: And well knowe ye that by money and by havynge grete possessions, ben all thinges of this worlde governed. And Salomon saierh, all these thinges obei to money.

Whan Prudence had herd her husbonde, avaunte him of his richesse and money, dispraising the power of his adversaries, she spake and saied in this wise. Certes dere sir, I graunte you that ye be riche and mightie, and that the richesse is gode to them that have



have well gotten 'hem, and that well can use them. For righte as the bodie of a manne maie not live without the soule, no more maie it live without the temporell godes, and by richesse maie a manne get him grete frendes. And therefore saith Pamphillus: If a Nerthes doughter he saith be riche, she maie chese of a thousande menne, whiche she wolle take to her husbonde: for of a thousande one wolle not forsake her ne refuse her. And this Pamphillus saith also: if thou be right happie, that is to saie, if thou be riche, thou shalte finde a grete number of fellowes and frendes. And if thy fortune chaunge, farewell frendship and felowship, for thou shalte be alone without any companie, but if it be the companie of pore folke. And yet saith this Pamphillus more over, that thei that ben bonde and thrall of linage, shal be made worthy and noble by the richesles. And right so as by the richesles there come many gode-nesses, right so by povertie come there many harmes and evilles, for grete povertie constraineth a manne to doe many evilles. And therefore calleth Cassiodor povertie the mother of ruine, that is to saie, the mother of overthrowing or of falling doune. And therefore saith Peter Alfoune: One of the gretest adversities of this world, is whan a fre man by kinde or of birth, is constrained by povertie, to ete the almose of his enemy. And the same saith Innocente, in one of his bokes: As saith, that sorowfull and mishap is the condicion of a pore begger, for if he aske not his mete, he dieth for hunger, and if he aske he dieth for shame: and algates necessite constraineth him to aske. And therefore saith Salomon, that better is to die, than for to have soche povertie. And as the same Salomon saith: Better is to die of bitter deth, than for to live in soche wise. By these retons that I have saied unto you, and by many other retons that I could saie, I graunt you that richesles ben gode, to 'hem that 'hem well getten, and to 'hem that well usen tho richesles: And therefore wolle I shewe you how ye shall behave you in gathering of richesles, and in what maner she shullen use 'hem.

Firste, ye shall gette 'hem withouten gret desire, by gode leiser, sokingly and not over hastely; for a manne that is to desiring to get richesse, habandoneth him firste to theft and to all other evilles. And therefore saith Salomon: he that hasteth him to busily to wexe riche, he shall be none innocent. He saith also, that the richesse that hastely cometh to a manne, sone and lightly goeth and passeth from a manne, but that richesse that cometh little and little, wexeth alwaie and multiplieth. And sir, ye shall get richesse by your wit and by your travaile, unto your profite, and that without wrong or harme doing to any other persone. For the Lawe saith, there maketh no man him self riche, if he doe harme to an other wight, this is to saie: that nature defendeth and forbiddeth by righte, that no manne make himselfe riche, unto the harme of an other person. And Tullius saith that no sorowe ne no drede of deth, ne nothing that maie fall unto a man, is so moche ayenst nature, as a man to encrece his own profite. to the harme of an other manne. And though the grete and mightie menne gette richesles more lightly than thou, yet shalte thou not be idle, ne slowe to do thy profite, for thou shalte in all wise fle idleness. For Salomon saith, that idleness teacheth a man to doe many evills. And the same Salomon saith, that he that travaileth and busieth him to tilthe his lond, shal ete bred: but he that is idell, and casteth him to no businessse ne occupacion, shall fall into povertie, and die for hunger. And he that is idell and slowe, can never find covenable time for to doe his profite. For there is a versifiour saith, that the idell manne excuseth

him in Winter, bicause of the grete cold, and in Sommer bicause of the hete. For these causes saith Caton, waketh and encline you not over moche for to slepe, for over moche rest nourisheth and causeth many vices. And therefore saith saint Hierom, doe some gode dedes, that the devil, whiche is our enemy, ne finde you not unoccupied, for the devil ne taketh not lightly unto his working, soche as he findeth occupied in gode werkes.

Than thus, in getting richesles ye must fle idleness. And afterwarde ye shall use the richesles, whiche ye have gotte by your wit and by your travaile, in soche maner, that men hold you not to scarce, ne to sparing, ne sole large, that is to saie, over large a spender: for right as men blame an avaricious man, bicause of his scarfitie and chincherie, in the same wise is he to blame, that spendeth over largely. And therefore saith Caton: use (saith he) the richesles that thou hast gotten in soche maner, that men maie have no matter, ne cause to call The nother wretche ne chinch: For it is a grete shame to a manne, to have a pore herte, and a riche purse. He saith also, the godes that thou hast gotte, use them by mesure, that is to saie, spende mesurably, for thei that folishly waste and dispende the godes that thei have, whan thei have no more proper of ther own, than thei shape 'hem to take the godes of an other manne. I saie than that ye shall fle avarice, using your richesles in soche maner, that men saie not that your richesse ben buried, but that ye have 'hem in your might, and in your welding. For a wise man repreve the avaricious man, and saith thus in these verses two. Whereto and why burieth a manne his godes by his gret avarice, and knoweth well, that nedes he must die, for deth is the ende of every man, as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so faste unto his godes, that all his wittes mowe not discover him, ne departe him fro his godes, and knoweth well, or ought to knowe, that whan he is ded, he shall nothing bere with him out of this worlde.

And therefore saith saint Augustin, that the avaricious manne is likened unto helle, that the more it swalloweth, the more desire it hath to swalowe and devoure. And as wel as ye would eschue to be called an avaricious manne or chinch, as wel should ye kepe and governe you in soche a wise, that menne call you not sole large. Therefore saith Tullius: The godes of thing hous ne should not be hid ne kept so close, but that thei might be opened by pite and debonaite, that is to saie to yeve 'hem parte that have grete nede. Ne thy godes should not be so open, to be every mann's godes. Afterwarde in getting of your richesles, and in using 'hem, ye shall alwaie have thre thinges in your herte, that is to saie, our Lorde God, conscience, and gode name. First, ye shall have God in your herte, and for no richesse ye shuld doe any thing, whiche maie in any maner displese GOD your creatour and maker. For after the worde of Salomon, it is better to have a little gode with the love of GOD, than to have moche gode and treasure, and lese the love of his Lorde GOD. And the Prophete saith, that better it is to be a gode manne, and have little gode and treasure, than to be holden a shrewe, and have grete richesse. And yet I saie ferthermore, that ye should alwaie doe your businessse to gette your richesse, so that ye get 'hem with gode conscience. And the Apostle saith, that there n'is thing in this world, of whiche we should have so grete joye, as whan our conscience bereth us gode witnessse. And the Wise manne saith: That the substance of a manne is full gode, whan sinne is not in mann's conscience. Afterwarde in getting



of your riches, and in using of 'hem ye must have grete busynesse, and grete diligence, that your gode name be alwaie kept and conserved. For Salomon saith, that better it is, and more it availeth a man to have a gode name, than for to have grete riches: And therefore he saith in an other place, Doe grete diligence saith Salomon, in keping of thy frendes, and of thy gode name, for it shall lengir abide with The, than any tresoure, be it never so precious. And certes he should not be called a grete gentleman, that after God and gode conscience, all thinges left, ne doeth his diligence and busynesse, to kepe his gode name. And Cassiodor saith, that is a signe of a gentle herte, whan a manne loveth and desireth to have a gode name. And therefore saith saint Augustin, that there ben two thinges that ben right necessarie and also nedeful: and that is gode conscience, and gode love, that is to saie: gode conscience to thine owne persone inward, and gode love for thy neighbour outward. And he that trusteth hym so moche in his gode conscience, that he despiseth and setteth at nought his gode name or love, and recketh not though he kepe not his gode name, n'is but a cruell churle.

Sir, now have I shewed you how ye shuld doe in getting riches, and how ye should use 'hem: And I se well that for the trust that ye have in your riches, ye wol move warre and bataille; I counsaile you that ye begin no warre, in truste of your riches, for thei ne suffise not warres to maintain. And therefore saith a Philosopher: That manne that desireth and would algates have warre, shal never have suffisaunce: for the richer that he is, the greter dispences must he make, if he woll have worship and victorie. And Salomon saith, that the grete riches that a man hath, the more dispendours he hath. And therefore, sir, albeit so that for your riches, ye may have moche folke, yet behoveth it not, ne it is not gode to begin warre, where as ye maie in other maner have pece, unto your worship and profite: For the victories in batailles, that ben in this worlde, lieth not in grete number or multitude of peple, ne in the vertue of man, but it lieth in the will, and in the honde of our Lorde God Almighty. And therefore Judas Machabeus, whiche was God's knight, whan he should fight against his adversarie, that had a greter number, and a greter multitude of folke, and stronger than was his peple of Machabe, yet he recomforted his little companie, and saied right in this wise: Al so lightly, said he, maie our Lorde God Almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folke, as to many folke, for the victorie of a bataille cometh not by the grete number of peple, but it cometh from our Lorde GOD of heaven. And dere sir, for as moche as there is no manne certaine, if it be worthie that God yeve him victorie or not, after that Salomon saith, therefore every manne should gretely drede warres to begin: and bicause that in batailles fall many perills, and happeth other while, that as sone is the grete manne slaine, as the little manne. And as it is written in the seconde boke of Kinges: The dedes of batailles ben adventurous, and nothing certain, for as lightly is one hurte with a Spere, as an other: and for there is grete peril in warre, therefore should a man flie and eschue warre in as moche as a manne maie godlye. For Salomon saith, he that loveth perille, shall fall in perill.

After that Dame Prudence had spoken in this maner, Melibe answerde and saied. I se well dame Prudence, that by your faire wordes and youre resons, that ye have shewed me, that the warre liketh you nothing, but I have not yet herd your counsaile, howe I shall doe in this nede.

Certes (saied she) I counsaile you that ye accorde

with your advertaries, and that ye have pece with 'hem. For saint James saith in his Epistle: That by concorde and pece, small riches wexe grete: and by debate and discorde, riches decaie. And ye knowe well, that one of the grettest and most soveraine thing that is in this worlde, is unite and pece. And therefore saith our Lorde Jesu Christe to his Apostles, in this wise: well happy ben thei, that love and purchase pece, for thei be called the childern of God. Ah, saied Melibe, now se I well, that ye love not mine honour ne my worship. Ye knowe well that mine adversaries have begon this debate and brige by their outrage. And ye se well that thei ne require ne praie me of pece, ne thei aske not to be reconciled. Woll ye than that I go meke me, and obeie me to 'hem, and crye 'hem mercie? Forsothe that were not my worship. For right as menne saie, over grete humblenes engendreth dispraisinge, so fareth it by to grete humilite or mekenesse.

Than began dame Prudence to make semblaunte of wrathe, and saied: Certes sir, save your grace, I love your honour and profite, as I doe mine owne, and ever have doe: ye ne none other never see the contrary. And yet, if I had saied, that ye should have purchased pece and reconciliation, I ne had moche mistake me, ne saied amysse. For the Wife man saith: the discencion beginneth by an other man, and the reconciling beginneth by thy self. And the Prophete saith: she shrewdnes and doe gode-nesse, seke pece and folowe it, in as moche as in The is. Yet saie I not, that ye should rather pursue to your adversaries for pece, than thei should to you: for I knowe well that ye ben so hard herted, that ye wol do nothing for me. And Salomon saith: he that hath over harde an herte, he at last shall mishappe or misbetide.

Whan Melibe had herd dame Prudence make semblaunte of wrathe, he saied in this wise. Dame I praie you, that ye be not displeased of thing that I saie, for ye know wel that I am angrie and wrothe, and that is no wonder: and thei that ben wrothe wot not well what thei doe, ne what thei saie. Therefore the Prophete saith: that troubled eyen have no clere sight. But saie and counsaile me as you liketh, for I am redy to doe right as ye woll desire: And if ye repreve me of my folie, I am the more holden to love and praie you. For Salomon saith, that he that repreveth him that doeth folie, he shall finde greter grace, than he that disceiveth hym by swete wordes.

Than saied Dame Prudence, I make no semblaunt of wrath ne of anger, but for your grete profite, for Salomon saith: he is more worth, that repreveth or chiderh a folie for his folie, shewing him semblaunt of wrath, than he that supporteth him and praiseth him in his misdoing, and laugheth at his folie. And this same Salomon saith afterwarde: That by the sorowfull visage of a manne, that is to saye, by the sorie and hevy countenance of a manne, the folie correcteth and amendeth himselfe.

Than saied Melibe, I shall not conne aunswere unto so manie faire resons as ye put to me and shewe: saye shortly your will and your counsaile, and I am al redy to performe and fulfill it.

Than Dame Prudence discovered all her will unto him and saied. I counsaile you (saied she) above all thinges, that ye make pece bitwene God and you, and be reconciled unto him and to his grace, for as I have saide you here before, God hath suffred you to have this tribulacion and disese for your sinnes: and if ye do as I saye you, God woll sende youre adversaries unto you, and make 'hem fall at your fete, redy to do your will and your commaundement. For Salomon saith, whan the condicion of man is ple-



saunt and liking to God, he chaungeth the hertes of the man's adversaries, and constraineth hem to beseeche him of pece and of grace. And I pray you let me speke with your adversaries prively, for thy shall not knowe that it be of your wil or your assent: And than whan I knowe theyr will and their entent, I may counsaile you the more surely.

Dame saide Melibe, doeth your will and your liking, for I put me holly in your disposicion and ordinance.

Than dame Prudence, when she sawe the gode will of her husbonde, bythoughte hiere and toke advise in her selfe, thinking howe she mighte bringe this nede unto a gode conclusion and to a gode ende: And whan she sawe her time, she sente for these adversaries to come unto her in a prive place. And shewed wisely unto hem the grete godes that come of pece, and the grete harmes and perils that ben in warre, and said to hem in a godelye maner: how that hem ought to have grete repentaunce of the injury and wrong, that they had done to Melibeus her lord, and unto her and to her doughter.

And whan they herd the godely wordes of Dame Prudence, they were so supprised and ravished, and had so gret joye of her, that wonder was to tell.

Ah, lady (saide they) ye have shewed unto us the blissinge of swetnesse after the saying of David the Prophet. For the reconfiling whiche we be not worthy to have in no manere. But we ought require it with grete contricion and humilite, that ye of your godenesse have presented unto us. Now se we wel, that the science and conning of Salomon is full trewe, for he saith: That swete wordes multiply and encrece frendes, and maketh shrewes to be debonaire and meke.

Certes (saide they) we put our dede and all our matter and cause all holly in your gode will, and ben redy to obey at the commaundement of our lorde Melibeus. And therefore dere and benigne lady, we praie and beseeche you, as mekely as we can and maie, that it like unto your grete godenesse, to fulfill in dede your godely wordes. For we consider and knowe, that we have offended and greved our Lorde Melibeus out of mesure: so ferforthe that we be nat of power to make him amendes. And therefore we oblige and binde us and our frendes, for to doe all at his will and commaundemente: but paraventure he hath such hevinesse, and such wraathe to us warde, bycause of our offence, that he woll enjoyne us such a paine, as we mowe not bere ne sustayne. And therefore noble lady, we beseeche your womanly pite, to take such advisement in this nede, that we ne oure frendes be not disherited ne distroied, through our foly.

Certes (saide Prudence) it is an harde thing and right perillous, that a man put him all utterly in arbitration and judgement, and in the might and power of his enemy: For Salomon saith: levethe me, and yeve credence to that I shal say: Ne yeve never the power ne governaunce of thy godes, to thy son, to thy wife, to thy frende, ne to thy brother: ne yeve thou never mighte ne maystrye over thy body while thou livest. Nowe, sith he defendeth that a man should nat yeve to his brother ne to his frende, the might of his bodye; By a stronger reson he defendeth and forbiddeth a manne to yeve himselfe to his enemy. And nathelesse I counsaile you that ye mistrust nat my lorde: for I wote well and know verely, that he is debonaire and meke, large, curteis, and nothing desirous ne covitous of godes riches. For there is nothing in this worlde that he desireth, save onely worship and honoure. Ferthermore I knowe, and am right sure, that he shall nothinge doe in this nede, without my counsaile: and I shall so werke in

this case, that by the grace of oure Lorde God, ye shall be reconfited unto us.

Than saide they with one voice, worshipful lady, we put us and our godes all fully in your will and disposicion, and ben redy to come, what daie that it liketh unto your noblesse to limite us or assine us, for to make our obligacion and bonde, as stronge as it liketh unto your godenesse, that we mowe fulfill the wil of you and of my lorde Melibe.

Whan dame Prudence had herd the answere of these men, she bad hem goe ayen prively and she returned to her lord Melibe, and tolde him howe she founde his adversaries full repentaunt, knowleging full lowly ther sinnes and trespas, and how thei were redy to suffer all paine, requiring and praying him of mercy and pite.

Than saide Melibe, he is well worthy to have pardon and foryeveness of his sinne, that excuseth not his sinne, but knowlegeth and repenteth him, asking indulgence. For Seneke saith, there is the remission and foryevenesse, where as the confession is: for confession is neighbour to innocence. And therefore I assent and confirme me to have pece, but it is gode that we doe nought without the assent and wil of our frendes.

Than was Prudence right gladde and joyfull, and saide: Certes sir, ye have well and godely answered: for righte as by the counsaile, assente, and helpe of your frendes, ye have be steered to venge you and make war: Right so, without ther counsaile shall ye not accorde you, ne have pece with your adversaries. For the lawe saith: there is nothing so gode, by waie of kinde, as a thing to be unbounde by him that it was ibounde.

Than dame Prudence, without delay or tarying, sent anone her messenger, for her kinsfolke and her olde frendes, whiche that were trewe and wise: and tolde hem by order, in the presence of Melibe, all the mater, as it is above exprested and declared. And praied hem that they would saye their advise and counsaile, what best were to do in this nede. And when Melibeus frendes had taken ther advise and deliberacion of the forsaid mater, and had examined it by grete besinesse and diligence, thei yave ful counsaile for to have pece and reste, and that Melibe should receive with gode hert his adversaries, to foryevenesse and mercy.

And when dame Prudence had herde th' assent of her lorde Melibe, and the counsaile of his frendes accorde with her will and her entencion, she was wonderfully glad in her hert, and said. There is an olde Proverbe (saide she) That the godenesse that thou maiste doe this daie, doe it, and abide it not, ne delaye it nat till the nexte daie. And therefore I counsaile, that ye sende your messengers, such as be discrete and wise, unto your adversaries: telling hem on your behalfe, that if they woll trete of pece and accorde, that they shape hem without delay or tarying, to come unto us: whiche thinge perfourmed was in dede. And when these trespassours, and repenting folke of ther folies, that is to saye, the adversaries of Melibeus, had herde what these messengers saide unto hem, they were right gladde and joyfull, and answered full mekely and benignely, yeldinge grace and thanks to ther lorde, Melibee, and to all his companie: and shope hem without delaye to go with the messengers, and obeyed the commaundement of ther lorde Melibeus. And right anone they toke ther waye to the court of Melibe, and toke with hem some of ther true frendes, to make faith for hem, and for to be ther borowes: And whan they were comen to the presence of Melibe, he said to hem these wordes. It stondeth thus, said Melibe, and sothe it is, that causelesse and without skill



skill and reson, ye have done gret injuries and wronges o me and my wife Prudence, and to my doughter also, for ye have entred into my house by violence, and have don such outrage, that all men know wel that ye have deserved dethe. And therefore woll I knowe and wete of you, whether ye woll put the punishing and the chastising and the vengeaunce of this outrage, in the will of me and my wife, or ye wol not.

Then the wifest of 'hem thre answerde for 'hem al, and said. Sir (said he) we knowe well that we ben unworthy to come to the courte of so gret a lorde and so worthy as ye be, for we have so gretly mistaken us, and have offended and agilted in such wise againe your high lordship, that truly we have deserved the dethe, but yet for the grete godenesse and debonaite, that all the worlde witnesleth of your person, we submitte us to the excellence and benigne of your gracious lordshippe, and ben redy to obey to all your commaundementes, beseeching you, that of your merciable pite ye woll consider our grete repentaunce, and lowe submission, and graunte us foryevenesse of our outrageous trespassse and offence: For wel we knowe, that your liberall grace and mercy stretche fether in to the godenesse, than doen our outrageous giltes and trespassses into the wickednesse. Al be it that cursidly and dampnably we have agilted against your high lordship.

**T**Han Melibe toke 'hem up fro the ground full benignely, and received ther obligations and ther bondes, by ther othes upon ther pledges and borowes, and allyned 'hem a certayne day to returne unto his court for to receyve and accept sentence and judgement, that Melibens would commaunde to be don on 'hem, by the causes asoraid, which thinges ordained, every man returned to his house.

And when dame Prudence sawe her time, she fained and asked her lorde Melibe, what vengeaunce he thought take on his adversaries.

To which Melibe answerde, and said: Certes (said he), I thinke and purpose me fully to disherite 'hem of all that ever they have, and for to put them in exile for ever.

Certes said dame Prudence, this were a cruell sentence, and muche ayenst reson. For ye be riche inough, and have no nede of other mennes riches. And ye might lightly in this wise gete you a covetous name, whiche is a vicious thing, and ought be eschewed of every gode manne. For after the saying of the Apostel, Covetise is rote of all harmes. And therfore it were better to you lese so muche gode of your owne, than for to take of their gode in this maner. For better it is to lese gode with worship, than to winne gode with villane and shame. And every man ought to do his diligence and his busynesse, to gete him a gode name. And yet shall he not only busy him in kepinge his gode name, but he shall also enforce him alwaie to doe some thinge, by whiche he maye renewe his gode name. For it is written, that the olde gode lose of a manne or gode name,

is sone gon and passe, whan it is not renewed. And as touchinge, that ye saie that ye woll exile your adversaries: that thinketh me muche ayenst reson, and out of mesure, considringe the power, that they have yeve you upon them self. And it is writen: that he is worthy to lose his privilege, that misuseth the mighte and power that is given him. And I sette case, ye might enjoyne 'hem that paine by righte and lawe, whiche I trowe ye maie not doe: I saie; ye might not put it to execution, for peraventure than it were like to turne to the warre, as it was before. And therfore if ye woll that men do you obeisaunce, ye must demene you more courteisly, that is to saye: ye must yeve more cly sentences and judgement. For it is written: he that most curteisly commaundeth, to him men most obey. And therfore I praye you, that in this necessite and in this nede, ye caste ye to overcome your herte. For as Senek saith: he that overcometh his hert, overcometh twise. And Tully saith: there is nothing so commendable in a grete lord, as when he is debonaire and meke, and aperseeth him lightly. And I pray you that ye wol now forbere to do vengeaunce in suche a maner, that your gode name maie be kept and conserved, and that men maie have cause and matter to praise you of pite and mercy: and that ye have no cause to repent you of thing that is done. For Senek saith: he overcometh in an yvell manere, that repenteth him of his victorie. Wherfore I praye you, lette mercy be in your hert, to th' effect and entent, that God Almighty have mercie upon you in his laste judgement. For saint James saith in his Epistel: judgement without mercy shal be do to him, that hath no mercy of another wight.

Whan Melibe had herde the grete skilles and reasons of dame Prudence, and her wise informations and techinges, his herte gan encline to the will of his wife, considring her trewe entent, conformynge him anon and assented fully to worke after her counsaile: and thanked God, of whom procedeth all godenesse and vertue, that him had sent a wife of so grete discretion. And whan the day came that his adversaries should apere in his presence, he spake to 'hem godely, and saide in this wise.

Al be it so, that of your pride and high presumption and solie, and of your negligence and unconninge, ye have misborne you, and trespaced unto me, yet for as mikell as I se and beholde your gret humilite, and that ye be fory and repentaunt of your giltes, it constraineth me to doe you grace and mercy: Wherfore I receive you to my grace, and fergeve you holly all the offences, injuries, and wronges, that ye have done ayenst me and mine, to th' effecte and ende, that God of his endlesse mercy woll at the time of our dyinge foryeve us our giltes, that we have trespaced to him in this wretched worlde. For doutelesse if we be fory and repentaunt for the sumes and giltes, whiche we have trespaced in the sight of our Lord God: he is so fre and so merciable, that he woll fergeve us our giltes, and bring us to the blisse that never shall have ende. Amen.

Here endeth the TALE of CHAUCER.

Here





### Here foloweth the MONKE's PROLOGUE.

W
 Han endid was the tale of Melibee  
 And of Prudence, and her benigneite,  
 Our hoste saide, as I am a faithful man,  
 And by the precious corpus Madrian,

I had levir than a baril of ale  
 That goodlese my wife had yherde this tale,  
 For she nothing is of suche pacience  
 As was this Melibeus wife Prudence.

By godd's bonis, when I bete my knaves  
 She bringith to me the grete clubbid staves,  
 And cryith, flee the doggis everichone,  
 And breke of them the backe and every bone  
 And it so be any neighbour of mine  
 Wol not in churche unto my wife encline,  
 Or be so hardy to her to trespase,  
 Whan she cometh home she remnith in my face,  
 And cryith, false cowarde, awreke thy wife,  
 By *Corpus Domini*, I wol have thy kniffe,  
 And thou shalt have my distafe, and go spinne,  
 Fro day til night, she wol right thus beginne.

Alas! she saith, that ever she was shape  
 To weddin a milkop, a cowarde ape,  
 That wol be overlode with every wight,  
 Thou darst not stondin by thy wiv's right.

This is my lite, but if that I wol fight,  
 And out at dore, anon I mote me dight,  
 And ellis I am losse, but if that I  
 Be like a wilde lion, and sole hardy.

I wot well the wol do me flee some day  
 Some neighbour or othir and goe my way,  
 For I am perous with knife in honde,  
 Al be it that I dare not her withflonde,  
 For she is bigge in armis by my faith,  
 That that he finde, that her mildoth or faith:

But let us passe away from this mattere.

My lord he said, sir monke, be mery of chere,  
 For ye shall tellin us a tale truely.

Lo Rochester ystondeth here fast by,  
 Ride forth min own lord, and breke not our game,  
 But by my trowth I knowin not your name, 40  
 Whether I shal cal you my lorde dan John,  
 Or dan Thomas, dan Robert, or Albon,  
 Or what house be ye, by your father kin,  
 I vowe to God, thou hast a ful faire skyn,  
 It is a gentle pasture there thou gost,  
 Thou art not like a pinaunt or a ghost.

Uppon my faith thou art some officere,  
 Some worthy Sexten, or some Celerere,  
 For by my father's soule, as to my dome 50  
 Thou art a maistir, when thou art at home,  
 No pore cloisterer, ne no pore novise,  
 But a governour both wity and wise,  
 And therewithall of braune and eke of bones  
 A right well faring person for the nones.

I praie to God yeve him confusoun  
 That first The brought into religion,  
 Thou woldist have ben a trede soule aright,  
 Haddist thou as grete leve, as thou haste might  
 To persourm al thy lust in ingendrure,  
 Thou haddest begottin many a cature, 60  
 Alas! why werist thou so wide a cope,  
 God yeve me sorowe, and I werin Pope,  
 Not onely thou, but every mighty man,  
 Though he were shorin high upon his pan,  
 Should have a wife, for al this world is lorn,  
 Religion hath take up al the corne  
 Of treading, and we borel men ben shrimpes,  
 Of feble trees there comith wretched impes,

This

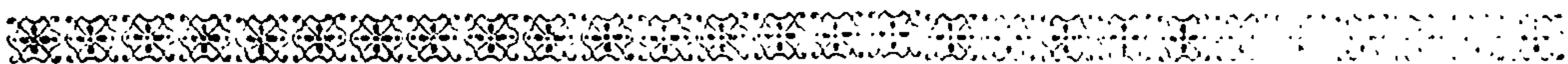


This makith that our childern be so slender  
And feble, that thei may not well engender,  
This makith that our wivis wol assay  
Religious folke, for they may bettir pay  
Of Venus paimentes, bettir than mowe we,  
For God wote no luffburghis payin ye,  
But be not wroth my lord, although I playe;  
Ful ofte in game a sothe have I herde say.

This worthy monke toke al in pacience,  
And said, I wol doin my diligence  
As ferre as founith into honeste,  
To tellin you a tale, ye two or thre,  
And if ye liste to herkin hitherwarde,  
I wol you saine the life of saint Edwarde,  
Or ellis tragidies first I wol tell,  
Of whiche I have an hundrid in my cell.  
Tragidy is to tell a certaine story

70 As olde bokis maken ofte memory  
Of hem that stode in grete prosperite,  
And be fallin out of ther hie degre  
In to misery, and endid wretchidly,  
And thei ben verifiyd comonly 90  
Of fixe fete, whiche men clepen hexametron,  
In prose eke ben enditid many one,  
And in metre, many a sondry wise,  
Lo! this ought mough you for to lustie.  
Now herewith, if you list for to here,  
But first I you besike in this matere,  
80 Though I by ordir tellin not these thinges,  
Be it of Popis, Emperours, or Kinges,  
After ther agis, as men writin finde,  
But telle hem, some before and some behinde, 100  
As it comith nowe to my remembraunce,  
Have me excusid of mine ignorance.

Here endeth the MONKE's PROLOGUE.



## Here beginneth his TALE.

A Tragical Discourse of many who have fallen from high Estate to extreme Misery.

**I** Wol bewaile in manre' of Tragedy  
The harme of them that stode in hie  
degre,  
And fell so that there was no remedy  
To bring hem out of ther adversite.  
For certaine whan that fortune list to flye,  
There may no man of her the courte withhold,  
Let no man trust to blind prosperity,  
Beth ware by these ensamples yonge and olde. 110

Lucifer.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were  
And nat a man, at him will I beginne,  
For though fortune may nat an angel dere,  
From hie degre, yet fel he for his sinne,  
Down into hell, where as he is yet inne.  
O Lucifer, brightist of angels all,  
Now art thou Sathanas, that maist not twin  
Out of misery, in whiche thou art fall.

Adam.

Lo Adam! in the felde of Damascene  
With Godd's owne finger ywrought was he, 120  
And not begotin of mannes strene unelene,  
And welte al paradise savoring o tre,  
Had nevere worldely man so hie degre  
As Adam, til he for misgovernance  
Was driven out of his high prosperite,  
To labour unto Helle, and to mischaunce

Sampson.

Lo Sampson! which that was annunciate  
By the' angel, long or his nativite,  
And was to God almighty consecrate,  
And stode in nobles whilis he might fe, 130  
Was nevere suche another, as was he,  
To speke of strength, and therto hardinesse,  
But to his wivis tolde he his previte,  
Through which he slough himself for wretchidnesse.

Sampson, this noble' and mighty champion,  
Withoutin wepin, save his handis tway,  
He slough and al to rente the strong lion

Towarde his wedding, walking by the wey,  
His false wife coude him so plete and pray,  
Till she his countaile knewe, and the untrewe 140  
Unto his foes his counsaile gan bewray,  
And him forsake, and toke another newe.

An hundrid flaxis toke Sampson for yre  
And all ther tailis he together bonde,  
And let the foxis ta his al on fire,  
For he in every taile hath put a bonde,  
And ther brent all the cornis in that londe,  
And ther olivis, and ther vines eke,  
A thousand men eke he slough with his bonde,  
And had no wepin, but an ass's cleke. 150

Whan thei were slaine, so thrilled him that he  
Was wel me lorne, for which he gan to prey  
That God wold of his paine have some pite  
And sende him dripe, or ellis more he dey,  
And of this ass's cleke, that was so drey,  
Out of a wange toke he sprang anon a well,  
Of whiche he dronke mough, thoutly to ley,  
Thus halpe him God, as Judicum can tell.

By very force, at Gaza on a night,  
Maugre the Philistins of that cite, 160  
The gatis of the toune he hath up plight,  
And on his backe reared hem hath he  
High on an hill, where men might them fe.  
O noble mighty Sampson, lete and dere,  
Had thou not tolde the woman thy secre,  
In al this worlden he had be thy pere

This Sampson neither sider dronke ne wine,  
Ne on his hed came talow ne fire,  
By precepte of the messangere divine,  
For all his strenth was kepid in his hirs, 170  
And fully twenty winteres yere by yere  
Of Israel he had the governaunce,  
But after some tyme he wepe many a tere,  
For women that bring him to his mischaunce

Unto his leman Dalila he tolde

That

That



That in his heris al his strength ylay,  
And falsely to his foemen she him folde,  
And sleping in her barme upon a day  
She made to clippe or shere his heres away,  
And made his fomen al his craft espien,  
And whan that thei him fonde in suche aray  
They bounde him faste, and tho put out his eyen.

But er his heres were clippid or ishave  
There n'as no bond with which men might him  
binde,  
But nowe is he imprison'd in a cave,  
Where as thei made him at the querne to grinde.  
O noble Sampson, strongist of mankinde,  
O whilom judge in glory and richesse!  
Now maist thou wepin with thine eyin blinde,  
Sith thou art from weie fal to wretchidnesse.

The'ende of these caitives was, as I shal sey,  
His fomen made a fest upon a daie  
And made him, as their sole, before 'hem pley,  
And this was in a temple' of gret araie,  
But at the last he made a foule affray,  
For he two postis shoke, and made 'hem fall,  
Dounc fel the temple al, and there it laie,  
And sloughe himself, and eke his fomen all.

This is to say, the princes everichone,  
And eke thre thousand bodies were ther slain  
With falling of the grete temple of stone.  
Of this Sampson now wol I no more faine,  
Both ware by this ensample olde and plain  
That no men tel ther counsaile to ther wives  
Of such thing as thei would have secret fain,  
If that it touche ther limmis or ther lives.

#### Of Hercules.

Of Hercules the soveraine conqueroure  
Singin his werkis, laude, and hie renoun,  
For in his time of strength he bare the floure,  
He slough and rafte the skin of the lioun  
And of the Centaurs laide the bofte adoune,  
He Harpyes slewe, the cruel birdis fell,  
He goldin appels rafte fro the dragon,  
He drewe out Cerberus the hounde of hell.

He slewe the cruel tiraunt Bulyris,  
He made his horse to frete him fleshe and bone,  
He sloughe the very serpent venomous,  
Of Achelous hornes brake he that one,  
And he slewe Cacus in a cave of stone,  
He sloughe the giaunt Antæus the stronge,  
He sloughe the grisly bore, and that anon,  
And bare his hed upon his sperè longe.

Was nevir wight, sithin the world began,  
That slough so many monsters, as did he,  
Throughout this widè world his name it ran,  
What for his strength, and what for his bounte,  
And evèry relme went he for to se,  
He was so strong, that no man might him let,  
And at the world's end he, for Trophe,  
Instede of boundes of brasse & pillours set.

A lemman had this noble champion  
That hight Deianire, as fresh as Maye,  
And as these clerkis makin mention  
She hath him sent a shirt both fresh and gaie,  
Alas: this shirte, alas and well awaie!  
Envenomid was subtilly withall,  
That er he had werid it halfe a daie  
It made his bonis fro his fleshe to fall.

But nathelesse, some clerkis here excusen

By one that hight Nessus, that it makid,  
Be as be may, I wol her not accusen,  
But on his bak the' shirte he ware nakid,  
Til the fleshe was with the venim blakid,  
And when he sawe none othir remedie,  
In hote colis he hath himselfe irakid  
For with no venim dainid he to die.

Thus sterfe this worthy mighty Hercules,  
Lo! who may trust in fortune any throwe?  
For him that foloweth of this world the pres  
Or he beware, is oftin laide ful lowe,  
Ful wise is he, which that himselfe can knowe,  
Beware, for when that fortune liste to glofe  
Than waitith she, her man adoune to throwe  
By suche a way, as he would leste suppose.

#### Nabuchodonosor.

THE mighty trone, the precious trefore,  
The glorious septer, royal majeste,  
That hath the King Nabuchodonosore,  
With tonge unnethis may discrivid be.  
He twife wanne Hierusalem, that cite,  
The vesseles of the temple' he with him lad,  
At Babilon was his soveraine fe,  
In whiche his glory and delite he had.

The fairist childrin of the blode royall  
Of Israel he did do gelde anone,  
And make eche of 'hem for to ben his thrall,  
Amonge all othir Daniell was one,  
That was the wisist childe of everichone,  
For he the dremis of the king expouned,  
Where as in Caldec clerkis were there none  
That wist unto what fine his dremis souned.

This proude king let make a statu of golde  
Sixty cubites in lengthe, and sevin in brede,  
To whiche ymage, to bothe the yonge and olde  
Commaundid he to loute, and have in drede,  
Or in a forneis, ful of flamis rede,  
He should be brente, that ne would not obey,  
But never would assent unto that dede  
Daniell, ne his yong felowis twey.

This king of kingis, so proude and elate  
Wende God, that sittith hie in majeste  
Ne might him nat birefe of his estate,  
But sodainly he losse his dignite,  
And like a best him semid for to be,  
And ete hey as an oxe, and laye therout  
In rain, and with wilde bestis walkid he,  
Til that a certain time was come about.

And like an Egl's fethers were his heres,  
And his neilis like birdis clawis were,  
But God relevid him at certain yeres,  
And yave him wit, and than with many' a tere  
He thonkid God, and al his life in fere  
Was he to doc amisse, or more trespase,  
And ere that he layid was on his bere  
He knew that God was full of might and grace.

#### Balthasar.

HIS sonnè, which that hightin Balthasare,  
That helde the reign after his faðir's daie,  
He by his faðir could not be aware,  
For proude he was of herte, and of arraie,  
And eke an Ydolaster was he aie,  
His high estate assurid him in pride,  
But fortune cast him doun, and there he laie,  
And sodainly his reigne bygan devide.

A fest he made unto his lordis all

Upon



Upon a time, he made him blith to be,  
And than his officeris gan he call,  
Goth bringith forth the Vessellis, q<sup>d</sup> he,  
Whiche that my fathre' in his prosperite  
Out fro the Temple' of Jerus'lem beraft,  
And to our Goddis thonkis yeldin we  
Of honour, that our eldiris with us laft.

His wife, his lordis, and his concubines  
Aie dronkin, whiles ther appetyte wold laft,  
Out of these noble vessels, sondrie wines,  
And on a wall this king his eyin cast,  
And sawe an hond armeleffe, that wrote full fast,  
For fere of whiche he quoke, and sighid sore,  
This hond, that Balthasar made fore agast,  
Wrote *Mene Techel Phares* and no more.

In all that londe Magicien was ther non  
That cou<sup>d</sup> expounin what this letter ment,  
But Daniel expounid it anon,  
And saied, O king, God to thy fathir sent  
Glorie and honour, reign, trefour, and rent,  
And he was proude, and nothing God he drad,  
And therefore grete wrath God upon him sent,  
And him biraft the reigne that he had.

He was out cast of mann's companie,  
With Assis was his habitacion,  
And ete haie as a best, in were and drie,  
Till that he knewe, by grace and by reson,  
That God of heven hath dominacion  
Ovir every reigne, and every cature,  
And than had God of him compassion,  
And him restored his reigne and his figure.

Eke thou, that art his sonne, art proud also,  
And knowist all these thingis privily,  
And rebell unto God art, and his foe,  
Thou dranke eke of his vessels boldily,  
Thy wife eke, and thy wenchis sinfully  
Dronke of the same vessels sondrie winis,  
And heryid false Goddis cursidly,  
Therefore unto The shapin full gret pync is.

This hond was sent fro God, that on the wal  
Wrote *Mene Techel Phares* trustith me,  
Thy reigne is doen, thou weldest it not at all,  
Devidid is thy relme, and it shall be  
To Medis and to Perciens (q<sup>d</sup> he)  
And that same night in bed the king was slawe, 250  
And Darius occupied his degre,  
Though he therto had neither right ne law.

Lordinges, here by ensample mowe ye take  
How that in lordship is no sikirnesse,  
For whan that fortune woll a man forsake,  
She bereth awaie his reigne, and his richesse,  
And eke his frendis, bothe more and lesse,  
And whanne a man hath frendis through fortune  
Mishap woll make them enemies I gesse,  
This proverbe is full soth, and ful commune. 360

Zenobia.

**Z**enobia of Palmerie the Quene  
(As writith Perciens of her noblesse)  
So worthy was in armis, and so kene,  
That no wight passid her in hardinesse,  
Ne in linage, ne othir gentilnesse,  
Of kingis blode of Perce she is discended,  
I saie that she ne had not moste fairenesse,  
But of her shap she might not be amended.

From her childhode I findin that she fled  
Office of woman, and to wode she went,

370

And many a wilde Hert'is blode she shed ;  
With arrowis brode, that she to 'hem sent,  
She was so swift, that she anon 'hem hent,  
And whan that she was eldir, she would kill  
Lions, Libardes, and Beris all to rent,  
And in her armis welde 'hem at her will.

She durst the wildè bestis dennis seke,  
And rennin in the mountaines all the night,  
And slepe under a bushe ; and she could eke  
Wrastill by very force, and very might 380  
With any yong man, were he nere so wight,  
There mightin nothing in her armis stonde,  
She kept her maidinhd from every wight,  
To no man dained she to be ybounde.

But at the last, her frendis haven her married  
To Odenat, a Prince of that countre,  
All were it so, that she 'hem long ytaried,  
And ye shall understondin how that he  
Yhad soche fantasys as had she,  
But nathèlesse, whan thei were knit in fere, 390  
Thei lived in joye and in felicite,  
For eche of 'hem had othir lefe and dere.

Save one thing, that she n'olde nevir assent  
By no waie, that he shouldin by her lie  
But onis, for it was her plain entent  
To have a child, the worlde to multiplie,  
And al so sone as that she might asprie  
That she was not with childè with that dede,  
Than would she suffre' him do his fantasie  
Eftsonis, and but onis out of drede. 400

And if she were with childe at thilkè cast,  
Than no more should he play with her that game  
Till fully fourtie dayis werin past  
Than would she onis suffir him the same,  
All were this Odenat or wilde or tame  
He gate no more of her, for thus she saied;  
It was to wivis lecherie and shame,  
In othir case if that men with 'hem plaid.

Two sonnis by this Odenat had she,  
The whiche she kept in vertue and lettrure, 410  
But now unto our tale tournin we,  
I saie that so worshipfull a cature  
And wife therwith, and eke large with mesure,  
So penible in warre, and curteis eke,  
Ne more labour mightin in warre endure  
Was non, though al this world men woldin seke.

Her riche araie he might not be ytold  
As well in vessell as in her clothing,  
She was all cladde in pierrie and in gold,  
And eke she ne left not for none hunting; 420  
To have of sondrie tonguis folke knowing  
Whan that she leisir had for to entende  
To lernin bokis was all her liking,  
How she in vertue might her life dispende.

And shortly of this storie for to trete,  
As doughtie was her husbonde as was she,  
So that thei conquered many reignis grete  
In the' Orient, with many' a faire cite  
Apperteinaunt unto the Majeste  
Of Rome, and with strong hond them held ful faste,  
Ne nevir might her foemen doe her sle  
As long as Odenat'is dayis last.

Her battailes, who so listè 'hem for to rede,  
Again Sapor the king, and othir mo,  
And how that all this proces fill in dede,  
Why she conquered, what title she' had therto, 430



And after of her mischief, and her wo,  
How that she was besiegid, and itake,  
Let him unto my maister Perrarke go,  
That write inough of this, I undertake.

440

Whan Odenat was dedde, she mightily  
The relmis held, and with her propre honde  
Ayenst her foes she fought so truily,  
That there n'as prince ne king in all that londe  
That he n'as glad, if that the grace he fonde,  
That she ne should upon his londe warrey,  
With her thei majdin aliaunce by bonde  
To be in pece, and let 'hem ride and pley.

The Emperour of Rome hight Claudius,  
Ne him besorne, the Romain Galien  
Ne durst nevir be so coragious  
Ne non Armen, ne non Arabiene,  
That durstle onys before hiere be fene  
Within the field, that durst with her to fight,  
Lest that she would 'hem with her hondis flene,  
Or with her meine, put 'hem all to flight.

450

In king's habite, went her sonnis two,  
As lawfull heiris of her relmis all,  
And Hermano and Titamallio  
Ther namis were, as Perciens 'hem call  
But aie fortune, hath in her honie gall,  
This mightie Quene, ne maie no while endure  
Fortune out of her reigne made her to fall  
To wretchidnesse, and to misaventure.

460

Aurelian, whan that the governaunce  
Of Rome was come into his hondis twey,  
He shope upon this quene to doe vengeance,  
And with his legions, he toke his wey  
Toward Zenobia, and shortly for to saie  
He made her flie, and at the last her hent,  
And fettered her, and eke her children twaie,  
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.

470

Emongis othir thingis that he wan  
Her chare, that of gold was wrought and pierre,  
This grete Romaine, this Aurelian  
Hath with him lad, for that men should it se,  
And besorne his triumph ywalkid she  
With golden chainis on her necke honging,  
Crounid she was, as afir her degre,  
And full of pierre chargid her clothing.

480

Alas fortune, she that whilom ywas  
Dredfull to Kingis, and to Emperoures,  
Now gaurith all the peple' on her, alas!  
And she that helmid was in starke flouris  
And wan by force tounis strong, and touris,  
Shall on her hedde now werin autremite!  
And she that bare the scepter full of flouris,  
Shall bere a distasse, her coste for to quite!

Nero.

**A**lthough that Nero were as vicious  
As any fende, that lieth full low adoun, 490  
Yet he, as tellith us Suetonius,  
All this wide worlde had in subjeccioun  
Bothe East and West, South and Septentrion,  
Of Rubies, Saphers, and of Perlis white  
Were all his clothis broudrid up and down,  
For he in gemmis gretely gan delite.

490

More delicate, more pompous of araie,  
More proude, was nevir Emperour, than he,  
That ilke clothe that he had werid o daie,  
Afir that time he n'old it nevir se,  
Nettis of gold threde had he grete plente

500

To fishe in Tiber, whan him list to plaie,  
His lustis were as lawe, in his degre,  
For fortune, as his frende, would him obaie.

He Rome ybrent for his delicacie,  
The Senatours he slue upon a daie,  
To here how ther wivis would wepe and crie,  
And slowe his brothir, by his siltir laie,  
His mothir made he in pitous araie,  
For he her wombe let slitte for to beholde 520  
Where he conceivid was, so welawaie  
That he so little of his mothir tolde.

No teres out of his eyin for that sight  
Ne came, but saied a faire woman was she,  
Grete wondir is, how that he cou'd or might  
Be the Domisman of her dedde beaute,  
The wine to bringin him commaundid he,  
And dranke anon, none othir wo he made;  
Whan might is joignid unto cruelte  
Alas! to depe wollin the venim wade. 520

In youth a maistir had this Emperour  
To techin him lettrure, and curtesie,  
For of moralite he was the floure,  
As in his time, but if these bokis lie,  
And whiles his maistir had of him maistre  
He made him so conning and so souple,  
That long time it was or that tirannie,  
Or any vice, durst in him uncouple.

This Seneca of which I you devise,  
Bicause that Nero had of him soche drede,  
For he for his vicis would him chastise  
Discretly as by worde, and not by dede,  
Sir, he would saie, an Emperour mote nede  
Be vertuous, and hatin tirannie,  
For whiche he made him in a bathe to blede  
On bothe his armis, till he must ydie.

This Nero had eke of a customaunce  
In youth, ayenst his maistir for to rise,  
Which afirward him thought a grete grevaunce,  
Therefore he made him dey in this wyse,  
But natheless this Seneca the wise 540  
Chese in a Bath to dye in this manere,  
Rathir than have anothir turmentise,  
And thus hath Nero slain his maistir dere.

Now fell it so, that fortune list no longer  
The high pride of this Nero to cherishe  
For tho that he were strong, yet was she stronger,  
And thus she thought by God I am to nise  
To set a man, that is fulfilled of vice,  
In his degre, and Emperour him call,  
By God out of his fete I woll him trice, 550  
Whan he lest wenith, sonist shall he fall.

The peple rose upon him on a night  
For his defaute, and whan he it aspied,  
Out of his dores anon he hath him dight  
Alone, and there he wende have ben alied,  
He knockid fast, and aie the more he cried,  
The fallir shette han thei the doris all,  
Tho wist he well, he had himself begiled,  
And went his waie, no lengir durst he call.

The peple cried and romblid up and down, 560  
That with his eris he herd how thei saied,  
Where is this false Traytour, this fell Neroun?  
For fere full nere out of his wit he braied,  
And to his Goddes right pitously he praied  
For focoure, but it might not him beride,  
For drede of this him thoughtin that he deide,

And



And ran into a gardein, him to hide.

And in this gardeine found he chorlis twey  
That fartin by a fire full grete and redde,  
And to the chorlis two he gan to prey  
To flea him, and to girdin of his hedde,  
That to his body, whan that he were dedde,  
Were no despite ido, for his deffame,  
Himself he slough, he could not better redde,  
Of which fortune ylough and made a game.

Holofernes.

**W**AS never a capteyn undir a king,  
That reignis mo pur in subjeccion,  
Ne strongir was in field, of alle thing  
As in his time, ne gretir of renoun,  
Ne more pompous in high presumpcioun,  
Than Holofernes which fortune aie kiste,  
And so licorously lad up and down,  
Till that his hedde was off er that he wiste.

Not only that this worlde had of him awe,  
For lesing of richesse and liberte,  
But he made every man renie his lawe,  
Nabuchodonosor was lorde, saied he;  
None othir God yshould honourid be,  
Ayenit his hest, there dare no wight trespase,  
Save in Berhulia, a strong cite,  
Where Eliachem was priest of that place.

But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne;  
Amid his holte he dronkin laie all night  
Within his tent, as large as is a berne,  
And yet for all his pompe, and all his might,  
Judith, a woman, as he laie upright  
Slepinge, his hedde of smote, and fro his tent  
Full privily the stale, from every wight,  
And skatheless fram hem all she went.

Antiochus.

**W**Hat nedith it of king Antiochus  
To tell his high and roiall majeste?  
His grete pride, and his werkis venemus,  
For soche an othir nas nevere noon but he;  
Redith what that he was in Machabe,  
And redith the proude wordis that he saied,  
And why he fil from his prosperite,  
And in an hill how wretchidly he died.

Fortune him had enhaunsid so in pride,  
That verily he wende he might attaine  
Unto the steris, upon every side,  
And in a balounce to wey eche mouuntain,  
And all the floudis of the se restrain,  
And Godd's peple had he moste in hate,  
Them would he flea, in turment, and in pain,  
Wening that God ne might his pride abate.

And for that Nichanore and Timothe  
By Jewis were venquishid mightily,  
Unto the Jewis soche an hate had he,  
That he bad greithe his chare full hastily,  
And swore and sayid, full dispitously,  
Unto Hierusalem he would eitsone,  
To wreke his ire on it full cruilly;  
But of his purpose was he let full sone.

God for his menace him so fore hath smote,  
With woundes invisable, incurable,  
That in his guttis carfid so and bore,  
That his peynis werin importable,  
And certainly the wreche was resonable,  
For many a mann's guttis did he pain,  
But from his purpose, cursed and dampnable,  
For all his smert, he n'old him not restrain.

But bade anon, aparailin his holte;  
And sodainly, er he was of it ware,  
God dauntid all his pride, and all his bolte;  
For he so fore yfell out of his chare,  
That all his limmis and his skin to rare,  
So that he no more ne might go ne ride;  
But in a chaire men doe about him bare  
Alle forbrusid both in back and side.

The wreche of God him smote so cruilly  
That in his body wickid wormis crept,  
And therwithall he stanke so horribly,  
That none of all his meine, that him kept,  
Whethir that he awoke, or ellis slepte,  
Ne mightin not of him the stinke endure,  
And in his mischief he wailid and wept,  
And knewe God was Lorde of every creature.

To all his holte, and to himself also,  
Full lothsome was the stinke of his caraine,  
There n'as no man might bere him to and fro,  
And in his stinke, and his horrible pain  
He sterfe full wretchidly on a mountain.  
Thus hath this robbour, and this homicide,  
That many a man made to wepe and plain,  
Soche guerdon, as belongeth unto pride.

Alexander.

**A**Lisaunders storie is so commune,  
That every wight, that hath discrecioun,  
Hath herde somwhat or all of his fortune,  
This wide worlde, as in conclusioun,  
He wan by strength, or for his high renoun  
Thei werin glad for pece unto him sende,  
The pride of man and beeste he laied adoun  
Where so he came, unto the world's ende.

Comparison might yet nevir be maked  
Betwixt him, and an othir conquerour,  
For al this world for dred of him hath quaked,  
He was of knighthode, and of stedome floure,  
Fortune him made the heir of high honour,  
Save wine and women, nothing might aswage  
His high entent in armis and laboure,  
So was he full of Leonine corage.

What price were it to him, though I you told  
Of Darius, and of a thousande mo,  
Of Princis, Erlis, and of Knightis bold,  
Whiche that he conquerid, and brought to wo?  
I saie as ferre as man mai ride or go  
The world was his, what shuld I more devise?  
For though I wrote and told you evir mo  
Of his knighthode, it mightin not suffice.

Twelve yere he reignid, as sayeth Machabe,  
Philipp's sonne of Macedone was he,  
Which that first King was of Grece the countre;  
O worthy gentill Alisaundre, alas! qd he  
That evir it sholde falle in swyche degree,  
Enpoisonid of thy own folke thou were,  
Thy fortune to an alle hath turnede thee,  
And yet for The ne wept she ner a tere.

O who shall yeve me teris to complain  
The deth of gentilnesse, and of fraunchise,  
That all the worlde weldid in his demain,  
And yet him thought it mightin not suffice,  
So full was his corage of high emprise!  
Alas! who shall me helpin to endite  
Falle fortune, and her poison to dispise,  
The whiche two of all this we I wite.

U u

Julius



Julius Cesar.

**B**Y wisedome, manhode, and by grete labour,  
 From humble bed to roiall Majeste  
 Up rose he, Julius the Conquerour,  
 That all the Occident, by londe and see,  
 Wan by strength of hond, or els by trete,  
 And unto Rome made them tributarie,  
 And sith of Rome the Emperour was he  
 Till that fortune wext his adversarie.

O mightie Cesar, that in Theffaly  
 Ayenst Pompeius father thine in lawe,  
 That of the' Orient had the chivalrie  
 As ferre as that the daie beginneth to dawe,  
 Them thorough knightthode thou hast take and slaw,  
 Save a fewe folke that with Pompeius fled,  
 Through which thou puttest al the' orient in awe; 710  
 Thonkith fortune that The so well yspedde.

But now a little while I woll bewaile  
 This Pompeius, this noble governour  
 Of Rome, which that yfled at this battaile,  
 I saie one of his men, a false traitour,  
 His hedde of smote, to winnin him favour  
 Of Julius, and to him the' hedde ybrought.  
 Alas Pompei, of the' Orient conquerour  
 That fortune unto soch a fine The wrought!

To Rome again repairith Julius 720  
 With his triumphè laureate full hie,  
 But on a time Brutus and Cassius,  
 That evre' had of his hie estate envie,  
 Full privilie had made conspiracie  
 Ayenst this Julius, in subtilt wise,  
 And cast the place, in whiche he should ydie  
 With bodèkins, as I shall you devise.

This Julius to the Capitoll went  
 Upon a daie, as he was wont to gone,  
 And in the Capitoll anon him hent 730  
 This false Brutus, and his othir sone,  
 And stickid him with bodèkins anone  
 With many' a wound, and thus thei let him lie,  
 But never groned he at no stroke but one,  
 Or els at two, but if his storie lie.

So manly was this Julius of herte,  
 And so well loved estatey honeste  
 That tho his dedly woundis so fore smerte,  
 His mantell ovir his hippis cast he,  
 For no man should yse his privite, 740  
 And as he laie in dying on a traunce,  
 And wist verrily that ded shuld he be,  
 Of honestie yet had he remembraunce.

Lucan, to The this storie I commende,  
 And to Sueton, and Valerie also,  
 That of this storie writin orde and ende  
 How that to these grete Conquerouris two  
 Fortune was first a frende, and lithe a foe,  
 Let no man trust upon her favour long,  
 But have her in awaite for evermo; 750  
 Witnesse on all the conquerouris strong.

Cresus.

**T**HE riche Cresus, whilom was king of Lide  
 (Of which Cresus Cirus fore him ydrad)  
 Yet was he caught amidis all his pride,  
 And to be bient men to the fire him lad,  
 But soche a rain down from the welkin shad  
 That quent the fire, and made him to escape,  
 But to beware yet no grace he had,  
 Till fortune on the galowes made him gape.

Whan he escapid was he could not stint 760  
 For to begin a newe araie again,  
 He wenid well, for that fortune him sent  
 Soche hap, that he escapid through the rain,  
 That of his fois he might not be slain,  
 And eke afweven' upon a night he met,  
 Of whiche he was so proude, and eke so fain,  
 That in vengeaunce he all his herte yfet.

Upon a tre he was, as that him thought,  
 Ther Jupiter him wishe, both hals and side,  
 And Phebus eke a faire rowayle him brought 770  
 To drie him with, and therwith wexe his pride,  
 And to his doughtir, that stode him beside,  
 Which that he knewe in his sentence habound,  
 He bad her tell him what it signified,  
 And she his dreame right thus began expound.

The tre (qð she) the galous is to mene,  
 And Jupiter betokeneth snowe and rain,  
 And Phebus, with his towell all so clene  
 Betokeneth the Sunne bemis, soth to fain,  
 Thou shalt hongid be, fathir myne certain, 780  
 Rain shall The washe, and sunne shall The ydrie.  
 Thus she warnid him full plat and full plain,  
 His doughtir, which that callid was Phanie.

And hongid was this Cresus the proude king,  
 His roiall throne ne might him not availe;  
 Tragedie is none othir manir thing,  
 Ne can in finging, crying ne bewaile,  
 But for that fortune aldaie woll assaile,  
 With unware stroke, the reignis that ben proud,  
 For whan men trustith her, than wol she faile, 790  
 And covir her bright face undir a cloude.

Petro of Spain.

O Noble, worthy Petro, King of Spain,  
 Whom fortune held so high in Majeste,  
 Well oughtin men thy pitous deth complain, 730  
 Out of thy londe thy brothir made The fle,  
 And aftir at a sieg by subtilte  
 Thou wer betraied, and ladde unto his tent,  
 Where as he with his owne honde slue The,  
 Succeding in thy reigne and in thy rent.

The felde of snowe, with th' egle black therin, 800  
 Caught with the limrod, coloured as the glede,  
 He brewe this cursidnesse, and all this sinne,  
 The wicked neste was werker of this dede,  
 Not Charles, ne Oliver, that toke aie hede 740  
 Of trouth and honour, but of Armorike  
 Genillion Oliver, corrupt for mede,  
 Brought this worthie king into soche a brike.

Petro King of Cipre.

O Worthy Petro, king of Cipre' also,  
 That Alixandrie wan by high maistrise,  
 Full many an Hethin wroughtist thou wo, 810  
 Of whiche thine owne liegis had envie,  
 And for nothing, but for thy chivalrie,  
 Thei in thy bed han slain The by the morow;  
 Thus can fortune her whele govern and gie,  
 And out of joye bringin men into sorowe.

Barnabo Visconti.

O F Milan, the grete Barnabo Vicounte,  
 God of delite, and scourge of Lumbardie,  
 Why should I not thine infortune accounte,  
 Sens in estate thou clombin were so hie?  
 Thy brothir's sonne, that was thy double alie,  
 For he thy nevewe was, and sonne in lawe,  
 Within his Prifon made The for to die,  
 But why ne how n'ot I, that thou wer slawe.

Hugeline



Hugeline of Pise.

OF the' erle Hugeline of Pise the langoure  
 Ther maie no tong ytellin for pite,  
 But lityl out of Pise there stont a toure,  
 In the whiche toure in prison put was he,  
 And with him ben his little childrin thre,  
 The eldist scarcely five yere was of age;  
 Alas fortune, it was grete cruelte  
 Soche birdis for to put in soche a cage!

Dampnid was he to die in that prison,  
 For Roger, whiche that bishop was of Pise,  
 Had on him made a false suggestion,  
 Through which the peple gan upon him rise,  
 And put him in prison, in soche a wise  
 As ye have herd, and mete and drinke he had  
 So small, that unnethis it maie suffise,  
 And therewithall it was full pore and bad.

And on a daie bifell, that in that houre 840  
 Whan that his mete wont was for to be brought,  
 The geilour shett the doris of the toure,  
 He herd it well, but yet he spake right nought,  
 And in his herte anon there fill a thought,  
 That thei for hungir wouldin doe him dien,  
 Alas (qð he) alas that I was wrought!  
 And therewithal the teres fell from his eyen.

His yongè sonne, that thre yere was of age,  
 Unto him said, fathir, why do ye wepe?  
 Whan will the geilour bring us our potage? 850

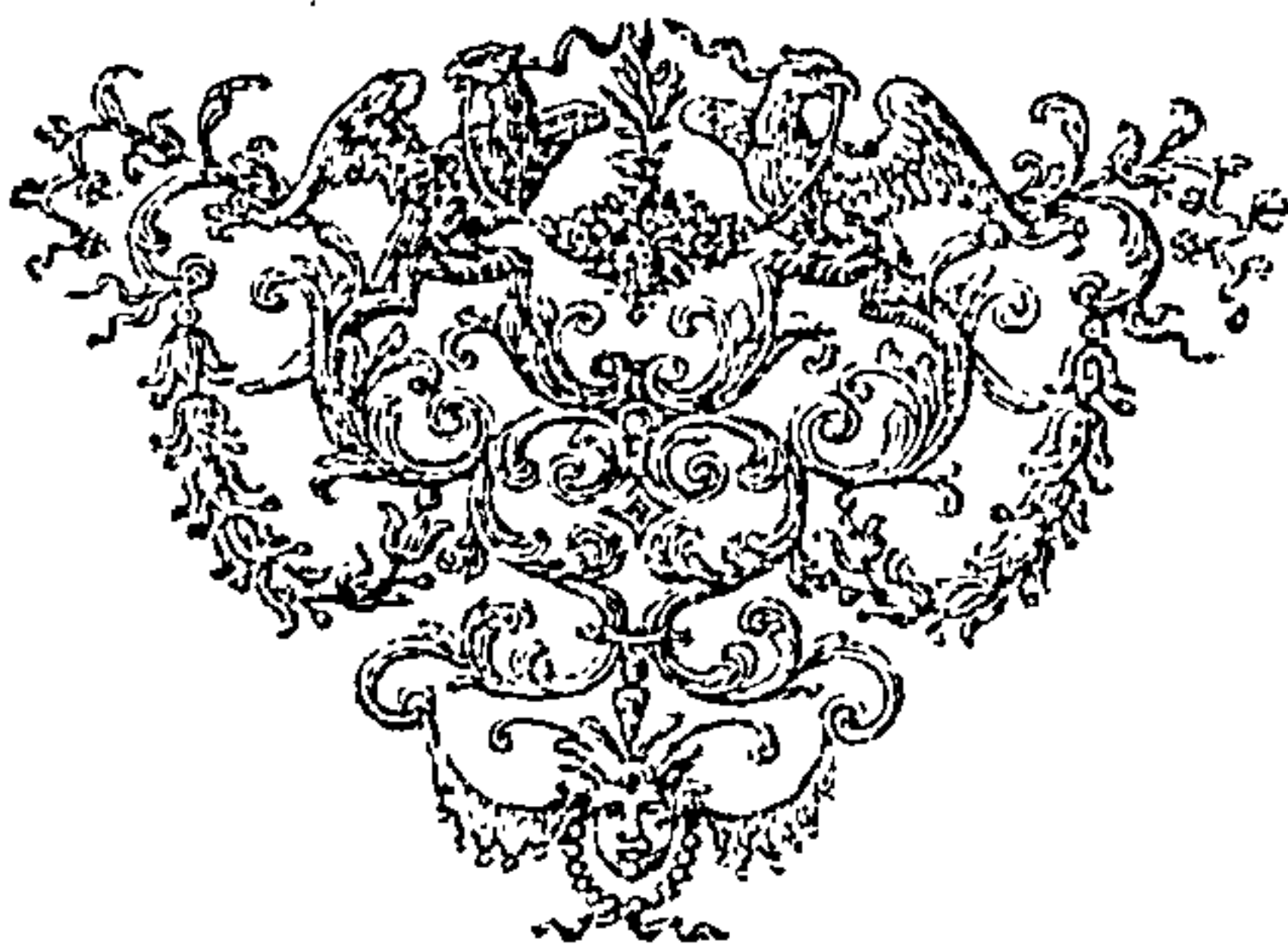
Is there no morfell bred that ye do kepe?  
 I am so hungrie, that I maie not slepe;  
 Now would to God that I might slepe for ever!  
 Than should not hunger in my belly crepe,  
 There n'is nothing but bred that me were lever.

Thus daie by daie this child began to erie,  
 Till in his fathir's barme adoune it laie,  
 And sayid farewell fathir, I mote die,  
 And kist his fathir, and deide the same daie, 860  
 And whan the wofull fathir did it sey,  
 For wo his armis two he gan to bite,  
 And saied alas: fortune, and welawaie  
 Thy false wylis my woo I may wyte.

His childrin wend, that it for hungir was  
 That he his armis gnawe, and not for wo,  
 And sayid: fathir, do not so (alas!)  
 But rathir ete the fleshe upon us two,  
 Our fleshe thou yave us, take our fleshe us fro,  
 And ete inough; right thus thei to him said;  
 And aftir that within a day or two 870  
 Thei laid 'hem in his lappe adoun, and deide.

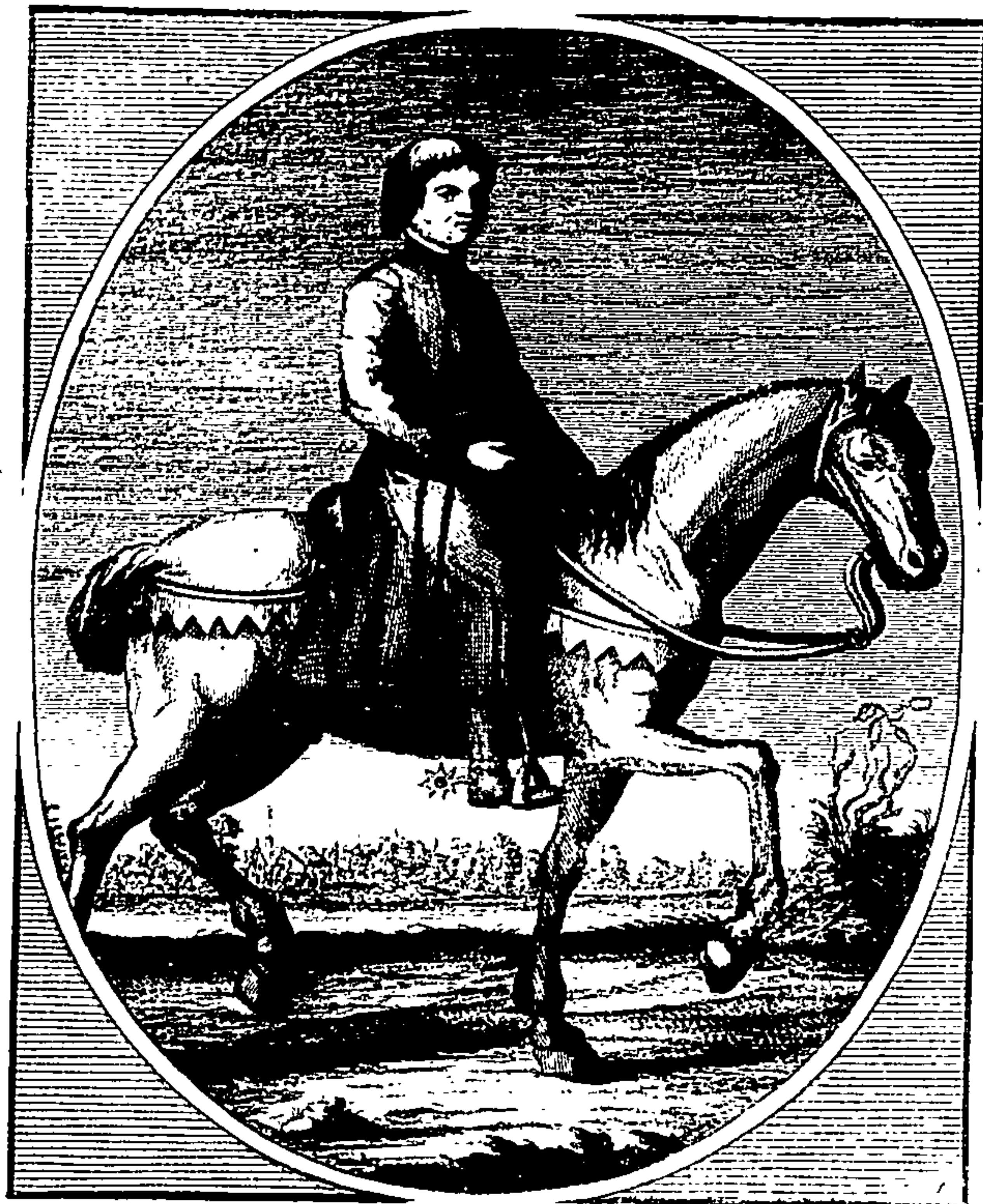
Thus endid is this mighty erle of Pise  
 Himself dispeirid eke, for hungir starfe,  
 From high estate fortune away him carfe,  
 Of this Tragedy', it ought inough suffise,  
 Who so wol here it in a longir wise,  
 Yredith the grete poete of Itaile,  
 That hight Dante, for he can it all devise,  
 Fro point to point, not a worde wol he faile.

Here endeth the MONKE's TALE.



Here





Here stineth the Knight the Monke of his Tale, and here foloweth the Prologue of the Nonne's Priest.

**H**O ! (q<sup>d</sup> the knight) gode sir no more of this,  
 That ye have sayd is right ynough I wis,  
 And mokil more ; for litill hevinessle,  
 Is right inough to mochell folk I gessle,  
 I saie for me, it is a grete disese  
 Wheras men havin ben in welth and ese,  
 To herin of ther sodaine fal, alas !  
 And the contrary is joye and solas,  
 As when a man hath ben in pore estate  
 And climbith up, and wexith fortunate,  
 And there abidith in prosperite,  
 Such thingis are gladsome, as thinkith me,  
 And of suche thingis were gode for to tell.  
 Ye (q<sup>d</sup> our hoste) by saint Poul's bell  
 Ye say right soth, this monke he clappith lowde,  
 He spake, how fortune covered with a cloude  
 I wote not what, and also' of a Tragedy  
 Right nowe ye herde, and parde no remedy  
 It is for to bewailin, ne complaine  
 That that is done, and als it is a paine,  
 As ye have saide, to here of hevinessle ;  
 Sir monke no more of this, so God you blesse,  
 Your tale anoyith all this company,  
 Suche talking is not worth a butterfly,  
 For therin is there no disporte ne game,  
 Therefore sir monke, dan Piers by your name,  
 I pray you hertely, tell us somewhat elles,

For sikirly, n'ere clinking of your belles,  
 That on your bridill honge on every side,  
 By hevin king, that for us allè dide,  
 I should er this han fallin doune for slepe,  
 Although the slough had ben nevir so depe,  
 Than had your tale al be toldin in vaine,  
 For certainly, as that these clerkis saine,  
 Where as a man may have none audience  
 Nought helpith it to tellin his sentence ;  
 And wel I wote the substaunce is in me,  
 If any thing shal well reportid be.

890

Sir, say somewhat of hunting, I you pray.

Nay (q<sup>d</sup> this monke) I have no lust to play,  
 Now let an othir tel, as I have tolde.

910

Than spake our hoste with rude speche and bolde,  
 And saied unto the Nonn's priest anon,  
 Come nere thou preest, come hithir thou sire John,  
 Tel us such thing, as may our hertis glade,  
 Be blithe, although thou ride upon a jade,  
 What though thy horse ybe be both foule and lene,  
 If he wol servin The, recke not a bene,  
 Loke that thy herte be mery ever mo.

900

Yes Ooste, q<sup>d</sup> he, soo mote I ryde or goo,  
 But I be mery', I wis I wol be blamed,  
 And right anon his tale he hath atamed,  
 And thus he saide unto us everichon,  
 This swetè preest, this godely man sir John.

930

Here endeth the PROLOGUE of the Nonne's PRIEST.

Here



## Here foloweth his TALE.

Of a Cock and a Hen. The Morall whereof is to embrace true friends, and to beware of flatterers.



Pore widowe, somdele istept in age,  
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage  
Beside a grene, ystonding in a dale;  
This widowe, of the whiche I telle my tale,  
Sithins the day that she was last a wife  
In pacience ledde schee a full simple life,  
For litill was her catill and her rent,  
By husbandry, of suche as God her sent,  
She fonde her self, and eke her doughtirs two;  
Thre large sowis had she, and no mo,  
Thre kine, and eke a shepe which that hight Mall;  
Full footy was her boure, and eke her hall,  
In whiche she ete many a sengell mele,  
Of poinant fauce here nedede nere a dele,  
Noo deinty morcill passid through her throte,  
Her diet was acordaunt to her cote,  
Repletion ne made her nevir fike,  
A temperate diete was all her phisike,  
And exercise, and hert's suffisaunce,  
The gout ne let her nothing for to daunce,  
Ne apoplexie ne shent nat her hed,  
No wine drank evir she, ne white ne red.  
Her borde was most servid with white and blacke,  
Milke and broun bred, in which she fonde no lack,  
Scinde bakon, and sometime an eye or twey,  
For she was as it were a manir dey.  
A gardyn she had, enclosed al aboute  
With sticlis, and with a drie ditch without,  
In whiche she had a cocke hight chaunteclere,  
In al the lande of crowing n'as his pere,  
His voice was merier than the merie orgon  
On masse dayis that in the churchis gon,  
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge  
Than is a clock, or Abbey-horologe,  
By nature he knew eche assencion  
Of the equinoctial in that ilke toun,  
For when degrees xv. werin assended  
Than crew he, that it might not be amended.  
His comb was reddir than the fine corall,  
And battelled, as it were a castill wall,  
His beke was blacke, as any get it shone,  
Like asure were his leggis and his tone,  
His nailis whitir than the lilly floure,  
And like the burnid golde was his coloure.  
This gentel cocke had in his governaunce  
Seven hennis, for to donne all his plesaunce,  
Which were his sustirs, and his paramours,  
And wondir like to him, as of colours,  
Of whiche the fayrist hewed under the throte  
Was callid faire damosell Pertelote;  
He fethered her a hundred times a day,  
And she him plesith al that ere she may,  
Curteis she was: discrete and debonaire,  
And compenable, and bare her selfe so faire  
Sithins the time that she was sevenight olde,  
That truiliche she hath the herte in holde  
Of Chaunteclere, loking in every lith,  
He loved her so, that wel was him therwith;  
But suche a joye it was to here him sing,  
Whan that the brighte Sunne began to spring,  
In swete acorde, My lefe is faren in londe.  
For at that time as I have undirstonde  
Bestis and birdis couldin speke and sing,  
And it so fell, that in the day dawninge  
As Chaunteclere, among his wivis all,

Sat on his perche, that was within the hall,  
And nexte to him sat his faire Pertelote,  
This Chaunteclere gan to grone in his throte, 1000  
As a man in his dreame is dreethed sone,  
And whan that Pertelot thus herde him grone,  
She was agast, and said my hertè dere,  
What cylith you to grone in this manere?  
Ye be a very slepir, sic for shame!  
And he answerid thus, by God madame,  
I pray you, that ye take it not in grese,  
By God I mette, I was in suche misthefe  
Right now; that yet mine hert is fore afright, 1010  
Now God (q'ð he) my swevin rede aright,  
And kepe my body out of foule prisoun.  
Me mette, how that I romid up and down  
Within our yerde, wher as I sawe a best  
Was like an hound, and would have made arest 950  
Upon my body, and have had me ded,  
His colour was betwixt yelow and red,  
And tippid was his taile, and both his cres  
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres,  
His snoute was small, with glowing eyin twey, 1020  
Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey,  
This causith me my groning doutilese.  
Away, q'ð she, sic on you hertilese!  
Alas (q'ð she) for by that God above 960  
Now have ye losse my hert, and al my love;  
I can not love a cowarde by my faithe,  
For certis, what so any woman faithe,  
We all desirin, if that it might be  
To have husbandis, hardy, wise, and fre,  
But siker no nigarde, ne no sole, 1030  
Ne him that is agast of every tole,  
Ne none avowtour, by that God above,  
How durst ye say for shame unto your love  
That any swevin might make you aferde?  
Have ye no mann's hert, and have a berde? 970  
And con ye be aferde of swevenis?  
Nothing but God woot, but fantasye it ne is.  
Swevins engendir of repletions,  
And oft of fume, and of completions,  
When humours ben to habundaunt in a wight; 1040  
Certis this dreame, which ye have met to night,  
Comith of the grete supersluite  
Of youre reede coloure that yee have parde,  
Which causith folk to dredin in ther dremes 980  
Of arowes, and of firs with red lemes,  
And of red bestis that wollin hem bite,  
Of conteke, and of whelpis gret and light,  
Right as the humour of melancholye  
Causith many a man in slepe to crye  
For fere of beris ore of bolis blake, 1050  
Or ellis that blacke buggys wol him take.  
Of othir humours coude I tell also,  
That werkin a man in slepe mochil wo,  
But I wol passe, as lightly as I can.  
Lo Caton, whiche that was so wise a man!  
Said he not thus? ne do no force of dremes.  
Now sir (q'ð she) when we fle fro the bemes,  
For Godd's love takith some laxatife,  
Up peril of my soule, and of my life 1060  
I counsaile you the beste, I woll not lie,  
That bothe of coloure, and melancholye  
Ye purgin you, and for ye shal not tarie,  
Though in this toun be none apotecarie,  
X x



I shal my self two herbis techin you,  
That shall be for your hele, and for your prow,  
In the gardyn two herbis shall I finde  
The whiche havin ther properte by kinde  
To purgin you bineth, and eke above,  
Foryet not this for Godd's ownè love;  
Ye be right colerike of complection,  
Ware, the sunne is in his ascention,  
Ne finde you not replete of humours hote?  
For if ye do, I dare wel lay a grote  
That ye shal have a fever terciane,  
Or els an ague, that may be your banc.  
A day or two ye shal have digestives  
Of wormis, or ye take your laxatives,  
Of laurel, centorie, and femetere,  
Or els of elder beries, that growe there  
Of Catapuce, or of gaitre beries,  
Or erve Ive growinge in oure erberis,  
Pecke 'hem up as thei growe, and etc 'hem in,  
Be mery husbonde, for your fathir kin  
Dredith no dreme, I can say you no more.

Madame (qð he) gramercy for your lore,  
But nathèlessè, as touching dan Catoun,  
That of wisdome hath such a grete renoun,  
Though that he bade no dremis for to drede,  
By God, men may in oldè bokis rede  
Of many' a man, more of auctorite  
Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,  
That al the revers saieth of his sentence,  
And have well foundin by experience  
That dremis ben significacions  
As wel of joye, as tribulacions,  
That folke endurin in this life present,  
There nedith make of this none argument,  
The very prefe shewith it us in dede,  
One of the gretist auctours out of drede  
Saith thus; that whilom two felowes ywent  
On pilgrimage, in a ful gode entent,  
And happid so, thei come in to a toun  
Where as there was suche congregacioun  
Of peple, and eke of straite herbigage,  
That thei ne founde as muche as a cotage,  
In whiche thei bothe mightin ilogid be  
Wherfore thei motin of necessite  
As for that night departin company,  
And eche of 'hem goeth to his hostelry,  
And toke his ostre, as it would yfall.

That one of 'hem was lodgid in a stall  
Farre in a yerde, with oxin of the plough,  
That other man was lodgid wel inough,  
As was his aventure, or his fortune,  
That us governith all, as in comune.

And so befel, that longe or it were day  
This man mette in his bedde, there as he lay,  
How that his felowe gan upon him call,  
And said (alas) for in an ox's stall  
This night shal I be murdered, there I lie,  
Now helpith me dere brothir, or I die,  
In all haste comith unto me, he sayed,

This man out of his slepe for fere abraid,  
But whan he was awakid of his slepe  
He turnid him, and toke of this no kepe,  
Him thought his dreme was but a vanite,  
Thus twise in his sleping ydremid he,

And at the thirde time yet his felawe  
Cam as him thought, and said I now am slawe,  
Beholde my bloudy woundis, depe and wide, 1130  
Arise up erly, in the morow tide,  
And at the west gate of the toun (qð he)  
A carte ful of donge there shalt thou se,  
In whiche my body' is hide ful privily;  
Do thou that carte arestin boldly,  
My golde causid my deth, soth for to saine,  
And told him every point how he was slaine,

With a ful petous face, all pale of hewe,  
And trustith wel his dreme he founde right trewe,  
For on the morue', as sone as it was day 1140  
To his felow's inne he toke the way,  
And when that he came to the ox's stall  
After his felowe lowde gan he to call.

1070 The hostiler answeride him anon,  
And seide, fir, your felawe is ygone,  
As sone as day he went out of the toun.

This man gan fal into suspeccioun,  
Remembring of his dremis that he mette,  
And forth he goeth, no lengir would he lette,  
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fonde 1150  
A donge carte, as hee wentte to donge the londe,  
That was arayid in the same wife

As ye have herde the ded man did devise,  
And with an hardy herte he gan to crie  
Vengeaunce and justice on this felonie,  
My felowe murdrid is this same night,  
And in this carte he lieth, gaping upright,  
I cry out on the ministers (qð he)

That shouldin kepe and rulin this cite,  
Harowe alas, here lieth my felowe slaine! 1160

What shouldin I more of this tale saine?  
The peple' out start and cast the cart to grounde,  
And in the middill of the donge thei founde  
The ded man, that murderid was al newe.

O blisful God! that arte so gode and trewe,  
Lo! how thou bewrayist murdre alway!  
Murdre wol out, that se we day by day,  
Murdre' is so walsome and abhominable  
To God, that so juste is and resonable  
That he ne wol it suffre heled to be, 1170  
Though it abide a yere, or two, or thre,  
Murdre wol out, this is my conclusioun.

And right anon the ministers o'rh toun  
Have hent the cartir, and so fore him pined,  
And eke the hostiler so fore constreynede,  
That thei beknew ther wickidnesse anone,  
And thei were hongid up by the neck bone.

Here maie ye se that dremis ben to drede.

And certis, in the same boke men may rede  
Right in the next chapter I rede of this, 1180  
I gabbè not, so have I joye and blis.

Two men would have passid ovir the se  
For certaine cause, into a ferre countre,  
If that the winde ne had ben contrarie,  
That made 'hem in a cite to tarie,  
That stode ful mery' upon an havin side,  
But on a day, ayenst an evin tide,  
The winde gan chaunge, and blewe right as 'hem lest,  
Joly and glad they wentin to ther rest;  
And castin 'hem full erly for to faile, 1190  
But herkin, to one man fell grete mervaille.

That one of 'hem, in sleping as he lay  
He met a wondir's dreme, again the day,  
Him thought a man stode by his bedd's side, 1120  
And him commaundid, that he should abide,  
And said him thus, if thou to morow wende,  
Thou shalt be dreint, my tale is at ende.

He woke, and tolde his felow what he mette,  
And prayid him his voyage for to lette,  
As for that day he prayd him for to abide. 1200

His felowe that laie in his bedde that tyde  
Gan for to laugh, and skornid him ful faste,  
No dreme (qð he) may so my herte agaste,  
That I woll letin for to do my thinges,  
I ne set not a strawe for thy dreminges,  
For swevins ben but vanites and japes,  
Men meten' al day of oulis and of apes,  
And eke of many a mase ther withal,  
And dremen' of thing that nevir was, ne shal,  
But sithe I se that thou wolt here abide, 1210  
And thus forslouthin wilfully thy tide,

God



God wote it ruith me, and have gode day,  
And thus he toke his leve, and went his way.  
But er that he had halfe his course ifailed,  
I ne wote why, ne what mischaunce it ayled,  
But casuelly the schippis bothom rent,  
And ship and men undir the watir went,  
In sight of othir shippis there beside,  
That with 'hem sailid at the samè tide.

And therfore my faire Pertelot so dere,  
By such ensamples olde mayist thou lere  
That no man should ybe to rechilcfe  
Of dremis, for I say The doutilese  
That many' a dreme ful fore is for to drede.

Lo! in the life of saint Kenelme we rede,  
That was Kenelphus sonne, the noble king  
Of Merkenrick, how Kenelm mette a thing,  
A lite er he were murdrid on a day,  
His murdir in his vision he say,  
His norice him expounid every dele  
His swevin, and badde him to kepe him wele  
Fro trayson, but he was but seven yere old,  
And therfore litill tale he therof tolde  
Of any dreme, so holy was his herte,  
By God, I had full rathir than my sherte  
That ye hadde herde his legende, as have I.

Dame Pertelot, I say to you truly,  
Macrobius, that writith the' avision  
In Affrike, of the worthy Scipion,  
Affirmith dremis, and saieth that they ben  
Warning of thingis that men afir sene.

And ferthirmore I pray you lokith well  
In the olde Testament, of Daniell,  
Yf he held dremis only vanite.

Rede eke of Joseph, and there shal ye se  
Dremis ben somtime, but I say nat all  
Warning of thingis, that afir shall fall.

Lo! of Egypt the king, that hight Pharaos,  
His baker, and his buttiler also  
Wheðer they feltin none effect in dremes?  
Who so wol seke actis of sondrie remedies  
May rede of dremis many' a wondir thing.

Lo! Cresus whiche that was of Lide king  
Mette he not that he satte upon a tre?  
Whiche signified that he should hongid be.

Lo! Andromache, that was Hector's wife,  
That day that Hector should ylese his life  
She dremid in the samè night beforne  
How that the life of Hector should be lorne,  
Yf that day he went unto the battaile;  
She warnid him, but it might not availe,  
He went for to fightin neverthelesse,  
But he was slain anone of Achilles;  
But that ilke tale is all to long to tell,  
And eke it is nigh day I may nat dwell.

Shortely I say, as for conclusion,  
That I shall have of this avision  
Adversite: and I say farthirmore  
That I ne tell of laxatives no flore,  
For they ben venomous, I wote it wele,  
I them desie, I love 'hem nevre' a dele.

But let us speke of mirthe, and stinte all this,  
Dame Pertelot, so have I joye and blisse,  
Of one thing God hath sent me a large grace,  
For when I se the beaute of your face,  
Ye ben so scarlet red about your eyen,  
It makith al my dredè for to dien,  
For also siker, as *In principio*  
*Mulier est hominis confusio.*

Madame, the sentence of this latin is  
Woman is mann's joye and all his blis;  
For when I sele on night your softè side,  
Al be it that I may not on you ride,  
For that our perche is made so narowe' alas!  
I am so full of joye, merthe and solas,

That I desie bothè swevin and dreme.

And with that word he flewe down fro the beme,  
For it was day, and eke the hennis all,  
And with a chucked he gan 'hem for to call,  
For he had founde a corne lay in the yerde, 1290  
Royall he was, he n'as no more aferde,  
He fetherid Pertelot twenty time,  
And tradde her eke as ofte, er it was prime;

1220 He lokede as it were a grimme lioun,  
And on his toes he romid up and down,  
Him deivid not to set his fete to grounde,  
He chuckid, when he had a corne ifounde,  
And to him than rennin his wivis all.

As royall as a prince is in his hall  
Leave I this Chaunteclere, in his pasture, 1300  
And after woll I tel his adventure.

Whan that the moneth in whiche the world began  
That hight March, in which God first makid man,  
1230 Was complete, and ypaffid were also  
Sith Marche began twenty dayis and two,  
Befill that Chaunteclere, in all his pride,  
His sevin wivis walking him beside,  
Cast up his eyin to the brightè sunne,  
That in the signe of Taurus was irunne

Twenty degrees and one, and somewhat more,  
He knew by kinde, and by none othir lore,  
That it was prime, and crew with blisfull steven,  
The sunne he said is clombin up to heven  
1240 Twenty degrees and one, and more iwis,  
Now Madame Pertelot, my world's blisse,  
Herkinith how these blisful birdis singe,  
And se the freshe flouris howe thei springe,  
Full is min hert of revel, and solas;

But sodainly him fel a sory caas,  
For er the lattir ende of joye is wo, 1320  
God wote that worldely joye is sone ago,  
And if that a rethore coud faire endite,  
He in a cronicle might savely write  
It as a souveraine notabilite;

Nowe evèry wise man herkin to me,  
This story' is al so true I undirtake  
As is the boke of Launcelot du lake,  
That women holden in ful grete reverence.  
Now wol I turne ayen to my sentence.

A col foxe (ful of sle iniquite) 1330  
That in the grove had wonnid yeris thre,  
By high imaginacion aforne caste

1260 On a night thorghw the hoggis sty hee brafte  
Into the yerde, there Chaunteclere the faire  
Was wont, and eke his wivis to repaire,  
And in a bedde of wortis still he laye,  
Til it was passid undren of the day  
Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to fall,  
As gladly done these homicidis all,

That in a waite liggin to murdre men. 1340  
O false murderer, rucking in thy den!  
O newe Scariot, and newe Ganilion!

1270 O false dissimuler! O greke Sinon  
That broughtist Troy all uttirly to sorowe!  
O Chaunteclere, accurfid be the morowe,  
That thou into thy yerde flewe fro the bemes,  
Thou were ful well ywarnid by thy dremes,  
That ilke day was perillous to The,  
But what that God afore wote, must nedes be,  
After the opinion of certaine clerkis, 1350

1280 Witnesse on hem that conne of that werkys,  
That in scole is grete altercacion  
In this matere, and grete disputacion,  
And hath ben of an hundrid thousande men,  
But I ne can not boulte it to the brenne,  
As can the holy doctour saint Austen,  
Or Boece, or the Bishop Bradwardin,  
Whethir that Godd's wille by forweting  
Steryth me nedily to do a thing,

(Nedely)



(Nedely clepe I simple necessite)  
 Or ellis if fre choice be grauntid me  
 To doin the same thing, or do it nought,  
 Though God forewote it, or that it was wrought,  
 Or if his weting strainith ner a dele,  
 But by necessite condicionele,  
 I wol not have to done of suche matere,  
 My tale is of a cocke, as ye shal here,  
 That toke his counsaile of his wife with sorowe,  
 To walkin in the yerde upon the morowe,  
 That he had met the dreame, as I you tolde, 1370  
 Womens counsaillis ben oftin ful colde,  
 And womens counsaile brought us first to wo,  
 And made Adam fro paradise to go,  
 There as he was ful mery, and well at ese,  
 But for I n'ot whom that I might displese  
 If I the counsaile of women would blame,  
 Passe ovir, for I said it in my game,  
 Rede authors, wher thei trete of such matere,  
 And what thei say of women ye mowe here,  
 These ben the Cock's wordis, and not mine, 1380  
 I can noon harme of no woman divine.

Faire in the sonde, to bathe her merily,  
 Lieth Pertelot, and al her sustirs by  
 Ayenst the sunne, and Chaunteclere so fre  
 Songe merier, than the Marmaide in the se,  
 For Phisilogus saith sikirly  
 How that they singin wel and merily.

And so befill that as he cast his eye  
 Among the wortis on a butterflie,  
 He was ware of the foxe that laie ful lowe,  
 But nothing than ne list him for to crowe,  
 But cried anon cocke cock, and up he stert  
 As one that was affrayid in his hert,  
 For nat'urally bestis desire to flie  
 Fro ther contrarie, if they may it se.  
 Tho he ner erst had sene him with his eye,  
 This Chaunteclere, when he gan him espie,  
 He would have fledde, but that the foxe anone  
 Said, gentil sir, alas! what wol ye done?  
 Be ye affraide of me, that am your frende?

Nowe certis I were worse than is a fende  
 Yf I to you would harme, or villanny,  
 I am not come your counsaile to espie,  
 But trewily the cause of my comminge  
 Was only for to herkin howe ye singe,  
 For sothly ye have as mery a steven  
 As any angel hath, that is in heven,  
 Therwith ye have of musike more feling  
 Than had Boece, or any that can sing,  
 My lorde your fathir, God his soule yblesse, 1410  
 And eke your mothir of her gentilnesse  
 Have in my house yben, to my grete ese,  
 And certis, sir, ful fain would I you plesse.  
 But for men speken of singing, I wol sey  
 So mote I brokin wel mine eyin twey  
 Save you, ne herde I never man so singe  
 As did your father in the morowninge,  
 Certis it was of herte, all that he song,  
 And for to make his voice more shrill and strong,  
 He would so paine him, that with both his eyen 1420  
 He must ywinke, so loude he must ycrien,  
 And stondin on his tiptoes therwithall,  
 And stretchin forth his necke so long and small,  
 And eke he was of suche discrecion,  
 That ther was no man in no region  
 That him in songe or wisdom might ypasse;  
 I have wel reddin dan Burnel the asle  
 Among his vertis, how there was a Cocke,  
 For that a prest's sonne yave him a knocke,  
 Upon his legges, while he was yong and nice, 1430  
 He made him for to lese his benefice,  
 But certaine there is no comparison  
 Betwixt the wisdom and discrecion

2360 Of your fathir, and of his subtilte;  
 Nowe singith sir, for swete saint charite,  
 Let se, can ye your father counterfete.

This Chaunteclere his wingis gan to bete,  
 As one that could not his treson aspie,  
 So was he ravished with his flaterie!

Alas ye lordes, many' a false flaterour  
 Is in your courte, and many a lesingour,  
 That plesith you wel more, by my faith,  
 Than he that sothfastnesse unto you saith.

Redith Ecclesiast of flaterie,  
 Beware ye lordis of ther trecherie.

This Chaunteclere stode hie upon his toos  
 Stretching his necke, and held his eyin cloos,  
 And gan to crowin loudè for the nones,  
 And dan Russel the foxe starte up at ones,  
 And by the gorget hath hent Chaunteclere, 1450  
 And on his backe towarde the wode him bere,  
 For yet ne was there no man that him sued.

O destine, that maiste not be eschued!  
 Alas that Chaunteclere flewe fro the bemes!  
 Alas his wife ne rought not of his dremes!  
 And on a friday fill al this mischaunce.

O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,  
 Sithnes that thy servaunt was this Chaunteclere,  
 And in thy service did all his powere,  
 More for delite, than kind to multiplie,  
 Why woldest thou suffre' him on thy day to die?

O Gaulfride, my dere maistr sovereigne,  
 That whan that worthy king Richard was slaine  
 With shot, complanedist his deth so fore,  
 Why n'ad I now thy science and thy lore,  
 The friday for to chide, as didin ye?  
 (For on a friday sothly slaine was he)  
 Than wold I shew you how that I coud plaine  
 For Chauntecler's drede, and for his paine.

Certis such cry, ne lamentacion 1470  
 N'as ner of ladies made, whan Ilion  
 Was won, and Pirrus with his brightè swerde  
 Whan he had hent king Priam by the berde  
 And slough him (as sayith Eneidos)  
 As madin all the hennis in the close,  
 Whan they had losse of Chaunteclere the sight,  
 But soverainly dam Pertelot she shrigh  
 Wel loudir than did Hasdrubal's wife,  
 Whan that her husbond had ylost his life,  
 And that the Romans had ybrent Cartage, 1480  
 She was so ful of turment and of rage,  
 That wilfully into the fire she sterte,  
 And brent her self with a full stedfast herte.

O woful hennis, right so cryid ye,  
 As whan that Nero brennid the cite  
 Of Rome, cryid the senatouris wives,  
 For that ther husbondis should lese their lives,  
 Withoutin gilte this Nero hath 'hem slaine.

Now wol I turne unto my tale againe.  
 The sely widowe and her doughtirs two 1490  
 Yherde the hennis crie and makin wo,  
 And out at the dore stertin thei anon,  
 And saw the foxe towarde the wode ygon,  
 And bare upon his backe the Cocke away,  
 And cryid out harow and well away!  
 A ha! the Foxe! and after him thei ran,  
 And eke with stavis many' anothir man,  
 Ran Coll our dogge, Talbot, and eke Garlonde,  
 And Malkin, with her distaffe in her honde,  
 Ran Cowe and Calfe, and eke the very Hogges, 1500  
 So ferid thei the barking of the Dogs,  
 And shouting of the men, and women eke,  
 They ran so that them thought ther herts shuld breke,  
 They yellin loude as fendis do in hell,  
 The Duckis cryid as men would 'hem quell,  
 The Geese for fere flewin ovir the trees  
 Out of the Hivis came the swarme of Bees,



So hidous was the noise, ah *benedicite* !  
 Certis ne Jacke Strawe, ne all his meine  
 Ne madin nevir shouris half so shrill, 1510  
 Whan that thei wouldin any Flemming kill,  
 As that ilke daie was made upon the Foxe;  
 Of brasse thei blewe the trompis, and of boxe,  
 Of horne and bone, in which thei blew and pouped,  
 And therewithal thei shrikid and thei howpede,  
 It semid, as though hevin should yfall.  
 Now gode men I praie you herkinith all.

Lo how that fortune tournith sodainly  
 The hope and the pride of ther enemy !  
 This Cocke that laie upon the Fox's backe 1520  
 In all his drede, unto the Foxe he spake  
 And sayid, gode sir: if I were as ye,  
 Yet should I saie, as wise God helpe me,  
 Tournith ayen, ye proudè churlis all,  
 A very pestilence upon you fall,  
 Now am I come unto this wod's side,  
 Maugre of you alle, the Cocke shal here abide,  
 I woll him etc in faith, and that anon.

The Foxe answerd, in faith it shal be doen.  
 And as he spake the worde, all sodainly 1530  
 This Cocke brake from his mouth delivirly,  
 And high upon a tree he fiewe anon,  
 And whan the Foxe sawe that he was agon,  
 Alas! (qð he) O Chaunteclere alas!

I have (qð he) doe to you grete trespas,  
 In as moche as I makid you aferde  
 Whan I you hent, and brought out of your yerde,  
 But sir, I did it in no wick entent,  
 Come down, and I shall tell you what I ment,  
 I shall to you saie sothe, God helpe me so. 1540

Naie than (qð he) I shrewe us bothè two,  
 And first I shrewe my self, both blode and bones,  
 If thou begile me oftir time than ones,  
 Thou shalt no more thorough thy flatterie  
 Doe me to sing, and winkin with myne eye,  
 For he that winkith, whan he should yse  
 All wilfully, God let him nevir the.  
 Naie (qð the Foxe) but God yeve him mischaunce,  
 That is so indiscrete of governaunce,  
 That janglith, whan that he should hold his pees.

Lo, soche it is for to be rechiles,  
 And negligent, and trust on flaterie !  
 But ye that holde this Tale for a folie,  
 As of a Fox, or of a Cock, or Henne,  
 Ytakith the moralite gode men ;  
 For saint Poule sayith, all that writtin is  
 To our doctrine it is writtin, iwis,  
 Takith the corn, and let the chaffe be still.

And now, gode God, if that it be thy will,  
 As saieth my lorde, so make us all gode men, 1560  
 And bring us unto thy high blisse. Amen.

Here endeth the TALE of the Nonnes PRIEST.







## Here foloweth the MANCIPLE's PROLOGUE.

**S**IR Nonn'is Prieste, our hoste faied anone,  
 Iblessid be thy breche and every stone,  
 This was a merie tale of Chauntecler,  
 But by my trouth, if thou were secular  
 Thou wouldist be a trefesoule aright,  
 For if thou have corage, as thou hast might,  
 The werin nede of hennis, as I wene,  
 Ye more than sevin timis sevintene,  
 Se whichè braunis hath this gentle priest,  
 So grete a necke, and soche a large brest,  
 He lokith as a Sparhauke with his eyen,  
 Him nedith not his colours for to dien  
 With Brasill, ne with grain of Portingale.  
 But sir, full faire yfall you for your tale.  
 And aftir that, he with full mery chere  
 Saied to an othir man, as ye shall here.  
 Wote ye not where stondith a little tounne  
 Whiche that yclepid is Bob up and doune  
 Undir the blee, in Caunterburie waie?  
 There gan our hoste to japin and to plaie,  
 And sayid, sirs: what? Dunne is in the mire,  
 Is there no man, for praier ne for hire  
 That woll awake our felowe here behinde?  
 A thefe him might full lightly rob and binde,  
 Se how he nappith, se for cock'is bones  
 How he woll fallin from his hors at ones;  
 Is that a Coke of London, with mischaunce?  
 Doe him comfort, he knowith his penaunce,  
 For he shall tellin a tale by my fey  
 Although it be not worth a bottle' of hey.  
 Awake thou Coke (q's he) God yeve The sorow,  
 What cilith The to slepin by the morow,  
 Hast thou had sleen al night, or art thou dronk,  
 Or hast thou al night with some quene iswonke,  
 So that thou maiest not holdin up thine hedde?  
 This Coke that was ful pale, and nothing redde,  
 Sayid, sir hoste: so God my soule yblesse  
 There is fallin on me grete hevinesse,  
 But I n'ot why, me were levir to slepe 1600  
 Than the best gallon wine that is in Chepe.  
 Well (q's the Manciple') if it maie doe ese  
 To The sir Coke, and to no wight displese  
 Whiche that here ridith in this companie,  
 And that our hoste will of his curtesie,  
 I woll as now excuse The of thy tale,  
 For in gode faith thy visage is full pale,  
 Thine eyin dasin sothly as me thinketh,  
 And wel I wote thy breth ful soure ystinketh,  
 That shewith wel thou art not well disposed, 1610  
 Of me certaine thou shalt not be yglosed,  
 Se how he galpith, lo this dronkin wight!  
 As though he would us swalowe anon right.  
 Holde close thy mouthe man, by thy fathir kin,  
 The devill of hell set his fote therein,  
 Thy cursid breth will now enfect us all,  
 Fie stinking swine! fie foule mote The befall!  
 Ah! takith hede sirs of this lustie man.  
 Now swete sir, woll ye justin at the van?  
 Thereto me thinkith ye be we'l ystape, 1620  
 I trowe that ye have dronkin wine you ape,  
 And that is whan men playin a: a strawe.  
 And with his spech the coke waxid al wrawe,  
 And on the Manciple gan to nodde fast  
 For lacke of speche: and down his hors him cast,  
 Where as he laie, till that men up him toke,  
 This was a faire chevesaunce of a coke,  
 Alas that he n'ad holde him by his ladill!  
 And er that he ayen were in the sadill

There



There was a gretè shoving to and fro  
To lift him up, and mochill care and wo,  
So' unwelody was this fely pallid goste,  
And to the Manciple than spake our hoste.

Bicause that drinke hath dominacion  
Upon this man, by my salvacion  
I trowe that leudely woll he tell his tale,  
For were it wine, or stronge old moistie ale  
That he hath dronke, he spekith in the nose,  
And snivelith fast, and eke hath caught the pose.  
He also hath to doe more than inough  
To kepe him on his caple' out of the slough,  
And if he fall from his caple eftsoe,  
Than shall we all havin inough to doen  
And lifting up again his dronkin corce;  
Tell on thy tale, of him make I no force.

But Manciple, in faith thou art to nice  
Thus opinly to reprevin his vice,  
An othir daie he woll paraventure  
Reclime The, and bringin The to lure,  
I mene he spekin will of smale thinges,  
And for to pinchin at thy reckinings,  
That were not honest, if it came to pefe.

No (qð the Manciple) that wer mischefe,  
So might he bringin me into the snare,  
Yet had I levir payin for the Mare

1630

He ridith on, than he should with me strive,  
I woll not wrathe him, all so mote I thrive,  
That which I spake, I saied it but in bourde,  
And wore ye what? I have here in my gourde  
A draught of wine, it is of a ripe grape,  
And right anon ye shall se a gode jape,  
This Coke shall drinke thereof, if that I maie,  
Up pain of my life he woll not saie naie.

1660

And certainly, to tellin as it was,  
Of this vessell the Coke dranke fast, alas!  
What nedith it, he drank inough beforne,  
And whan he had ypoupid in his horne  
To the' Manciple he toke the gourde again,  
And of the drinke the Coke was wondir fain,  
And thonkid him, in soche wise as he coude.

1670

Than gan our hoste to laughin wondir loude,  
And saied: I se well it is necessary  
Where that we gon, gode drinke with us to cary,  
For that will tournin rancour and disefe  
To' accord and love, and many' a worde to pefe.

1650

O Bacchus! blessid be thy holy name!  
That so canst tournin earnest into game;  
Worship and thonke be to thy deite.

Of that mattir ye get no more of me.  
Tell on thy tale thou Manciple', I The praie.  
Well sir (qð he) herkinith what I saie.

1680

Here endeth the MANCIPLE's PROLOGUE.



## Here foloweth his TALE.

Phœbus kepeth a white Crow, which can speak as a Jay. The Crow accuseth  
his Wife, of whom he was too jealous, to have play'd false in his Absence.  
Hereupon with an Arrow he slayeth his Wife; but after repenting of his  
Rashness, he taketh revenge of the Crow.

Han Phebus dwellid here in yerth adoun,  
As oldè bokis makin mencionun,  
He held was the moste lustie bachelor  
Of all the worlde, and eke the best archer!  
He slough Python the serpent, as he laie  
Sleeping ayenst the Sonne upon a daie,  
And many' an othir noble worthy dede  
He with his bowe ywrought as men mow rede.

Playin he could on every minstrelcie,  
And singin that it was a melodie  
To herin of his clerè voice the soun.  
Certis the king of Thebis, Amphionun,  
That with his singin, wallid the cite,  
Could nevir singin halfe so well as he.  
And therto he ywas the semelyist man,  
That is or was, sithe that the worlde began.  
What nedith it his seturys to discrive?  
For in this world n'as none so faire alive.  
He was therewith fulfilled of gentilnesse,  
Of honour, and of pefite worthinesse.

This Phebus, that was floure of bachelorie  
As well in fredome, as in chivalrie,  
For his disport, in signe of victorie  
Of Python, so as tellith us the storie,  
Was wont to berin in his hond a bowe.  
Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,  
Whiche in a cage he fostrede many' a daie,  
And taught to speke, as men techin a jaye,  
White was this crowe, as is a snow-white Swan,  
And counterfete the speche of every man

1690

1700

He could, whan that he tellin should a tale,  
There was in all this world no Nightingale  
Ne couldè by an hundrid thousand dele  
Singin so wondir merrily and wele.  
Now had this Phebus in his hous a wife,  
Whiche that he lovid more than his own life,  
And night and daie did evre' his diligence  
Her for to pefe, and doe her reverence,  
Save onily, if I the soth shall fain,  
Jelous he was, and would have kept her fain,  
For him were lothe yjapid for to be,  
And so is every wight in soche degre,  
But all for nought, for it availith nought,  
A gode wife, that is clene of werke and thought,  
Should not be kept in none awaite certain,  
And truely the labour is vain  
To kepe a shrewe, for it woll not ybe,  
This holde I for a very nicete  
To spill our labour for to kepe our wives,  
Thus writith oldè clerkis in ther lives.  
But now to purpose, as I first began.  
This worthy Phebus doeth all that he can  
To plesin her, wening through soch plesaunce,  
And for his manhode, and his governaunce,  
That no man should have put him from her grace,  
But God it wore, there maie no man enbrace  
As to distraine a thing, whiche that nature  
Hath naturally sette in a cature.

1720

1730

Take any birde, and put him in a cage,  
And doe all thine entent, and thy corage

1740

To



To fostre' it tendirly with mete and drinke  
Of all the dainties that thou canste bethinke,  
And kepe it also clenely as thou maie,  
Although the cage of gold be ner so gaie,  
Yet had this birde by twentie thousand fold  
Levre' in a forest, that is wide and cold,  
Go etin wormis, and soche wretchidnesse,  
For er this birde will doe his businesse  
To' escape out of his cage, whan that he maie, 1750  
His libertie the birde desirith aie.

Let take a Cat, and fostir her with milke  
And tender fleshe, and make her couch of silke,  
And let her se a Mousc go by the wall,  
Anon she weivith fleshe, and couche, and all,  
And every deinte, that is in that hous,  
Soche appetite hath she to ete the Mous.  
Lo! here hath lust his dominacion,  
And appetite flemith discrecion.

A she Wolfe hath also a vila'nous kinde,  
The leudist Wolfe, that evir she maie finde,  
Or lest of reputacion woll she take,  
In time whan that her lust to have a make.

All these ensamples speke I by these men,  
That ben untrue, and nothing by women,  
For men have er a lico'rous appetite  
On lowir thinge to performe ther delite,  
Than on their wivis, be thei ner so faire,  
Ne nevir so true, ne so debonaire,  
The fleshe is so newfangell, with mischaunce, 1770  
That we ne con in nothing have plesauce,  
That sounith unto vertue any while.

This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,  
Disceivid was, for all his jolite,  
For bysyde hym another love hadde she,  
A man of little reputacion,  
Nought worth to Phebus, in comparison,  
The more harme is, it happith oftin so,  
Of whiche there comith mochill harme, and wo.

And so bifell, whan Phebus was absent, 1780  
His wife anon hath for her lemman sent,  
Her lemman, certes that is a knavishe speche,  
Foryeve it me, and that I you besече.  
The wise Plato sayith, as ye mowe rede,  
The worde must nedis acorde with the dede,  
If men should tellin propirly a thing,  
The worde must cosin be to the working;  
I am a boistous man, right thus saie I,  
There is but little difference truely  
Betwixt a wife, that is of hie degre, 1790  
If of her body dishonest she be,  
And a pore sely wenche, othir than this,  
If it so be thei werkin bothe amis,  
But for the gentill is in state above  
She shall be called his lady and his love,  
And for that tothir is a pore woman  
She shal be called his wenche or his lemman,  
And God it wote, mine ownè dere brothir,  
Men laie as lowe that one as that othir,  
Right so betwixt a titlelles tiraunt 1800  
And an outlawe, or elles a thefe erraunt  
The same I saie, there is no difference,  
To Alexaunder was told this sentence,  
That for the tiraunt is of gretir might  
By force of meine for to flea doune right,  
And brenin hous and home, and make al plain,  
Lo therfore is he called a capitain,  
And for the outlawe hath but small meine,  
And maie not doe so grete an harme, as he,  
Ne bring a countrey to so grete mischefe, 1810  
Men callin him an outlawe or a thefe.

But for I am a man not textuele,  
I woll not tell of textis ner a dele,  
I woll go to my tale, as I began.

Whan Phebus wife had sent for her lemman,

Anon thei wroughtin all their luste volage.  
This whitè crowe, that hing aie in the cage,  
Behelde their werke, and saied nevir a worde;  
And whan that home was come Phebus the lorde,  
This crowe ysong, cuckowe, cuckowe, cuckow.

What bird (qð Phebus) what song singist thou?  
N'ere thou not wont so merily to sing

That to my herte it was a rejoising  
To heare thy voice? alas! what song is this?

By God (qð he) I singin not amis,

Phebus (qð he) for all thy worthinesse

For all thy beaute, and thy gentilnesse,

For all thy songis, and thy minstralcie,

For all thy waiting, blerid is thine eye

With one of little reputacion,

1830

Not worth to The as in comparison

The mountenance of a gnat, so mote I thrive,

For on thy bedde thy wife I sawe him swive.

What wol you more? the crow anon him told,

By sad tokinis, and by wordis bold

How that his wife had doen her lecherie,

Him to grete shame, and to grete villanie,

And tolde how oft, he sawe it with his eyen.

This Phebus gan awaiward for to prien,

Him thought his wofull herte ybstrait a two, 1840 ybra

His bowe he bent, and set therein a flo,

And in his ire he hath his wife yslain,

This is the effect, there is no more to sain,

For sorowe then he brake his minstralcie

Bothe Harpe and Lute, and Getern, and Sautrie,

And eke he brake his arowes, and his bowe,

And aftir that, thus spake he to the crowe.

Traitour (qð he) with tong of Scorpion,

Thou hast me brought to my confusion,

Alas that I was wrought! why n'ere I dedde? 1850

O dere wyif, O gemme of all lustihede,

That were to me so sad, and eke so true,

Now liest thou dedde, with face all pale of hewe

Full giltlesse, that durst I swere iwis,

O rakell honde, to doe so foule amis!

O troublid wit, O ire wretchillesse,

That unavisid smitist giltlesse!

O wantrust, full of false suspeccion!

Where was thy wit and thy discrecion?

Oh every man beware of rekilnesse

1860

Ne trowe nothing, withoutin strong witnesse,

Smite not to sone, or that thou werè why,

And be avisid well and soberly

Or ye do any excucion

Upon your ire, thorough suspection.

Alas; a thousand folke hath rekell ire

Fully fordoen, and brought hem in the mire.

Alas! for sorowe I woll my self fle.

And to the crowe, O false thefe sayid he,

1870

I woll The quite anon thy false tale.

Thou songist whilom, like a Nightingale,

Now shalt thou false thefe, thy song forgone,

And also thy white fethers everychone

Ne nevir in all thy life shalt thou speke,

Thus shall men on a traytour be awreke,

Thou and thin offspring ever shall be blake,

Ne nevir aftir swete noise shall ye make,

But evir crye ayenst tempest and rain,

In token, that through The my wife is slain,

1880

And to the crow he stert, and that anon,

And pulled of his white fethers everichon,

And made him blacke, and rest him al his song,

And eke his speche, and out at dore him song

Unto the devill, whiche I him betake,

And for this cause yben all crowis blake.

Lordinges, by this ensample' I wol you pray

Beth ware, and takith kepe what that I say,

Ne tellith nevir no man in your life

How that an othir man hath dight his wife. 1890

He



He woll you hatin mortally certain.  
 Dan Salomon, as thes wise clerkis sain,  
 Techith a man to kepin his tong well,  
 But as I saied, I am not textuell;  
 But nathelless, thus taughte me my dame,  
 My sonne thinke on the crowe a God's name;  
 My sonne kepe wel thy tong, and kepe thy frend,  
 A wicked tong is worse than is a fend;  
 My sonne, from any fende men may 'hem blesse,  
 My sonne, God of his endilesse godenesse 1900  
 Wallid a tong with tethe, and lippis eke,  
 For man shuld him avisin what he speke;  
 My sonne, full oftin for to mikill speche  
 Hath many' a man be spilt, as clerkis teche,  
 But for lite speche, spokin avisidly  
 Is no man shent, to spekin generally;  
 My sonne, thy tong yshouldist thou restrain  
 At all timis, but whan thou doest thy pain  
 To speke of God, in honour and praier;  
 The first vertue my sonne, if thou wolt lere, 1915  
 Is to restrain, and kepin well thy tong,  
 Thus lernin children, whan that thei be yonge,  
 My sonne, of mikill speking unavisid  
 (There whan lasse speking had inough suffised)  
 Comith moche harme; thus was me told and taught.

In mochil speche there ne sin wantith not.  
 Wofte thou wherfore a rakell tong yserverth?  
 Right as a sworde forcuttith and forkerveth  
 An arme on two, my derè sonne right so  
 A tong ycuttith frendship all atwo; 1920  
 A jangler is to God abhominable,  
 Rede Salomon, so wise and honourable,  
 Rede David in his Psalms, rede Senecke,  
 My sonne speke not, but with thyin hed thow beck,  
 Dissimule' as thou were dese, if that thou here  
 A janglour speke of perilous mattere.  
 The Fleming sayeth, and lerne it if thou lest,  
 That lityl jangling causith mochil reste;  
 My sonne, if thou no wickid word hast said  
 The thereof dredè not to be bewraid, 1930  
 But he that hath misaied, I dare well sain  
 He maie by no waie clepe his worde again,  
 Thing that is saied, is saied, and forth it goth,  
 Though him repent, or him be ner so loth,  
 He is his thrall to whom that he hath saied  
 A tale for whiche he is now ill apaied;  
 My sonne beware, and be non authour new  
 Of tidinges, whether thei be false or true,  
 Where so thou come, emongis hie or lowe  
 Kepe well thy tong, and thinke upon the crowe. 1940

Here endeth the MANCIPLE's TALE.







## Here beginneth the PLOWMAN's PROLOGUE.

*This and the Tale is in none of the MSS that I have seen, nor in any of the first Printed Books; Caxton and Pyn-  
sent, I presume, durst not publish it: The former printed this Poet's Works in Westminster-Abbey, and both  
before the Abolition of Popery; and the MSS being before that, I fancy the Scriveners were prohibited transcribing  
it, and enjoyn'd to subscribe an Instrument at the end of the Canterbury Tales, call'd his Retraction. So that if this  
Tale had not been carefully collected and preserv'd in Master Stowe's Library, as the Editor of Islip's 1602 Book  
says he has seen it, in a hand of near to Chaucer's time for Antiquity, in all likelihood it had been lost.*

**T**HE Plowman pluckid up his plowe,  
Whan Midsomer Mone was comen' in,  
And saied his bestes shoulde ere inowe,  
And lige in grasse up to the chin,  
Thei ben feble both Oxe and Cowe,  
Of 'hem n'is left but bone and skinne,  
He shoke of shere, and coulter' off drowe,  
And honged his harnis on a pinne.

He toke his tabarde and staffe eke,  
And on his hedde he set his hat,  
And saied he would saint Thomas seke,  
On pilgrimage he goth forth plat;  
In scrippe he bare bothe bred and lekes,  
He was forswonke and all forswar,  
Men might have sene through both his chekes,  
And every wang tothe where it fat.

Our hoste behelde well all about,  
And sawe this man was Sunne ibrent,  
He knewe well by his singid snout,  
And by his clothes that were to rent,  
He was a man wont walke about,  
He n'as not aye in cloister pent,  
Ne couthe religiousliche lout,  
And therefore was he full ill shent.

Our hoste him axed, what man art thou?  
Sir Hoste (q'ð he) I am an hine,

For I am wont to go to plow,  
And erne my mete yer that I dine,  
To swette and swinke I make avowe,  
My wife and babes therewith to finde, 1970  
And servin God and I wist how,  
But we leude men yben full blinde.

For clerkes saie we shullin be fain  
For ther livelod to swette and swinke,  
And thei right nought us give again, 1950  
Neither to ete ne yet to drinke,  
Thei mowe by lawe, as that thei fain,  
Us curse and dampne to hell's brinke,  
And thus thei puttin us to pain  
With candlis queint and bell's clinke. 1980

Thei make us thrallis at ther lust,  
And fain we mowe not els be saved,  
Thei have the corne and we the dust,  
Who gainfayes them, they saye he raved.  
What? man (q'ð our hoste) canst thou preche? 1960  
Come nere and tel some holy thing.  
Sir, q'ð he, I herd onis teche  
A preest in pulpit gode preching.

Saie on, q'ð he, I The besече.  
Sir I am redy at your bidding, 1980  
I prais that no man me reproche,  
While that I am my tale telling.

Thus endeth the PROLOGUE.

Here



## Here foloweth the first Part of the TALE.

A Complaint against the Pride and Covetousness of the Clergy, made no doubt  
by Chaucer, says the Editor of Chaucer's Works; Printed for *Ad. Islip* at  
*London. A.D. 1602.*



Full sterne strief is stirid newe,  
In many stedis in a stounde,  
Of sondry sedis that ben sewe,  
It semith that some ben unsounde,

For some be grete growin on grounde,  
Some ben souble, simple and small,  
Whethir of 'hem is falsir founde,  
The falsir foule mote him bifall.

That one side is that I of tell;  
Popis, Cardinals, and Prelates;  
Parsons, Monkis, and Freris fell,  
Priours, Abbotes, of grete estates,  
Of heven and hell thei kepe the yeates,  
And Peter's successours ben all,  
And this is demid by old dates,  
But falshed foule mote it befall.

The othir side ben pore and pale,  
And peple yput out of prese,  
And semin caitiffes fore a cale,  
And er in one without encrese,  
Iclepid lollers and londlese,  
Who toteth on 'hem thei ben untall,  
Thei ben arayid all for pece,  
But falshed foule mote it befall.

Many a countrey have I fought,  
To knowe the falsir of these two,  
But aye my travaile was for nought  
All so ferre as I have ygo;  
But as I wandrid in a wro  
Within a wode beside a wall,  
Two foulis sawe I sitting tho,  
The falsir foule mote him befall.

That one did plete on the Popes side,  
A Griffon of a grimme stature,  
A Pellicane withoutin pride  
To these lollers ylaied his lure,  
He mused his mattir in mesure  
To counsaile, Christ ay gan he call,  
The Griffon shewed as sharpe as fire,  
But falshed foule mote it befall.

The Pellicane began to preche  
Bothe of mercie and of mekenesse,  
And saied that Christ so gan us teche;  
And meke and merciabie gan blesse,  
The' Evangely berith witnesse,  
A lambe he likeneth Christ ovre' all,  
In tokening that he mekist was,  
Sith pride was out of hevin fall.

And so shoud every Christened be;  
Priestis, and Peter's successours,  
Berh lowliche and of lowe degre,  
And usin none yerthly honours,  
Ne croune, ne curious covetours,  
Ne pilloure, ne othir proude pall,  
Ne to cofrin up grete tresours,  
For falshed foule mote it befall.

Priestis should for no cattill plede,  
But chastin 'hem in charite,  
Ne to no bartaille should men lede  
For inhaunsing ther owne degre,  
Nat willin fittinges in hie se,  
Ne soverainte in hous ne hall,  
Worldly worship desie and fle,  
Who willith highnes foule shall fall.

2050

Alas! who maie soche saintis call  
That wilnith welde yerthly honour,  
Lowe as Lucifere soche shall fall,  
In balefull blacknesse build ther boure,  
That eggith peple to erreure,  
And makith them unto 'hem thrall,  
To Christ I holde soche one traitour,  
Lowe as Lucifer soche shall fall.

2060

That willith to be kingis peres,  
And higher than the Emperour,  
And some that werin but pore Freres  
Now wollin waxe a warriour,  
God ne is not ther governour,  
That holdith none his permagall,  
While cove'tise is ther counsaillour,  
All soche falschede mote nedis fall.

2070

That hie on horse willith to ride  
In glitterande golde of grete araie,  
Paintid and portrid all in pride,  
No common knight maie go so gaie,  
Change of clothing every daie,  
With goldin girdils grete and small,  
As boillous as is Bere at baie,  
All soche falschede mote nedis fall.

2080

With pride punishith thei the pore;  
And some one thei sustain with sale,  
Of holie church makith an hore,  
And fill ther wombe with wine and ale,  
With money fille thei many a male,  
And chaffrin churchis when thei fall,  
And telle the peple a leude tale,  
Soche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

2030

Thei fede of many manir metes,  
With song and solas sitting long,  
And fillith ther wombe, and fast fretes,  
And from the mete unto the gong,  
And astir mete with harpe and song,  
And eche man mote 'hem Lordis call,  
And hote spicis evir emong,  
Soche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

2090

Miters thei werin mo than two  
Iperlid as the quen's hedde,  
A staffe of golde, and pirrie lo!  
As hevie as' it were made of ledde,  
With clothe of gold bothe newe and redde,  
With glitterande gold as grene as gall,  
By dome thei dampne men to be dedde,  
All soche faitours foule 'hem befall.

2100

And



And Christ's peple proudly curfe  
With brode boke, and braying bell,  
And to put pennies in ther purse  
Thei woil sell bothe hevin and hell,  
In ther sentence and thou wilt dwell  
Thei willin gesse in ther gaie hall,  
And though the soth thou of hem tell  
In the grete cursing shalt thou fall.

That is yblessid, that thei blesse,  
And cursid that thei cursin woll,  
And thus the peple thei oppresse,  
And have ther lordshippis at full,  
And many be marchauntes of woll,  
And to purs pennies woll come thrall,  
The pore peple thei al to pull,  
Suche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Lordis also mote to 'hem loute  
Obeysaunt to ther brode blessing,  
Thei ridin with ther royal route  
On a coursir, as' it were a king,  
With saddle of golde glittering,  
With curious harneis quaintly crallit,  
Stiropis gaie of golde mastling  
All suche falsched foule may befall it.

Christes ministers clepid thei bene,  
And rulin al in robberie,  
But Antichriste thei servin clene,  
Attirid al in tirannie,  
Witnesse of John his prophecie,  
Antichriste is ther admirall,  
Tiffelers attired in trecherie,  
Al suche faitours foule 'hem befall.

Who faith that some of 'hem may sinne  
He shal be domid to be ded,  
Some of 'hem wollin gladly winne  
Al ayenst that whiche God torbed,  
Al holiest they clepe ther hed,  
That of ther rule is full regall,  
Alas that evir thei ere bred!  
For al such falsched wol foule fall.

Ther hed covitith al honour,  
To be worshipped in worde and dede,  
Kings mote to him knele and coure  
To the' Apostles that Christ forbede,  
To popis heste such take more hede  
Than to kepe Christes commaundement,  
Of gold and silvir ben ther wede,  
Thei holde him hole omnipotent.

He ordaineth by his ordinaunce  
To parishe priestis a powere,  
To' anothir a gretir avaanee,  
A gretir point to his mistere,  
But for he' is highist in erth here  
To him reserveth he many' a point,  
But unto Christ, that hath no pere,  
Reservith he no pin, no joynt.

So semith he abovin all,  
And Christ abovin him nothings,  
Whan that he sittith in his stall,  
Dampnith and savith as him thinke,  
Suche pride tofore hie God doth stinke,  
An angel bad John to' him not knele,  
Only to God do his bowinge,  
Soche worship-willers mote ill fele.

Thei ne clepe Christ but *sanctus Deus*,  
And clepe ther hed *sanctusimus*,

All they that suche a secte sewis  
I trowe thei takin 'hem amisse,  
In erth here they havin ther blisse,  
Ther hie mastir is Beliall,  
Christ his pore peple from 'hem wisse,  
For al suche false will foule befall.

They mowin both ybinde and lose,  
And all is for ther holy life  
To save or dampne they mowin chose,  
Betwene 'hem now is a grete strife,  
Many' a man is killed with a knife,  
To were which havin lordship shall,  
For suche Christ suffrid woundis five,  
For all suche falsched will foule fall.

Christ said: *Qui gladio percussit*  
With swerde surely he shall die,  
He bad his priestis pece and grith,  
And bad 'hem not drede for to die,  
And bad them be both simple' and slic  
And carkè not for no cattell,  
And truste on God that sitteth on hie,  
For al false shal full foule befall.

These wollin makè men to swere,  
Ayenst Christ's commaundement,  
And Christ's members al to tere,  
On rode as he were newe yrent,  
Suche lawes thei makin by assent  
Eche on it throwith as a ball,  
And thus the pore be fully shent,  
But falsched foule it shulle befall.

Ne usin thei no simonie  
But selle churchis and priorities,  
Ne they usin to none envie  
But cursin al 'hem contraries,  
And hirith men by daies and yeres  
With strength to hold 'hem in ther stall,  
And culle all ther adversaries,  
Therefore falsched foule thou them fall.

With purse they purchase personage,  
With purse thei payin 'hem to plede,  
And men of warre thei wollin wage  
To bring ther enemies to dede,  
And lordis livis they wol lede,  
And muchil take, and give but small,  
But he' it so get, from it shal shede,  
And make suche false right foule yfall.

They halowe nothing but for hire,  
Ne churche, ne font, ne vestiment  
And make orders in every shire,  
But priestis pay for the parchment,  
Of riotours they takin rent,  
Therwith they sinere the shep's skall,  
For many churches ben suspent,  
Al suche falsched foule it befall.

Some livith not in lecherie,  
But haunte wenchis, widows, and wives,  
And punish the pore for putre,  
Themselve it usith al ther lives,  
And but a man to them him shrives,  
To hevin come he never shall,  
He shal be cursed as be catives,  
To hel thei saine that he shal fall.

There was more mercy' in Maximine,  
And Nero, that never was gode,  
Than there is now in some of them,  
Whan he hath on his furrid hode,

They



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| They folowe Christ that shede his blode<br>To heven, as bucket to the wall,<br>Suche wrechis yben worfe than wode,<br>And al suche faitours foule 'hem fall.                                                                                                                                                               |      | And Godd's lawe they all dispice,<br>And al suche faitours shul foule fall.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| They give ther almis to the riche,<br>To mainteynours, and men of lawe,<br>For to lordis they wol be liche,<br>An harlottes sonne not worth an hawe,<br>Sothfastnesse alle suche han flawe,<br>They kembe ther crokettes with cristall,<br>And drede of God they have doune drawe,<br>Al suche faitours foule 'hem befall. | 2240 | They saine that Peter had the key<br>Of heven and hel, to have and holde,<br>I trowe Peter toke no money<br>For no finnis that he ysolde,<br>Suche successours yben to bolde,<br>In winning all ther witte they wrai,<br>Ther conscience is waxin colde,<br>And al suche faitours foule 'hem fal.                       | 2310 |
| They make parsons for the pennie,<br>And Canons and ther Cardinals,<br>Unnethe amongst 'hem al is any<br>That ne hath glosed the gospel fals,<br>For Christ made ner no Cathedrals,<br>Ne with him was no Cardinal<br>With a redde harte, as use minstrels,<br>But falsheid foule more it befall.                          | 2250 | Peter was ner so grete a sole<br>To leve his key with suche a lorell,<br>Or take suche curfid soc or tole,<br>He was advisid nothing well,<br>I trowe they have the key of hell,<br>Their maistris is of that maishall,<br>For there thei dressin 'hem to dwell,<br>And with false Lucifer to fall.                     | 2320 |
| Ther tithing, and ther offring bothe<br>They clemith by possiession,<br>Ne therof n'il they none forgo,<br>But robbin men as a raunlome,<br>The tithing of <i>Torpe lucrum</i><br>With these maistris is veniall,<br>Tithinge of bribery, and larson<br>Will make falsheid full foule to fall.                             | 2260 | Thei ben as proude as Lucifarre,<br>As angry, and as envious,<br>From a gode faith they ben ful farre,<br>In covetise they ben curious,<br>To cathe catil as covitous<br>As hounde, that for hungre wol yall,<br>Ungodly, and ungracious,<br>And nedely suche false shal foule fall.                                    |      |
| They takin to ferme ther sompnours<br>To harme the peple what they may,<br>To pardoners, and false faitours<br>Thei sell ther seles I dare well say,<br>And all to holdin gret arraie,<br>To multiplie 'hem more metall,<br>They drede ful litil dom'is day,<br>Whan al suche falsheid shal foule fall.                    | 2270 | The Pope, and he were Peter's heire,<br>Me thinke he errith in this case,<br>Whan choise of bishop's in dispaire<br>To chosin 'hem in divers place,<br>A lorde shal write to him for grace,<br>For his clerke anone pray he shall,<br>So shal he spedin his purchase,<br>And al suche false foule 'hem befall.          | 2330 |
| Suche harlottes shul men disclaunder,<br>For that they shullin make them gre,<br>And ben as proud as Alexander,<br>And sain to the pore, wo be ye,<br>By yere eche priest shal paie his fe,<br>For to encrese his lemmans call,<br>Suche herdis shul wel ivil the,<br>And al suche false shal foule befall.                |      | Although he can no manir gode<br>A lord's prayir shal be spedde,<br>Though he be wilde of wil or wode,<br>Nat understanding what men redde,<br>A leude bostrir, that God forbedde,<br>As gode a Bishoppe' is my horse Ball,<br>Suche a Pope is full foule bestede,<br>And at the lasse wol foule yfall.                 | 2340 |
| And if a man be falsely famed,<br>And wol ymake purgacioun,<br>Than wol the' officers be agramed,<br>And assign him fro toun to toun,<br>So nede he must payin raunsome,<br>Though he be clene as is cristall,<br>And than have an absolution,<br>But al suche false shal foule befall.                                    | 2280 | He makith Priestles for erthly thanke,<br>And not at all for Christ's sake,<br>Suche that yben ful fat and ranke,<br>To foul's hede none hede they take,<br>Al is wel done what er they make,<br>For they shal answere ones for all,<br>For world's thank such worch and wake,<br>And al suche false shal foule befall. | 2350 |
| Though he be giltye of the dede,<br>And that he may the money paie,<br>Al the while his purse wol yblede<br>He may use it fro day to day,<br>The bishop's officers gone gay,<br>And this game they use ovir all,<br>The pore to pil is al their pray,<br>But al suche false shul foule befall.                             | 2290 | Suche that can nat yfay ther Crede,<br>With prayir shul be made Prelates,<br>Nothir canthe thei the gospel rede,<br>Suche shul now weldin hie estates,<br>The hie godes frendship 'hem makes,<br>Thei totith on ther summe totall,<br>Suche bere the keyes of hell's yates,<br>And all suche false shal foule befall.   | 2360 |
| Alas! God ordained no suche lawe,<br>Ne no suche crafte of covetise,<br>But he forbad it by his lawe,<br>Suche rulers mowen of God agrife,<br>For al his rulis ben rightwise,<br>These newe pointis ben pure papall,                                                                                                       | 2300 | Thei forsakin for Christ's love<br>Travaile, and hungre, thursle, and colde,<br>They ben ordrid or al above,<br>Out of youthed til they ben olde<br>By the' dore they go nat to the folde,<br>To helpe ther shepe they nought traval,<br>For hirid men al suche I holde,<br>And al suche false foule 'hem befall.       |      |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |      | A a a                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | For  |



For Christ our king thei wol forfakē,  
 And knowe him nought for his povertē,  
 For Christ's love they wol awake  
 And drinke piement ale aperte,  
 Of God they seme nothing aferde,  
 As lusty live, as Lamual,  
 And drive ther shepe into desert,  
 Al suche false faitours shul foule fal.

Christ yhad xii. Apostles here,  
 Nowe say they, there may be but one,  
 That may not erre in no manere,  
 Who leve not this ben lost echone,  
 Peter errid, so did not John,  
 Why is he cleped the principall?  
 Christe cleped him Peter, not the Stone,  
 Al false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Why cursin they the croifery  
 Christ's Christian creturis?  
 For bytwene them is now envy  
 To be enhaunsid in honours;  
 Christin livers with ther labours,  
 For they levin on no mortal,  
 Ben do to deth with dishonours,  
 And al suche false foule 'hem befall.

What knoweth a tilloure at the plowe  
 The Pop's name, and what he hate?  
 His crede suffisith to' him inowe,  
 And knoweth a card'nal by his hatte;  
 Rough is the pore unrightly latte,  
 That knowith Christ his God royal;  
 Suche maters be not worth a gnatte,  
 But suche false faitours foule 'hem fal.

A king shal knele and kisse his showe,  
 Christ let a sinful kisse his fete,  
 Me thinke he holdeth him hie inowe,  
 So Lucifer did, that hie set,  
 Suche one me thinke himselfe foryet,  
 Or to the trouth he was nat cal,  
 Christe that suffrid woundis were  
 Shall make all suche falshed foule fall.

They layith out ther largè nettes  
 For to takin silvir and golde,  
 Thei fillin coffers, and sackes fettes  
 There as they foulis catchin sholde,  
 Ther serrauntes be to them unholde  
 But they can doublin ther rentall,  
 To bigge 'hem castles, bigge 'hem holde,  
 And al suche false foule 'hem befall.

*Here endeth the first parte of this tale, and hereafter  
 followeth the seconde parte.*

**T**O accorde what this wordè fall  
 No more Englishe ne can I finde,  
 Shewin anothir nowe I shall,  
 For I have moche to faye behinde,  
 How priestis han the peple pinde,  
 As curteis Christe yhath me kinde,  
 And put this matter in my minde,  
 To make this manir men amende.

Shortely to shende 'hem, and shewe nowe  
 How wrongfully they wèrche and walke,  
 Of hie God nothing tell, ne howe,  
 But in Goddes worde tell many a balke,  
 In harnis holde 'hem and in halke,  
 And prechen' of tithis and offende,  
 And untruely' of the gospel talke,  
 For his mercy God it amende.

What els is Antichriste to saie  
 But even Christ's adverfarie?  
 Suche hath now ben many a daie  
 To Christ's bidding ful contrarie,  
 That from the trouthe clene ywarry,  
 Out of the way they ben ywende,  
 And Christ's peple' untruely cary,  
 God for his pitie it amende.

They live contrary to Christes life,  
 In hie pride against mekenesse,  
 Against suffraunce they usin strife,  
 And angre ayenst sobrenesse,  
 Ayenst wisdom wilfulnesse,  
 To Christ's talis litil tende,  
 Against mesure outragiousnesse,  
 But whan God wol, it may amende.

Lordely life ayenst lowlinesse,  
 And demin al without mercy,  
 And covetise ayenst largesse,  
 Ayenst trouthe trechery,  
 And ayenst almesse envy,  
 Ayenst Christ they comprehende,  
 For chastite mainteine lechery,  
 God for his grace this amende.

Against penaunce thei use delightes,  
 Ayenst suffraunce strong defence,  
 Ayenst God they usin ill rightes,  
 Ayenst pitie punishmentes,  
 Open' evil ayenst continence,  
 Ther wickid winning worse dispende,  
 Sobirnesse sette in to dispende,  
 God for his godenesse it amende.

Why cleimin they holy' his powere  
 And wranglin ayenst al his hestes?  
 His living folowe thei nought here,  
 But livin worse than witleffe bestes,  
 Of fishe and fleshe they lovin festes,  
 As lordis thei ben brode ikende,  
 Of Godd's pore thei hatin gestes,  
 God for his mercy this amende.

With Dives suche shal have ther dome,  
 That saine that they be Christ's frendes,  
 And do nothing as they should done,  
 Al suche ben falsir than ben fendes,  
 On the peple they ley suche bendes,  
 As God in erth they han offende,  
 Succour for such Christe now send us,  
 And for his mercy this amende.

A token' of Antichrist they be  
 His careckes ben now wide iknowe,  
 Receved to preche shal no man be,  
 Without token of him, I trowe,  
 Eche christin priest to prechin owe  
 From God above, thei ben yfende  
 Goddes word to al folke for to showe,  
 And sinful man for to amende.

Christ sent the pore for to preche,  
 The royal riche he did not so,  
 Now dare no pore the peple teche,  
 For Antichrist is al ther foe,  
 Among the peple he mote go,  
 He hath biddin al suche suspende,  
 Some hath he hent, and thinketh yet mo,  
 But al this God may wel amende.

Al tho that han the worlde forfakē,  
 And livin lowly, as God badde,

Into



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Into ther prifon fhulle be take,<br>Betin and boundin, and forth ladde,<br>Hereof I rede no man be dradde,<br>Christ faid that his fhould be yfhende,<br>Eche man ought hereof to be gladde,<br>For God ful wel it wol amende.                                                                                                             |      | They be fike <sup>r</sup> of the felfe enfise,<br>From all forhneffe they ben yfhende,<br>And covetife chaunge with quentife,<br>Almighty God al fuche amende.                                                                                                                                                |            |
| They take on 'hem royall power,<br>And fay they havin fwerdis two,<br>One curfe to hel, one fle men here,<br>At his taking Christ had no mo,<br>Yet Peter had but one of tho,<br>And Christ to him fmite gan defende;<br>And into the' fheth badde put it tho,<br>And al fuche mifcheves God amende.                                       | 2500 | Were Christ upon erth here efte fone,<br>Thefe wouldin dampnè him to die,<br>All his heftis they han fordōne,<br>And faine his fawes ben herefie,<br>Ayenft his commaundementes they crie,<br>And dampnin all his to be brende,<br>For thei ne like fuche lofengrie,<br>God Almighty all fuche amende.        | 2570       |
| Christ bad Peter to kepe his shepe,<br>And with his fworde forbade 'hem fmite,<br>Swerde is no tole with shepe to kepe,<br>But to fhepherdes that shepe wol bite,<br>Me thinke fuche fhepherdes ben to wite<br>Who' ayen ther shepe with fwerde contende,<br>They drive ther shepa with grete difpite,<br>But al this God may well amende. | 2510 | These han more might in Englande here<br>Than hath the king and all his lawe,<br>They han purchafid fuche powere<br>To takin 'hem whom list not knawe,<br>And fay that herefie' is ther fawe,<br>And fo to prifon wol 'hem fende,<br>It was not fo by eldir dawe,<br>God for his mercy it amende.             | 2580       |
| Peter's fuccellours be thei nought,<br>Whom Christ ymade his chefe pafoure,<br>A fwerde no fhepherde ufin ought,<br>But he would fle, as a bochoure,<br>Who fo were Peter's fuccelloure<br>Should bere his shepe til his backe bende,<br>And shadowe 'hem from every fhoure,<br>And al this God may wel amende.                            | 2520 | The king's lawe wol no man deme<br>Angerliche withoutin anfwere,<br>But if any man thefe mifqueme<br>He fhall be baightid as a bere,<br>And yet wel worfe they wol him tere,<br>And in prifon wollin him pende<br>In ginis, and in othir gere<br>Whan that God woll, it may amende.                           | 2590       |
| Succellours to Peter ben thefe<br>In that, that Peter Christe forfoke,<br>That levir had God's love to lefe,<br>Than fhepherde had to lefe his hoke,<br>He culleth the shepe as doth the Coke,<br>Of 'hem takin they woll untrende,<br>And falsely glose the Gofpell boke,<br>God for his mercy them amende.                               | 2530 | The king ne taxith nat his men<br>But by' afent of the commi'nalte,<br>But thefe eche yere wol raunfom 'hem<br>Maiftirfully, more than dothe he,<br>Ther felis by yere bettir be<br>Than is the king's in extende,<br>Ther officers han gretir fe<br>But alle this mifchefe God amende.                       | 2600       |
| Whan Christ had take Peter the kay<br>Christ faide, he muft ydie for man,<br>That Peter to Christ gan withfay,<br>Christe bad him go behinde Sathan,<br>Suche counfailours many' of thefe han,<br>For world's wele God to offende,<br>Peters fuccellours they ben than,<br>But al fuche God may wel amende.                                | 2540 | Who fo wol prove a teftament,<br>That is nat al worth tennè pounce,<br>He fhall paye for the parchement<br>The thirde of the money all rounde,<br>Thus the pore peple is ranfoumde,<br>They fay fuche parte t'em fhould apende,<br>There as they gripen' it goeth to grounde,<br>God for his mercy it amende. |            |
| For Sathan is to fay no more<br>But he that contrary to Christ is,<br>In this they lernin Peter's lore,<br>They fegin him whan he did miffe,<br>They folowe him forfoth in this<br>That Christ would Peter reprehende,<br>But nat that longith to' hevin bliffe,<br>God for his mercy 'hem amende.                                         | 2550 | A fimple fornicacion<br>Twenty fhillingis he fhall pay,<br>And than have abfolucion<br>And al the yere ufe it he may,<br>Thus thei lettin 'hem go aftray,<br>Thei recke nat though the foule be brende,<br>These kepin evill Peter's kay,<br>And al fuche fhepherdes God amende.                              | 2610       |
| Thei none Apoflle fepen, in cafe<br>Of ought that I can underftonde,<br>But him that betraied Christ, Judas,<br>That bare the purfe in every londe,<br>And al that he might sette on honde<br>He hidde and ftale, and it mifpende,<br>His rule thefe traitours han in honde,<br>Almighty God all fuche amende.                             | 2560 | Wondir is, that the parliamente,<br>And al the lordis of this londe,<br>Here to takin fo lite entente<br>To helpe the peple' out of ther honde,<br>For thei ben hardir in ther bonde,<br>Worfe bete, and cruellir ybrende,<br>Than to the king is underftand,<br>God him helpe this for to amende.            | 2620       |
| And at the laft his Lorde gan tray<br>Curfidly through false covetife,<br>So would thefe traine him for money,<br>And they ywiftin in what wife,                                                                                                                                                                                           |      | What Bifhoppes, what religions<br>Han in this lande as muche lay fe,<br>Lordefhippis and poffeffions,<br>More than Lordis, it femith me;<br>That makith 'hem lefe charite,<br>They mowin not to God attende,                                                                                                  | 2630<br>In |



In erth thei have so highe degre;  
God for his mercy it amende.

The Empe'rour yafe the Pope somtime  
So highe lordeship him about,  
That at the last the fely kime,  
The proudè Pope yput him out,  
So of this relme is in grete dout,  
But lordes beware and them defende,  
For nowe these folke be wondir stoute,  
The King and Lords now this amende. 2640

*Thus endeth the seconde parte of this tale, and hereafter  
foloweth the thirde.*

**M**Oyses lawe forbode it tho  
That prestis should no lordshippes welde,  
Christ's gospel biddith also  
That they should no lordshippis helde,  
Christes apostels were ner so bolde  
No sliche lordshippes to 'hem enbrace,  
But sklere ther shepe and kepe ther folde,  
May God amende 'hem for his grace.

For thei ne ben but counterfete,  
Men may yknow 'hem by ther fruite, 2650  
Ther greteneße maketh 'hem God foryete,  
And take his mekenesse in dispite,  
And thei were pore and had but lite,  
Thei n'old nat demen' aftir the face,  
Norishe ther shepe, and 'hem nat bite,  
May God amende 'hem for his grace.

Griffon.

What canst thou preche ayenst Chanons  
That men yclepin seculere?  
Peli. Thei ben curates of many tounes,  
On yerth they havin grete powere, 2660  
They have grete prebendis and dere,  
Some two or thre, and some have mo  
A parsonage to ben playing fere,  
And yet thei serve the king also,

And let to ferme all that fare  
To whom that wol moste give therfore,  
Some wollin spende, and some woll spare,  
And some wol laye it up in store,  
A cure of soule they care not fore,  
So that they mowin money take, 2670  
Whethir ther soules be wonne or lore,  
Ther profites they woll not forsake.

They have a geßering procuratour,  
That can the pore peple enplede,  
And robbe 'hem as a ravinour,  
And to his lorde the mony lede,  
And catche of quicke and eke of dede,  
And richin him and his lorde eke, 2680  
And to robbe the pore give gode rede  
Of olde and yonge, of hole and sick.

Therwith they purchase 'hem lay fe  
In londe, there as 'hem likith best,  
And buildin brode as a cite  
Both in the Est, and in the West,  
To purchase thus they ben ful prest,  
But on the pore they woll nought spende,  
Ne no gode give to Godd's gest,  
Ne sende him some that all hath sende.

By ther service soche wollin live,  
And trust that othir to trefure, 2690  
Though all ther parishe die unshrive,  
Thei woll nat givin a rose floure,

Ther life should be as a mirrour  
Both to lerid and leude also,  
And teche the folke ther lele labour,  
Soche mifter men ben all misgo.

Some of 'hem yben full harde nigges,  
And some of 'hem ben proude and gaie,  
Some spendin ther gode upon gigges,  
And findin 'hem of grete araie, 2700  
Alas! what thinke these men to faie  
That thus dispendin Godd's gode  
At the grete dredefull dom's daie?  
Soche wretchis shull be worse than wode.

Some ther churchis nevir ne sie,  
Ne ner o penie thiðir sende,  
Though that the pore for hungir die,  
O penie' on 'hem will thei not spende,  
Have thei receiving of the rente 2710  
Thei recke ner of the remenaunt,  
Alas! the devill hath clene 'hem blente,  
Soche one is Sathanes sojournaunt.

And use horedome and harlottrie,  
And covetise, and pompe, and pride,  
And slothe, and wrathe, and eke envie,  
And sewin sinne by every side,  
Alas! where thinkin soche t' abide?  
How woll thei ther accomptis yeld?  
From hie God thei mowe 'hem not hide,  
Soche willers witte' is not worth a nelde. 2720

Thei ben so rotid in richesse  
That Christ's povert is foryet,  
Yservid with so many messe  
Hem thinke that Manna is no mete,  
All is gode that thei mowin gete, 2660  
Thei wene to livin evirmore,  
But whan that God at dome is fete,  
Soche trefour is a feble store.

Unnethis mote thei Martins faie  
For counting and for courtholding, 2730  
And yet he jangilith as Jaie,  
And understont himself nothing,  
He woll yserve bothe Erle and King  
For his finding and for his fe,  
And hide his tithing and offring,  
This is a feble charite.

Othir thei ben proude, or cove'tous,  
Or elles thei ben hard, or hungrie,  
Or thei ben libe'rall or lecherous,  
Or els medlers with Marchandrie, 2740  
Maintainers of men with maistrie,  
Or stewardes, countours, or pledours,  
And serve God in ypocrisie,  
Soche priestis ben Christes false traitours.

Thei ben false, thei ben vengeable,  
And begile men in Christ's name,  
Thei ben unstedfast and unstable,  
To traie ther Lorde, 'hem thinke no shame,  
To servin God thei ben full lame,  
Godd's thevis, and falsely stele, 2750  
And falsely Godd's worde defame,  
In winning is ther world's wele.

Antichrist these priestis serve all,  
I praie The who maie sayin naie?  
With Antichrist soche shullin fall,  
Thei folowen him in dede and faie, 2690  
Thei servin him in riche araie,  
To servin Christ soche falsely fain,

Why,



Why, at the dredfull dom'is daie  
Shull thei not folowe him to pain,

2760

That knowen 'hem self that thei doen ill  
Ayenst Christ'is commaundement,  
And amende 'hem ner ne will,  
But serve Sathan by one assent?  
Who sayith sothe he shall be shent,  
Or speketh ayenst ther false living,  
Who so well livith shall be brent,  
For soche ben gretir than the king.

Popis, Bishops, and Cardinals,  
Chanons, and Parsons, and Vicare  
In Goddes service I trowe ben fals,  
That Sacramentis sellin here,  
And ben as proude as Lucifere,  
Eche man loke whethir that I lie,  
Who so spekith ayenst ther powere  
It shall be holdin heresie.

Lokith how many orders take  
Onely of Christ, for his service,  
That the world'is godis forsake;  
Who so take ordirs othir wise,  
I trowe that thei shall fore agrise,  
For all the glose, that thei conne,  
All ne shewin not this assise,  
In evill time thei thus begonne.

Loke how many among 'hem all  
Ne holdin not this hië waie,  
With Antichrist thei shullin fall,  
For that thei wollin God betraie,  
God amende 'hem that best ymaie,  
For many men thei makin shende,  
Thei wetin well the sothe I saie,  
But the devill hath soule 'hem blende.

Some of 'hem on ther Churchis dwell  
Apparailled porely, proude of porte,  
The seven sacramentes thei doen sell,  
In cattrell catching' is ther comfort,  
Of eche mattir thei wollin mell,  
To doen 'hem wrong is ther disport,  
To' afraie the peple thei ben fell,  
And hold 'hem lower than doeth the lorde.

2800

And for the tithing of a Ducke,  
Or of an Apple, or an Aie,  
Thei make men swere upon a boke,  
Lo! thus thei foulin Christ'is saie,  
Soche berin evill hevin kaie,  
Thei mowin assoile, thei mowe thrive,  
With mennis wivis strongly plaie,  
And with true tillers sturte and strive.

At the wrestling, and at the wake,  
And the chief chauntours at the nale,  
Market beters, and medling make,  
Hoppen' and houtin with heve and hale,  
At faire freshe, and at wine stale  
Thei dine and drinke, and make debate,  
The seven Sacramentes set a saile,  
Kepe soche the kaies of hevin gate?

Mennis wivis thei wollin hold,  
And though that thei ben right fory,  
To speke thei shull not be so bold,  
For sompning to' the Consistory,  
And make 'hem saie with mouthe I lie,  
Though thei it sawin with ther eye  
His lemman holdin opynly,  
No man so hardy to aske why.

He woll have tithing and offring,  
Maugre whosoever it grutche,  
And twise on the daie he woll sing,  
Godd'is priestis ne were none soche.  
He mote go hunte with dogge and biche,  
And blowen his horne, and cryin hey,  
And forcerie usen as a Witche,  
Soche kepin evill Peter's key.

2830

Yet thei mote have some stocke or ston  
Gaily paintid, and proudly dight,  
To makin men livin upon,  
And saie that it is full of might,  
About soche men set up grete light,  
Other soche stockes shull stande therby,  
As darke as if it were midnight,  
For it maie makin no mastreie.

2840

That it the leude peple se mowe,  
Thou Mary, thou worchest wondir thinges,  
About that, that men offir to, now  
Hongin brochis, ouchis, and ringes,  
The priest purchasith the offringes,  
But he n'ill offir to' none Image,  
Wo is the soule that he forsinges,  
That prechith for soche pilgrimage!

2780

To men and women that ben pore,  
Which that ben Christ'is owne likenesse,  
Men shullin offir at ther dore,  
That suffre hungir and distresse,  
And to soche Image offir lesse,  
That mowe not sele ne thirste ne cold,  
The pore in spirite gan Christ blesse,  
Therefore offirith to feble' and old.

2850

Buckilers brode, and swerdis long,  
Baudrike, with baselardis kene,  
Soche toles about ther necke thei hong,  
With Antichrist soche priestis ben,  
Upon ther dedes it is well sene  
Whom thei servin, whom thei honouren,  
Antichrist'is thei ben all clene,  
And Godd'is godes fallly devouren.

2860

Of scarlet and grene gaië gounes,  
That mote be shapin for the newe,  
To clippin and kissin in tounes  
The damoscles that to the daunce sewe,  
Cutrid clothis to sewe ther hewe,  
With longe pikis on ther shone,  
Our Godd'is Gospell is not true,  
Eithir thei serve the devill or none.

2870

Now ben the priestis pokes so wide,  
Men must enlarge the vestiment,  
The holy Gospell thei doen hide  
For the contrarien in raiment,  
Soche priestes of Lucifer ben sent,  
Like conquerours thei ben araied,  
The proude pendautes at ther ars pent,  
Falsely the trueth thei han betraied.

2880

Shrift silvir soche wollin askeis,  
And wollin men crepe to the crouche,  
None of the Sacramentes save askis,  
Withoutin mede shall no man touche,  
On ther Bishop ther warrant vouche,  
That is a lawe of the decre,  
With mede and money thus thei mouche,  
And thus thei sain is charite.

2820

Within the middis of ther Masse  
Thei n'ill have no man but for hire,  
B b b

2890  
A c i



And full shortly let forth ypassé,  
 Soche shull men findin in eche shire,  
 That Parsonages for gaine desire,  
 To live in liking and in lustes,  
 I dare not fain, *Sans ose jeo dire*  
 That soche ben Antichrist's priestes.

Or thei yef the Bishoppis why,  
 Or thei more ben in his service,  
 And holdin forth ther harlottrie,  
 Soche Prelates ben of feble' emprise,  
 Of Godd's grame soche men agrise,  
 For soche mattirs that takin mede,  
 How thei' excuse 'hem, and in what wise  
 Me thinkith thei ought gretely drede.

Thei fain that it to no man longeth  
 To reprove them though that thei erre,  
 But falsly Godd's godes thei songeth,  
 And therwith maintein wo and werre,  
 Ther dedes should be as bright as sterre,  
 Ther living, lendè mann's light,  
 Thei saie the Pope ne maie not erre,  
 Nede must that passin mann's might:

Though' a priest lie with his lemman' al night,  
 And tellen his felowe, and he him,  
 He goith to Masse anon right,  
 And saith he singeth out of sinne,  
 His birde abiderh him at his inne,  
 And dighteth his diner the mene while,  
 He singeth his Masse for he would winne,  
 And so he wenith God begile:

'Hem thinkith long till thei be met,  
 And that thei use forth all the yere,  
 Emong the folke whan he is set  
 He holdith no man half his pere,  
 Of the B.shop he hath powere  
 To soile men, or els thei ben lore,  
 His absolucion maketh them skere,  
 Wo is the foule that he singeth for.

The Griffon began for to threte  
 And saied, of Monkis canst thou ought? 2930  
 The Pelli'can saied, thei ben full grete,  
 And in this world moche wo hath wrought,  
 Sainct Benet, that ther ordir brought,  
 Ne made 'hem ner in soche manere,  
 I trowe it came ner in his thought  
 That thei should use so grete powere.

That a man should a Monke lorde call,  
 Ne serve him on knees, as a king;  
 He is as proude as Prince in pall,  
 In mete, and drinke, and in all thing, 2940  
 Some werin a miter and ring  
 With double Worstid well idight,  
 With roiall mete and richè drinke,  
 And ride on courser as a knight.

With hawkis and with houndis eke,  
 With broche or ouchis on his hode,  
 Some saie no Masse in all a weke,  
 Of deinties is ther mostè fode,  
 With lordshippis and with bondmen,  
 This is a roiall regioun,  
 Sainct Benet made ner non of 'hem  
 To have lordship of man ne toun.

Now thei ben queint and curious,  
 With fine clothe clad and servid clene,  
 Proude, and angrie, and envious,  
 Malice is mochil that thei mene,

In catching craftie and covetous,  
 Lordly livin in grete liking,  
 This living' is not religious  
 According to Benet's living. 2960

Thei ben clerkes, and courts ovir se,  
 Ther pore renounce fully thei slite,  
 The hier a man amercid be  
 The gladlyir thei woll it write,  
 This is farre from Christes poverté,  
 For all with cove'tise thei endite, 2900  
 On the pore thei have no pite,  
 Ne ner 'hem cherishe but or bite.

And comminly soche ben comen  
 Of pore peple', and of 'hem begete, 2970  
 That this perfection han inomen,  
 Ther fathirs ride but on ther fete,  
 And travaile sore for that thei ete,  
 In povert livith yong and old,  
 Ther fathirs suffreth drought and wete,  
 Many hungrie meles, thursté, and cold. 2910

And all this the Monkes han forsake  
 For Christ's love and saint Benete,  
 To pride and ese have 'hem betake,  
 This religion is ill besete, 2980  
 Had thei ben out of religion  
 Thei must have hangid at the plowe,  
 Threshid and diked fro toun to toun,  
 With sorie mere, not halfe inowe.

Therefore thei han this all forsake,  
 And take to riches, pride, and ese,  
 Full fewe for God woll Monkes 'hem make,  
 Lite is soche ordir for to praise,  
 Sainct Benet ordained it not so,  
 But bad 'hem to be cherèliche, 2990  
 In churliche manir live and go,  
 Boistous in yerth, and not lordliche.

Thei disclaunderin saint Benet,  
 Therefore thei have his holy curse,  
 Sainct Benet with 'hem nevir met  
 But if thei thought to robbe his purse;  
 I can no more here of 'hem tell,  
 But that thei ben like tho before,  
 And clene serve the devill of hell,  
 And ben his trefure and his store. 3000

And all soche othir counterfaitours  
 Chanons, Canons, and soche disgised,  
 Ben Godd's enemies and traitours,  
 His religion han foule dispised,  
 And of Freris I have before  
 Told in a makin of a Crede, 2940  
 And yet I could tell worse and more,  
 But men would werien it to rede.

As Goddes godenes no man tell might,  
 Ne write ne speke, ne thinke in thought, 3010  
 So ther falschid, and ther unright  
 Maie no man tell that ere God wrought;  
 The Griffon saied, thou canst no gode,  
 Thou came ner of no gentill kinde,  
 Othir I trowe thou waxist wode,  
 Or ellis thou hast loste thy minde. 2950

Should holy churché yhave no hedde?  
 Who should ybe her governaile?  
 Who should her rule, who should her redde?  
 Who should her forthren, who availe? 3020  
 Eche man shall live by his travaile,  
 Who best doith, shall have most mede,

With



With strength if men the churche assaile,  
With strength men must defende her nede.

And if the Pope were purely pore  
And neddy, and nothing ne had,  
He should be drive from dore to dore,  
The wickid of him n'olde not drad,  
Of soche an hedde men would be fode,  
And sinfully liven' as 'hem lust,  
With strength amendis soche be made,  
With wepin Wolves from shepe be wust.

If that the Pope and Prelates would  
So begge, and bid, bowe and borowe,  
Holy churche should ystande full cold,  
Her servauntes sit and soupe sorowe,  
And thei wer noughtie foule and horowe  
To worship God men would wlate  
Both on evin and on morowe,  
Soche harlotrie men would hate.

And therfore men of holye churche  
Shouldin be honeste in all thing,  
And worshipfull God's workis werche,  
So semeth it to serve Christ ther king  
In honest and in clene clothing,  
With vessels of gold and clothes riche  
To God honestly to' make offring,  
For to his lordship none is liche.

The Pellican cast an honge crie  
And saied alas! why saiest thou so?  
Christ is our hedde that sitteth on hie,  
Heddis ne ought we have no mo,  
We ben his membres bothe also,  
Fathir he taught us call him als,  
Maisters to call forbad he tho,  
All maisters ben wickid and fals.

That takith maistrice in his name  
Ghostly, and to win yerthly gode,  
Kings and lordes should lordship have  
And rule the peple with milde mode,  
But Christ for us that shed his blode  
Bad his priests no maistrice have,  
Ne carke not for clothis ne fode,  
From all mischief he woll 'hem save.

Ther riche clothes shall be rightwisnesse,  
Ther tresure a true life shall be,  
Charite shall be ther richesse,  
Ther Lordship shall be unite,  
And hope in God ther honeste,  
Ther vessel a clene conscience,  
Pore in sprite, and humilite  
Shall be holy church's defence.

What, saied the Griffon, maie The greve  
That othir folkis farin wele?  
What hast thou to doen with ther live?  
Thy falschid every man maie fele,  
For thou ne canst no cattell gete,  
But livest in londe as a lorell,  
With glosing gettist thou thy mete,  
So farith the devil in hell.

He would that eche man there should dwell,  
For he livith in clene envie,  
So with the tales that thou doest tell  
Thou wouldest othir peple destric,  
With your glose, and your heresie,  
For ye can live no bettir life  
But clene in fals Hypocrisie,  
And bringist The in wo and strife.

And therwith have ye not to doen,  
For ye ne havin here no cure,  
Ye serve the devill, not God ne man.  
And he shall payin you your hire,  
For ye woll farin well at festes,  
And be warm clothid for the cold,  
Therefore ye glosin Godd's hettes,  
And begile peple yong and old.

And all the seven Sacramentes  
Ye speke ayenst, as ye were flie,  
Tithings, offringes with your ententes,  
And on our Lord's body lie,  
All this ye doen to live in ese,  
As who sayith, there ben none socie,  
And sain the Pope' is not worth a pese,  
To make the peple' ayen him gioche.

And this ycommith in by fendes  
To bring the cristin in distaunce,  
For thei would that no man were frendes;  
Levith thy chattring with mischaunce,  
If thou live well, what wilt thou more,  
Let othir men live as 'hem list,  
Spendin ther gode, or kepe in flore,  
Othir mennes conscience ner thou n'ist.

Ye han no cure to answer fore,  
What meddle' ye, that han not to doen?  
Let men live as thei han doen yore,  
For thou shalt answer for no man.  
The Pellican sayid, sir, naie,  
I ne dispisid not the Pope,  
Ne no Sacrament, sothe to saie,  
But speke in charite' and gode hope.

But I dispise ther hiè pride,  
Ther welthe, that should be pore in sprite,  
Ther wickidnesse is knowe so wide,  
Thei servin God in false habite,  
And tournin mekenesse into pride,  
And lowlinesse into' hie degre,  
And Godd's wordis tourne and hide,  
And I am moved by charite.

To lettin men to livin so  
With all my conning and my might,  
And to warnin men of ther wo,  
And to tellin 'hem trouth and right,  
The Sacramentes be soul's hele,  
If thei ben usid in gode use,  
Ayenst that speke I ner a dele,  
For than ne were I nothing wise,

But thei that use 'hem in misse manere,  
Or set 'hem up to any sale,  
I trowe thei shall abie 'hem dere,  
This is my reson, this my tale,  
Who so taketh 'hem unrightfulliche  
Ayenst the ten commaundementes,  
Or ellis by glose wrechidliche,  
Selleth any of the Sacramentes,

I trowe thei doe the devill homage,  
In that thei wetin thei doe wrong,  
And therto I dare well to wage  
Thei serve Sathan for all ther song,  
To tithen' and offre' is holsome life,  
So it be doen in due manere,  
A man to housclin and to shrive,  
Wedding, and all othir in fere.

So it be nother solde ne bought,  
Ne take ne give for covetise.

And



And it be so taken' it is nought,  
Who selleth him so, maie fore agrise;  
On our Lordes body' I doe not lie,  
I saie the sothe thorough true rede,  
His fleshe and blode through his misterie  
Is there all in the forme of brede.

How it is there, it nedeth not strive,  
Whethre' it be subget or accident,  
But as Christ was, whan he' was on live  
So is he there in verament,  
If Pope or Cardi'nall live gode live  
As Christ us bad in his Gospell,  
Ayenst that ne woll I not strive,  
But me thinkith thei live not well.

For if the Pope lived as God bedde,  
Pride and highnesse he should dispise,  
Richesse, covetise, and croune on hedde,  
Mekenesse and poverté he should use.  
The Griffon saied he should abie,  
Thou shalt be brent in balefull fire,  
And all thy sct I shall distrie,  
Ye shall be hangid by the swire.

Ye shulle be hangid and to drawe  
Who givith you leve for to preche,  
Or spekin' against Godd's lawe,  
And the peple thus falsely teche?  
Thou shalt be cursed with boke and bell,  
And dislevered from holic churche,  
And clene idampnid into hell,  
Othirwise but ye wollin worche.

The Pelli'can saied that I ne drede,  
Your cursing is of lite value,  
Of God I hope to have my mede,  
For it is falsed that ye shewe,  
For ye ben out of charite,  
And wilne vengeance, as did Nero,  
To sufferin I woll redy be,  
I drede not all that thou canst do.

Christ bad ones suffre for his love,  
And so he taught all his servauntes,  
But thou' amende for his sake above,  
I drede not all thy maintenaunce,  
For if I drede the world's hate  
Me thinkith I were lite to praise,  
I drede nothing your hie estate,  
Ne I ne drede not your disese.

Wollin ye tourne and leve your pride,  
And your hie porte, and your richesse,  
Your cursing should not go so wide,  
God bring you into rightwisenesse,  
For I drede not your tirannie,  
For nothing that ye can ydoen,  
To suffre I am all redie,  
Sikir I recke nevir how sone.

The Griffon grinned as he were wode,  
And lokid lovely as an Owle,  
And swore by cock's herte and blode,  
He would him tere every doule,  
Holy churche thou disclaundrist foule,  
For thy speche I woll The to race,  
And make thy fleshe to rote and moule,  
Lofell, thou shalt have hardè grace.

The Griffon flewe forth on his waic,  
The Pellican did sit and wepe,  
And to himself he gan to saie  
God would that any of Christes shepe

Had herdin, and itakin kepe  
Eche a worde that here sayid was,  
And would it write and well ikepe,  
God would it were all for his grace.

3150 Plowman.  
I answerid, and saied I would,  
If for my travaile one would pey.  
Pelican. He saied yes, these ther God han sold,  
For thei han grete store of money.  
Plowman. I sayid, tell me and thou maie,  
Why tellist thou menn's trespase? 3220  
Pellican. He saied, to' amende'nem in gode fay  
If God woll give me any grace.

3160 For Christ himself is liken to me,  
That for his peple died on Rode,  
As fare I, right so farith he,  
He fedith his birdes with his blode,  
But these doen evill ayenst gode,  
And ben his foen undir frendes face,  
I told 'hem how ther living stode,  
And God amende 'hem for his grace. 3230

Plowman.  
What ailith the Griffon, tell why  
That he holdith on the' othir side,  
For thei two yben likily  
And with kindis yrobin wide. 3170  
Pellican. The foule betokinith pride,  
As Lucifer, that high flewe was,  
And sith he did him in ill hide,  
For he agiltid Godd's grace.

As birde flyith up in the aire,  
And livith by birdes that ben meke, 3240  
So these ben flowe up in dispaire,  
And shendin sely soulis eke,  
The soulis that ben in finnes eke:  
3180 He culleth 'hem, knele therfore alas!  
For bribrie Godd's forbode breke,  
But God amende it for his grace.

The hinder parte is a Lioun,  
A robber and a raviner,  
That robbereth the peple in yerth doune,  
And in yerth holdith none his pere, 3250  
So fareth this foule both ferre and nere,  
With tempo'el strength, the peple chafe,  
As a Lion proude in yerth here,  
3190 May God amende 'hem for his grace.

Pellican.  
He flewe forth with his wingis twain  
All drouping, and dasid, and dull,  
But sone the Griffon came again,  
Of his foulis the yerth was full,  
The Pelli'can he had cast to pull,  
So grete number ner sene there was, 3260  
What manir of foules telle I woll,  
If God woll give me of his grace.

3200 With the Griffon come foulis fele,  
Ravins, Rokis, Crowis, and Pie,  
And graie foulis, aga'drid wele,  
Igurde above they wouldin hie,  
Gledis and bosardes weren 'hem by,  
White molles and puttockes toke ther place,  
And lapwinges, that wel conith lie,  
This Company' han forlete ther grace. 3270

3210 Long while the Pellican was oute,  
But at last he commith againe,  
And brought with him the Phenix stoute,



The Griffon would have flow ful faine,  
His foulis fiewen as thicke as raine,  
The Phenix tho began 'hem chace,  
To fle from him it was in vaine,  
For he did vengeaunce and no grace.

He flewe 'hem doune without mercy,  
There astarte neither fre ne thrall,  
On him they cast a rufull crie,  
Whan that the Griffon doun was fall,  
He bete him not, but flewe 'hem all,  
Where he 'hem drove; no man may trace,  
Under the erth me thought they yall,  
Alas they had a feble grace!

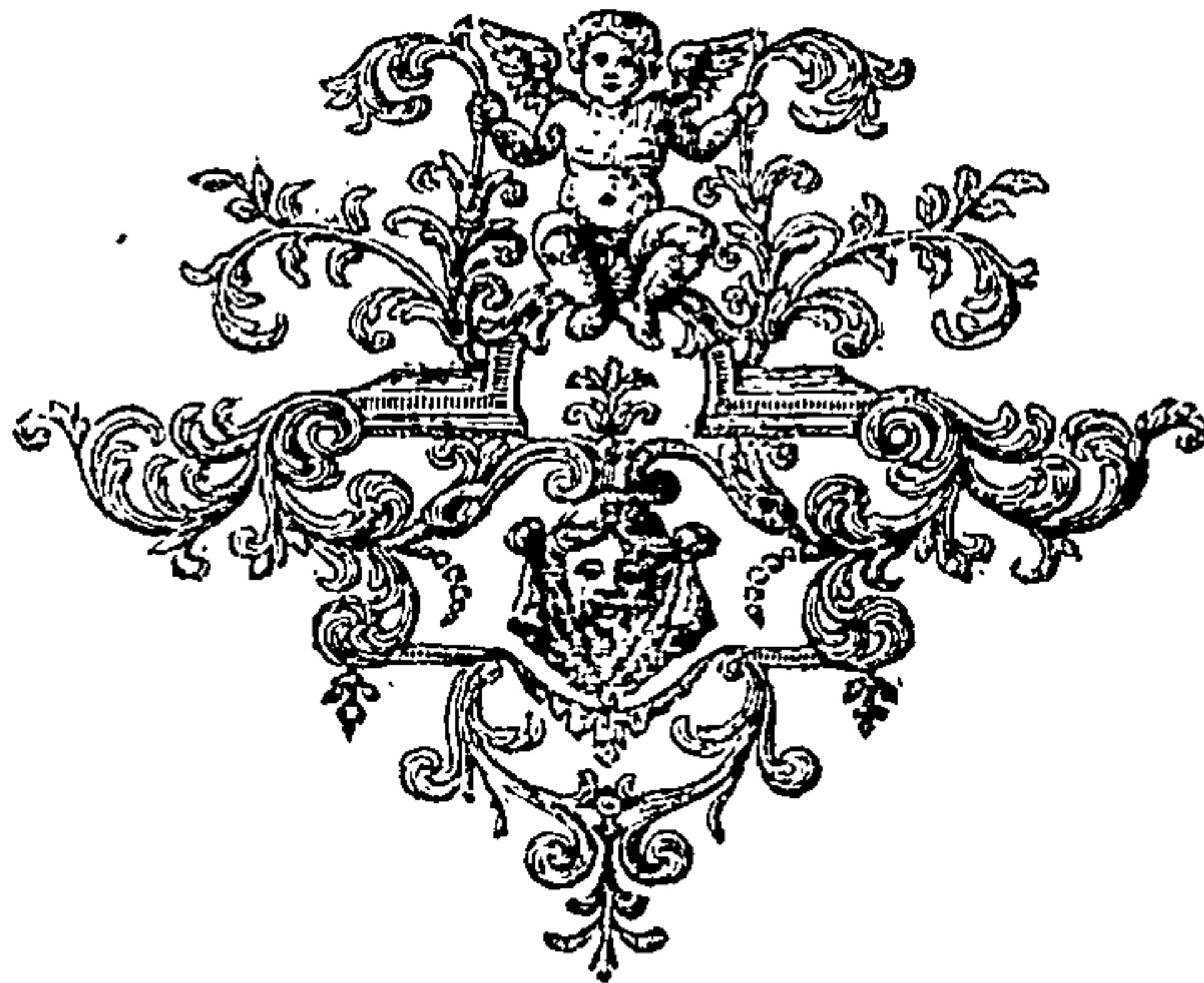
The Pellican then axid right  
For my writing if I have blame,  
Who then wol for me fight of flight?  
Who shullin sheldè me from shame?  
He that yhad a maide to dame,  
And the lambè that slaine ywas,

Shal sheldin me from goistly blame,  
For erthely harme is Godd's grace

Therfore I pray evèry man  
Of my writing have me excused,  
This writing writeth the Pellican,  
That thus these peple hath dispised,  
For I am freshe fully advised,  
I n'll not mainteine his menace,  
For the Devill is ofte disguised  
To bring a man to evil grace.

Witith the Pelli'can and not me,  
For herof I n'il not avowe,  
In hie ne lowe, ne no degre,  
But as fable take it ye mowe,  
To holy church I will me bowe,  
Eche man to' amende him Christe sende space,  
And for my writing me alowe  
He that' is almighty for his grace.

Here endeth the PLOWMAN's TALE.



C c c

Here





Here foloweth the PARSON'S PROLOGUE.

**B** Y that the Plowman had his tale endid  
 The sunne fro the southe side is discendid  
 So lowe, that it was nat unto my sight  
 Degrees of five and twenty upon hight,  
 Tenne of the clocke it was, so as I gesse,  
 For enlevin fote, a lite more or lesse  
 My shadowe was at thilke time, as there  
 Of suche fete as my length ypartid were  
 In fixe fete equalle of proporcion,  
 Therwith the mon'is exaltacion  
 I menè Libra, alway gan ascende,  
 As we were entring at the throp'is ende;  
 For which our Hoste, as he was wont to gie  
 Aye in this case this joly companie,  
 Said in this wise, lordingis everichone,  
 Now lackith us no talè more than one,  
 Fulfilled is my sentence, and my decre,  
 Who wol now tellin a tale let us se,  
 Almost fulfillid is my ordinaunce,  
 I pray to God so yeve him right gode chaunce, 3330  
 That tellith this tale to us lustily.

Sir priest (qð he) arte thou a vicary,  
 Or art thou a parson, say soth by fay?  
 Be what thou be, ne breke thou not our play,  
 For every man save thou hath tolde his tale,  
 Unbokle, and shewe us what is in thy male;  
 For trewily me thinkith by thy chere,  
 Thou shouldest knit up well a grete matere,  
 Tel us a fable anon, for cock'is bones.

This Person him answeride al at ones,  
 Thou gettist fable none ytolde of me,  
 For Poule, that writith unto Timothe,

Reprevith 'hem that waivin sothfastnesse,  
 And techin fables, and suche wretchidnesse;  
 Why should I sowin draffe out of my fiste,  
 Whan I may sowin whete, if that me list?  
 For whiche I saye, if that ye list to here  
 Moralite', and of vertuous matere,  
 And than, if ye wol yeve me audience,  
 I would ful faine at Christ'is reverence  
 Doin you plesauce lesul, as I can;  
 But trusteth wel, I am a sotherne man,  
 I can not jesse, rum, ram, ruf, by letter,  
 And God wote, rime holde I but litle better;  
 And therefore if ye list, I wol not glose,  
 I wol you tell a litil tale in prose,  
 To knit up al this fest, and make an ende;  
 And Jesu for his grace, wit me sende  
 To shewin you the way in this voyage  
 Of thilke perfite gloriouse pilgrimage,  
 That hight Hierusalem celestiall,  
 And if that you vouchsave, anon I shall  
 Begin upon my tale, for whiche I pray  
 Tel your advise, I can not bettir say.

But nathèlesse this meditacion  
 I put it aye undir correccion  
 Of clerkis, for I am not textuell,  
 I take but the sentence ytrustith well,  
 Therefore I make a procestacion  
 That I woll standin to correccion.

Upon this worde, we have assentid sone,  
 For as it semid it was for to done  
 To endin in some vertuous sentence,  
 And for to yeve him space and audience,

3350

3360

3370

And



And bade our Hoste that he should to him say;  
That al we to tellin his tale him pray:  
Our Hoste had the wordis for us all,  
Sir priest (q<sup>d</sup> he) now fayre mote you befall,  
Say what ye liste, and we shall gladly here,

And with that worde he said in this manere, 3380  
Telleth (q<sup>d</sup> he) your meditacion,  
But hastith you, for the sunne wol a down,  
Berli fructubus, and that in litil space,  
And to do wel God sende ydu of his grace.

Here endeth the PARSON'S PROLOGUE.



Here foloweth his TALE.

Jerem. vi. *State super vias, & videte, & interrogate de semitis antiquis, quæ sit via bona, & ambulate in eâ: & invenietis refrigerium animabus vestris.*

*that wol*  
**O**UR swete Lorde God of heven, that no man wol peryshe, but (wol) that we turne all to the knowlege of him, and to the blisfull life that is perdurable, amonesteth us by the Prophete Jeremie, that saith in this wise: Stondeth upon the wayes and seeth, and asketh of olde pathes; that is to saie, of olde sentences, whiche is the gode waie, and walketh in that waye, and ye shall finde refreshing for your soules, &c. Manie ben the waies espirituelles that lede folke to our Lorde Jesu Christ, and to the reigne of glory: Of whiche waies there is a full noble waye, and full convenable, whiche maye not faile to man ne to woman, that through sinne hath misgone fro the right way of Hierusalem celestiall; and this waye is called penitence, of whiche man should gladly herken and enquire with al his hert, to wete what is penitence, and whiche is called "penitence, and howe many maners bene of actions or werkinges of penitence, and howe many speses there ben of penitence, and which thinges apertaine and behove to penitence, and which thinges distourbe penitence.

Saint Ambrose saith, that penitence is the plaining of manne for the gilte that he hath doen, and no more to do any thing for which him oughte to playne. And some doctours saith, Penitence is the waimentinge of man that soroweth for his sinne, and paineth himselfe, for he hath misdoun. Penitence with certaine circumstaunces, is very repentaunce of a man that holte himself in sorow, and other payne for his giltes: and for he shall be verie penitent, he shall first bewaile sinnes that he hath done, and slesfully purpose in his hert to have shrifte of mouthe, and to do satisfaccion, and never to doe thing, for whiche him ought more bewaile or complaine, and continue in gode workes; or els his repentaunce may not availe. For as saint Isidore saith, He is a japer and a lye, and no very repentaunt, that effsone doth thing, for which him ought repente. Weping and not for to stinte to do sinne, maye not availe: But nathelesse men shall hope that at every time that man falleth, be it never so ofte, (that) he may arise through penaunce, if he have grace: But certaing it is grete doute; for as saith S. Gregory, Unnethes ariseth out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of evil usage. And therefore repentaunt folke, that stinte for to sinne, and leve sinne or sinne leve them, holy Church holderh them siker of their salvacion. And he that sinneth, and verely repenteth him in his last end, holy church yet hopeth his salvacion, by the grete mercy of our Lorde Jesu Christe, for his repentaunce; but take the siker waye.

And nowe sith I have declared you, what thing is Penitence, now ye shal understonde, that there ben thre actions of Penitence. The firste is, that a manne

be baptised after that he hath sinned, Saint Augustin saith, but he be penitent for his olde sinfull life, he may not beginne the newe clene life: For certes if he be baptised without penitence of his olde gilt, he retaineth the marke of baptisme, but not the grace ne the remission of his sinnes, till he have very repentaunce. An other defeaute is this, that men doe dedly sinne after that they have receyved baptisme. The thirde defeaute is this, that men fall in venial sinnes after ther baptisme, fro day to day: Thereof saith saint Augustin, that penitence of gode and humble folke, is the penitence of every daie.

The speses of penitence ben thre; That one of hem is solempne; an other is commune; and the thirde is privy. That penaunce that is solempne is in two maners: As to be put out of holy church in lent, for slaughter of children, and suche maner thinge. An other is when a man hath sinned openlye, of whiche sinne the same is openly spoken in the countre; and than holy church by judgment distraineth him for to do open penaunce.

Commen penaunce is, that prestes enjoyne men in certaine case: as for to go peraventure naked in pilgrimage, or bare fore. Privy penaunce is that, that men do all daie for privy sinnes, of whiche we thrive us prively, and receive privy penaunce.

Nowe shalt thou understand, what is behovefull and necessary to very persite penitence; and this stonde on thre thinges. Contricion of herte, confession of mouthe, and satisfaccion. For whiche saith saint Johan Chrisostom; Penitence distraineth a man to accept benignely every paine, that him is enjoined, with contricion of hert, and shrifte of mouthe, with satisfaccion; and in working of al maner humilité. And this is fruitfull penitence ayenst thre thinges, in whiche we wrathe our Lorde Jesu Christ: this is to saie, By delite in thinkinge, by retchelesse speking, and by wicked sinnefull working. And ayenst these wicked giltes is penitence, that maie be likened unto a tre.

The rote of this tre is contricion, that hideth him in the herte of him that is very repentaunt, right as the rote of the tre hideth him in the erth. Of this rote of contricion springeth a stalke, that bereth branches and leves of confession, and frute of satisfaccion. For whiche Christ saith in his gospell, Doth digne frute of penitence; for by this frute men may knowe the tre, and not by the rote that is hid in the herte of manne, ne by the branches, ne the leves of confession. And therefore our Lord Jesu Christ saith thus; By the frute of hem shal ye knowe hem. Of this rote also springeth a fede of grace; the which fede is mother of al likeress, and this fede is eiger and hote. The grace of this fede springeth of God through remembraunce on the daye of dome, and on the

*the egeresse of the sope of the grace of god*



the paines of hell. Of this matter saith Salomon, that in the drede of God, man forgetteth his sin. The herte of this fede is the love of God, and the desiring of the joy perdurable: This herte draweth the hert of man to God, and doth him hate his sinne: For sothely there is nothing that favoureth so wel to a childe, as the milke of his nourice; ne nothings is to him more abhominable than that milke, when it is medled with other mete. Right so the sinfull man that loveth his sinne, him semeth that it is to him moste swete of any thinge; but fro that time he loveth sadly our Lorde Jesu Christ, and desireth the life perdurable, there is to him no thing more abhominable: For sothely the lawe of God is the love of God. For which David the prophete saith; I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickednesse: He that loveth God, kepeth his lawe and his worde.

— This tre sawe the prophete Daniel in spirite, on the vision of Nabuchodonosor, when he counsailed him to do penitence. Penance is the tre of life, to hem that it receyve; and he that holdeth him in very penitence is blessed after the sentence of Salomon.

In this penitence or contricion man shall undirstonde foure thinges, that is to say; What is contricion, and whiche ben the causes that move a man to contricion, and how he shulde be contrite, and what contricion availeth to the soule. Than is it thus, that contricion is the very sorow, that a man receiveth in his hert for his sinnes, with sadde purpose to shrive him, and to do penance, and never more to doe sinne: And this sorowe shall be in this maner, as saith saint Bernard; It shal be hevye and grievous, and ful sharpe and poynaunte in herte;

— First, for a man hath agilted his Lorde and his creatoure, and more sharpe and poynaunt, for he hath agilted his father celestiall; And yet more sharpe and poynaunt, for he hath wrathed and agilted him that boughte him, that with his precious blode hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the crueltie of the devel, and fro the paines of hell.

The causes that ought move a man to contricion bene fixe; First a man shall remembre him of his sinnes, but loke that that remembraunce ne be to him no delite, by no waye, but grete shame and sorowe for his sinnes. For Job saith, sinfull men done workes worthy of confession. And therefore saith Ezechiell; I wol remembre me al the yeres of my life, in the bitternesse of my herte. And God saith in the Apocalypse; Remembre ye from whence that ye ben fall; for before that time that ye sinned, ye were children of God, and limmes of the reigne of God; But for your sin ye ben waxen thrall and foule, and membres of the fende, hate of angels, slander of hollye church, and fode of the false serpent, perpetuell mattere of the fyre of hell; And yet more foule and abhominable, for ye trespase so oft times, as dooth an hounde that returneth ayen to ete his owne spewing; and yet be ye fouler, for your long continuing in sinne, and your sinful usage, for whiche ye be roted in your sinne, as a beste in his donge. Suche maner of thoughtes make a manne to have shame of his sin, and no delite: As God saith, by the prophete Ezechiell; Ye shall remembre you of your waies, and they shall displese you sothly. Sinnes ben the waies that lede folke to Hell.

THE seconde cause that ought make a man to have disdaine of sinne is this, that as saith saint Peter; Who so doth sinne, is thrall of sinne; and sinne putteth a man in grete thraldome. And therefore saith the prophete Ezechiell; I wente sorowful, in disdaine of my selfe. Certes wel ought a manne have disdaine of sinne, and withdrawe him

fro that thraldome and vilany. And lo! what saith Seneke in this matter? he saith thus; Though I wiste, that neither God ne manne should never knowe it, yet would I have disdaine for to do sinne. And the same Seneke also saith; I am borne to greter thinge, than to be thrall to my body, or for to make of my body a thrall. Ne a fouler thrall maye no man ne woman make of his bodie, than for to yeeve his body to sinne; all were it the foulest churle, or the foulest woman that liveth, and leste of value, yet is he than more foule, and more in servitude. Ever fro the higher degre that man falleth, the more is he thrall, and more to God and to the worlde vile and abhominable. O gode God! wel oughte man have grete disdaine of sin, sith that through sinne, there he was fre, he is made bonde. And therefore saith saint Augustin; If thou hast disdaine of thy servaunt, if he offende or sinne, have thou than disdaine that thou thy selfe shuldest do sinne. Take rewarde of thine owne valewe, that thou ne be to foule to thy selfe. Alas! well ought they than have disdaine to be servautes and thralles to sinne, and fore to be ashamed of themselves, that God of his endles godenesse hath sette in highe estate, or yeeve hem witte, strenght of bodye, heile, beutie, or prosperite, and bought hem fro the deth with his hert-blode, that thei so unkindly, ayenst his gentilnesse, quite him so villainously, to slaughter of ther owne soules; O gode God! ye women that ben of grete beutie, remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon; He saith he likeneth a faire woman, that is a sole of her bodie, to a ringe of gold that were worne on the groine of a sow; For right as a sowe wrotheth in every ordure, so wrotheth she her beaute in stinking ordure of sinne.

THE thirde cause that ought move a man to contricion, is drede of the daye of dome, and of the horrible paines of hel. For as sainte Jerom saith; At every time that me remembreth of the daye of dome, I quake; For when I ete and drinke, or what so that I do, ever semeth me that the trompe fowneth in mine ere; Riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the judgment. O gode God! muche ought a manne to drede suche a judgement, there as we shall be all, as sainte Poule saith, before the sete of oure Lorde Jesu Christ, where as he shal make a general congregacion, where as no man may be absent, for certes there avayleth none esloyne ne excusacion; and not onely that our defautes shal be judged, but also that all our werkes shal openly be known. And as saith saint Barnarde; there ne shall no pleding availe, ne no sleight: We shall yeve rekeninge of every idle worde. There shall we have a judge that maie not be disceived ne corrupt; and why? For certes, all our thoughtes ben discovered, as to him; ne for prayer ne for mede he shall not be corrupte. And therefore saith Salomon; The wrathe of God ne wol not spare no wight, for prayer ne for yeste: And therefore at the day of dome, there is no hope to escape. Wherefore, as saith saint Anselm; ful grete anguishe shall the sinfull folke have at that time; There shal the fiers and wrothe judge sitte above, and under him the horrible pitte of hel open, to destroy him that must beknowe his sinnes; which sinnes openly ben shewed before God and before every creature; And on the leste side, mo Devils than anie herte maye thinke, for to hale and drawe the sinful soules to the paine of hell; and within the hertes of folke shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the worlde al brenning; whether shal than the wretched sinfull man fye to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and shewe him. For certes, as saith S. Jerom, the



the erth shal cast him out of it, and the se also, and the ayre that shal be ful of thonderclappes and lightnings. Now sothly, who so wel remembreth him of these thinges, I gesse that his sinne shal not turne him into delite, but to grete sorowe, for drede of the paine of hell. And therefore saith Job to God; suffice Lord, that I may awhile bewaile and wepe, er I go without returning to the derke londe, covered with the derkenesse of deth, to the londe of misere and of derkenesse, where as is the shadowe of deth, where as there is none order or ordinaunce, but ferefull drede that ever shal last. Lo! here may you se, that Job praied respite a while, to bewepe and waile his trespase: for sothely one day of respite is better than all the trespase of this world. And for as much as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by trespase; therefore should he pray to God to yeve him respite a while, to bewepe and waile his trespase: for certes, al the sorowe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world, n'is but a litel thing, at regarde of the sorowe of hell. The cause why that Job calleth hell the londe of derkenesse, understondeth that he calleth it londe or erth, for it is stable and never shal faile; and derkenesse; For he that is in hell hath defeaute of light materiall; for certes the derke light, that shal come out of the fire that ever shal brenne, shal turne him al to pain that is in hell; for it sheweth him to the horrible Divels that him tormenteth; covered with the derkenesse of deth, that is to say, that he that is in hel, shal have defeaute of the sight of God: for certes the sight of God is the life perdurable. The derkenesse of deth ben the sinnes that the wretched man hath don, which that disturbe him to se the face of God, right as the derke cloude betwixt us and the sunne. Londe of misere; because that there ben thre maner of defeautes ayenst thre thinges that folke of this worlde have in this present life; that is to saie; honours, delices, and riches. Ayenst honour have they in hel shame and confusion: For wel ye wote, that men call honour the reverence that man doth to man; but in hell is none honour ne reverence. For certes, no more reverence shal be do ther to a kinge, than to a knave. For whiche God saith by the Prophet Jeremy; Those folke that me dispise, shal ben in dispynt. Honour is also called grete lordship; there shal no wight serve other; but of harme and torment. Honour is also called grete dignite and highnesse; but in hell shal thei be al fortoden of divelles. As God saith; the horrible divels shal goe and come upon the hedes of dampned folke; and this is, for as much as the higher that thei were in this present life, the more shal thei be abated and defoiled in hell. Ayenst the riches of this world shal they have misere of povertie; that shal be in foure thinges: In defeaute of trespase, Of which David saith; The riche folke that embrace and knyt al ther herte to trespase of this worlde, shal slepe in the slepinge of deth, and nothing ne shull they finde in ther hondes of al ther trespase. And more over the misere of hel shal be in defeaute of mete and drinke: For God saith thus by Moyse; They shal be wasted with hunger, and the byrdes of hell shal devour hem with bitter deth, and the gal of the dragon shal be ther drinke, and the venom of the dragon ther morsel. Also ther misere shal be in defeaute of clothing; for thei shal be naked in body, as of clothing, save the fire in whiche they brenne, and other filthes: and naked shal they be of soule, of al maner vertues, whiche that is the clothing of the soule. Where ben than the gay robes, the soft shertes, and the final shertes? Lo! what saith God of hem by the Prophet Isaie; that under hem shal be strewed moughtes, and ther covertures shal be of wormes of hel. Also ther misere shal be

in defeaute of frendes, for he is not pore that hath gode frendes; but ther is no frende; for neither God ne creature shal be frende to hem, and eche of hem shal hate other with dedly hate: The sonnes and the daughters shal rebell ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, chide and dispise eche other, both day and night, as God saith by the Prophet Micha: And the loving children that whilom loved so fleschly eche other, would eche of hem etc other if they might. For howe should they love together in the paines of hel, whan they hated eche other in prosperite of this life? for truste wel ther fleschly love was dedly hate: As saith the Prophet David; Who so that loveth wickednesse, he hateth his soule; and who so hateth his owne soule, certes he may love none other wight in no maner: And therefore in hel is no solace ne no frendship; but ever the more kinredes that ben in hel, the more cursinges, the more chidinges, and the more dedly hate there is amonge hem. Also they shal have defeaute of all maner delices; for certes delices ben after the appetites of the five wittes: As sight, hering, smellinge, favouring, and touchinge. But in Hell ther sight shal be full of derkenesse and of smoke, and therefore full of teres; and ther heringe full of waylinge and grintage of tethe; As saith Jesu Christ. Ther nostrilles shal be ful of stinking. And, as saith Isaie the propete; Ther favouring shal be ful of bitter gall; and as of touching, all ther bodies, icovered with fire, that never shal quenches; and with wormes that never shal die; As God saith by the mouth of Isaie: And for as muche as they shal not wene that they may die for paine, and by deth sle fro paine, that maye they understonde in the wordes of Job, that saith; There is the shadowe of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likenesse of the thing of whiche it is shadowed; but shadowe is not the same thing of whiche it is shadowed; right so fareth the paine of hel; it is like deth, for the horrible anguisse. And why? For it paineth hem ever as though they should die anon, but certes thei shal not die. For as saith saint Greg, to wretched carities shal be deth without deth, and ende without ende, and defeaute without failing; for ther deth shal alway live, and ther ende shal ever more begin, and ther defeaute shal not faile.

And therefore saith saint John the Evangelist, they shal folowe deth, and they shal nat finde him, and they shal desire to die, and deth shal sle from hem. And also Job saith, that in hel is no order or rule. And al be it so, that God hath created al thing in right order, and nothing without order, but all thinges ben ordred and numbrd; yet nathelesse they that ben dampned ben nothing in order, ne holde none order, for the erth ne shal bere hem no fruite. For, as the prophete David saith; God shal distroie the fruite of the erth, as for hem; ne water ne shal yeve hem no moillure, ne the eyre no refresching, ne fire no lighte. For as saith saint Basile; The brenning of the fire of this world shal God yeve in hel to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the clerenesse shal be yeve in Heven to his children: right as gode men yeve flesh to ther children, and bones to ther houndes. And for they shal have none hope to escape, as saith saint Job at laste, that there shal horror and gresly drede dwell without ende. Horror is alway drede that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwell in the hertes of hem that be dampned. And therefore have thei losse all ther hope for seven causes. First for God that is ther Judge shal be without mercy to hem, and they may not plesse him ne none of his saintes, ne they maie not yeve nothinge for ther rauntome, ne thei shal have no voice to speke to him, ne they may not



He fro paine, ne they have no godenesse in hem that they maye shewe to deliver hem fro paine. And therfore saith Salomon: The wicked manne dieth, and whan he is ded, he shall have no hope to escape fro paine. Who so than would wel understonde the paines, and bethinke him well that he hath deserved those paines for his sinnes, certes he should have more talent to fighe and wepe, than for to singe and playe. For as saith Salomon, who so that had the science to know the paines that ben ordained for sinne, he woulde make grete sorowe. That science, as saith saint Austin, maketh a man to weiment in his herte.

**T**HE fourth point that ought make a man have contricion, is the forowful remembraunce of the gode that he hath leste to doe here in erth, and also the gode that he hath loste. Sothly the gode werkes that he hath leste, either they be the gode werkes that he wroughte er he fill in dedly sinne, or elles the gode werkes that he wrought while he laie in sin. Sothly the gode werkes that he did before that he fill in sinne ben al mortified, astoned, and dull by ofte sinninge. The werkes that he did while he lay in sinne be ded, as to the life perdurable in Heaven: than the gode werkes that ben mortified by oft sinning, whiche he did beyng in charite, may not quicke ayen without very penitence. And of it saith God by the mouthe of Ezechiel: If the rightfull man returne ayen fro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse, shal he live? nay, for the gode werkes that he hath do ne shal never be in remembraunce, for he shall die in his sin. And upon that chapitre saith saint Gregorie thus, that we shall understond this principally: If that we don dedly sin, it is for nought than to reherce or drawe in to memory the gode werkes that we have wrought before: for certes in the working of dedly sinne, there is no truste to no gode werke that we have doen before; that is to say, as for to have thereby the life perdurable in Heaven. (But nathelesse the gode werkes quicken and come againe, and helpe and availe to have the life perdurable in Heaven whan we have contricion: But sothly the gode werkes that men don while they be in dedly sinne, for as moche as thei were doen in dedly sinne, thei maie never quicken; For certes, thing that never had life, maie never quicken: And nathelesse, albeit that thei availe not to have the life perdurable, yet availe thei to abredge of the paine of hell, or els to get temporell riches, or els that God wolle the rather enlumine or light the hert of the sinful man to have repentaunce, and eke thei availe for to use a manne to doe gode werkes, that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the curteis Lorde Jesu Christe ne wolle that no gode werke be loste, for in somewhat it shall availe. But for as moche as the gode werkes that menne doen while thei ben in godelife, ben al amortised by sinne folowing: and also sithe that all the gode werkes that men doen while they be in dedly sinne, ben utterly dedde, as for to have the life perdurable, well maie that manne that no gode werke ne doeth, sing that newe frethe song (*Jay tout perdu mon temps, & mon laboure.*) For certes sinne bireveth a man bothe godenesse of nature, and also the godenesse of grace. For sothly the grace of the Holy Ghoste fareth like fire that maie not be idell, for fire faileth anon as it forletheth his working: and right so grace faileth anon, as it forletheth his working. Than lesseth the sinful man the godenesse of glory, that onely is behight to gode men that labour and werke. Well maie he be sorie than, that oweth all his life to God, as long as he hath lived, and also as long as he shall live, that no godenesse ne hath to paie with his debt to God, to

whom he oweth all his life: for trust, well he shall yeve accomptes (as saith saint Bernarde) of all the godes that have ben yve him in this present life, and how he hath hem dispended, in so moche that there shall not perishe an here of his hedde, ne a moment of an houre ne shall not perishe of his time, that he ne shall yeve of it a rekening. *Fit in a reb.*

**T**HE fith thing that ought to move a man to contricion, is remembraunce of the passion that our Lorde Jesu Christ suffered for our sinnes. For as saith saint Bernarde, while that I live, I shall have remembraunce of the travailes, that our Lord Jesu Christe suffred in preching, his werinesse in travailling, his temptacions whan he fasted, his long walkinges whan he praied, his teres whan that he wept for pite of gode peple, the wo, the shame, and the filthe that menne said to him of the foule spitting that menne spitt in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him: of the foule mowes and of the reproches that men said to him: of the nailes with whiche he was nailed to the crosse, and of all the remnaunt of his passion, that he suffred for my sinnes, and nothing for his gilte. And ye shall understonde, that in mann's sin is every maner order or ordinance tourned up side doune. For it is sothe, that God, reson, sensualite, and the body of man, ben ordained, that eche of these fower thinges, should have Lordship over that other: as thus, God should have Lordship over reson, and reson over sensualite, and sensualite over the body of man. But sothly whan man sinneth, all this order or ordinance, is turned upside down. And therfore than, for as moche as reson of man ne wolle not be subiecte ne obeisaut to God, that is his Lorde by right, therfore lesseth it the Lordship that it should have over sensualite, and also over the bodie of manne. And why? For sensualite rebelleth than ayenst reson: and by that waie lesseth reson the lordship over sensualite, and over the bodie: For right as reson is rebell to God; right so is both sensualite rebell to reson, and the body also. And certes this disordinaunce and this rebellion our Lorde Jesu Christ bought upon his precious body full dere; and herkeneth in what wise. For as moche than as reson is rebell to God, therfore is man worthy to have sorow, and to be dedde. Thus suffred our Lorde Jesu Christe for manne, after that he had be betrayed of his disciple, and distrained and bounde, so that his blode brasste out at every naile of his hondes, as saith S. Augustin. And ferthermore, for as moche as reson of manne wolle not daunt sensualite, whan it maie; therfore is manne worthie to have shame; and this suffred our Lorde Jesu Christ for man, whan thei spie in his visage. And ferthermore, for as moche than as the carite body of man is rebell both to reson and to sensualite, therfore it is worthy deth, and this suffred our Lorde Jesu Christe upon the crosse, where as there was no part of his bodie fre, without grete pain and bitter passion; and al this suffred our Lorde Jesu Christ that never forfeited. And therfore resonably maie be said of Jesu in this maner; To moche, am I pained for thinges that I never deserved, and to moche defouled for shame that manne is worthy to have: And therfore maie the sinful man well saie, as saith S. Bernarde, Acursed be the bitterness of my sinne, for whiche there muste be suffered so moche bitterness. For certes, after the divers disordinaunce of our wickednes, was the passion of Jesu Christe ordained in divers thinges; as thus: Certes sinful mann's soule is betrayed of the devill, by covetise of temporell prosperite, and scorned by disceite, whan that he cheseth fleshy delices, and yet it is turmented by impacience of adversite, and beset by servage and subjection of sinne,

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sinne, and at the last it is slain finally. For this disordinaunce of sinfull man was Jesu Christ first be-  
trayed, and after that he was bounde, that came for to unbinde us of sinne and of paine. Than was he bescorned, that onely should have be honoured in all thinges. Than was his visage that ought be desired to be sene of all mankind, in whiche visage Angels desire to loke, villainously bespet. Than was he scourged that nothing had trespassed; and finally, than was he crucified and slain. Than was accomplished the wordes of Isaie; He was wounded for our misdeds, and defoiled for our felonies. Now sicke that Jesu Christ toke on him the pain of all our wickednesses, moche ought sinfull manne wepe and bewaile, that for his sinnes, Godd's sonne of heven should all this pain endure.

THE sixt thing that should meve a man to contricion, is the hope of thre thinges; that is to saie; foryevenesse of sin, and the yeste of grace for to doe well, and the glorie of heven, with whiche God shall rewarde manne for his gode dedes: And for as moche as Jesu Christ yeveth us these yestes of his largesse, and of his soverain bounte therfore is he called (*Jesús Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum*); Jesus is to saie, saviour or salvacion, on whom men shal hope to have foryevenesse of sinnes, whiche that is properly savation of soulis. And therfore saied the Angel to Joseph, thou shalt call his name Jesus, that shall save his peple of ther sinnes. And hercof saith saint Peter: There is none other name under heven, that is yeve to any man, by whiche a man maie be saved, but onely Jesus. Nazarenus is as moche for to saie, as flourishinge, in whiche a manne shal hope, that he that yeveth him remission of sinnes, shall yeve him also grace well for to doe. I was at the dore of thine herte, saith Jesus, and called for to enter: he that openeth to me, shall have foryevenesse of his sinne. I woll entre into him by my grace, and suppe with him by the gode werkes that he shall doe, whiche werkes ben the fode of the soule, and he shall suppe with me, by the grete joye that I shall yeve him. Thus shall man hope for his werkes of penaunce, that GOD shall yeve him his reign, as he beight him in the Gospell. Now shal a manne understonde, in whiche maner shal be his contricion: I saie, that it shall be universell and totall, this is to saie; a man shall be very repentaunt, for al his sinnes that he hath doen in delite of his thought; for delyit is full perillous.

For there ben two maner of consentinges, that one of hem is called consenting of affection, whan a man is moved to do sinne, and than deliteth him long for to thinke on that sinne, and his reson aperceiveth it wel, that it is sinne ayenst the Lawe of God, and yet his reson refraineth not his soule delite to talent, though he se wel apertly, that it is ayenst the reverence of God; although his reson consent not, to do that sinne in dede, yet saie some Doctours, that soche delite that dwelleth long is full perillous, al be it never so little. And also a man should sorowe, namely for all that ever he hath desired ayenst the Lawe of God, with perfite consenting of his reson, for thercof is no doubte, that it is dedly sinne in consenting; for certes, there is no dedly sinne, but that it is first in mann's thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into consenting, and into dede. Wherefore I saie that many men, ne repent hem never of soche thoughtes and delices, ne never shrive hem of it, but onely of the dede of grete sinnes outward: wherfore, I saie that soche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shall be dampned.

Moreover, man ought to sorowe for his wicked

wordes, as well as for his wicked dedes; for certes the repentaunce of a singuler sinne, and not repentaunce of al his other sinnes, or els repent him of all his other sinnes, and not of a singuler sinne, maie not availe: For certes GOD Almighty is all gode; and therefore, either he foryeveth all, or els right nought. And therefore saith saint Augustin; I wote certainly, that God is enemye to every sinner: and how than he that observeth one sinne, shall he have foryevenesse of the remnaunt of his other sinnes? Naie. And moreover, contricion should be wonder sorowfull and anguissous; and therefore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therefore whan my soule was anguissed, and sorowfull within me, than had I remembrance of God, that my praier might come to him. Ferthermore, contricion must be continuell, and that manne have stedfast purpose to shrive him, and to amende him of his life. For sothly while contricion lasteth, man maie ever hope to have foryevenesse. And of this cometh hate of sinne, that distroiet both sinne in himself, and also in other folk at his power. For whiche saith David; thei that love God hate wickednesse: For to love GOD, is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hateth. The last thing that men shal understonde, is this, wherfore availeth contricion? I saie, that contricion sometime delivereth manne fro sinne; Of whiche David saith, I saie (saied David) I purposed fermely to shrive me, and thou Lorde relesedest me my sinne. And right so as contricion availeth not without sad purpose of shrifte, if manne have opportunitie, right so litle worth is shrift or satisfaction without contricion. And more over contricion distroiet the stronge prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengthes of the devils, and restoreth the yestes of the Holy Ghost, and of all gode vertues, and it clenfish the soule of sinne, and delivereth it fro the pain of helle, and fro the companie of the Devill, and fro the servage of sinne; and restoreth it to all gode spirituells, and to the companie and communion of holic church. Ferthermore, it maketh him that whilom was sonne of Ire, to be the sonne of Grace: And all these thinges ben proved by holic writte. And therefore, he that would set his entent to these thinges, he were full wise; for truly he ne should have than in all his life corage to sinne, but yeve his herte and bodie to serve Christ, and thereof doe him homage. For truly our Lorde hath spared us so mekely in our folies, that if he ne had pitie of mann's soule, a sory song might we all sing.

Explicit prima pars penitentiae, & incipit pars secunda.

THE seconde parte of penitence is Confession, that is signe of contricion. Now shall ye understonde what is confession, and whither it ought nedes be doen or no, and whiche thinges be covenable to very confession.

First shalt thou understonde, that confession is very shewing of sinnes to the Prieste; this is to saie, very, for he muste confesse him of all the condicions that belong to his sinne, as farforth as he can: all must be saied, and nothing excused ne hid, and not avaunt The of thy gode werkes. Also it is necessarie to understonde whens that sinnes spring, and how thei encrese, and whiche thei ben.

Of the springe of sinnes, saith S. Poule in this wise; that right as by one man sinne entred first into this worlde, and through sinne deth; right so the deth encreth into al men that sinne, and this man was Adam, by whom sinne entred into this world, whan he brake the commaundement of God. And therefore he that first was so mightie, that he ne should have died, became so that he muste nedes

127. I sayde quoth David that is to say I purposed &c.

138. After doe add. For in the flower is hope of fruit in time coming [al. to come] & in forgive. hope of grace well for to doe.



whether he would or no, and all his progeny, in this worde, that in the saied manne sinned. Loke that in the estate of innocencie, whan Adam and Eve were naked in Paradise, and shamed not thereof, how the serpente, that was most wily of all other bestes that GOD made, saied to the woman: [why] commaunded God you, that ye should not ete of every tre in Paradise? The woman answered: of the fruite of the trees of Paradise he defended us nought, but of the fruite of the middle tre of Paradise, God forbode us to ete and touche, lest we should die. The serpente saied to the woman; naie, naie, ye shall not die of deth; for sothe God worte that what daie that ye ete therof your eyen shall open, and ye shall be as Gods knowing gode and harme. The woman than sawe that the tre was gode to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to sight, she toke of the fruite of the tre and ete, and yave to her husbende, and he ete, and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan that thei knewe that thei were naked; thei token the levys of fygetreys, and soweden hem togedere, and maden hem in maner of breches, to hide ther members. There maie ye se that dedly sin hath first suggestion of the fende, as sheweth here by the Adder, and afterwarde the delite of the flesch, as sheweth by Eve, and after that, consenting of reson, as sheweth here by Adam. For trust wel, though so 'it were, that the fende tempted Eve, that is to saie, the fleshe, and the fleshe had delite in the beauteie of the fruite defended, yet certes till that reson, that is to saie Adam, consented to the eting of the fruite, yet stode he in the state of innocencie. Of the saied Adam roke we the saied originall sinne; for of him fleschly disceded be we all, and engendered of vile and corrupt matter: And whan the soule is put in our bodies, right anon is contract originall sinne; and that was erst but onely pain of concupiscence, is afterward both paine and sinne; and therefore we ben all borne sonnes of wrath, and of dampnacion perdurable, if it n'ere Baptisme that we receiue, which benimmeth us the coulpe, but forsoth the pine dwelleth with us as to temptation; whiche pine hight concupiscence. This concupiscence whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordained in man, it maketh him couite by covetise of fleshe, fleschly sinne by sight of his eyen, as to yerthly thinges, and also covetise of highnes by pride of herte.

Now as to speke of the first covetise, that is concupiscence, after the lawe of our members, that were lawfully made, and by rightfull judgement of God, I saie, for as moche as manne is not obeislaunt to God, that is his Lorde, therefore is the fleshe to him disobeislaunt through concupiscence, whiche is called nourishing of sinne, and occasion of sinne. Therefore, all the while that a manne hath within him the pine of concupiscence, it is impossible but he be tempted somtime, and moved in his fleshe to sin. And this thing maie not faile, as long as he liveth. It maie well wexe feble, by vertue of Baptisme, and by the grace of God through penitence, but fully ne shall it never quenche that he ne shall sometime be moved in himself, but if he were all refrained by sicknesse, or by malice of forcerie or cold drinkes. For lo, what saith S. Poule? the fleshe covereth ayenst the spirite, and the spirite against the fleshe; they ben so contrarie and so striven, that a manne maie nat alwaie do as he would. The same S. Poule, after his grete Penauce, in water and in lond; in water, by night and by daie, in grete peril, and in grete pain; In lond, famine and thurst, cold and clothlesse, and ones stoned almoste to deth: Yet (saied he) alas, I caitife man! who shall deliver me fro the prisone of my caitife bodie? And saint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in desert, where as he had no company, but of wilde

bestes, where as he had no mete, but herbes, and water to drinke, ne no bed, but the naked yerth; wherfore his fleshe was blacke, as an Ethiopien for hete, and nie distroied for cold. Yet (saied he) that the brenning of lecherie boiled in all his bodie. Wherfore I wot well that thei be disceivd that saie, thei be nat tempted in ther bodies. Witnesse sainte James that saith, that every wright is tempted in his own concupiscence, that is to saie; That eche of us hath matter and occasion, to be tempted of the nourishing of sinne, that is in his body. And therfore saith saint John the Evangelist: if we saie that we ben without sinne, we deceive our self, and truthe is not in us. [Now shal ye understonde, how sinne wexeth and encrefeth in man. The first thing is the same nourishing of sinne, of which I spake before, the fleschly concupiscence; and after that cometh suggestion of the devill; that is to saie] the devil's belous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiscence; and after that a man bethinketh him whether he woll doe or no, that thing to whiche he is tempted. And than if a man withstonde and weive the first entising of his fleshe, and of the fende, than it is no sinne; and if so be he doe not, than feleth he anon a flame of delite, and than it is gode to beware and kepe him well, or els he wolle fall anone to consenting of sinne, and than woll he do it, if he maie have time and place. And of this matter saith Moses by the Devill, in this manner: The fende saith, I woll chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion; and I woll take him by moving and stering of sinne, and I woll depart my prise of my praie by deliberacion, and my lust shall be accomplished in delite, I woll drawe my sward in consenting: For certes, right as a sward departeth a thing in two peces, right so consenting departeth God fro manne, and than wolle I slea him with my honde in dede of sinne; thus saith the fende: For certes, than is a man all dedde in soule; and thus is sinne accomplished with temptacion, by delite and consenting; and than is the sinne, actuall. Forsoth sinne is in two maners, either it is veniall or dedly sinne. Sothly whan a man loveth any creature more than Jesu Christ our creatour, than it is dedly sinne, and veniall sinne it is, if a man love Jesu Christe lesse than him ought. Forsoth the dede of this venial sinne is full perillous, for it miniseth the love that man should have to God more and more. And therefore, if a man charge himself with many soche veniall sinnes; certes but if so be that he sometime discharge him of hem by shriste, Thei maie full lightly minishe in him al the love that he hath to Jesu Christ; and in this wise skippeth veniall sinne into dedly sinne. For certes, the more that a man chargeth his soule with veniall sinnes, the more he is enclined to fall into dedly sinne. And therefore let us not be negligent, ne to boold to charge us of veniall sinnes. For the Proverbe saith, that many small make a grete. Herken this ensample; A grete wave of the sea cometh sometime with so gret a violence, that it drouneth the shippe. And the same harme doeth sometime the smal droppes of water, that entret through a little creveis into the timber, and into the botome of the shippe, if men be so negligent, that thei discharge hem not by times. And therefore although there be a difference, betwixt these two causes of drouning, a gates the shippe is drouned. Right so fareth it sometime of dedly sinne, and of anoious veniall sinnes, whan thei multiplie in man so grete, that those worldly thinges that he loveth, through whiche he sinneth venially, is as grete in his hert as the love of God, or more: and therefore the love of every thing is not beset in God, ne doen principally for God's sake, although that a manne love it lesse than

\* 1. 74. f. 1. the love of the wo. th.



than God, yet is it veniall sinne, and dedlie sinne whan the love of any thing wegeth in the hert of a man as moche as the love of God or more. Dedly sinne, as saith saint Augustine, is whan a man tourneth his herte fro God, whiche that is very soveraine bountie, that maie not chaunge, and yeveth his hert to thing that maie chaunge and flit; and certes, that is every thing save God of heaven. For soth is, that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature; certes, as moche of love as he yeveth to the same creature, so moche he bireveth fro God, and therefore doeth he sinne: For he that is debtour to God, ne yeldeth not to God al his debt, that is to saie, all the love of his herte. [Now sith manne understondeth generally, whiche is veniall sinne, than it is convenable to tell specially of sinne, whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no sinnes, and shriveth him not of the same thinges; and yet natheles thei be sinnes sothly, as these clerkes write, this is to saie: At every time that manne eteth and drinketh more than suffiseth to the sustenance of his body, in certene he doeth sinne: and also whan he speketh more than it nedeth, it is sinne. *al. nece is he doth it.* — Also whan he herkeneth not benignely the complainte of the pore: Also whan he is inhele of body, and wolle not fast whan other folke fast, without cause resonable: also whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by thilke encheson the lattere to Churche, or to other werkes of charite: Also whan he useth his wife without soveraine desire of engendrure, to the honour of God, or for the entent to yelde to his wife the debte of his bodye. Also whan he wol not visite the sick, or the prisoner, whanne he may do it. Also if he love wife or child, or other worldly thing, more than reson requireth. Also if he flatter or blandise more than him ought for any necessite. Also if he minish or withdrawe the almose of the pore. Also, if he appaile his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete to hastely by likorousnes. Also, if he talke vanities at churche, or at Godd's service, or that he be a talker of idle wordes of folie or vilanie, for he shall yelde accomptes of it at the daie of dome. Also, whan he behighteth or assureth to doe thinges, that he maie not performe. Also, whan that he by lightnesse of foly misfaith or scorneth his neighbour. Also, whan he hath any wicked suspicion of thing, that he ne wote of it no sothfastnesse. These thinges and mo without nomber be sinnes, as saith S. Augustine. Now shall men understonde, that all be it so that non yerthly manne maie eschue all veniall sinnes, yet maie he refrain him, by the brenning love that he hath to our Lorde Jesu Christ, and by praiers and confession, and other gode werkes, so that it shall be but little greffe. For as saith S. Augustin, If a man love God in soche maner, that all that ever he doth is, the love of God, or for the love of God verely, for he brenneth in the love of GOD: loke how moche that one drop of water, whiche doeth fall into a grete fourneis full of fire, anoieth or greveth the brenning of the fire: in like maner anoieth or greveth a veniall sinne unto that manne, whiche is stedfast and perfite in the love of our Saviour Jesu Christ. Ferthermore, men maie also refraine and put awaie veniall sinne, by [commoning and] receiving worthely the body of our saviour Jesu Christ. Also, by taking of holy water, by almose dede, by general confession of Confiteor at Masse, and at Complin, and by blessing of Bishops, and priestes, and by other gode werkes.

*De septem peccatis mortalibus, & de eorum dependentiis, circumstantiis, & speciebus.*

NOW it is behoveyly thinge to tell, whiche ben the seven dedly sinnes, that is to saie, chieftains of sinnes. Al thei ren in o leas, but in divers maners. Now ben thei called seven Sins, for as moche as thei be chieft, and springe of all other sinnes. Of the roote of these seven sinnes, than is Pride the general rote of all harmes. For of this rote springeth certain braunches: as Ire, Envie, Accidie or Sloth, Avarice (or Covetise, to common understonding) Glotonic and Lecherie: and eche of these chief sinnes have ther braunches and twigges, as it shall be declared in ther chapters folowing. And though so be, that no manne can utterly tell the number of twigges, and of the harmes that come of Pride, yet wolle I shewe a part of hem, as ye shall understonde. There is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrisie, dispite, arrogance, impudence, swelling of hert, insolence, elacion, impaciencie, strif, contumacie, presumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vainglorie, and many other twigges that I can not declare. Inobedience is he that disobeyeth for dispite, the commaundementes of God, to his soveraines, and to his ghostly father. Avaunter is he that boasteth of the harme or of the bounte that he hath doen. Ipocrite is he that hideth to shewe him soche as he is, and sheweth him to seme soche as he is nat. Dispitous, is he that hath disdain of his neighbour, that is to saie, of his evin Christen, or hath dispite to doe that him ought to doe. Arrogance is he that thinketh that he hath those bounties in him, that he hath nat, or weneeth that he should have hem by his desertes, or els that he demeth, he is that he is nat. Impudent, is he that for his pride hath no shame of his pride ne sinne. Swelling of herte is whan man rejoiseth him of harme that he hath doen. Insolence is he that dispiseth in his judgement all other folke, as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his speking, and of his being. Elacion is whan he ne maie neither suffer to have maister ne felowe. Impaciencie is he that wolle not be taughte, ne rebuked of his vice, and by strif denieth trouthe wittingly, and defendeth his folie. Contumacious is he that through his indignacion is ayenst every authorite or power of hem that ben his Soveraines. Presumption is whan a manne undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or els that he maie not doe, and this is called surquidrie. Irreverence, is whan man doeth not honor there, as him ought to doe, and awaytith to be revered. Pertinacie, is whan men defende their folie, and trust to moche on ther own wit. Vainglorie, is for to have pompe, and delite in his temporel hinesse, and glory him in worldly estates. Jangling, is whan men speke to moche before folke, and clappeth as a mille, and take no kepe what thei saie. And yet there is a privie spice of pride, that waiteth first to be salewed, or he wolle salew, all be he lesse worthy than that other is. And also he waiteth or desireth to sit, or els to go above him in the waie, or kille pace, to be encenced, or go to offring before his neighbour, and soche temblable thinges, ayenst his dutie peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entent in soche a pride desire to be magnified and honoured before the peple.

Now ben there two maner of prides. One of hem is within the hert of a man, and that other is without. Of whiche forsaide thinges sothly, and mo than I have said, appertain to pride, that is in the hert of man; and other spices of pride ben without, but nathelesse, that one of these spices of pride is

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signe of that other, righte as the gaie leuefell at the Taverne is signe of the Wine that is in the Cellere. And this is in many thinges: as in speche and countenance, and outrageous arraie of clothing: for certes, if there had ben no sinne in clothing, Christ ne would not so sone have noted, and spoken of the clothing of thilke riche man in the Gospell. And as S. Grego. saith, that precious clothing is culpable, for the derth of it, and for his softnesse, and for his straungenesse and disguising. And for the superfluite, or for th' inordinate scantnes of it. Alas! maie not a man se as in our daies the sinnefull costlewe arraie of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluite, or els in to disordinate scantnesse?

As to the first sinne in superfluite of clothing, soche that maketh it so dere, to the harme of the peple, nat only the cost of enbrauderung, the disguised endenting, or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending, and semblable wast of clothe in vanite. But there is also the costlewe Furring in ther gounes, so moche pounsing of chesel to make holes, so moche dagging with Sheres forth, with the superfluite in length of the forsaied gounes, trailing in the dong and in the mire, on hors, and also on fote, as well of man as of woman. That all that trailing is verely as in effect wasted, consumed, treadbare, and rotten with dung, rather than it is yve to the pore, to grete damage of the forsaied pore folke, and that in sondrie wise; this is to saie that the more the clothe is wasted, the more must it cost to the pore peple for the scarsenelle. And more over, if so be that thei would yeve suche pounsed and dagged clothing to the pore peple, it is nat convenient to were for ther estate, ne sufficient to ther necessite, to kepe hem fro the distemperaunce of the firmament. Upon that other side, to speke of the horrible disordinate scantnesse of clothing, as ben these cutted sloppes or hanfelines, that through ther shortnesse cover not the shamefull membres of manne, to wicked entent. Alas! some of hem shewe the bosse of ther shap, and the horrible swolē membres that semeth like the madyladye of Hernia, in the wrapping of ther hosen, and also the buttockes of hem farē as it were the hinder parte of a she-Ape in the full of the mone. And more over the wretched swolen membres that they shewe throughe disguising, in departing of ther hosen, in white and red semeth that halfe ther shamefull privy membres were slain. And if so be that they departe ther hosen in other colours, as is white and blewe, or white and blacke, or blacke and red, and so forth: Than semeth it as by variaunce of colour that the halfe part of ther privy membres ben corrupt by the fire of saint Anthony, or by canker, or other suche mischaunce. Of the hinder parte of the buttockes it is full horrible for to se, for certes in that partie of ther body there as thei purge ther stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe thei to the peple proudly in dispite of honestie, whiche honestie that Jesu Christ and his frendes observed to shewe in ther life. Now as to the outrageous aray of women, God wote that though the visages of some of hem seme full chaste and debonaire, yet notify in ther aray or attire, licorousnesse and pride. I say not that honestie in clothing of man or woman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluite of disordinate quantite of clothing is reprovabill. [Also the sinne of ornament or of aparaile is in thinges that appertaine to riding, as in company, delicate horses that ben holden for delite, that ben so faire, fatte, and costlewe; and also in many a vicious knave, that is susteined bicause of hem, in curious harnais, as in sadels, cropers, peitrels, and bridels covered with precious clothing, and riche barres of plates of golde and of silver. For which God saith by Zacharie the prophete, I woll

confounde the riders of suche horses. These folke take litel regarde of the riding of Godd's sonne of heaven, and of his harnais when he rode upon the Ass, and had none other harnais but the pore clothes of his disciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on other best but on an ass. I speke this for the sinne of superfluite, and not for resonable honestie, when reson it requirith. And more over, certes pride is gretly notified in holdinge of grete meinē, when they ben of litell profite or of right no profite; and namely when that meinē is felonous and damageous to the peple by hardinesse of highe lordship, or by waye of offices. For certes, suche lordes fell than ther lordeshippe to the Devill of Hell, when they susteine the wickednesse of ther meinē. Or els, when these folke of lowe degre, as those that kepe hostelleries, susteine thefte of ther hostellers, and that is in manie maner of disceites: those maner of folke ben the flies that folow the hony, or els the houndes that folowe the caraine. Suche forsaied folke strangell spirituelli ther lordships; For suche thus saith David the Prophete. Wicked deth might come on those lordeshippes, and GOD yeve that they might discende into Hell, all down, all downe. For in ther houses ben iniquities and shreudenesse, and not GOD of heaven. And certes, till they doen amendement, right as God yave his blessing to Pharao by the service of Joseph, and to Laban by the service of Jacob: Right so God woll yeve his malis on to suche lordshippes, as susteine the wickednesse of ther servauntes, but they come to amendement. [Pride of the table appereth also full ofte; for certes, riche menne be called to festes, and pore folke ben put awaye and rebuked; And also in excesse of divers metes and drinckes, and namely suche maner bakē metes and dishe metes brenninge of wilde fire, peynted and castelled with paper and semblable waste, so that it is abusyon to thinke; And also in to grete preciousnesse of vessell, and curiosite of minstrelcy, by whiche a man is sterred more to delices of lecherie; if so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon our Lorde Jesu Christe, certeinly it is a sinne. And certainly the delices mighte be so grete in this case, that a manne might lightly fall by hem into a dedly sinne. [The especes that sould of pride, forthely when they sould of malice imagined, avised, and forecaste, or els of usage, ben dedly sinne, it is no doute: And when they sould by freltē unavised sodenly, and sodenly withdrawe ayen, all be they grevous sinnes, I gesse that they be not dedly. Nowe mighte menne aske, whereof that pride souldeth and springeth. I say that somtime it springeth of the godes of nature, somtime of the godes of fortune, and somtime of the godes of grace. Certes the godes of nature stonde thonly in godes of bodye, or godes of the soule. Certes godes of bodie ben hele of body, strength, delivernesse, beaute, gentrie, franchise. Godes of nature of the soule ben gode with sharpe understanding, subtel engine, vertue naturel, gode memory. Godes of fortune be riches, hie degrees of lordships, prayfinges of the peple. Godes of grace ben science, power to suffice spirituall travaille, benigne, vertuous contemplacion, understanding, of temptation, and semblable thinges: of whiche forsaied godes certes it is a full grete folie a manne to have pride in any of hem all. Now, as for to speke of godes of nature, God wote that somtime we have hem in nature as muche to our damage as to our profit. As to speke of hele of body, truly it passeth full lightly, and also it is full ofte occasion of sicknesse of the soule; for God wote the fleshe is a grete enemy to the soule; and therefore the more that the body is hole, the more we be in perill to fall. Also for to have pride in his strength of body it is an hic foly; for certes the fleshe coveteth ayenst the

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the spirite: and the more strong that the fleshe is, the forier maye the soule be. And over all this strength of body and worldly hardinesse causeth full ofte manie manne to perill and mischaunce; and also to 'have pride' of his gentry, is right grete foly; for ofttime the gentry of the bodye taketh awaye the gentry of the soule: and also we ben all of o father and mother; and all we ben of o nature, rotten and corrupt, both riche and pore. Forsoth o maner gentry is for to praise, that apperleth mann's courage, Witte, vertue, and moralite, maketh him Christ's childe. For truste well, that over what manne that sinne hath maystry, he is a very churle to sinne.

Nowe ben there generall signes of gentilnesse: as eschewinge of vice and ribaudrie, and servage of sinne: in worde, in werke, and continuance of using and vertue, curtesy, and clennesse, and to be liberall; that is to saye, large by mesure: for that that passeth mesure, is foly and sin: Another is to remembre him of bounte, that he of other folke hath received: An other is to be benigne to his gode subjectes. Wherefore saith Senecke; there is nothing more convenient to a manne of highe astate than debonairte and pite. And therefore these flies that men call bees, whan they make ther kinge, they chese one that hath no pricke, wherwith he may stinge.

Another is, manne to have a noble herte and a diligent, to attayne to the highe vertuous thinges. Nowe certes, a manne to have pride in the godes of grace is also an outrageous foly; for those giftes of grace that shuld have turned him to godenesse, and to medicine, tourneth him to venom and confusion, as saith saint Gregory. Certes also, who so hath pride in the gode of fortune, he is a full grete foly: For sometime is a manne a grete Lord by the morn that is a caitefe and a wretche or it be nighte: and sometime the riches of a manne is cause of his deth: Sometime the delices of a manne is cause of grevous maladie through whiche he dieth. Certes, the commendacion of the peple is sometime full false and brotelle for to truste. This day they praise, to morowe they blame. God wote, desire to have commendacion of the peple hath caused deth to manie a busie manne. [Nowe sith that so is, that ye have understonde what is pride, and whiche be the speces of it, and whence it fowrdeth and springeth; nowe ye shall understonde whiche is the remedy ayenst it. Humilite or mekenesse is the remedy ayenst pride, that is a vertue, thorowe whiche a manne hath very knowlege of him self, and holdeth of himselfe no price ne daintie, as in regarde of his desertes, considering ever his frete. Nowe ben there thre maner of humilite; As humilite in hert, an other humilite is in mouthe, and the thirde is in werkes. The humilite in hert is in four maners; That one is, whan a manne holderth himselfe as nought worth before GOD of heven. The second is, whan he dispiseth none other man. The thirde is, whan he ne recketh nat, though men hold him noughte worthe. And the fourth is, whan he is not sory of his humiliacion. Also the humilite of mouthe is in four thinges. In a temperate speche, in humilite of spech, and when he confesseth with his owne mouth, that he is such as him thinketh that he is in his herte: Another is when he prayseth the bounte of another manne and nothing therof minisbeth. Humilite also in werke, is in four maners: The firste is, when he putteth other menne before him; the seconde is to chese the lowest place over al; the thirde is gladly to assent to gode counsaile; the fourth is, to stonde gladly to the awarde of his soveraines, or of him that is in hier degre: Certaine this is grete werke of humilite.

## De Invidia.

After pride woll I speke of the soule sinne of Envy, whiche that is after the worde of the Philosopher, sorowe of other mennes prosperite, And after the worde of saint Augustin; it is the sorowe of other mennes wele, and the joy of other mennes harme. This soule sinne is platly ayenst the Holie Ghoſte; Yet nathelesse, for as muche as bounte apertaineth properly to the Holy Gost, and Envy cometh properly of malice, therefore it is properly ayenst the bounte of the Holy Gost. [Now hath malice two spices, that is to saie, hardinesse of herte in wickedness, or els the fleshe of a manne is so blinde, that he considreth nat that he is in sinne, or recketh not that he is in sinne, which is the hardinesse of the devyl. That other spice of Envy is, when that a man denieth trouth, when he knoweth that it is trouth, and also when he repenteth the grace that God hath yve to his neighbour; and all this is by Envy. Certes, than is Envy the worst sinne that is; for sothly all other sinnes be sometime onely ayenst o speciall vertue; but certes, envy is ayenst al vertues and al godenesse. For it is sory ayenst all the bountes of ther neighbour, and in this maner, it is divers from al other sinnes. [Alas! For there ne is any sinne that it ne hath some delite in it selfe, save only Envy, that ever hath in it self anguish and sorowe. [The speces of Envy ben these; there is firste sorowe of other mennes godenesse and of ther prosperite, and prosperite is kindly matter of joye; Than is envy a sinne ayenst kinde. The seconde spece of Envy is joye of other mennes harme, and that is properly like to the Devill, that ever rejoyseth him of mann's harme. [Of these two speces cometh backbiting; and this sinne of backbiting or detracting hath certaine speces, as thus; Some manne praiseth his neighbour by a wicked entent, for he maketh alway a wicked knot at the last ende, alwaie he maketh a But at the last ende, that is digne of more blame, than is worth al the praising. The seconde spece is, that if a man be gode, or doth or saith a thing to gode entent, the backbiter wol turne al that godenesse upside down, to his shreude entent. The thirde is to aminishe the bounte of his neighbour. The fourthe spece of backbiting is this, that if menne speke godenesse of a manne, than wol the backbiter saye; Perſay ſuche a manne is yet better than he, in disprailing of him that menne praise. The fiftie spece is this, for to consent gladly and herke gladly to the harme that men speke of other folke: This sinne is full gret, and aye encrefeth after the wicked entent of the backbiter. [After backbiting cometh grutchinge or murmuration; and sometime it springeth of impaciencie ayenst God, and sometime ayenst manne. Ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst paine of hell, or ayenst poverty, or losse of cattell, or ayenst raine or tempest, or els grutcheth that shrewes have prosperite, or els for that gode menne have advertite: and all these thinges shoud menne suffre patiently, for they come by the rightful judgement and ordinaunce of God. Sometime cometh grutchinge of avarice; Judas gruched ayenst Maudelein, whan she anointed the hed of our Lorde Jesu Christ, with her precious ointment. This maner murmuring is such as whan man grutcheth of godenesse that himself doth, or that other folke do of ther owne cattell. Sometime cometh murmure of pride, as whan Simon the Pharise gruched ayenst Maudelein when she aproched to Jesu Christ and wepte at his fete for her sinnes. And sometime it fowrdeth of Envy, whan men discover a man's harme that was privy, or b.uth him an



honde thing that is false. Murmure also is ofte among seruautes that grutche whan ther souveraines bidde hem do lesull thinges; and for as much as they dare not openly withsaye the commaundement of ther souveraines, yet wol they say harme and grutche and murmure prively for very dispite: which wordes they call the divels *Pater noster*, though so be that the divell had never *Pater noster*, but that leude folke yeveth it fuche a name. Somtime it cometh of ire or privy hate, that norissheth rancour in the hert, as afterward I shall declare. Than cometh also bitterness of herte, thorowe which bitternes every gode dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unfavory. Than cometh discorde that unbindeth al maner of frendship. Than cometh scorninge of his neighbour, all do he never so well. Than cometh accusing, as whan man seketh occasion to anoie his neighbour, which is like the crafte of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accuse us all. Than cometh malignite, through which a manne anoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he maye not, algate his wicked wil shall not let, as for to brenne his house prively, or enpoison or sle his bestes, and semblable thinges. [Nowe woll I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envy. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himselfe; for sothly that one ne may not be without that other. And trust well that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother; for certes all we have one father fleshy and one mother, that is to saie Adam and Eve, and also one father spirituall, that is God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bound for to love, and will him all godenesse; and therefore saith God; Love thy neighbour as thy self, that is to say, to salvation both of life and soule. And more over thou shalt love him in worde and in benigne admonishing and chastisinge, and comfort him in his noyaunces, and praye for him with all thy herte. And in dede thou shalt love him in soche wise that thou shalt do to him in charite, as thou woldest that it were don to thin owne person: and therefore thou ne shalt doe him no damage in wicked worde, ne harme in his body ne in his catel, ne in his soule by entising of wicked ensample. Thou shalt nat desire his wife ne none of his thinges. Understonde also that in the name of neighbour is comprehended thyn enemy: Certes man shall love his enemy by the commaundement of God; and sothly thy frende thou shalt love in God. I saie thin enemy, shalt thou love for Godd's sake, by his commaundement; for if it were refon that man should hate his enemy, forsoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenst thre maner of wronges that his enemy doth to him, he shal do thre thinges, as thus; ayenst hate and rancour of hert, he shal love him in hert; Ayenst chiding and wicked wordes he shal praye for his enemy; Ayenst wicked dedes, he shall doe him bounte. For Christ saith; Love your enemies, and praie for hem that speke you harme, and for hem that chace and pursue you; and do bountie to hem that hate you. Lo! thus commaundeth us our Lorde Jesu Christe to do to our enemies: Forsothe nature driveth us to love our frendes; and parfay our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have, certes to hem shall men rather do godenesse. And certes in that dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Christe, that died for his enemies: And in as much as that love is more grevous to perfourme, so muche is the more grete the merite, and therefore the loving that our Lord loved his enemy hath confounded the devils venim: For right as the devill is discumfited by humilite, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy; certes

than is love the medicin that casteth out the venim of envie fro man's man's herte. The spices of this mattere shal be more largely schewed in the chapteris that folwen here afterward.

## De Ira

**A**fter Envy wol I discrive the sinne of Ire, for sothely who so hath Envy upon his neighbour, anone he woll comenly finde him a matter of wraethe in worde or in dede, ayenst him to whom he hath Envy: And as well cometh Ire of pride as of Envy; for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wrothe.

This sin of Ire, after the discribing of S. Austin, is wicked wil to be avenged by worde or by dede. Ire, after the Philosopher, is the fervent blode of man iquicked in his herte, through which he would harme to him that he hateth; for certes the herte of manne by eschaufing and moving of his blode, wexeth so troubled, that it is out of all maner judgement of refon. But ye shal understonde that Ire is in two maners, that one of hem is gode, and that other is wicked. The gode ire is by jelousie of godenes through which a man is wrothe with wickednesse, and ayenst wickednesse. And therefore saith a wise man, that ire is bet than playe. This ire is with debonaite, and it is wroth without bitternesse, not wroth ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the manne. As saith the prophet David: *Irafcimini, & nolite peccare*. Nowe understonde that wicked Ire is in two maners, that is to saye, sodaine ire, or hasty ire, without avisement and consenting of refon: The meninge and the sence of this is, that the refon of a man ne consent not to that sodeine ire; and than it is veniall. Another ire is ful wicked, that cometh of villoney of herte, avised and cast before with wicked wil to do vengeance, and therto his refon consenteth; and sothly this is dedly sin. This ire is so displeaunt to God, that it troubleth his house, and chaseth the Holy Goste out of man's soule, and wasteth and distroierth that likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in man's soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devill, and taketh the man fro God that is his rightfull Lord. This ire is a full grete pleasaunce to the devill, for it is the devil's forneis that is eschaufed with the fire of Hell: For certes right so as fire is more mighty to distroye erthly thinges, than any other element, right so ire is mighty to distroye al spiritual thinges. Loke howe that fire of smale coles that ben almost dede under ashen, woll revive or quicken ayen whan thei ben touched with brimstone, right so ire woll ever more quicken ayen when it is touched, by the pride that is covered in man's herte. For certes fire ne maie not come out of nothings, but if it were first in the same thing naturelly; as fire is drawn out of flintes with steel. And right so as pride is many times matter of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of Ire. There is a maner tre, as saith saint Isidore, that whan a manne maketh fire of the said tre, and covereth the coles of it with ashen, sothely the fire of it wol last a yere or more: And right so fareth it of rancour, when it is ones conceived in the hert of some men, certes it woll laste peraventure from one Ester-day untill an other Ester-daye or more. But certes the same man is ful ferre from the mercy of God all that while.

In this forsaide devils forneis there forge thre shrewes: Pride that aye bloweth and encrefeth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes: Than stondeth envy and holdeth hotte yron in the fire upon the hert of man, with a payre of long tonges of longe rancoure. And than stondeth the sinne of contumelie

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or strief and cheste, and battereth and forgeth by villainous reprevings. Certes this cursed thing anoieth bothe to the manne himself and also his neighbour. For sothely almoste all the harme for damage that any man dothe to his neighbour cometh of wrath; for certes outrageous wrathe dothe all that ever the foule fende willethe or commaundeth him, for he ne spareth neither our Lorde Jesu Christ, nether his swete mother. And in his outrageous angre and ire, (alas, alas!) full many oon at that time, feleth in his herte full wickedly bothe of Christ, and also of all his halowes: Is not this a cursed vice? yes certes. Alas! it taketh fro man his witte and his reson, and all his debonayre life spirituall that shoulde kepe his soule. Certes it benymyth God his dewe lordship, and that is man's soule, and the love of his neighbours. It striverth also al daye ayenst trouthe, it reveth him the quiete of his hert, and subverteth his soule.

Of ire cometh these stinking engendures: Firste hate, that is olde wrath; Discorde, thowre which a man forsaketh his olde frende that he hath loved full longe: And than cometh warre and every maner of wrong that a man dothe to his neighbour in bodye or in catell. [Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh also manslaughter. And understonde well that homicide, that is manslaughter, is in divers wise. — Some maner of homicide is spirituall, and some is bodely. Spirituall manslaughter is in vi. thinges. Firste, by hate, as saith sainte John; He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is also by backbiting, of whiche backbiting saith Salomon, that thei have two swerdes, with whiche they sle their neighbours; For sothely as wicked is to take fro him his gode name as his life. Homicide is also in yevinge of wicked counsell by fraude; as for to yeve counsaile to areyse wrongfull customes, and talages: Of whiche saith Salomon; A Lion roringe and a Bere hungry, be like to the cruell Lordes in withholding [or abedging of the shepe of] the hire or the wages of Servauntes; Or elles in usurie; or in withdrawinge of the Almesse of pore folke; For whiche the wise man saith; Fedeth him that almoste dieth for hunger, for sothly but if ye fede him ye sle him. And all these ben dedly sinnes. Bodily manneslaughter is when thou sleest him with thy tounge: An other maner is, when thou commaundest to sle a man, or elles yevest counsaile to sle a man. Manslaughter in dede is in four maners; That one is by lawe; right as a Justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth. But let the Justice beware that he doe it rightfully, and that he doe it not for delite to spill blode, but for keeping of rightwisnesse. An other homicide is done for necessite, as when a man sleeth another in his defence, and that he ne may none other wise escape his owne deth; but certeynly if he may askape without slauttere of his adversarie, and sleeth him, he doth sinne, and he shall bere penaunce as for dedly sinne. Also if a manne by case or adventure shote an arrowe or caste a stone, with which he sleeth a man, he is an homicide. Also if a woman by negligence overlith her child in her slepinge, it is homicide and dedly sin. Also whan a man disturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman either bareyne by drinking of venemous herbes, throughe which she may not conceive, or sleeth a childe by drinkes, or els putteth certaine materiall thinges in her secret places to sle the childe, or els doth unkindly sinne, by whiche a man or a woman shedeth her nature in maner or in place there as a childe maye not be conceived; Or els if so be that a woman hath conceived, and hurteth her selfe, and by that mishappe the childe is slayne; yet it is homicide. What say we of those women that murder

ther children for bicause of eschewynge of worldly shame? Certes it is an horrible homicide. Homicide is also if a manne approche to a woman by desire of lechery, thowre whiche the child is perished, or els smiterth a woman wittingly, through which she leseth her childe: Al these ben homicides and horrible dedly sinnes. Yet come there of ire, mo sinnes, as well in worde as in thought, and dede. As he that arreteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himselfe guilty, or dispiseth God and all his halowes, as don the curid hasardours in divers countreis: This curid sinne don they, whan they fele in ther herte full wickedly of God and of his halowes. Also when they trete unreverently the sacrament of the auter, that sin is so gret that unmethe may be releed, but that the mercy of God passeth al his werkes; it is so gret and he so benigne. Than cometh of ire an atterly angre, whan a man is sharply amonested in his shriste to leve his sinne: Than wolle he be angrie, and answer hokerly [and angerly] or defende or excuse his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his fleshe, or els he did it for to holde companie with wyse felowes, or els he saith the fende enticed him, or els he doth it for his youthe, or els his complexcion is so coragious that he may not forbere, or els it is his destenie [he saith] unto a certaine age, or els he saith it cometh him of gentilnesse of his auncesters, and semblable thinges. All these maner of folke so wrappe hem in ther sinnes, that thei ne wolle deliver hemselfe: For sothly no wight that excuseth himselfe wilfully of his sinne, maye not be delivered of his sinne, till that he mekely beknoweth his sinne. After this than cometh sweringe, that is expresse ayenste the commaundement of God, and this befallith often of angre and of ire: God saith, Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lorde God in sweine or in idell. Also our Lorde Jesu Christ saith by the worde of sainte Mathew: Ne shall ye not swere in no maner, neither by heaven, for it is Godd's tione, ne by erth, for it is the benche of his sete, ne by Hierusalem, for it is the cite of a grete King, ne by thine hed; for thou maiste not make an here [neither] white ne blacke; but saye by youre [wordes] ye, ye, naye, naye; and what that is more, it is of evill. Thus saith Christe. For Christ's sake swere not so sinfully in dismembringe of Christe; By soule, harte, bones, and body; for certes it semeth that ye thinke that the cursed Jewes ne dismembred not inoughe the precious person of Christ, but ye disembre him more. And if so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than ruleth you after the lawe of God in your swering, as saith Jeremie, iiii. cap. Thou shalt kepe thre condicions, thou shalt swere in trouthe, in dome, and in rightwisnesse, this is to saye, thou shalt swere soth: For every lesinge is ayenst Christ; for Christe is verie trouthe. And thinke well this that every grete swerer not compelled lawfully to swere, the plage shall not departe fro his hous, while he useth such unlesful swering. Thou shalt swere also in dome, whan thou arte constrained by thy dom's manne to witnesse the trouthe: Also thou shalt not swere for envie, neither for favour, nether for mede, [or rewarde] but onely for rightwisnesse and for declaringe of it to the honour and worshippe of God, and to the aydinge and helpe of thine evin-Christen. And therefore every man that taketh Godd's name in idell, or falsely swerith with his mouth, or els taketh on him the name of Christe to be called a Christen man, and liveth ayenst Christ's livinge and his teching, all they take Godd's name in idell. Loke also what saith saynt Peter, *Actuum iiii. capite Non est aliud nomen sub celo, &c.* There is none other name saith saint Peter under heaven yevē to men, in which they may be saved, that is to say, but the name of



Jesu Christe. Take hede eke howe precious is the name of Jesu Christe, as saith sainte Poule, *ad Philippienses ii. In nomine Jesu, &c.* That in the name of Jesu every knee of Hevenly creatures, erthly, and of hel should bowe, for it is so hie and so worshipfull, that the cursed fende in hell should tremble to here it named. Than semeth it that men that swere so horribly by his blessed name, that they dispise it more boldly than the cursed Jews, or els the divel that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Nowe certes sithe that swering, but it be lawfully done, is so hiely defended; moche wers is it for to swere falsely, and yet nedelesse.

What say we also of hem that delite hem in swering, and holde it a genterye or a manly dede to swere gret othes? And what of hem that of very usage ne cese not to swere gret othes, all be the cause not worthe a strawe? Certes, this is horrible sinne. Swering sodenly withouten aviselement is also a perous sinne. But lette us go now to that horrible sinne, swering of adjuration and conjuration, as doen these fals Enchauntours, or Necromancers in Basins full of water, or in bryght swardis blade, in a circle, in a fire, or in the shulder bone of a shepe? I can not saie, but that thei doe cursedly and damnable ayenst Christ, and all the faith of holic church.

What say we of hem, that beleve on Devinales, as by flighte or by noise of birdes or of bestes, or by sorte, by Geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dores, or craking of houses, by gnawing of rattes, and soche maner wretchidnesse? Certes, all these things ben defended by God, and holy church, for whiche thei ben accursed, till thei come to amendement, that on soch filth set ther beleve. Charms for woundes, or maladic, of menne, or of bestes, if thei take any effect, it maie be paraventure that God suffereth it, for folke shuld yeve the more faith, and reverence to his name.

Nowe wolle I speke of lesinges, whiche generally is false signifiante of worde in entent, to disceive his evin-Christen. Some lesing is of whiche there cometh none avauntage to no wight, and some lesing turneth to the profite and ese of a man, and to the damage of an other man. An other lesing is, for to save his life or his catel. Another lesinge theer is which cometh of delite for to lie, in which delite thei wolle forge a long tale, and peint it with all circumstances, where al the ground therooffe is false. Some lesing cometh, for he wolle susteine his wordes: Some lesing cometh of retchelesnesse without aviselement, and semblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flatterie, whiche ne cometh not gladly but for drede, or for coverise. Flatterie is generally wrongfull praising. Flatterers ben the devill's norices, that norishe his children, with milke of losingerie: forsoth Salomon saith, that flatterie is worfe than detraction, for sometime detraction maketh an hautein manne be the more humble, for he dredeth detraction, but certes flatterie maketh a man t'enhaunce his herte and his countenance. Flatterers be the Devill's enchauntours, for thei make a manne to wene himself be like that he is nat like. Those be like to Judas, that betraie a manne, to sell him to his enemy. Flatterers ben the devill's Chapeleins, that ever sing *Placcho*. I reken flatterie in the vices of ire; for oft time if a man be wroth with an other, than wolle he flatter some wight, to susteine him in his quarrell.

Speke we now of soche cursing, as cometh of irous hert. Malison generally may be saied, every maner [power] of harme: soche cursing bereveth man fro the reigne of God, as saith S. Poule. And ofte time soche cursing wrongfully turneth ayen to him that curseth, as a birde that turneth again to his owne

nefte. And over all thing, men oughte eschue to curse ther children, and yeve to the Devill ther engendrure, as ferre forth as in hem is; certes, it is grete peril and grete sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and reproch whiche benfull grete woundes in mann's herte, for thei unfowe the semes of frendship in mann's herte: For certes, unneth maie a man plainly be accorded with him, that him openly hath reviled and reprevd, and disclaunders: This is a full grisly sinne, as Christe saith in the Gospel. And take hede now, that he that repreve his neighbour, ether he repreve him by some harme of pain, that he hath upon his bodie, as Mesell, croked, harlot, or by some sinne that he doeth. Now if he repreve him by any enfirmitie of Godd's visitation that is harm to hym or payn, than turneth the repreve to Jesu Christ; for pain is send by the rightwise sonde of God, and by his sufferance, be it meselrie, maim, or malady: and if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne that he useth, as thou holour, thou dronkelewe harlot, and so forth, than pertaineth that to the rejoising of the devill, whiche ever hath joie that men doen sin. And certes, chiding maie not come but of vilanous herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth full oft. And ye shall understond, that loke by any waie, whan any man shall chastise for correctyan other, that he beware from chiding or repreving; for truly but he beware, he maie ful lightly quicken the fire of angre and of wrath, whiche he should quenche: and peraventure, slæth him, which he might chastise with benigne. For as saith Salomon; the amiable tongue is the tre of life, that is to saie, of life spirituall. And sothly, a dissolute tong slæth the spirites of hem that repreve, and also of him whiche is repreved. Lo! what saith saint Augustin; There is nothing folike the devill's child, as he whiche oft chideth. Saint Poule seyth also, a servaunte of GOD behoveth not to chide. And though that chiding be a villainous thing, betwixt al maner folke, yet it is certes moste uncovenable, betwene a man and his wife, for there is never reste. And therefore saith Salomon; An hous that is uncovered in reyne, and a chiding wife, ben a like.

A manne, which is in a dropping hous in many places, though he eschue the dropping in o place, it droppeth on him in an other place: So fareth it by a chiding wife; if she chide him in one place, she wolle chide him in an other: And therefore better and gretly more plesant is a morsell, for little gobet of brede with joye, than an hous filled full of delicies, with chiding and gnerring, saith Salomon. Saint Poule saith, O ye women, beth ye subgette to your husebandes, as [ye] behoveth [and ought] in God: And ye men loveth your wives. *Ad Colossenses. iii.*

Afterward speke we of scorning, whiche is a wicked sinne, and namely whan he scorneth a man for his gode werkes: For certes, soche scorners fare like the foule Tode, that maie not endure to smell the swete favour of the vine, whan it flouriseth. These scorners ben parting felowes with the devill; for thei have joie whan the Devill winneth, and sorrowe if he lefeth. Thei ben adversaries of Jesu Christ, for thei hate that he loveth, that is to saie, salvation of soulis.

Speke we now of wicked counsaile; the whiche is a Traiture, for he disceiveth him that trusteth in him: *Ut Achitophel ad Absalom*. But nathelesse, yet is his wicked counsaile first ayenst himself; for as saith the Wiseman; Every false living man hath this propertie in himself, that he that wolle anoie an other man, he anoie first himself. And men shall understond, that man shall not take his counsaile of false folke, ne of angrie folke, or-greuous folke, ne of folke that



that love specially to moche her owne proffit, ne to moche worldly folke, namely in counsailling of soules.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that sowe and make discorde among folke, whiche is a sinne that Christ hateth utterly, and no wonder is; for he died for to make concorde. And more shame doe thei to Christe, than did thei that him crucified; for God loveth better that frendship be amonges folke, than he did his owne body, whiche that he gave for unitè. Therefore ben thei likened to the devill, that ever be about to make discorde. [Now cometh the sinne of double tounge, soche as speke faire before folke, and wickedly behind, or els thei make semblaunte, as though thei spake of gode entencion, or els in game and plaie, and yet thei speke of wicked entent.

Now cometh bewraying of counsaile, through whiche a man is defamed: certes unneith maie he restore the damage. [Now cometh menace, that is an open folie; for he that ofte menaceth, he threteth more than he maie performe ful oft time. Now cometh idel wordes, that is without profite of him that speketh the wordes, and also of him that harkeneth the wordes: Or els idel wordes ben those that ben nedelesse, or without entente of naturell profite. And albe it that idel wordes be somtime veniall sinne, yet should men doubt hem, for we shall yve rekenyng of hem before God. [Now cometh jangling, that may not be without sinne: And as saith Salomon; it is a sign of apert folie. And therefore a Philosopher saied, whan menne asked him how that men shulde plesse God, he answerde; Doe many gode werkes, and speke few vanities. After this cometh the sin of japeries, that ben the devill's Apes, for thei make folke to laugh at ther japerie, as folke doe at the gaudes of an ape: whiche japes defendeth faint Poule. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comfort hem that travaile in the service of Christe: Right so comforteth the villainous wordes and knackes of japers hem, that travaile in the service of the devill. These ben the sinnes of the tounge, that come of ire, and of other sinnes.

#### The remedie ayenst Ire.

**T**HE remedie ayenst Ire, is a vertue that men klepen *mansuetudo* that is debonaire, and also an other vertue that menne clepe [pacience] or] sufferance.

Debonaire withdraweth and refraineth the sterings and movinges of mann's corage in herte, in soche maner that thei ne skip nat out by anger ne Ire. Sufferance suffreth swetely all the anoiaunces and wronges that men doen to man outward. S. Jerome saith this of debonaire, that it doeth no harme to no wight, ne saith: ne for no harme that men doe ne saie, he ne chafeth ayenst reson. This vertue somtime cometh of nature; for as saith the Philosopher, A man is a quicke thinge by nature, debonaire and trefable to godenes: but whan debonaire is enformed of grace, than it is the more worth.

Pacience is an other remedie ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffreth swetely every mann's godenes, and is nat wroth for no harme that is doen to him. The Philosopher saith, that pacience is the vertue that suffreth debonairely all the outrages of adversite, and every wicked worde. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Godd's owne child: as saith Christ. This vertue discomfiteth thine enemies. And therefore saith the Wiseman; if thou would venquish thine enemy, lerne to suffre. [And thou shalt understonde, that a man suffereth fower maner of grevaunces, in outward thinges, a-

yenst the whiche fower he must have fower maner of paciencies.

The first grevaunce is of wicked wordes, whiche suffered Jesu Christe without grutchyng full patiently, whan the Jews dispised him full oft. Suffer thou therefore patiently, for the Wiseman saith; if thou strive with a fole, though the fole be wroth, or though he laugh, alwaie thou shalt have no reste. That other grevaunce outward, is to have dammage of thy cattell: There ayenst suffred Christ full patiently, whan he was dispoiled of all that he had in this life, and that was but his clothes. The thirde grevaunce, is a man to have harme in his body; that suffred Christ full patiently in all his passion. The fourth grevaunce, is an outrageous labour in werkes: wherefore I saie, that folke that make ther servauntes to travaile to grevously, or out of time, as in holydaies, sothly thei do grete sinne. Here ayenst suffred Christe full patiently, and taught us pacience, whan he bare upon his blessed shulders the crosse, upon which he should suffre dispitous deth. Here maie men lerne to be patient, for certes, not onely Christen, be patiente for love of Jesu Christ, and for guerdon of the blisse of hevenc, and of the blisfull life that is perdurable, but certes the olde Painims, that never were christened, commended and used the vertue of pacience.

A Philosopher uppon a time, that would have bete his disciple, for his grete trespass, for whiche he was moved, and brought a yerde to skore the childe, and whan this childe sawe the rodde, he said to his maister; what thinke ye to doe? I woll bete The saied the maister for thy correction: Forsothe saied the childe, ye ought firste correcte your selfe, that have lost all your pacience, for the offence of a childe. Forsothe saied the maister al weping, thou saiest soth: have thou the rodde my dere childe, and correcte me for mine impacience. Of pacience cometh obedience, through whiche a manne is obedient to Christ, and to all hem to which he ought be obedient in Christe. And understonde well, that obedience is perfite, whan that a man doeth gladly and hastily, with gode herte entierly all that he should doe. Obedience generally, is to performe the doctrine of God, and of his soveraines, to whiche him ought to be obeisant in all rightwisnesse.

#### De Accidie.

**A**fter the sinnes of Envie and Ire, now woll I speke of the sinne of Accidie: for envie blindeth the herte of a manne, and ire troubleth a man, and Accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtfull and pensive. Envy and ire maken bitternesse in herte, whiche bitternesse is mother of accidie, and benymyth him the love of all godenesse, than is accidie the anguyshe of trouble of herte. And saint Augustin saith: It is anoie of godenesse and anoie of harme. Certes this is a dampnable sinne, for it doeth wrong to Jesu Christ, in as moch as it benommeth the service that men ought to doe to owre Loide Jesu Crist with all the diligence, as saith Salomon; but Accidie doeth no soche diligence. He doeth al thing with anoie, and with wrawnesse, slackenesse, and excusacion, with idelnesse and unlust. For whiche the boke saith, Accursed be he that doeth the service of God negligently. Than is accidie enemy to every estate of man. For certes the estate of man is in thre maners. Either it is the estate of innocencie, as was the estate of Adam, before that he fell into sinne, in which estate he was holde to worke, as in praising and lauding God. An other estate is the estate of sinfull men: in whiche estate men ben holden to labour in praying to God, for amendement of ther sinnes, and that he would graunt hem to rise out of ther sinnes.



An other estate is the estate of grace, in whiche state he is holden to do workes of penitence; and certes, to all these thinges is accidie contrary, for he loveth no busynesse at all. Now certes, this foule sinne accidie is also a full grete enemy to the livelode of the body, for it ne hath no purveiance ayenst temporell necessite; for it forlewethed and forslugged, and that distroiet al godes temporell by rechelesnes.

The fowerth thing is, that accidie is like hem that ben in the paine of hell, bicause of ther sloth and hevines; for thei that be damned ben so bound, that thei may neither wel doe ne thinke. Of accidie cometh first that a manne is anoied and encombred to doe any godenesse, and maketh that God hath abhominacion of soche accidie, as saith S. John.

Now cometh sloth, that wold nat suffre no hardnesse ne penance; for sloth is so tender and so delicate, as saith Salomon, that he wold suffer no hardnesse ne penance, and therefore he marreth all that he doeth. Ayenst this rotten hertid sinne of accidie and sloth, should men exercise hem self, and use hem to do gode workes; and manly and vertuously catch corage to doe, thinking that our Lorde Jesu Christ quyteth every gode dede, be it never so lite. Usage of labour is a grete thing: For it maketh, as saith S. Bernarde, the labourer to have strong armes, and hard senewes; and sloth maketh hem hevy, feble, and tender. Than cometh drede to beginne to worke any gode workes. For certes, he that enclineth to sin, him thinketh it is so gret an emprise for to undertake the workes of godenesse, and casteth in his herte, that the circumstaunces of godenesse ben so grevous and weightie for to suffre, that he dare not undertake to doe workes of godenes, as saith saint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is dispeire of the the mercie of God, that cometh sometime of to moche outrageous sorowe, and sometime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath doe so moche sinne, that it wold not availe him, tho he would repent him, and forsake it and doon good; through whiche dispeire or drede, he abandoneth all his herte to every maner sinne, as saith saint Augustine. Whiche dampnable sinne, if it continue unto his ende, it is called sinning in the Holy Ghost. This horrible sinne is so perillous, that he that is dispeired, ther n'is no felonie ne no sinne, that he doubteth for to doe, as sheweth well by Judas. For certes, above all sinnes than is this sinne moche displeaunte to Christe, and moche adversarie. Sothly, he that dispeireth him, is like to the coward champion recreaunt, that flieth without nede. Alas, alas! nedeles is he recreaunt, and nedelesse dispeired. For certes, the mercie of God is ever redy to the penitent person, and is above al his werkes. Alas! can not a man bethinke him on the Gospel of S. Luke xv. Where as Christ saith, that as well shal there be joie in heaven upon a sinfull manne that doeth penitence, as upon xcix. rightfull men that nede no penitence. Loke ferther in the same Gospel, the joy and the fest of the gode man, that had lost his sonne, when his sonne with repentaunce was returned to his father. Can thei not remember hem also, that (as saith Saint Luke) Chapi. xxiii. How that thief that was hanged beside Jesu Christe, saied; Lord remember me, when thou comest in thy reigne. Forsoth saied Christ, [I saie to Thee] I daie shalt thou be with me in Paradise. Certes, there is non so horrible sinne in man, that ne maie in his life be distroied by penitence, through vertue of the passion and of the deth of Christe. Alas: what nede men than to be dispeired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large? but aske and have. [Than cometh sompnolence, that is sluggie, slombing;

whiche maketh a man hevie, and dull in bodie and in soule, and this sinne cometh of sloth: And certes, the time that by waie of reson, man should not slepe, is by the morowe, but if ther were cause reasonable. For sothly, the morowe-tide is moche covenable, a manne to saie his praies, and for to thenke on God, and to honor God, and to yeve almose to the pore that cometh first in the name of Jesu Christ.

Loe! what saith Salomon? Who so wold by the morowe awake to seke me, he shal find me. [Than cometh negligence or rechelesnes that recketh of nothing. And though that ignoranne be mother of all harmes, certes, negligence is the norice. Negligence ne doth no force, when he shall doe a thing, whether he doe it well or evill.]

The remedy of these two sinnes is, as saith the Wiseman, that he that dredeth God, spareth not to doe that he ought to doe, and he that loveth GOD, he wold doe diligence to please GOD by his werkes, and abandone himself with all his might, well for to doe. [Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idell manne is like to a place that hath no walles; the devill maie enter on every side, or shote at him [that is] discoverte, by temptacion on every side. This idleness is the thornlike of all wicked and vileynous thoughtis and of all janglingis. Certes, blis of hevenc is yve to hem that will labour, and not to idel folke. Also David saith, that thei ne be not in the labour of menne, ne thei shal not be whipped with men, that is to saie in Purgatorie. Certes, than semeth it thei shal be turmented with the devils in hell, but if thei do penance.]

Than cometh the sinne, that men call tarditas, as when a man is so latered, or tarying or he wold tourne to God; and certes, that is a grete foly. He is like him that falleth in the ditche, and wold not arise. And this vice cometh of fals hope, that he thinketh he shal live long, but that hope faileth full oft.

Than cometh lachesse, that is he that when he beginneth any gode worke, anon he wold leve and stur it, as doen thei that have any persone to governe, and ne take of him no more hede, anon as thei finde any contrary or any anoi. These ben the newe sheperdes, that let ther shepe wittingly go ren to the Wolfe, that is in the breres, or doe not force of ther owne governaunce. Of this cometh povertie and distruction, both of spirituall and temporell thinges. Than cometh a maner coldnesse, that fretheth the herte of man. Than cometh undevocion, through whiche a man is so blont, and as saith S. Bernard, hath soche langoure in his soule, that he maie neither redene sing in holy churche, ne here ne think of no devocion, ne travaile with his hondes in no gode worke, that it n'is to him unsavery and all apalled. Than wexeth he slow and slombry, and sone wold be wroth, and sone is enclined to hate and envy. Than cometh the sinne of worldly sorowe, soche as is called *Tristitia*, that slæth a man, as saith sainte Poule. For certes, soche sorowe worketh the deth of the soule and the bodie also; for thereof cometh that a man is anoied of his own life. Wherefore soche sorowe shorteth ful oft the life of man, er that his time is come by waie of kinde.

*Remedium contra peccatum Accidie.*

Yenst this horrible sinne of accidie, and the braunches of the same, there is a vertue that is called *Fortitudo* or strengthe, that is an affection, through whiche a man dispiseth anoyous thinges: this vertue is so mightie and so vigorous, that it dare



dare withstonde mightilie, and wisely kepe himself fro perilles that ben wicked, and wraistell ayenst the assautes of the devill; for it enhaunceth and enforceth the soul, right as accidie abateth and maketh it feble; for this fortitude maie endure by long sufferance the travailes that ben covenable.

This vertue hath many speces; the first is called Magnanimitie, that is to saie, grete corage. For certes, there behoveth grete corage ayenst Accidie, lest that it swallowe the soule by the sinne of sorowe, or distroie it by wanhope. Certes, this vertue maketh folke undertake hard and grevous thinges by their own will, wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayenst a manne, more by subtilite and sleight, than by strength, therefore shall a man withstonde him by wit, reson, and discrecion. Than are there the vertues of faith, and hope in GOD and in his saintes, to seeke and accomplishe the gode workes, in the which he purposeth ferrely to continue. Than cometh suretie or sikernesse, and that is whan a man ne doubteth no traivale in time comming of the gode workes that he hath begon. Than cometh Magnificence, that is to saie, whan a man doth performe grete workes of godenes, that he hath begon; and that is th'ende, why that men should doe gode workes. For in th'accomplishing of gode workes lieth the grete guerdon. Than is there Constaunce, that is stableness of corage; and this should be in herte by stedfast faith, and in mouth, in bering, in chere, and in dede. Also there ben mo speciall remedies ayenst accidie, in divers workes; as in consideracion of the paines of hell, the joyes of heven, and in trust of the grace of the Holy Ghost, that will yeve him might to performe his gode entent.

#### De Avaritia.

After Accidie, woll I speke of Avarice, and of Covetise. Of whiche sinne S. Poule saith: the rote of all harmes is Covetise. *Ad Timoth. vi.* For sothly, whan the hert of manne is confounded in it self and troubled; and that the soule hath lost the comforte of God, than seketh he an idell solace of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the discipcion of S. Augustine, is a licoroussnes in hert to have yerthly thinges. Some other folke saie, that Avarice is for to purchace many yerthly thinges, and nothing to yeve to hem that have nede. And understonde, that avarice standeth not onely in lande ne cattell; but somtime in science and glorie, and in every maner of outragious thinges is avarice and covetise; and the difference betwixe avarice and covetise is this:

Covetise, is for to covete soche thinges, that thou hast nat; And Avarice is to withholde and kepe soch thinges, as thou hast without rightfull nede. Sothly, this avarice is a sinne, that is full dampnable, for all holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst that vice; for it doeth wrong to Jesu Christe; for it taketh fro him the love that men to him owe, and tourneth it backwarde ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his cattell, than in Jesu Christe, and doth more observance in keping of his tresour, than he doeth in the service of Jesu Christe. And therefore saith saint Poule; *Ad Ephesios quinto*; That an avaricious man is the thraldome of Idolatrie.

What difference is there betwixt an Idolaster, and an avaricious man? But that an Idolaster, peraventure ne hath nat but a Maumer or two, and the avaricious manne hath many: For certes, every Florein in his cofer, is his Maumer. And certes, the sinne of maumerie, is the first that God defended, [as] in the x. commaundmentis, it berith witnes, in

*Exod. Capi. xx.* Thou shalt have no false Goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to The no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man that loveth his tresure before God, an Idolaster. And through this cursed sinne of avarice and covetise, cometh these hard lordshippes, through which thei ben streined by raylliagys, customes, and cariages, more than thei duetie or reson is; or els take thei of ther bonde menne amerciamentes, whiche might more resonably be called extorcions, than amerciamentes. Of which amerciamentes, or raunsoming of bondmen, some Lordes stewardes saie, that it is rightfull; for as muche as a churche hath no temporell thing, that it ne is his lordes, as thei saie. But certes, these lordshippes doe wrong, that bereve their bondemen thinges that thei never yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei. Libro. ix.* Sothe is that the condicion of thraldome, and the first cause of thraldome was for sinne. *Jer. v.*

Thus maie ye se, that the offence deserved thraldome, but nat nature. Wherefore these Lordes ne should not moche glorifie hem in ther Lordshippes, sithe that thei by naturall condicion ben not lordes over thralles; but for that thraldome came firste by the deserte of sinne. And more over, there is the Lawe saith, that temporell godes of bonde-folke ben the godes of ther Lordes; yea, that is for to understonde, the godes of the Emperour, to defende hem in ther right, but not to robbe hem ne reve hem. Therefore saith Seneca: Thy prudence should teche The for to live benignly with thy thral. Those, that thou callest thy thralles, ben Godd's peple; and for humble peple ben Christ's frendes, thei ben consubernal with the Lord.

Thinke also, that if soche sede as churles spring, of soche sede spring Lordes; As well may the churche be saved as the Lord. The same deth that taketh the churche, soche deth taketh the Lorde. Wherefore I rede doe right so with thy churche, as thou wouldest that thy lorde did with The, if thou wer in his plight. Every sinfull manne is a churche to sinne: I rede The; Lorde, certes, that thou werke in soche wise with thy churche, that thei rather love The than drede The. I wote well, that there is degre above degre, [as reson is;] and skill is that menne doe ther devour, there as it is due. But certes, extorcions, and dispote of your underlinges is dampnable.

And furthermore understande well, that these Conquerours, or Tyrautes, make full ofte thralles of hem, that ben borne of as roiall blode, as ben thei that hem conquer. This name of Thraldome was never erste knowe, till that Noe saied that his sonne Canaan should be thral to his brethren for his sinne. What saie we than of hem, that pil and doe extorcions to holie Church? Certes, the sward that menne yeve first to a knight, whan he is newe dubbed, signifieth that he should defende holie Church, and not robbe and pill it; and whoso doeth is Traitor to Christe. And as saith saint Augustine, thei ben the Devill's Wolves; that strangle the Shepe of Jesu Christe, and doen worse than Wolves; for sothly, whan the Wolfe hath full his wombe, he flinteth to strangle shepe: But sothly, the pillours and distroiers of holie Church godes, ne doe not so, for thei ne stinte never to pill. Now as I have saied, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldome, than is it thus, that at the time that all this worlde was in sin, than was all this worlde in thraldome, and in subjection; but certes, sithe the time of grace came, GOD ordained that some folke should be more hie in estate and in degre, and some folke more lowe, and that eche should be served after his estate and in degre. And therefore, in some countreis there thei be thralles, whan thei have tourned hem to the faith, thei



thei make ther thralles fre out of the thraldome; and therefore, certes the Lord oweth to his man, that the man oweth to the lorde. And thierfore the Pope clepyth himself servaunt of the servautes of God. But for as the estate of holy Churche ne might not have ben, ne the common profite might not have be kept, ne pece ne reste in erth, but if God had ordained that some manne hath hier degre, and some menne lower; Therefore was soverainte ordained to kepe, maintaine, and defende ther underlinges and ther subjectes in reson, as fer forthe as it lieth in ther power, and not to distroy ne confounde hem. Wherefore I saye, that those lordes that ben like wolves that devour the possessions or the cattell of pore folkes wrongfully, without mercy or mesure, they shall receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to pore folke the mercy of Jesu Christ, but it be amended. [Nowe cometh disceite betwixt marchaunt and marchaunt. And thou shalt understond that marchaundise is in two maners; that one is bodily, and that other is ghostly; that one is honest and leful, and that other is dishonest and unlesfull. The bodily marchaundise that is leful and honeste is this: that there as God hath ordained that a reigne or a countrie is sufficiente and plenteous withinne himselfe, than it is honest and leful that of haboundaunce of this countrie menne helpe an other countrie that is nedey: And there muste be marchauntes to bring fro one countrie to that other ther marchaundise. That other marchaundise that menne haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and disceite, with lesinges and false othes, is righte cursed and dampnable. Espirituell Marchaundise is properly Simonie, that is, ententise desire to bie any thing espirituell, that is a thinge, whiche apertaineth to the saintuarie of GOD, and to cure of [the] soule. This desire if so be that a manne do his diligence to perfourme it, all be it that his desire ne take none effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne; and if he be ordred, he is irregular. Certes Simonie is called of Simon Magus, that would have boughte for temporell cattel the yeste that God had yeve by the Holy Ghost to Saint Peter, and to the Apostels: And therefore understonde, that he that selleth and he that bieth thinges espirituels, ben called Simoniackes, be it by cattell, be it by procuring or by fleschly praier of his frendes, fleschly frendes or espirituel frendes; fleschly in two maners, as by kinred or other frendes: Sothly if they praie for him that is not worthy and able, it is Simonie if he take the benefice, and if he be worthy and able there is none. That other maner is whan man or woman praieith for folke to avaunce him onely for wicked fleschly affection which they have unto the persons, and that is soule simonie. But certes in service, for whiche menne yeven thinges espirituell unto there servautes, it must be understonde that the service muste be honest, or els not, and also that it be without bargeining, and that the person be able. For as saith saint Damascen; All the sinnes of the worlde, at regarde of this sinne, are as thing of noughte; for it is the grettest sinne that maie be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Antichriste: For by this sinne GOD forleseth the Church and the Soule, which he bought with his precious blode, by hem that yeve Churches to hem that ben nought able of cunnig, for they put in there shondes that stele the soules of Jesu Christe, and distroie his patrimonie. By suche unworthy priestes and curates have leude menne lesse reverence of the Sacramentes of holy Church, and suche yevers of churches put the children of Christ out, and put in the Church the Devils owne sonnes; thei sell the soules of the lambys that thei shold kepe fro the wolf that strangeth hem: and therefore shall they never have parte of the pasture of lambes, that is the blisse of Heven. [Nowe cometh

hazardrie with his apurtynauncis, as tables and rafes, of whiche cometh disceite, false othes, chidinges, and all ravine, blaspheminges, and renyings of God, and hate of his neighbours, waste of godes, mispendinge of time, and sometime manslaughter. Certes hazardours ne mowe not be without grette sinne whiles that thei haunte that craste. [Of Avarice cometh also lesinges, theft, false witnesse, and false othes; and ye shall understonde that these be grette sinnes, and expresse ayenst the commaundementes of God, as I have saide. False witnesse is in worde, and also in dede; In worde, as for to bireve thy neighbour's gode name by thy false witnesse, or bireve him his cattell or his heritage, by thy false witnesse, whan thou for ire or for mede, or for envie, berest false witnesse, or accusest him, or excusest thy selfe falsely. Ware ye questmongers and notaries; certes for false witnesse was Susan in ful grette sorow and paine, and many an other mo. The sin of theft is also expresse ayenst God's hest, and in two maners, corporel and spirituel; the temporell theft is; As for to take thy neighbour's cattel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleight, be it by mette or by mesure; by steling also of false enditementes upon him, and in borrowing of thy neighbour's cattel, intentent never to pay it ayen, and semblable thinges. Espirituel theft is sacrilege, that is to say, hurting of holy things sacred to Christ in two maners, by reson of the holy place, as churches or churchehaws; For which every villainous sinne that men done in suche places, may be called sacrilege, or every violence in the semblable places. Also thei that withdrawe falsely the rightes that long to holy church, and pleasing. And generally sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thinge out of unholy place.

*Relevatio contra peccatum Avaritia.*

Nowe shall ye understond, that a releving of Avarice is misericorde and pite largely taken. And menne might aske why that misericorde and pite are relevinge of Avarice? Certes the avaricious man sheweth no pite ne misericorde to the nedefull man. — For he deliteth him in the keping of his trefure, and nat in the rescuing ne releving of his evin-Christen: And therefore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as saith the Philosopher) a virtue, by whiche the corage of manne is stered by the misere of him that is disesed: Upon whiche misericorde soloweth pite, in performing and fulfilling of charitable workes of mercy, helpeth and comforteth him that is misefed. And certes these thinges move and stere a man to misericorde of Jesu Christe, that he yave himselfe for our offence, and suffred deth for misericorde, and foryave us our original sinnes, and therby relefed us fro the paines of hell, and minished the paines of purgatory by penitens, and yeveth grace well to doe, and at laste the blisse of Heven. The spes of misericorde ben for to releve, and also for to yeve; for to foryeve and relece, and for to have pite in herte and compassion of the mischiefe of his evin-Christen, and also to chastise there as nede is. An other maner of remedy ayenst Avarice, is resonable largesse; but sothly here behoveth the consideracion of that grace of Jesu Christ, and of the temporell godes, and also of the godes perdurable that Jesu Christ yafe to us, and to have remembrance of the deth whiche he shal receive, he knoweth not whan, where, ne who: and also that he shall forgo all that he hath, save onely that which he may dispende in worldly gode.

But for as muche, as some folke ben unmesurable, menne oughte for to avoide and eschue folish largesse, the whiche some peple call waste.

Certes



Certes, he that is fole large, yeveth not his cattell, but he lefeth his cattell.

Sothly what thing that he yeveth for vein-glory, as to minstrels and to folke that berē his renome in the world, he hath sinne thereof and none almesse: Certes he lefeth foule his gode that he ne seketh with the yest of his gode nothing but sinne. He is like to an horse that seketh rather to drinke drovy or troubled water, than for to drinke water of the clere wel. To hem apperteinen the faide cursing, that Christ shall yeve at the daie of dome, to hem that shall be dampned.

*Sequitur de Guli.*

**A**fter Avarice cometh Gloteny, which is expresse ayenst the commaundement of God. Gloteny is unmesurable appetite to ete or to drinke, or els to do inough to the unmesurable appetite, and disordeined covetise to ete or to drinke. This sinne corrupteth all this worlde, as is well shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what saith sainte Poule of gloteny. Many (saith he) gon, of whiche I have often said to you, and now I saye it weping, that ben the enemies of the crosse of Christ, of whiche the ende is deth, and of which ther wombe is ther God and ther glorie, in confusion of hem that so devour erthly thinges. He that is used to this sinne of Gloteny, he ne maie no sinne withsonde, he must be in servage of all vices; for it is the Devil's hurde; therē he hideth, and resteth him. This sinne hath manie speces: The firste is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mann's reson: and therefore whan a manne is dronke he hath losse his reson: And this is dedly sinne. But sothly whan that a manne is not wonte to stronge drinke, and paraventure ne knoweth not the strength of the drinke, or hath feblesse in his hed, or hath travailed, through whiche he drinketh the more, all be he so dainly caught with drinke, it is no dedly sinne, but veniall. The second spece of gloteny is, that the spirite of a manne wexeth al troubled; for dronkenesse bireveth him the discrecion of his wit. The thirde maner spece of Glotenie is whan a manne devourerth his mete, and hath no right full maner of eting. The fowerth is, whan through the grete abundaunce of his mete the humours in his body ben distempered. The fift is, foryetfulness by to moch drinking, for whiche sometime a man forgetteth er the morning what he did at even or the night bysorne.

In other maner ben distinct the speces of glotenie, after saint Gregorie. The first is, for to ete before time to ete. The second is, whan a man giveth him to delicate mete, or drinke. The third is, whan men take to moche over mesure. The fourth is, curiosite, with gret entent to make and appareill his mete. The fift is, for to ete to gredely.

These ben the five fingers of the devill's hond, by whiche he draweth folke to sinne.

*The remedie ayenst Glotenie.*

**A**yenst Glotenie, the remedie is abstinence, as saith Galiene: but that I holde nat meritorious, if he doe it for the hele of his bodie. Saint Augustine wold that abstinence be doen for vertue, and with pacience. Abstinence (saith he) is little worthe, but if a man have gode will thereto, and but if he be enforced by pacience and charite, and that men doe it for God's sake, and in hope to have blisse in heaven.

The fellowes of abstinence be attemperance, that holdeth the mene in all thinges; Also shame that

eschueth al dishonestie. Suffisaunce, that seketh no riche metes ne drinkes, ne doeth no force of outrageous apparrelling of mete. Mesure also, that restraineth by reson, the unmesurable appetite of eting. Sobernesse also, that restraineth the outrage of drinke. Sparing also, that restraineth the delicate ese to sit longe at mete, wherfore some folke standen of ther owne will whan thei ete, bicause thei wold ete at litle lesure.

*De Luxuria.*

**A**fter Glotenie cometh lecherie; for these two sinnes ben so nigh colins, that oft time thei wol nat depart. God wote this sin is ful displeant to God, for he sayd himself; doe no lecherie: And therefore he putteth grete paines ayenst this sinne of lecherie in the olde lawe. For in the old law, if a woman thrall wer take in this sinne, she should be bete with staves to deth; And if she were a gentill woman, she should be slain with stones; And if she were a Bishop's daughter, she should be brent by God's commaundement.

More over by the sinne of Lecherie God drowned all the worlde, at the deluge of Noe; and after that he brent fire citees with thunder and lightning, and sanke hem into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said stinking sinne of Lecherie, that menne call avoutrie of wedded folke, that is to saie, if that one of hem ben weddid, or els bothe. Saint John saith, that avouterers shall be in hell, in stynke brenning of fire and of brimstone, for the stynche of the ordure. Certes the breking of this Sacramente is an horrible thing; it was made of God himself in Paradise, and confirmed by Jesu Christe, as witnesseth S. Mathew in the Gospel; A manne shall leve father and mother, and take him to his wife, and thei shall be one fleche.

This Sacramente betokeneth the knytting together of Christe and holie Church. And not only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but also he commaunded that thou shouldest not covete thy neighbour's wife. In this helle saith saint Augustine, is forbidden all maner covetise to do Lecherie. Lo! what saith saint Mathewe in the Gospel; that who so seeth a woman, to covetise of his luste, he hath doen Lecherie with her in his herte. Here maie ye se, that not onely the dede of this sinne is forbidden, but also the desire to that sinne. This curied sinne anoieteth grevously hem that it haunt; and first to ther soule, for he obligeth it to sinne, and to paine of deth, whiche is perdurable. Unto the bodie anoieteth it grevously also, for it drieth him and wasteth, and shenteth him, and of his blode he maketh Sacrifice to the fend of helle; It wasteth his cattell and his substaunce. And certes, if it be a foule thing, a manne to waste his cattell on women; yet it is a fouler thing, whan that for soche ordure women dispende upon menne, ther cattell and ther substaunce. This sinne, as saith the prophete, taketh from manne and woman ther gode fame and ther honour; and it is full delectable, and plesant to the devill. For therby winneth he the more parte of this wretched worlde. And righte as a Marchaunte deliteth him moste in that chaffare, whiche he hath moste avauntage and profite of, right so deliteth the fend in this ordure.

This is that other hond of the devill, with five fingers, to catche the peple to his vilanie. The firste is the folishe loking of the folishe woman and of the folishe man, that sleeth right as the Basilisk for Cocatrice sleeth folke by venom of his sight; for the covetise of the eyen foloweth the covetise of the hert.

The



The second finger is the villainous touching in wicked maner. And therefore saith Salomon; that who so toucheth and handeleth a woman, he fareth as the manne that handeleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodainly sleeth through his envemining; or as who so that toucheth warme pitch blemisheth his fingers. The thirde is soule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, whiche right anon brenneth the herte. The fourthe finger is the kissing: And truly he were a grete folc that would kisse the mouthe of a brenninge oven or of a forneis. And more folcs ben they that kisse in vilanie, for that mouthe is the mouthe of hel, and namely these olde dotardes holours, whiche wolle kisse and flicker, and besie hem self though thei maie nought do. Certes thei ben like to houndes: For an hounde whan he cometh nigh to the roser, or by othel benches, though he so be that they maie not pisse, yet wolle he heve up his legges, and make a countenance to pisse. And for that manie manne weneth that he maie not sinne for no licorousnesse that he doth with his wife; truly that opinion is false: God wore a manne maie se himselfe with his owne knife, and make himselfe dronke with his owne tonne. Certes be it wife, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God, it is his maumette, and he is an idolaster. A manne should love his wife by discrecion, patiently and attemperatly, and than is she as though it were his suster. The fiftie finger of the Divell is honde is the stinking dede of lechery. Truly the five fingers of glotonie the Divell putteth into the wombe of a man; And with his five fingers of lecherye he gripeth him by the reines, for to throwe him into the forneis of Hell, there as they shall have the fire and the wormes that ever shall laste, and weping and wailing, and sharpe hungre and thirst, grimnesse of Divels, whiche shall all to trede hem withouten ende. [Of lecherie as I saide soulders and springeth divers speces; as fornicacion, that is betwene man and woman whiche be not married, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature: All that is enemye and distruction to nature is ayenst nature. Perfaic the reson of a man telleth him wel also that it is dedly sinne, for as much as God forbade lecherie. And saint Poule yeveth hem the reigne that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that done dedly sinne. Another sinne of lechery is to bireve a maides maidenhed; for he that dothe, certes he casteth a maiden out of the hiest degre that is in this presente life, and bireveth her that precious fruite that the boke calleth the hundreth frutes; I ne can saye it none othel wife in Englishe, but in Latin it highte *Centesimo fructus*. Certes he that so doth is the cause of many damages and vilanies, mo than any manne can reken; righte as he is cause of many damages somtime that bestes doe in the felde, that breke the hedge or the closure through which he distroiet that maie not be restored: For certes no more maye maidenhed be restored, than an arme that is smitte fro the bodie maie returne ayen and waxe. She maie have mercy, this wote I well, if that she have will to doe penitence; but never shall it be that she n'as corrupte. And all be it so that I have spoke somewhat of avoutrie, also it is gode to shewe the perilles that longe to avoutrie, for to eschewe that soule sinne. Avoutrie in latin is for to saie, approching of an othel mann's bedde; through whiche those that sometime were one fleshe, abandon ther bodies to othel persons. Of this sinne as saith the wise man folowe many harmes: Firste breking of faithe, and certes in faithe is the keye of christendome: and whan that faithe is broke and losse, sothly christendom stont veine and withoute fruite. This sinne is also a theef; for theste generally is to reve a wight his thing ayenst his will. Certes, this is the foulest thest that

may be, whan that a woman steleth her body fro her husbonde, and yeveth it to her holour to de-foyle her, and steleth her soule fro Christe, and yeveth it to the Devill: This is a fouler theste than for to breke a churche and stele away the chalice; for these avouterers breke the temple of God spirituelly, and stele the vessell of grace that is the bodie and the soule; For whiche Christe shall distroy hem, as saith saint Poule. Sothely of this theste douted gretly Joseph, whan that his Lord's wife prayed him of vilanie, whan he saide; Lo my Lady how my Lorde hath take to me under my warde, all that he hath in this world, ne nothing of his thinges is out of my power, but onely ye that be his wife; and how should I than do this wickednesse and sinne so horrible ayenst God, and ayenst my lorde! God it forbode. Alas! all to litell is suche trouthe now founde. The third harme is the filth, through which thei breke the commaundement of God, and defoyle the auter of matrimonie, that is Christ. For certes, in so muche as the Sacrament of mariage is so noble and so digne, so muche it is greter sin for to breke it: For God made mariage in paradise in the estate of innocencie, to multiplie mankinde in the service of God, and therefore is the brekinge thereof the more grevous; of whiche breking come false heires oft time, that wrongfully occupie folkes heritages; and therefore wolle Christe putte hem out of the reigne of heaven, that is heritage to gode folke. Of this brekinge cometh also oft time that folke unware wedde or sin with ther own kinrede; and namelye these harlottes that haunte bordels of these soule women, that maie be likened to a commune gonge, where as menne poure ther ordure. What saie we also of putours, that live by the horrible sinne of putrie, and constreine women to yeve to hem a certaine rente of ther bodely puterie; yea somtime of his own wife or his childe; as don these baudes: Certes, these ben cursed sinnes. Understonde also that avoutrie is sette gladly in the ten commaundementes betwene theste and manslaughter; for it is the gretest theste that maie be, for it is theste of bodie and of soule; and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth a two and breketh a two hem that firste were made of one fleshe. And therefore by the olde lawe of GOD they should be slaine; but nathelesse by the lawe of Jesu Christ, that is law of pite, whan he said to the woman that was founde in avoutrie, and should have be slaine with stones after the will of the Jewes, as was ther lawe: God said Jesu Christ, and have no more will to do sinne. Sothely the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to the paines of Hell, but if so be that it be distroyd by penitence. [Yet ben there mo speces of this cursed sinne, as whan that one of hem is religious or els bothe, or of folke that ben entred into ordre, as Subdeken, Deken, or Prieste, or hospitaliers: And ever the hier that he is in ordre, the greter is the sinne. The thinges that gretly agredge ther sinne is the breking of ther avowe of chastite, whan they receiveth the ordre. And more over sothe is that holy order is chefe of all the tresorie of GOD and his especieell signe and marke of chastite, to shew that they ben joyned to chastite, whiche is the moste precious life that is; and these ordred folke ben specially titled to God and of the speciall meine of GOD, for whiche whan they doen dedly sinne they ben the traitours of GOD and of his peple, for they live by the peple for to preye for hem: Priestes ben Aungelles as by the dignite of ther misterie; but forsoth saint Poule saith, that Sathanas transfourmeth him in an Aungell of lighte. Sothely the Prieste that haunteth dedly sinne he may be likened to the Aungell of darkenesse, transfourmed in the Aungell of light; he semeth Aungell of light, but forsoth he is Aungell of darknesse. Such Priestes be the sonnes of

after hem. And whiles they ben such traitours, her prayer availeth nought to the peple.



of Hely, as sheweth in the boke of Kinges, that they were the sonnes of Beliall, that is, the Divell. Beliall is to saie without judge, and so fare they; hem thinketh they be fre and have no judge, no more than hath a fre bulle that taketh whiche Cowe that him liketh in the toun. So fare thei by women, for right as one fre Bull is inough for all a toun, right so is a wicked Priest corrupcion inough for all a parishe, or for al a countrey: These Priestes, as saith the boke, ne can not minstre the misterie of priesthode to the peple, ne they know not GOD, they ne helde hem not apayed, as saith the boke, of foddren fleshe that was to hem offred, but they toke by force the flesch that was raw. Certes, so these firewesne helde hem not apayed of rosted and sodde fleshe, with whiche the peple fedde hem in grete reverence, but they woll have rawe fleshe of folkes wives and ther doughters; and certes these women that consent to ther harlotry, don grete wrong to Christ and to holy Church, all Halowes, and all Soules; for they bireve all these hem that should worship CHRIST and holy Church, and praie for christen Soules; and therefore have suche Priestes and ther lemans also that consent to ther lecherie, the cursing of all the courte christien, till they come to amendement. [The thirde spece of avoutrie is somtime betwixt a manne and his wife, and that is whan they take no regarde in ther assembling, but onely to ther fleschly delite, as saith saint Jerome, and ne reken of nothing but that they ben assembled bicause they ben married, all is gode inoughe, as they thinke; but in suche folke hath the Divell power, as said the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in ther assembling they put Jesu Christe out of ther herte, and yeve hem selfe to all ordure. [The fourthe spece is the assembling of hem that ben of one affinite, or els of hem, with which ther fathers or ther kinred have deled in the sinne of lecherie: This sinne maketh hem like to houndes, that take no kepe to kinrede. And certes parentele is in two maners; either ghostly or fleschly: ghostly as for to dele with his godfibre for right so as he that engendreth a childe is his fleschly father, right so is his Godfather his father espirituell; for whiche a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with her Godfibre, than with her owne fleschly brother. [The fifthe spece is that abominable sinne, of whiche abominable sinne no man unneth ought speke ne write; nathelless it is openly rehersed in holy writ. This cursed sinne doon menne and women in divers entent and in divers maner: But though that holy writte speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writte maie not be defoiled, no more than the sunne that shineth on the donghill. [An other sin apperteineth to lechery that cometh sleping, and this sinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and also to hem that be corrupt; and this sinne menne cal Pollucion, that cometh of iiiii maners; Somtime of languishing of bodie, for the humours ben to ranke and habundaunt in the body of man; sometime of infirmitie, for febleness of the vertue retentive, as phisike maketh mention; Somtime for surfete of mete and drinke, and somtime of villainous thoughtes that ben enclosed in mann's minde whan he goeth to slepe, whiche maie not be without sinne, for whiche menne muste kepe hem wisely, or els maie men sinne ful grevously.

*Remedium contra peccatum luxurie.*

**N**Owe cometh the remedie ayenst lechery, and that is generally chastite and continence, that restrayne all disordinate mevinges that comē of fleschly talentes. And ever the greter merite shall he have that most restrineth the wicked chaufinges of the ordour of this sin; and this is in two maners; That is

to saie, chastite in mariage, and chastite in widowhede. Nowe shalte thou understonde that matrimony is lesul assembling of man and woman that receiven, by vertue of this Sacrament, the bonde through whiche they maie not be departed in all ther life, that is to say, while that thei live bothe. This, as saith the boke, is a ful grete sacrament; God made it, as I have said, in paradise, and wold himselfe be borne in mariage: and for to halowe mariage he was at a weddinge, where as he touned water into wine, whiche was the first miracle that he wrought in erth before his disciples. Trewe effeete of mariage clenseth fornicacion and replenisheth holy church of gode linage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly sinne into veniall sin, bitwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes as one of hem that ben wedded, as well as the bodies.

Very mariage was established by God, er that sinne began, whan naturall lawe was in his right pointe in Paradise. And it was ordained that o man should have but o woman, and o woman but o man, as saith saint Augustin, by many retons:

First, for mariage is figured betwix Christ and holy church.

An other is for a man is hed of a woman, alway by ordinaunce it should be so. For if a woman had mo menne than one, than should she have mo hedes than one, and that were a right horrible sinne before God; and also a woman mighte not plesse so many folke at ones; and also there should never be reste ne quiete among hem, for eche of hem would aske ther owne righte. And furthermore, no manne should knowe his owne engendrure, ne who shoulde have his heritage, and the woman should be the lesse beloved fro that time that she were comitted to many menne.

Now cometh how that a man should bere him with his wife, and namely in two thinges: that is to saye, in sufferance and reverence, as shewed Christe whan he first made woman. For he ne made her of the hed of Adam, for she should nat claime to grete lordshippe; for there as the woman hath the maistrice, she maketh to much variaunce, there nede no mo ensample of this, the experience of this day by day ought inough suffice.

Also certes, God ne made not woman of the fote of Adam, for she should not be holde to lowe, for she cannot paciently suffre; but God made woman of the ribbe of Adam, for woman should be felow unto man.

Man should bere him to his wife in faith, in trouth, and in love (as saith sainte Poule) that a man should love his wife, as Christ loveth holy Church, that loved it so well that he died for it: So should a man die for his wife, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman should be subject to her husbunde; that telleth S. Peter, first in obedience And also as saith the Deere: a woman that is a wife, as long as she is a wife, she hath none authorite to swere ne bere witnesse, without leave of her housebunde, that is her Lorde; alwaie he should be so by reton. She should also serve him in al honeste, and be attemperate of her arraie.

I woll well that thei should set ther entent to plesse ther husbondes, but nat by queintise of ther arraie. Sainte Jerom saith; Wives that be appareiled in silke and precious purple, ne mowe not clothe hem in Jesu Christe. S. Gregorie saith also; that no wight seketh precious array, but onely for vainglory, to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a grete folie, a woman to have gret arraie outward, and in her self be soule inward. A wife shuld also be mesurable in loking, in bering, and in lauguing, and discrete in all her wordes and her dedes, and above all worldly thinges, she should love her husbunde with al her hert, and to him be true of her body; so should



an husbonde be to his wife: For sith that all the body is the husbondes, and the husbonde is the wyv's, so should her hert be, or els ther is betwixt hem two, as in that no perfite mariage. [Than shal men understonde, that for thre thinges, a manne and his wife fleshely maie assemble. The firste is, for th' entent of engendrure of children, to the service of God; for certes, that is the cause final of matrimonic. An other cause is, to yeld eche of hem to other the debtes of ther bodies; for neither of hem hath power over ther own bodies. The thirde is, for to eschue lecherie and vilanie. The fowerth is, forsoth dedly sinne. As to the first, it is meritorie: the second also, for as saith the Decree, that she hath merite of chastite, that yeldeth to her husbonde the debte of her bodie, ye though it be ayenst her liking, and the lust of her hert. The third maner is veniall sinne; and truly scarce maie any of these be without veniall sinne, for the corrupcion and for the delite. The fowerth maner is for to understonde, if thei assemble onely for amorous love, and for none of the forsaied causes, but for to accomplishe the brenning delite, thei reeke not how ofte, sothly it is dedly sinne: and that with sorowe some folke woll pain hem more to doe, than to ther appetite suffiseth.

The second maner of chastite, is for to be a clene widowe, and eschue the enbrasinges of a man, and desire the enbrasing of Jesu Christe. These ben those that have ben wives, and have forgone ther husbondes; and also women that have doen lecherie, and ben received by penitence. And certes, if that a wife could kepe her all chaste, by licence of her husbende, so that she yeve never none occasion that he offende, it wer to her a grete merite. This maner of women that observeth chastite, mote ben clene in herte as well as in body, and in thought, and mesurable in clothing and in countenance, abstinent in eting and drinking, in speking, and in dede, she is the vessel of the boxe of the blessed Magdelain, that fulfilleth holy Church of gode odour. The thirde maner of chastite is virginite, and it behoveth that she be holy in hert, and clene of bodie, than is she spouse of Jesu Christe, and she is the life of Aungels: she is the prailing of this World, and she is as these martyrs in regalite; she hath in her that tong maie not tel, ne herte thinke. Virginite bare our Lorde Jesu Christ, and virgin was himself.

An other remedie against lecherie, is specially to withdrawe soche thinges, as yeve occasion to that vilanie; as ese, eting, and drinking: for certes, when the pot boileth strongly, the best remedie is to withdrawe the fire. Sleeping long in grete quiet is also a grete nourice to Lecherie.

An other remedie ayenst lecherie is that a manne or a woman eschue the companie of hem, by whiche he doubteth to be tempted: For all be it so that the dede is withstonde, yet is there grete temptacion. Sothly, a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully, by sticking of the Candell, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Full oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owne perfection, but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than Daniell, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you, as I can, the seven dedly sinnes, and some of ther braunches, with ther remedies; Sothly if I could, I would tell you the ten commaundementes, but so hie doctrine I put to divines. Nathlesse I hope to God, thei ben touched in this tretise in Englishe eche of hem. [D. 1. 1.]

*Sequitur secunda pars penitentie.*

NOW forasmoche as the second part of penitence stonde in confession of mouth, as I began in the first cap. I saie saint Augustine saith; Sin is every word and every dede, and all that men conveyen ayenst the lawe of Jesu Christe, and this is for to sinne

in herte, in mouthe, and in dede, by the five wittes, whiche ben sight, hering, smelling, tasting or savoure, and feling. Now is it gode to understande, that that agregeth moch every sinne. Thou shalte consider what thou art that doest the sinne, whether thou be male or female, young or old, gentill or thrall, fre or servaunt, hole or sicke, weddid or single, ordred or unordred, wise or fole, clerke or secular, if she be of thy kinrede bodily or ghostly, or no, if any of thy kinrede have sinned with her or no, and many mo thinges.

An other circumstance is this, whether it be doen in fornicacion, or in advoutrie or no, in theeste or noon, in mayden or noon, in maner of homicide or no, horrible grete sinnes or smalle, and howe longe thou hast continued in sinne. The thirde circumstance is, the place there thou hast doen sin, whether in other mennes houses, or in thine own, in field, in church or in churchyarde, in church dedicate or no. For if the church be halowed, and man or woman spill his kinde within that place, by waie of sinne or wicked temptacion, the church is enterdited, tyl it were reconfyed by the Bychfehope; and the priest that did soche a vilanie, the terme of all his life; he should no more sing Masse, and if he did, he should doe dedly sinne, at every time that he so song Masse. The fowerth circumstance is, by whiche mediatours or by whiche messengers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to bere companie with felowshippe. For many a wretche for to bere companie, woll go to the devill of hell.

Wherefore, thei that egge or consente to the sinne, ben parteners of the sinne, and of the dampnacion of the sinner. The fifth circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen. For he that oft falleth in sinne, he dispiseth the mercie of God, and encrefeth his sinne, and is unkinde to Christe, and he wexeth the more feble to withstande sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later riseth, and is more slowe to shrive him, and namely to him that is his confessor. For whiche that folke when thei fall ayen to ther olde folies, either thei leve their old confessor, or els thei depart ther shrifte in divers partes. But sothly soche departed shrifte deserveth no mercie of God for ther sinnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth; as by temptacion; and of him self procure that temptacion, or by the exciting of other folke, or if he sin with a woman by force or by her assente, or if the woman maugre her hed, have be forced or none. This shall she tell, whether it were for covetise or for povertie, or if it were by her procurement or no, and soche other thinges.

The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath doe his sinne, or how that she hath suffred that folke have doe to her. And the same shall the manne tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and whether he hath sinned with common bordell-women or none, or doen his sinne in holy times, or none, in fasting time or none, or before his shrift, or after his latter shrifte, and hath paraventure broke thereby his penance enjoined; by whose helpe or whose counsaile, by forcery or craft; all must be tolde; and al these thinges after as thei be gret or smale, agrege the conscience of manne or woman. And eke the priest, that is thy judge, maye the better be avised of his judgement in yeving of penance, and that is after thy contricion. For understonde well that after time that a man hath dejoyed his baptism by sinne, if he wol come to salvacion, there is none other waie but by penance, shrifte, and satisfaction, and namely by thei two, if there be a confessor to whom he maie shrive him, and the thirde if he have life to performe it. Than shall a man loke and consider, that



if he wolle make a trewe and a profitable confession, there must be foure condicions. First it must be in sorowfull bitternesse of hert, as saith the king Ezekiah to God, I wol remembre me all the yeres of my life in bitternesse of my herte. This condicion of bitternesse hath five signes. The first is, that confession must be shamefast, not for to cover ne hide ther sinne, for he hath offended his Lorde God, and defouled his soule. And herof saith S. Augustin; The hert travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath grete shamefastnesse he is worthy to have gret mercy of God; whiche was the confession of the Publican, that would not heve up his eyen to heaven, for he had offended God of lieven: for which shamefastnesse he had anon the mercy of God. And therof saith saint Augustin: that suche shameful folke be nixte foryevnesse and mercy.

An other signe is humilite in confession of whiche saith saint Peter: Humbleth you under the mighte of GOD: the honde of God is strong in confession, for therby God foryeveth the thyngs, for he alone hath the power. And this humilite shal be in hert, and in outward signes: For right as he hath humilite to God in his hert, right so should he humble his body outward to the priest, that sitteth in Goddis stede. For which in no maner (sith that Christ is soveraine, and the priest mene and mediator betwixt Christ and the sinner, and the sinner is the laste by waie of reson) Than should not the sinner sitte as hie as his confessour, but knele before him or at his fete, but if sickenesse cause it: For he shall not rake hede who sitteth there, but in whose place he sitteth. A manne that hath trespassed to a Lorde, and cometh to aske mercie and make his accorde, and sitteth him doune, by him, men would hold him outrageous and not worthie so sone for to have remission of his trespasses.

The thirde signe is, howe thy shrift should be full of teres if thou maig; and if thou maie not wepe with thy bodily eyen, than wepe in thine herte, whiche was the confession of saint Peter. For after that he had forsake Jesu Christ, he went out and wepte ful bitterly.

The fourth signe is, that thou ne lette not for shame to shewe thy confession: Such was the confession of Magdalein, that ne spared for no shame of hem that were at the fest, to go to our Lord Jesu Christ and beknow to him her sinnes. The fiftie signe is, that a manne or a woman be obeisaunte to receive the penance that hem is enjoined. For certes Jesu Christ, for the offences of man was obedient to deth. The seconde condicion of very confession is, that it be hastily done. For certes, if a man had a dedly wounde, ever the lenger that he tarieth to hele him self, the more would it corrupt and haste him to his deth, and also the wounde would be the worse for to hele. And right so fareth sinne, that longe time is in a manne unshewed. Certes a man oughte hastily shewe his sinnes for manie causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft sodainly, and no certaine what time it shall be, ne in what place; and also the drenching of o sinne draweth in an other: and also the lenger that he tarieth the farther he is fro Christ. And if he abide to his last daie, scarcely maie he shrive him or amende hym for his sinnes, or repente for the grevous malady of his deth. And for as muche as he ne hath in his life herkened Jesu Christ when he hath spoken, he shall crie to Jesu Christ at his last daie, and scarcely wolle he herken him. And understonde that this condicion muste have four thinges.

Thy shrift must be provided before and avised, for wicked hast doth no profite, if a man shrive him of his sinnes; be it of pride, or envy, and so forth with the speces and circumstaunces of sinne. And

that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and gretenesse of his sinnes, and howe longe he hath lien in sinne. And also that he hath be contrite for his sinnes, and in stedfast purpose (by the grace of God) never ayen to fal to sinne. And also that he drede and coutherwayte himselfe that he shal the occasion of sinne, to whiche he is enclined. Also thou shalt shrive The of all thy sinnes to o manne, and nat parte to o manne, and parte to another, That is to understonde, in intent to departe thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule. For certes Jesu Christ is pienterly all gode, in him is none imperfection, and therefore ether he foryeveth al persitely, or els never a dele. I saie nat that, if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certaine sin, that thou are bounde to shewe him all the remnant of thy sinnes, of whiche thou hast be shriven of thy curate, but if it like to The of thy humilite, for this is no departinge of shrifte: Ne I say not there as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive The to a discrete and honeste man, a gode priest, and where The liketh, and by licence of thy curate, that thou ne maigste well shrive The to him of all thy sinnes. Lette no sinne be untolde as ferre as thou haste remembraunce. And when thou shalt be shriven to thy curat, tell him all thy sinnes that thou hast do sith thou were last shriven. This is no wicked intent of division of shrifte.

Also the very shrift asketh certaine condicions. Firste that thou shrive The by thy fre will, nat constrained for shame of folke, sicknesse, ne such other thinges. For it is reson, that he that trespasseth by his fre will, that by his fre will he confesse his trespass, and that none other man tel his sin but himself, ne he shal nat nay ne deny his sin, ne wrathe him ayenst the priest for amonesting him to leave his sin. The seconde condicion is that thy shrift be lausfull, that is to saie, that thou shrivest The, and also the priest that hereth thy confession be verely in the faith of holy church, and that a man ne be not dispeired of the mercy of Jesu Christe, as Cain or Judas. And also a man must accuse himself of his owne trespass and not an other, but he shall blame and wite himselfe and his owne malice of his sinne, and none other: But nathelesse, if that an other man be occasion or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of a person be soche by whiche his sinne is agreeded, or els that he maie not plainly shrive him, but he tel the persone with whiche he hath sinned, than maie he tell, so that his entente ne be not to backbite the persone, but onely to declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy confession for humilite, paraventure, to saie that thou hast commised and doen soche sinnes, as of which that thou ne wer never gilty. For saint Augustin saith, if that thou because of thine humilite, makest lesinges on thy self, though thou wer not in sinne before, yet arte thou than in sinne through thy lesing. Thou must also shewe thy sinne, by thine owne proper mouth (but thou be dombe) and not by no letter: for thou that haste doen the sinne, shalt have the shame therefore. Thou shalt not eke paint thy confession with faire subtell wordes, to cover the more thy sinne; for than begilest thou thy self, and nat the priest; thou must tell it plain, be it never so foule ne horrible. Thou shalt also shrive The to a priest that is discrete to counsaile The; and also thou shalt not shrive The for vainglorie, ne for ipocrisie, ne for no cause, but onely for the love and fere of Jesu Christ, and hele of thy soule. Thou shalt nat also ren to the priest sodainly, to tell him lightly thy sinne, as who saith, to tell a jape or a tale, but advisedly and with gode devocion: and generally shrive The ofte, if thou ofte fall, ofte arise by confession.

And



And though thou thrive The other than ones of the sinne, whiche thou haste be shriven of, it is the more merite, And as saith saint Augustine, thou shall have the more lightly foryevenesse and grace of God, bothe of sinne and pain. And certes ones a yere at lest, it is lawfull to be houseled, for surely ones a yere all thinges renovellen.

Now have I tolde you of verie confession, that is the second part of penitence.

*Explicit secunda pars penitentie: Et sequitur tertia pars.*

**T**HE thirde part of penitence is satisfaction, and that stonde most generally in almose dede and bodily paine. Now ben there thre maner of almose. Contricion of herte, where a man offreth himself to God. An other is, to have pitie of the defaultis of his neighbour. And the third is, in giving of gode counsaile, ghostly and bodily, where as men have nede, and namely in sustenance of mann's fode. And take kepe that a man hath nede of these thinges generally; he hath nede of fode, of clothing, and of herborowe; he hath nede of charitable counsaile, visiting in prison: in sicknesse, and sepulture of his bodie. And if thou maiest not visite the nede-full in prison in thy person, visite hem with thy message and yestes. These ben generally the almose and workes of charitie, of hem that have temporell riches, or discrecion in counsaile. Of these workes shalt thou here at the daie of dome

These almose shalt thou doe of thine own proper thinges, and hastily and prively if thou maiest: but nathelesse, if thou maiest nat doe it prively, thou shalt not forbere to doe almose though men se it, so that it be not doe for thanke of the worlde, but only for thanke of Jesu Christ. For as witnesseth saint Mathewe. Capi. v. A cite maie not be hid that is set on a mountaine, ne men light nat a lanterne, to put it under a bushell, but set it upon a condilstick, to yeve light to menne in the hous. Right so shull your light light before menne, that thei maie se your gode workes, and glorifie our father that is in heaven.

Now as to speke of bodily pain, it stonde in praier, waking, fasting, vertuous teching of orisons. And ye shall understonde, that orisons, or praier, is to saie, a pitous will of hert, that setteth it in God, and expresth by worde outward to remeve harmes, and have thinges spirituall and perdurable, and somtime temporell thinges. Of whiche orisons, certes in the orison of the Pater noster hath Jesu Christ enclosed moste thinges. Certes it is privileged of thre thinges, in his dignite, for whiche it is more digne than any other praier, for that Jesu Christe himself made it, and it is short, for it should be lerned the more lightly, and to hold it the more esie in hert, and helpe himself the other with that orison: And for a man should be the lesse very to say it, and nat excuse him to lerne it, it is so short and esie, and for it comprehendeth in it self, all gode praier. The expocicion of this holie praier, that is so excellent and digne, I refer to the maisters of Theologie; save thus moche wol I saie, that whan thou praie, that God should foryeve The thine offences, as thou foryevest hem that have offended The, be well ware that thou be nat out of charite. This holy orison aminisheth also veniall sin, and therefore it appertaineth specially to penitence.

This praier muste be truely saied, and in parsite faith, and that men praie to God ordinatly, discretely, and devoutly; and alwaie a manne shall put his will to be subject to the will of God. This orison must also be saied with grete humbleste, and full pure

and honestly, and not to the anoiaunce of any man or woman. It must also be continued with the workes of charite. It availeth also ayenst the vices of the soule; for as saith S. Jerom by fasting ben saved the vices of the fleshe, and by praier the vices of the soule.

After this thou shalt understonde, that bodily payne stonde in waking. For Jesu Christe saith; wake ye and praie, that ye ne entre into wicked temptacion. Ye shull understonde also, that fasting stonde in thre thinges; in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldely jolite, and in forbering of dedly sinne; this is to saie, that a man shall kepe him fro dedly sinne with all his might.

And thou shalt understonde also, that God ordained fasting, and to fasting partaineth four thinges. Largenesse to pore folke, gladnesse of herte spirituall; nat to be angrie ne anoied, ne grutche for he fasteth, and also, resonable houre to ete by mesure, that is to saie, a man shall not ete in untyme, ne sit the lenger at the table for he fasteth.

Than shalt thou understonde, that bodily pain stonde in discipline, or teching by worde or writing, or by ensample. Also in wering of here or stamin, or of habergeons on ther naked fleshe for Christ's sake; but be wele awaie that soch maner penaunces ne make nat thine herte bitter or angrie, ne anoied of thy self; for better is to cast awaie thin here, than to cast awaie the swetenesse of Jesu Christe. And therefore saith sainte Poule: clothe you, as thei that ben cholen of God in hert, of misericorde, debonaire, suffraunce, and soche maner of clothing, of whiche Jesu Christ is more plesed than with the heres or herbergeons.

Than is discipline also in knocking of thy brest, in scourging with rodde, in kneeling, in tribulacion, in suffering paciently wronges that ben doen to The, and also in pacient suffering of sicknesse, or lesing of worldly godes or cattell, or wife, child, or other frendes.

Than shalt thou understond, whiche thinges distourbe penaunce, and that is in fower maners; drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is desperacion. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he maie suffre no penaunce, There ayenst is remedy, for to thinke that bodily penaunce is but shorte and little, at regard of the pain of hell, that is so cruel and so longe, that it lasteth without ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to thrive him, and namely these Ipocrites, that would be holde so parfite, that thei have no nede to thrive hem. Ayenst that shame should a man thinke, that by waie of reson, that he that hath nat be ashamed to doe foule thinges, certes him ought not be ashamed for to doe faire thinges, and that is confessions. A manne should also think, that God seeth and knoweth all his thoughtes, and all his werkes; to him maie nothing be hid ne covered. Men should also remember hem of the shame that is to come at the daie of dome, to hem that be nat penitent, and shriven in this present life; for al the catures in yerth and in hell shall se apertly all that thei hid in this worlde.

Now for to speke of the hope of hem, that ben so negligente and slowe to thrive hem; that stonde in two maners. That one is, that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchase moche riches for his delite, and than he woll thrive him. And as he saith; him semeth than timely inough to come to shrifte. An other is, of surquidrie that he hath in Christ's mercie: Ayenst the first vice, he shall thinke that our life is no sikernes, and also that all the riches in this worlde ben in adventure, and passe as a shadowe on the wal. And as saith saint Gregorie, that it appartaineth to the grete rightwisenesse of God, that never shall the paine stinte of hem, that never

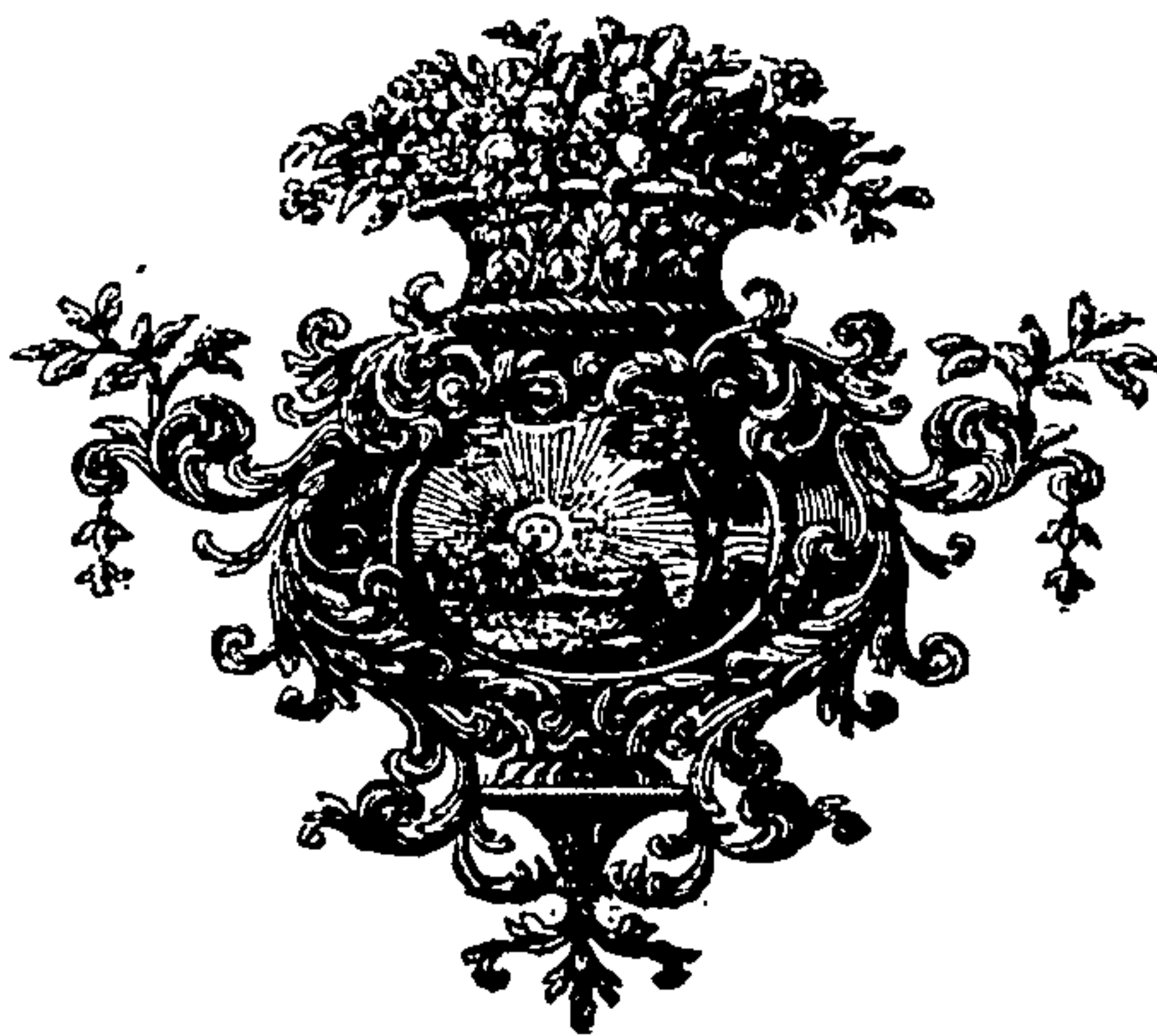


never would withdrawe 'hem fro sinne ther thankes, but ever continued in sinne; for that perpetuell will to doe sinne, shall thei have perpetuell paine. Wanhope is in two maners. The first wanhope is, in the mercie of God. That other is, that thei think that thei ne might not long persever in godenes.

The first wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath sinned so gretly and so oft, and so long lien in sinne, that he shal not be saved. Certes ayenst that cursed wanhope should he thinke, that the Passion of Jesu Christe is more strong for to unbinde, than sinne is strong for to binde. Ayenst the second wanhope he shall thinke, that as often as he falleth, he maie rise again by penitence; and though he never so long hath lien in sinne, the mercie of Christ is alwaie redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenst the Wanhope that he demeth he should not long persever in godenesse, he shall thinke that the feblenesse of the devill maie nothing be, but if men wol suffre him; and also he shall have strength of the helpe of Jesu Christ, and of all holy church, and the protection of angels, if him list.

Than shall men understonde, what is the fruite of penaunce; and after the wordes of Jesu Christ, it is an endlesse blisse of heven. There joie hath never ende, no contrarie of wo ne grevaunce; there all harmes ben passed of this presente life, there as is the sikernes fro the paine of hell, there as is the blisfull companie, that rejoyce 'hem ever mo, everiche of other's joye: there as the body of man that sometime was foule and derke, is more clere than the Sunne: there as the body that sometime was sicke, freile, and feble, and mortall, is immortall, and so strong and hole, that there ne male appeire: there as is neither hungre, thurst, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisfull reigne maie men purchase by povertie espi- tuell, and the glorie by lownesse, the plente of joie by hungre and thurst, and the reste by traveile, and the life by deth, and mortification of sinne: to whiche life he us bring, that bought us with his precious blode. Amen.

Here endeth the PARSON'S TALE.





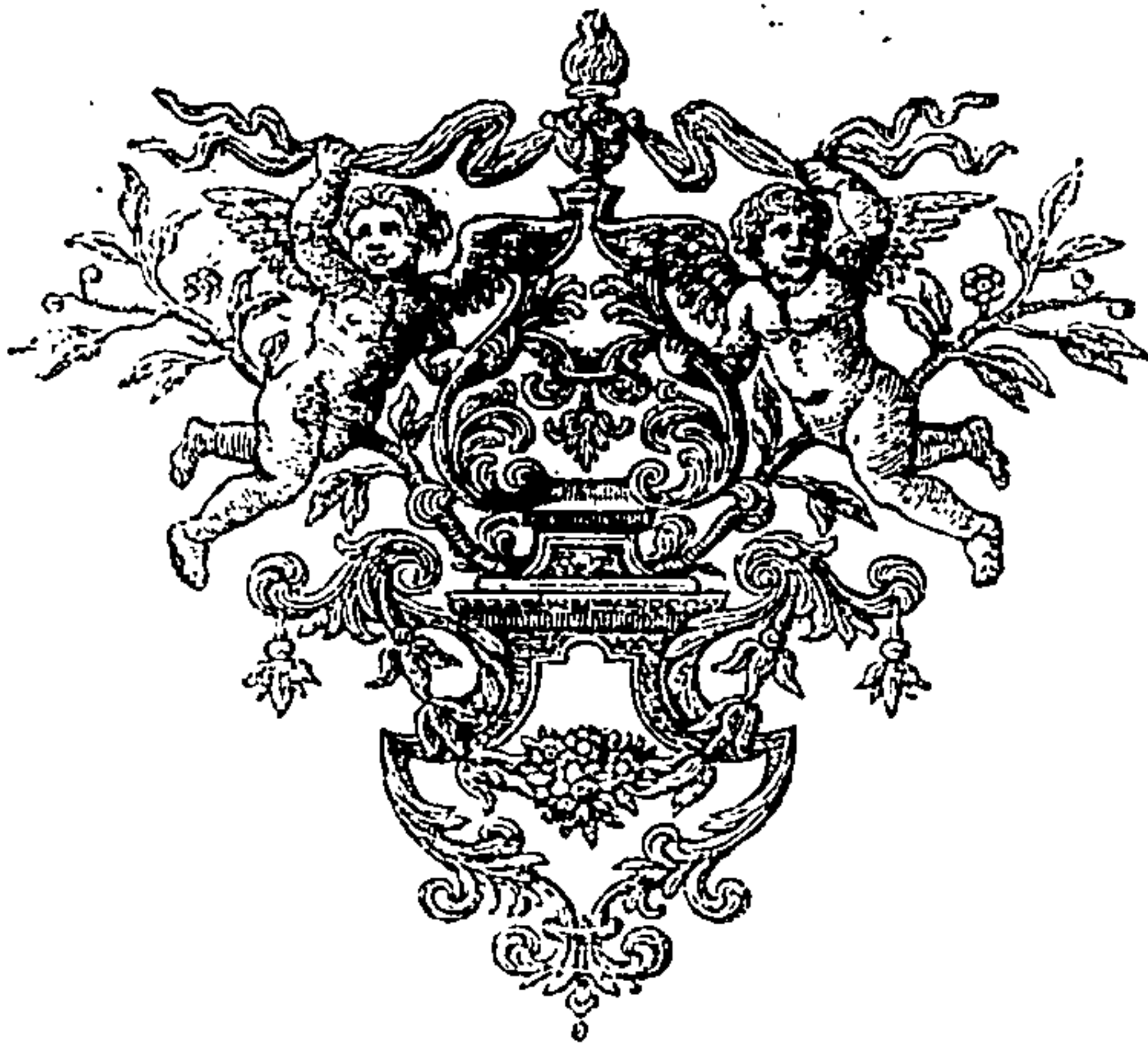
What follows is published out of MS. Ch. with some amendments out of other MSS. where the sense required it.



**M**ay preye I to hem alle; that herken this litte tretise or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it, that likith hem, that theroff they thanke our Lord Jesu Crist, of whom procedith all witte and all godenesse; and if there be any thing that displeiseth hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defawte of myn uncunninge, and nat to the wille of my simple witte, that wold full fayn have seyde bettere; if that I hadde had cuninge: for oure Boke seythe, all that is writen is writen for our doctrine, and that is myn entent. Wherefore I beseeke you mekelle for the mercie of God, that ye preye for me; that Crist have mercie on me, and forgyve me my gyltes, and namely for my transacions and enditinges of worldye vaniteis, the whiche I reboke me in my Retractions; as is the Boke of Troylus, the boke also of Jfame, the boke of Seinte Valentines Day, of the Parlement of Wyddis, the boke of the rev Ladies, the Tales of

Canterbury, thiske that sounen into synne; the boke of the Lyon, and many an othir boke, if they were in my remembraunce, and manye a song, and many a letcherous lay: Crist of his grete mercie forgyve me the synne. But of the translation of the Consolacion of Boys, and other bokes of Legendes of Seintes, and Omelies, and Moralite, and Devocion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist and his blisfull Mother, and alle the Seintes of Heven; beseeke him and hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyv's ende, sende me grace to bewaile my gyltes, and to studie to the savacion of my soule, and graunte me grace of verray penitence, confession and satisfacion to don in this present lif, through the beningne grace of hym that is Kinge of all Kinges, and Prest of all Prestes, that boughte us with the precious blode of his herte, so mote I be oon of hem atte the day of dome, that shall be saved. Qui cum Patre, Sc. et Spiritu sancto vivit et regnat Deus per omnia secula seculorum. Amen.

Here endeth the Tales of Canterbury, compiled by GIFFREY CHAUCERIS, of whos Sowle Jesu Crist have mercy. Amen.



The



## The Romaunt of the Rose.

This Book was begun in French verse by *William de Lorris*, and finish'd 40 Years after by *John Clopinell*, alias *John Moone*, born at *Mewen* upon the River of *Loyer*, not far from *Paris*, as appeareth by *Molinet* the French Author upon the morality of the Romaunt; and afterward translated for the most part into English Metre by *Geffrey Chaucer*, but not finish'd. It is entitled the Romaunt of the Rose, or the Art of Love; wherein are shew'd the helps and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments, that Lovers have in their suits. In this Book the Author hath many glances at the Hypocrisy of the Clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred amongst 'em, that *Gerson*, Chancellor of *Paris*, writeth thus of him; say'th he, There was one called *Johannes Meldinensis*, who wrote a Book called the Romaunt of the Rose; which Book if I only had, and that there were no more in the World, if I might have 500 Pound for the same, I would rather burn it than take the Money. He saith more, that if he thought the Author thereof did not repent him for that Book before he dyed, he would vouchsafe to pray for him no more than he would for *Judas* that betrayed Christ.

**M** Any menne saine that in sweveninges  
Ther n'is but fables and lesinges,  
But yet menne maie some swevin sene,  
Whiche hardily that false ne bene,

But aftirwarde ben apparaunt;  
This maie I drawin to warraunt—  
An authour that hight Macrobes,  
That halte not dremis false ne lese.  
But undorh us the avisioun,  
That whilom mette king Cipion. *sc.*  
And who so saith, and weneth it be,  
A jape or els a nicete  
To wene that dremis aftir fal,  
Let who so liste a sole me cal;  
For this trowe I, and say for me,  
That dremis signifiunce be  
Of gude and harme to many wightes,  
That dremis in ther slepe a nightes  
Full many thingis covirtly  
That fallin aftir opinly.

Within my twenty yere of age,  
Whan that love takith his corage  
Of yonge folke, I wente sone  
To bed, as I was wont to done,  
And faste I slepte, and in sleping  
Me mette suche a swevinig,  
That likid me wondrous wele,  
But in that swevin' is ner a dele  
That it n'is aftirwarde befall,  
Right as this dreame wol tell us al.

Now this dreame wol I rime a right,  
To make your hertis gay and light:  
For love it prayith, and also  
Commaundith me that it be so.

And if there any askin me  
Whether that it be he or she,  
And how this bokè, whiche is here,  
Shal hate, which that I rede you here;  
It is the Romaunt of the Rose,  
In whiche all the art of love I close.

The matir faire is of to make,  
God graunt in gre that she it take  
For whom that it begonnin is,  
And that is she, that hath iwis

So mokil prife, and therto she  
So worthy is beloved to be,  
That she wel ought of prife and right  
Be clepid Rose of every wight.  
That it was Mey me thoughtin tho,  
(It is five yere or more ago) *50*  
That it was Mey, thus dremid me,  
In time of love and jolite,  
That al thing ginnith waxin gay,  
For there is nethir buske nor hay,  
In Mey that it n'll shroudid bene,  
And it with newe levis wrene;  
These woddis eke recoveren grene,  
That drie in winter ben to sene,  
And the erth wexith proude withall  
For sote dewis that on it fall, *60*  
And the povir estate forgette,  
In whiche that winter had it sette;  
And than becometh the grounde so proude,  
That it wol have a newe shroude,  
And make so queint his robe and fayre,  
That it had hewes an hundrid payre  
Of grasie and flouris, Inde and Pers,  
And many lawis full divers;  
That is the robe I mene iwis,  
Through whiche the ground to praisin is. *70*  
The birdis that han left ther longe  
While thei han fastid coldeful stronge  
In wethers grille, and derke to fight,  
Ben in Mey, for the sunne bright  
So glad, that they shewe in singin,  
That in ther hert is suche liking,  
That thei mote singin and ben light;  
Than dothe the nightingale her might  
To makin noise, and singen blithe;  
Than is blisfull many a sithe, *80*  
The chelaundre, and the poppingay;  
Than yonge folke entandin aye,  
For to ben gaie and amorous;  
The time is than so savourous.  
Harde is his herte that lovith nought  
In Mey, whan al this mirth is wrought,  
Whan he may on these branchis here  
The smale birdis singin clere *9*  
*Ther*



Ther blisfull swete song pitous, -co.  
 And in this feson delitous,  
 Whan love affirmith alle thing,  
 Me thought one night, in my sleping,  
 Right in my bed, ful redily,  
 That it was by the morowe'erly,  
 And up I rose, and gan me clothe,  
 Anon I wishe mine hondis bothe,  
 A silvir nedil forth I drowe  
 Out of aguiler queint inowe,  
 And gan this nedill threde anone,  
 For out of tounne me list to gone,  
 The sounne of briddis for to here,  
 That on the buskis singin clere,  
 In the swete feson, that lefe is; v  
 With a threde basting my slevis,  
 Alone I went in my playing,  
 The smale foulis songe herkening,  
 That painid 'hem ful many' a paire  
 To sing on bowis blossomed faire,  
 Jolife and gaie, full of gladnesse;  
 Towarde a River gan me dresse,  
 Which that I herde renne faste by,  
 For fairir playin, none saugh I, g  
 Than playin, me by that rivere,  
 For from an hill that stode there nere  
 Come doune the streme full stiffe and bold,  
 Clere was the watir, and as cold  
 As any welle is, sothe to saie,  
 And somdele lasse it was than Saine,  
 But it was straitir, wele away;  
 And nevir saugh I er that daie  
 The watir that so wele liked me;  
 And wondir glad was I to se  
 That lusty place, and that rivere;  
 With that watir, that ran so clere;  
 My face I wishe, tho sawe I wele  
 The botome ipaved everidele  
 With gravell, ful of stonis shene,  
 The medowis softe, sote, and grene,  
 Beet right upon the watir side;  
 Ful clere was than the morowe tide,  
 And ful attempre out of drede;  
 Tho gan I walkin throwe the mede  
 Downwarde evir in my playing  
 Nigh to the River's side coasting.  
 And whan I had a while igone,  
 I sawe a Gardin right anone  
 Full long and brode, and everidele  
 Enclosid was, and wallid wele,  
 With hie walis enbataillid,  
 Portrayed without, and well entaylid z  
 With many full riche portreitures,  
 And both the' imagis and peintures,  
 Gan I beholdin besily;  
 And I wol tel you redily  
 Of thilke imagis the semblaunce,  
 As ferre as I have remembraunce.  
 Amiddis sawe I Hate ystonde,  
 That for her wrathe and ire, and onde  
 Semid to be a minoresse;  
 An angry wight, a chidirelle,  
 And ful of gile, and fell corage,  
 By semblaunt, was that ilke image;  
 And she was nothing wele araide,  
 But like a wode woman afraide;  
 Yfrouncid foule was her visage,  
 And grinning for dispitous rage,  
 Her nose ysnortid up for tene;  
 Ful hidous was she for to sene,  
 Ful foule and rusty was she this,  
 Her hed iwrithin was iwis  
 Ful grimly with a grete towaile,  
 An image of anothre' entaile

A lifte halfe was her faste yby;  
 Her name above her hed sawe I,  
 And she was callid Felony.  
 Anothre' image, that Villany  
 Yclepid was, sawe I and fonde;  
 Upon the wall on her right honde;  
 This Villany was like somdele  
 That othre' image, and trustith wele 170  
 She semid a wickid cature, a  
 By countenaunce in portreiture  
 She semid be ful dispitous, be.  
 And eke ful proude, and outrageous.  
 Wel coude he paint, I undertake,  
 That such an image coude imake;  
 Ful foule and chorlich semid she,  
 And eke villeinous for to be,  
 And litil could of noriture  
 To worshippe any creature. 180  
 And nexte was paintid Covetise, Fr. *Covetise*  
 That eggith folke in many' a gife  
 To take, and yeve right nought again,  
 And grete trefouris up to laine.  
 And that is she, that for usure  
 Lenith to many' a cature a  
 The lasse for the more winning,  
 So covitous is her brenning!  
 And that is she for pennis fele,  
 That techith for to robbe and stele 190  
 These thevis, and these smale harlotes;  
 And that' is routhe, for by ther throtes  
 Ful many one hongith at last;  
 She makith folke compasse and cast  
 To takin othir folkis thing  
 Through robbery, or miscoveting;  
 And that is she that makith trechours,  
 And she that makith false pledours,  
 That with ther termis and ther domes  
 Do maidins, childrin, and eke gromes 200  
 Ther heritage (alas!) forgo:  
 Ful crokid were her hondis two;  
 For covetise is evir wode  
 To gripin othir folkis gode,  
 [For covetise, for her winning, *These 2 V. seem only a different translation from the 2 former V.*  
 Ful lefe hath othir mennis thing.]  
 Another image set saugh I  
 Nexte unto Covetise fast by,  
 And she was clepid Avarice;  
 Ful foule in painting was that vice, 210  
 Ful sad and cairife was she eke,  
 And also grene as any leke;  
 So evill hewed was her coloure  
 Her semed to have livid in langoure;  
 She was like thing for hungir dede  
 That lad her life onely by brede  
 Knedin with eisel strong and egre;  
 And therto she was lene and megre;  
 And she was clad ful povirly -or  
 Al in an oldè torne courtpye, -e 220  
 As she were all with doggis torne,  
 And bothe behinde and eke before  
 Ycloutid was she beggirly.  
 A mantil honge her faste by  
 Upon a benche both weke and smale; *f. perche. Fr.*  
 A burnette cote honge there withal, -ru  
 Yfurrid with no menivere,  
 But with a furre rough of here,  
 Of lambe skynnys hevy and blake;  
 It was full olde I undirtake;  
 For Avarice to clothe her wele  
 Ne haltith her nevir adele;  
 For certainly it were her lothe  
 To werin of that ilke clothe;  
 And if it were forwerid, she  
 Would havin full gret nicete



Of clothing, er she bought her newe,  
At were it bad of wol and hewe.

This Avarice helde in her hande  
A purse which that honge by a bande,  
And that she hid and bonde so stronge,  
Men must abidin wondir longe  
Out of the purse er there come ought,  
For that ne comith in her thought;  
It was not certaine her entent  
That fro that purse a peny went.

And by that image nigh inough  
Was paintid Envy that nere lough,  
Nor nevir wel in her hert ferde  
But if she either sawe or herde  
Some grete mischaunce, or grete disese;  
Nothing ne may so much her plesse  
As mischese and misaventure,  
Or whan she seeth discomfiture  
Upon any worthy man fall,  
Than likith her right well withall;  
She is full glad in her corage  
Yf she se any grete linage

Be brought to naught, in shamful wife;  
And if a man in honour rise  
Or by his wit, or his prowesse,  
Of that she hath gret hevinesse;  
For trustith wele she goeth nie wode  
Whan any chaunce yhapith gode.

Envy is of fuche cruelte,  
That faith ne trouth ne holdith she  
To frende ne felowe, badde or gode;  
Ne she hath kinne none of her blode  
That she n'is ful ther enemy;  
She n'olde, I dare saine hardily,  
That her own fathir farid wele:  
And fore abieth she every dele  
Her malice, and her malȝ-talent,  
For she is in so grete turment

And hate fuche, whan that folke doth gode,  
That nigh she meltith for pure wode,  
Her hert so kervith and so breketh,  
That God the peple wel a wreket.

Envy I wis shall nevir let  
Some blame upon the folke to set;  
I trowe that if Envy i-wis  
Yknew the bestē man that is  
On this side or beyonde the se,  
Yet somewhat lackin him wold she;  
And if he were so hende and wise,  
That she ne might abate his prife,  
Yet wold she blame his worthinesse,  
Or by her wordis make it lesse.

I sawe Envy in that painting  
Yhad a wondirful lokin;  
For she ne lokid but awrie  
Or ovirthwarte, all baggingly,  
And she had a full foule usage,  
She mightin loke in no visage  
Of man ne woman forth right plaine,  
But shette her one eye for disdaine,  
So for Envie ybrennid she, *Fr. despot*  
Whan she might any man yse,  
That faire, or worthy were, or wise,  
Or ellis stode in folkis prife.

Sorowe was paintid next Envie  
Upon that wal of masonrie;  
But wel was sene in her colour  
That she had livid in langour,  
Her semid to have the jaundice;  
Not halfe so pale was Avarice,  
Ne nothing alike of lenesse;  
For sorowe, thought, and grete distresse,  
That she had suffrid day and night,  
Made her yelowe, and nothing bright:

Ful fade, pale, and megre also,  
Was nevir wight yet halfe so wo,  
As that her semid for to be,

240 Nor so fulfilled with yre, as she;  
I trow that no wight might her plesse,  
Nor do that thing that might her ese;  
Nor she ne would her sorowe slake,  
Nor comforte none unto her take,

So depe ywas her wo begonne,  
And eke her hert in angre ronne!  
A frowful thing wel semid she;  
Nor she had nothing slowe ybe  
For to bescratchin all her face,  
250 And for to rent in many place

Her clothes, and for to tere her swire,  
As she that was fulfilled of ire;  
And all to torne laie eke her here  
About her shulders, here and there,  
As she that had it all to rent  
For angre and for male talent.

And eke I tell you certainly  
How that she wept full tendirly;  
In worlde n'is wight so hard of herte,  
260 That had yfene her sorowes smerte,  
That n'olde have had of her pitē,  
So wo begon a thing was she!

She all to dasht her self for wo,  
And smote toȝisir her hondes two,  
To sorowe was she full ententise,  
That wofull rechyllesse caitise, *that*  
Her roughtē little of playing,

Or of clipping or of kissing;  
For who so frowful is in herte  
270 Him lustith not to plaie ne sterte,  
Nor for to dauncin, ne to sing,  
Ne maie his herte in temper bring  
To make joie on even or morowe,  
For joie is contrary to sorowe.

Elde was ypaintid after this, *Fr. La Vieillesse*  
That shortir was a fote i-wis

Than she was wont in her yonghede;  
Unneth her self she might yfede;  
So feble and so old was she

280 That fadid was all her beautē,  
Full salowe was waxen her colour;  
Her hedde for hore was white as flour;  
Iwis grete qualme ne were it none,  
Ne sinne, although her life were gone;  
All woxin was her body' unwelde,

And drie and dwinid all for elde;  
A foule forwelkid thing was she,  
That whilom round and soft had be,  
Her heris shokin fast withall,  
290 As from her hedde they wouldin fall;  
Her face yfrouncid and forpined,  
And bothe her hondis lorne fordwined;  
So old she was, that she ne went  
A fote, but it were by potent.

[The time, that passith night and daie,  
And restilesse travailith aie,  
And stelith from us privily,  
That to us semith sikirly

300 That it in one poinēt dwellith ever,  
And certis it ne restith never,  
But goeth so fast, and passith aie,  
That there n'is man that thinkin maie  
What timē that now present is;  
Askith at these grete clerkis this;  
For men thinkin it redily

Thre timis ben ypassid by,  
The timē, that maie not sojourne,  
But goth, and maie nevir retourne,  
As watir that doune runnith aie,  
310 But nevir droppe retourne maie;

K k k

There



There maie nothing as time endure,  
 Ne metall, nor yerthly creature; *a*  
 For alle thing is fette and shall;  
 The time eke, that ychaungith all,  
 And all doeth waxe, and foltrid be,  
 And alle thing distroyich he;  
 The time that eldith our auncestours,  
 And eldith Kinges and Emperours,  
 And that us all shall overcome,  
 Er that deth us shall have noyimen,  
 The time, that hath all in welde  
 To elding folke, had made her elde  
 So inly, that to my wering  
 She mightin helpe her self nothing;  
 But tourned ayen unto childhede,  
 She had nothing her self to lede,  
 Ne witte ne pithe within her hold,  
 More than a child of two yere old.  
 But nathelesse I trowe that she  
 Was faire somtime, and freshe to se,  
 Whan she was in her rightfull age;  
 But she was past all that passage,  
 And was a doted thing becomen;  
 A furrid cappe on had she nowimen,  
 Well had she cladde her self and warme,  
 For cold might els doin her harme; *-le-*  
 These old folke havin alwaie cold,  
 Ther kinde is soche, whan thei ben old.  
 [ An othir thing was down there write,  
 That semid like an Ipocrite,  
 And it was clepid Papelardie,  
 That ilke is she, that privilie  
 Ne sparith ner a wicked dede,  
 Whan men of her takin none hede,  
 And makith her outward precious,  
 With pale visage and pitous, *-er-*  
 And semith a simple creature; *a*  
 But there n'is no misaventure,  
 That she ne thinketh in her corage;  
 Full like to her was thilke image,  
 That makid was like her semblaunce,  
 She was full simple of countenaunce,  
 And she was clothid and eke shod,  
 As she were for the love of God  
 Yholdin to Religion,  
 Soche semid her devocion:  
 A Pfaltir helde she fast in honde,  
 And busily she gan to fonde  
 To make many a faint praiere  
 To God, and to his sainctis dere;  
 Ne she was gaie, freshe, ne jolife,  
 But semed to be full ententise  
 To gode werkis, and to faire,  
 And therto she had on an haire.  
 Ne certis she was fatte nothing,  
 But semid werie for fasting,  
 Of colour pale and dedde was she;  
 From her the gates aie warnid be  
 Of Paradise, that blisfull place;  
 For soche folke makin lene ther grace,  
 As Christ saieth in his Evangile,  
 To get 'hem prife in tounce a while;  
 And for a little glory veigne  
 Thei lesin God and eke his reigne.  
 And aldir last of everichone  
 Was paintid Poverte all alone,  
 That not a peny had in hold,  
 Although that she her clothis sold,  
 And though she shold an hongid be,  
 For nakid as a worme was she,  
 And if the wether stormie were,  
 For cold she shold have dyid there.  
 She ne had on but a straite old sacke,  
 And many a cloute on it there stacke,

This was her cote, and her mantele,  
 No more was there nevir a dele 460  
 To clothe her with; I undirtake  
 Grete lesir hadde she to quake;  
 And she was put, that I of talke,  
 390 Ferre fro these othre, up in an halke;  
 There lurkid, and there courid she;  
 For povir thing where so it be  
 Is shamefast, and dispisid aie;  
 Accursid maie well be that daie,  
 That povir man conceivid is,  
 For God wote all to selde i-wis 470  
 Is any pore man well ifed,  
 Or well arayid or icled,  
 Or well beloved, in soche wise  
 400 In honour that he maie arise.  
 Allè these thingis well avised,  
 As I have you er this devised,  
 With gold and asure ovir all  
 Depaintid were upon the wall;  
 Square was the wall, and high somdele,  
 Enclosid, and ibarrid wele, 480  
 In stede of hegge, was that gardin,  
 Came nevir no Shepherd therein;  
 Into that gardin, well ywrought,  
 410 Who so that me coud have ybrought  
 By ladders, or els by degre,  
 It wouldè well have likid me,  
 For soche solace, soche joie, and pleie  
 I trowe that nevir man ne seie  
 As was in that place delicious;  
 The gardin was not daungerous, 490  
 To herborowe birdes many one;  
 So riche a yere was nevir none  
 Of birdis song, and braunchis grene;  
 420 Therin were birdis mo I wene  
 Than ben in all the relme of Fraunce;  
 Full blisfull was the accordaunce  
 Of the swete petous song thei made,  
 For all this worlde it ought to glade.  
 And I my self so mery ferde,  
 Whan I ther blisfull songis herde, 500  
 That for an hundrid pounde would I,  
 (If that the passage opinly  
 Haddin ybe unto me fre)  
 430 That I n'olde entrin for to se  
 Th' assemblè (God kepe it fro care)  
 Of birdis, whiche that therein ware,  
 That songin through ther mery throtes  
 Dauncis of love, and mery notes.  
 Whan I thus herd the foulis sing,  
 I fell fast in a waimenting, 510  
 By whiche art, or by what engin  
 I might come into that gardin,  
 440 But waie I couthe ne findin none  
 Into that gardin for to gone,  
 Ne nought wist I if that there were  
 Eithir a hole or a place where  
 By whiche I mightin have entre,  
 Ne there was none to techin me;  
 For I was all alone i-wis,  
 For wo and for anguisse of this, 520  
 Till at the laste bethought I me;  
 That by no waie ne might it be,  
 450 There n'as ladder ne waie to pace,  
 Or hole, into so faire a place;  
 Tho gan I go a full grete pace  
 Environ, evin in compas,  
 The closing of the square wall,  
 Till that I founde a wicket small  
 So shette, that I ne might in gone,  
 And othir entrè was there none. 530

Upon



Upon this dore I gan to smite,  
That was so fetis, and so lite,  
For othir waie coud I not seke,  
Full long I shofe, and knockid eke,  
And stode full long all herkining  
If I herd any wight coming,  
Till that the dore of thilke entre  
A maidin curteis opened me;  
Her here was as yelow of hewe  
As any basin scourid newe;  
Her fleshe tendir as is a chike,  
With bent browis both smothe and slike;  
And thereto by mesure large were  
The opening of her eyin clere,  
Her nose of gode proporcion,  
Her even graie as is a faucon,  
With swete breth, and well favoured,  
Her face white, and well coloured,  
With litle mouthe and round to se;  
A clovin chinnè eke had she;  
Her necke was of gode fashion,  
In length and gretnesse by reson, e/  
Withoutin bleine, or scabbe, or roine;  
Fro Hierusalem to Bargoine  
There n'is a fairer necke i-wis,  
To fele how smothe and soft it is;  
Her throte also so white of hewe  
As snowe on braunche ysnowid newe,  
Of body full well wrought was she,  
Men nedin not in no countrè  
A fairer bodie for to seke,  
And of fine Orfrais had she eke  
A chapilet, so semely on,  
Ne nevir werid maide upon,  
And faire above that chapilet  
A rose garlande had she yset;  
She had also a gaie mirrour,  
And with a richè golde tresour s/  
Her hedde was tressid full queintly,  
Her slevis sowid fetously;  
And for to kepe her hondis faire,  
Of glovis white she had a paire;  
And she had on a cote of grene  
Of cloth of Gaunt, withoutin wene,  
Well semid by her aparaille  
She was not wont to grete travaile;  
For whan she kempt was fetecously,  
And well araied and richily,  
Than had she doen all her journe;  
For mery and well begon was she.  
She had a lustie life in Maie,  
She had no thought, by night ne daie,  
Of nothing, but it were onely  
To graieth her well and uncouthly.

Whan that this dore had opened me  
This Maidin, semely for to se,  
I thonkid her as I best might,  
And askid her how that she hight,  
And what she was I askid eke;  
And she to me was nought unmeke,  
Ne of her answer daungerous,  
But faire answerde, and sayid thus:  
Lo sir, my name is Idilnesse,  
So clepin men me, more and lesse,  
Full mightie and full riche am I,  
And that of one thing namily;  
For I entending to nothing  
But to my joie, and my playing,  
And for to kembe and tressè me;  
Acquaintid am I and prive  
With Mirth, the Lorde of this gardin,  
That fro the londe of Alexandrin  
Made the treis hithir be fet,

That in this gardin ben iset,  
And whan the trees were woxe an hight,  
This wall, that stant here in thy light,  
Did Mirthe enclofin all about,  
And these Imagis all without,  
He did 'hem bothe entaile and paint,  
That neither ben jolife ne quaint,  
But thei ben full of frowe and wo,  
As thou hast sene a while ago.

540 AND off timis him to solace,  
Sir Mirthe comith into this place;  
And eke with him come his meine;  
That liven in lust and jolite;  
And now is Mirthe therein, to here  
The birdis how they singin clere,  
The Mavis and the Nightingale,  
And othir joly birdis smale;  
550 And thus he walkith to solace  
Him and his folke; for swettir place  
To playin in he maie not finde,  
Although he sought one in till Inde; f. until.  
The althir fairist folke to se,  
That in this worlde maie founde ybe,  
Hath Sir Mirthe with him in his rout,  
That folowen him alwaies about.  
Whan Idilnesse had tolde all this,  
And I had harkened well i-wis,  
560 Than saied I to dame Idilnesse,  
Now all so wisely God me blesse,  
Sith Mirthe, that is so faire and fre,  
Is in this yerde, with his meine,  
Fro thilke attemblè, if I maie,  
Shall no man wernè me to daie,  
That I this night ne mote it se;  
For well wene I there with him be  
A faire and joly companie,  
Fulfillid of all curtisie;  
640 And forth withoutin wordis mo  
In at the wickit went I tho, e/  
That Idilnesse had opened me,  
Into that gardin faire to se.  
And whan that I was in i-wis  
Mine herte was full glad of this;  
For well wende I full sikirly  
Have ben in Paradise yerthly;  
So faire it was, that trustith well  
It semed a place espiituell;  
650 For certis, as at my devise,  
There is no place in Paradise  
So gode in for to dwell or be,  
As in that gardin thoughtin me;  
For there was many a birde singing,  
Thorougthout the yerde all thringing;  
In many placis Nightingales,  
And Alpes, and Finches, and Wodewales,  
That in ther swete song deliten,  
In thilke placis as thei habiten.  
660 There mightin men se many flockes  
Of Turtels and of Laverockes,  
590 Chalaundris fele ysawe I there,  
That very nigh forsongin were,  
And Thrustils, Terins, and Mavise,  
That songin for to winne 'hem prife;  
And eke to surmount in ther song  
That othir birdis 'hem emong,  
By note ymadin faire servise  
These birdis, that I you devise,  
670 Thei song ther song, as faire and wele  
As angels doen espiituell;  
600 And trustith me, whan I 'hem herde  
Full lustie and full well I ferde;  
For nevir yet soche melodie  
Was herd of man that mightin die,

Soch

\* 004 Fr. . . . qui talores  
Nestor à chanter a dore.  
f. l. end might mery for singing more.



Soche swete song as was 'hem emong,  
That me thought it no bird's song;  
But it was wondir like to be  
Song of Mermaidins of the se,  
That for her singin is so clere;  
Though we Mermaidins clepe 'nem here  
In Englishe, as is our usaunce,  
Men clepin 'hem Screins in Fraunce.

*reprinted.*

**E**Ntentise werin for to sing  
These birdis, that not unkonning  
Were of ther craft, and a prentise,  
But of song subtrill and eke wise;  
And certis, whan I herd ther song,  
And sawe the grene place emong,  
In herte I wext so wondir gaie,  
That I was nevir er that daie  
So jolife, nor so well bigo,  
Ne mery' in herte, as I was tho;  
And than wist I, and sawe full well,  
That idilnesse me servid well,  
That me put in soche jolite,  
Her frende well ought I for to be,  
Sithe she the dore of that gardin  
Had opinid, and let me in.

From hennis-forthe how that I wrought  
I shall you tellin as me thought,  
First whereof Mirthe yservid there,  
And eke what folke there with him were,  
Without fable I woll discrive;  
And alle that gardin eke as blive,  
I woll you tellin afir this  
The faire fassion all i-wis,  
That well ywrought was for the nones,  
I maie not tell you all at ones,  
But as I maie and can, I shall  
By order tellin you it all.

Full faire service, and eke full swete  
These birdis madin as thei fete;  
Layis of love full well souning  
Thei songin in ther jargonin,  
Some hie, and some eke lowe ysong  
Upon the braunchis grene isprong,  
The swetenesse of ther melodie  
Made all mine herte in reveche.

*8*

And whan that I had herd I trowe  
These birdis singin on a rowe,  
Than might I not withholdin me  
That I ne went in for to se  
Sir Mirthe; for all my desiring  
Was him to sene ovir all thing,  
His countenance and his manere;  
That sight was unto me full dere.

*His countenance*

**T**HO went I sorthe on my right honde,  
Doun by a little pathe I fonde  
Of Mintis full, and Fenell grene;  
As faste by withoutin wene  
Sir Mirthe I fonde, and right anon  
Unto sir Mirthe gan I to gon,  
There as he was him to solace;  
And with him, in that lustie place,  
So faire folke and so freshe had he,  
That whan I sawe, I wondrid me  
Fro whennis soche folke mightin come,  
So faire thei werin all and some,  
For thei weren like, as to my sight,  
To angels, that ben feathered bright.

These folke, of whiche I tell you so,  
Upon a karole wentin tho,  
A Ladie karoled 'hem, that hight  
Gladnesse, the blisfull and the light;  
Well could she sing and lustily,

*Tr. 4950*

None halfe so well and semly,  
And cothe make in song soche refraining,  
It fate her wondir well to sing;  
680 Her voice full clere was and full swete,  
She was not rude ne yet unmete,  
But couthe inough for soche doing  
As longith unto karolling;  
For she was wonte in every place  
To singin first, folke to solace;  
For singin moste she gave her to,  
No crafte had she so lese to doge.

750

**T**HO mightist thou karollis sene  
And folke daunce, and merie ben,  
690 And made many a faire tournin  
Upon the grene grasse springin;  
There mightist thou se these Flutours,  
Minstrallis and eke jogelours  
That well to singin did ther paine  
Some songin songis of Loraine,  
For in Loraine ther notis be  
Full sweter than in this contrè;  
There was many a Timbestere  
And sailours, that I dare well swere  
700 Ycothe ther craft full parfitly,  
The Timbris up full subtilly  
Thei castin, and hent them full oft  
Upon a singir faire and soft,  
That thei ne failid nevir mo.

760

Full fetis damofellis two  
Right yong, and full of semelyhede,  
In kirtils, and none othir wede,  
And faire ytreffid every tresse  
Had Mirthe ydoen for his noblesse  
710 Amidde the carole for to daunce.  
But hereof lieth no remembraunce  
How that thei daunsid queintily,  
That one would come all privily  
Ayen that othre', and whan thei were  
Togithre' almoste, thei threwe isere  
Ther mouthis so, that through ther plaie  
It semid as thei kist alwaie;  
To dauncin well couthe thei the gife;  
What should I more to you devise?

780

720 Ne bode I nevir thennis go  
Whiles that I sawe 'hem dauncin so;  
Upon the karoll wondir fast  
I gan beholde, till at the last  
A Ladie gan me for to' elpie,  
And she was clepid Curtesie,  
The worshipfull, the debonaire,  
I praie to God er fall her faire,  
Full curtisly she callid me,  
What do you there, Beau sire? (qð she)  
800 Comith, and if it likith you  
To dauncin, daunsith with us now.

730 And I withoutin tarying  
Ywent into the karoling,  
I was abashid ner a dele,  
But it to me likid right wele  
That Curtesie me clepid so,  
And bade me on the daunce fgo;  
For if I haddè durst certain  
I would have karollid right fain,  
As man that was to daunce right blithe.  
740 Than gan I lokin oftè sith  
The shape, the bodies, and the cheres,  
The countenance, and the maneres  
Of all the folke that dauncid there  
And I shall tellin what thei were.

810

Full faire was Mirthe, full longe and high,  
A fairer man I nevir sigh,  
As rounde as aple was his face,  
Full roddie' and white in every place,

820  
Fetis



Fetis he was and well befeie,  
With metely mouthe, and eyin greie;  
His nose by mesure wrought full right;  
Crispe was his here, and eke full bright;  
His shulderis of large brede,  
And smalish in the girdelstede;  
He semid like a putreiture,  
So noble he was of his stature,  
So faire, so jolie, and so fetise,  
With limmis wrought at point devise;  
Deliver, smerte, and of grete might,  
Ne sawe thou nevyr man so light;  
Of berde unneth had he nothing,  
For it was in the firste spring;  
Full yong he was, and merie of thought;  
And in samette, with birdis wrought,  
And with golde bete full ferously  
His bodie was clad full richely;  
Wrought was his robe in straunge gise,  
And all to flittered for queintise  
In many a place, lowe and hie;  
And shode he was with grete maistrise  
With shone decopid, and with lace;  
By drurie, and eke by solace  
His lese a rosin chapilet  
Had made, and on his hedde it set.

And werin ye who was his lese?  
Dame gladdeste there was him so lese, *Y. 740.*  
That singeth so well with glad corage,  
That from she was twelve yere of age,  
She of her love graunt to him made;  
Sir Mirthe her by the fingir hade.  
A daunsing, and she him also;  
Grete love there was a twix hem two;  
Bothe were thei faire and bright of hewe;  
She semid like a rose newe  
Of colours, and her fleshe so tender,  
That with a Brere smale and tender  
Men might it cleve, I dare well sain;  
Her forhedde frounciles, all plain;  
Bent werin her eye-browis two;  
Her eyin graie, and glad also,  
That laughdijst aie in her semblaunt,  
First or the mouthe by covenant:  
I n'ot what of her nose discrive,  
So faire hath no woman alive;  
Her here was yelow, and clere shining;  
I wot no lady so liking.

Of Orfraies freshe was her garlande;  
I, whiche that sene have a thousande,  
Sawe ner i-wis no garlande yf  
So well ywrought of silke as it;  
And in an ovir gilt samite  
Yeladde she was, by grete delite,  
Of whiche her lese a robe ywerde;  
The merier she in herte ferde.  
Next her went, on her othir side,  
The God of love, that can devide  
Love, and as him likith it be; *10*  
But he can cherlis dauntin, he,  
And many folkis prid, fallen, *1. do*  
And he can well these lordis thralen,  
And ladies put at lowe degre,  
When he maie hem to proude yse.

This God of love of his falgion  
Was like no knave, ne no quistron;  
His bentie greteley was to prife;  
But of his robis to devise  
I drede encombrid for to be,  
For nor icladde in silke was he,  
But all in flouris and flourettes,  
Ipaintid all with amorettes,  
And with losingis and scochons,

With birdis, Liberdes, and Lions,  
And othir bestis wrought full wele;  
His garment was every dele  
Ipurtraied and iwrought with floures,  
By divers medeling of coloures;  
Flouris there were of many gise  
Iset by compace in a fise;  
900 There lackid no floure, to my dome,  
Ne not so moche as floure of Brome,  
Ne violet, ne eke petvinke,  
Ne floure none, that men can on thinke,  
And many a rose-lesse full long  
Was entremedlid there emong;  
And also on his hedde was set  
Of roses redde a chapilet.

But Nightingales a full grete rout,  
910 That slien ovir his hedde about,  
The levis feldin as thei slien,  
And he was all with birdis wrien,  
840 With Poppingale, with Nightingale,  
With Chalaundre, and with Wodewale,  
With finche, with larke, and with archangel;  
He semid as he were an angell,  
That doune were come fro hevin clere.

Love had with him a bachilere  
That he made alwaies with him be,  
And swete lokig clepid was he. *1.*  
920 This bachilere stode beholding  
850 The daunce, and in his honde holding  
Turke bowes two, well devised had he,  
That one of hem was of a tre  
That berith fruit of savour wicke;  
Full crokid was that foute flicke,  
And knottie here and there also,  
And blacke as berie, or any flo.

That othir bowe was of a plant  
930 Withouthin wemme, I dare warant,  
Full even and by proporcion  
Trectis and long, and of gode facion,  
860 And it was paintid well and thwitten,  
And ore all diaprid and written,  
With ladies and with bachileres,  
Full lightsome and full glad of cheres;  
These bowis two held Swete lokig,  
That ne semid like no gadling;  
And ten brode arowes helde he there,  
Of whiche five in his honde were, *1. right*  
940 But thei were shavin well and dight,  
Nockid and fetherid a right,  
870 And all thei were with golde begon,  
And strong ypoinctid everichon,  
And sharpe for to ykervin wele,  
But iron was there none ne stele;  
For all was golde, men might it se,  
Out take the fethers and the tre.

THE swiftist of these arowes five  
950 Out of a bowe for to drive,  
And the best fethered for to lie,  
880 And fairist eke, was cleped Bentie.

That othir arowe, that hurteth lesse,  
Was clepid (as I trowe) Simplese.

The thirde yclepid was Fraunchise,  
That fetherid was in noble wise  
With valour and with curtilie.

The fourthe was clepid Companie,  
That heve for to shotin is,  
960 But who so shotith right i-wis  
Maie therwith doon grete harme and wo.

The fift of these, and laste also,  
890 Faie Semblaunt men that arowe call; *Beau Semblaunt*  
'Tis the leste grevous of hem all,  
Yet can it make a full grete wounde,  
But he maie hope his foris founde,



That hurte is with that arowe' i-wis,  
His wo the bette bellowid is,  
For he maie soner have gladnesse,  
His langour ought to be the lisse.

**F**Ive arowes were of othir gise,  
That ben full foule for to devise,  
For shaft and ende, sothe for to tell,  
Were all so blacke as fende in hell.

The first of 'hem is callid Pride;  
That othre' arowe next him beside  
It was yclepid Vilanie,  
That arowe was with felonie  
Envenimed, and with spitous blame;  
The third of 'hem was clepid Shame;  
The fowerth Wanhope yclepid is,  
The fift the Newe thought iwis.

These arowes, that I speke of here,  
Werin all five on one manere,  
And all were thei ressemblable;  
To them was well sitting and able  
The foule crokid bowe hidous,  
That knottie was, and all roinous;  
That bowe yfemid well to shete  
The arowes five, that ben unmete  
And contrary to that othir five;  
But though I tellin not as blive  
Of ther powir, ne of ther might,  
Hereaftir shall I tellin right  
The sothe, and eke signifiante,  
As ferre as I have remembraunce;  
All shall be saied I undirtake,  
Er of this boke an ende I make.

Now come I to my tale againe,  
But aldirfirst, I woll you saine  
The fasshion and the countenaunces  
Of all the folke that on the daunce is;  
The God of Love, jolife and light,  
Ladde on his honde a Ladie bright  
Of high prife, and of grete degre,  
This Ladie callid was Beutye;  
And an arowe, of whiche I tolde,  
Full well ythewid was she holde;  
Ne she was derke ne broune, but bright  
And clere as is the Monè light,  
Again whom all the Sterris semen  
But small candelis as we demen;  
Her fleshe was tendre' as dewe of floure;  
Her chere was simple' as birde in boure;  
As white as Lilie' or Rose in rise,  
Her face was gentill and tretise;  
Fetis she was, and smale to se,  
No Wintrid browis haddè she,  
Ne popped here, for it nedid nought  
To windir her, or to paint ought;  
Her tressis yelowè, and long straughten,  
Unto her heles doune thei raughten;  
Her nose, her mouthe, and eye and cheke  
Well wrought, and all the remnaunte eke,  
A full grete savour and a sore  
Me thoughtin in mine hertè rote,  
As helpe me God, whan I remember  
Of the fasshion of every member;  
In worlde is none so faire a wight;  
For yong she was, and hewid bright  
Sore pleisant, and fetis with all,  
And gent, and in her middle small.

Beside Beutye yede richesse,  
And hight Ladie of grete noblesse,  
And grete of price in every place;  
But who so durst to her trespase,  
Or till her folke, in werke or dede,

He were ful hardie out of drede;  
For bothe she helpe and hindir maie;  
And that is not of yesterdaie  
That riche folke havin full grete might  
To helpe, and eke to greve a wight.

970 The best and gretist of valour  
Diddin Richesse full grete honour,  
And busie werin her to serve,  
For that thei would her love deserve;  
Thei cleped her Ladie grete and small;  
This wide worlde her dredith all,  
This worlde is all in her daungere;  
Her courte hath many' a losingere,  
And many' a traitour envious,  
980 That ben full busie' and curious  
For to dispreisin and to blame  
That best deservin love and name;  
To forne the folke, 'hem to begilen,  
These losengeours 'hem prife and smilen.

And thus the worlde with worde anointen, *f. thei worlde.*  
But aftirward thei prill and poincten  
The folke, right to the bare bone,  
Behinde ther backe whan thei ben gone,  
And foule abatin folkis prife;  
Full many' a worthie man and wife  
990 Han hindrid, and idoen to die  
These losengeours with ther flattererie,  
And makith folke full straunge be,  
There as 'hem ought to ben prive;  
Well evill motè thei thrive,  
And evill arived more thei be,  
These losengeours, full of envie,  
No gode man loveth ther companie.

Richesse a robe of purple' on had;  
Ne trowe not that I lie or mad,  
1000 For in this world is none it liche,  
Ne by a thousande dele so riche,  
Ne none so faire, for it full wele,  
With Orfreis laid was every dele,  
And purtraied in the ribaninges  
Of Dukis stories, and of Kinges,  
And with a bend of golde tassiled,  
And knoppis fine of golde amiled;  
About her necke of gentle' entaile  
Was shet the richè Chevesaile,  
1010 In whiche there was full grete plentè  
Of stonis clere, and faire to se.

Richesse a girdle had upon,  
The bokill of it was of ston  
Of vertue grete, and mokil might;  
For who so bare the stone so bright,  
Of venim durst him nothing doubt  
While he the stone had him about;  
That stone was gretely for to love,  
And till a riche mann'is behove  
1020 Worth all the golde in Rome, and Frise;  
The Moyrdaunt wrought in noble gise  
Was of a stone full precious,  
That was so fine and vertuous,  
That whole a man it couth ymake  
Of palfie, and of the tothe ake;  
And yet the stone had soche a grace  
That he was likre' in every place  
All thilkè daie not blinde to ben,  
That fasting might that stone sene;  
1030 The barris were of gold full fine,  
Upon a tisse of Satin,  
Full hevie, grete, and nothing light,  
In everiche was a besaunt wight.

Upon the tressis of richesse  
Was set a circle of noblesse  
Of brende golde, that full light yshone,  
So faire trowe I was nevir none;

1040

1050

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1090

1100

1110

But

1. Prudence.

2. Villany.

3. Monte.

4. Desperance.

5. Conscience.

as

x f. dove. i.e. dough.  
1. bride.

f. herow. f. doteur

sh.

f. hope. f. a. hope.

B

f. hope. f. a. hope.



But he were konning for the nones  
That could devisin all the stones,  
That in that circle shewin clere,  
It is a wondir thing to here;  
For no man could or preise or gesse  
Of 'hem the value or richesse;  
Rubies there were, Saphirs, Ragounes,  
And Emcraudes, more than two unces,  
But all before full subtilly  
A fine Carboncle set sawe I,  
The stone so clere was and so bright,  
That all so sone as it was night  
Men mightin sene to go for nede  
A mile or two, in length and brede,  
Soche light ysprang out of the stone,  
That richesse wondir bright yshone,  
Bothe on her hedde, and all her face,  
And eke about her all the place.

Dame Richesse on her honde gan lede  
A yong man full of semelyhede,  
That she best loved of any thing;  
His lust was moche in housholding,  
In clothing was he full fetise,  
And loved well to have hors of prife,  
He wende to have reprovied be  
Of theft or murder, if that he  
Had in his stable an hackenaie,  
And therefore he desirid aie  
To ben aqueintid with Richesse;  
For all his purpose, as I gesse,  
Was for to makin grete dispence  
Withoutin warning or defence;  
And Richesse might it well sustain,  
And her dispences wele maintain,  
And him alwaie soche plentie sende  
Of golde and silvir for to spende,  
Withoutin lacking or daungere,  
As it were pourde in a garnere.

And aftir on the daunced went  
Largeesse, that set all her entent  
For to ben honourable and fre,  
Of Alexander's kinne was she,  
Her moste joie it was i-wis  
Whan that she yafe, and saied; have this;  
Not Avarice the foule caitife  
Was halfe to gripe so ententise,  
As Largeesse is to yeve and spende,  
And God alwaie inowe her sende;  
So that the more she yave awaie  
The more i-wis she had alwaie;  
Grete loos hath Largeesse, and grete prife,  
For bothe the wife folke and unwise  
Were wholly to her bandon brought;  
So well with yeftis hath she wrought.

And if she had an enemye,  
I trowe that she couth craftily  
Make him full sone her frende to be,  
So large of yestes, and wise was she,  
Therefore she stode in love and grace  
Of riche and pore in every place.

A full grete fole is he i-wis  
That riche, and pore, and nigard is:  
A Lorde maie have no manir vice,  
That grevith more than Avarice;  
For Nigarde ner with strength of hande  
Maie winne him grete lordshipe or lande;  
For frendis all to fewe hath he  
To doen his will performid be;  
And who so woll have frendis here  
He maie not holde his trefour dere;  
For by ensample tell I this,  
Right as an Adamant i-wis  
Can drawin to him subtilly

The Iron, that is laið therby;  
So drawith folkis hertes i-wis  
Silvir and golde that yevin is.

Largeesse had on a robe freshe  
Of riche purple Sarlinishe;  
Well formid was her face and clere,  
And opened had she her colere;  
For she right there had in present  
Unto a Lady made present  
Of a Gold broche, ful wel ywrought,  
And certis it mistate her nought,  
For through her smocke ywrought with silke  
The fleshe was sene as white as milke.  
Largeesse, that worthy was and wise,  
Helde by the honde a knight of prife,  
Was sibbe to Arthour of Breteigne,  
And that was he that bare the enseigne  
Of worship, and the Gonfapnour,  
And yet he is of such renoun,  
That menne of him say faire thinges  
Before Barons, and Erles, and Kinges.

This knight was comin al newly  
Fro tourneying there faste by,  
Where he had done grete chivalry  
Through his vertue and his maistrice,  
And for the love of his lemman  
He caste doune many a doughty man.

And next him dauncid dame Franchise  
Arayid in ful noble gise;  
She n'as not broune ne dunne of hewe,  
But white as snowe ifallin newe;  
Her nose was wrought at point devise,  
For it was gentill and tretise,  
With eyin glad, and browis bent,  
Her here doune to her helis went,  
And she was simple as dove on tre,  
Ful debonaire of hert was she.

She durste neither say ne do  
But that, that hir belongith to;  
And if a manne were in distresse,  
And for her love in hevinesse,  
Her hert would have ful grete pite,  
She was so amiable and fre,  
For were a manne for her bestadde  
She woulde ben right fore a dradde,  
That she did ovir gret outrage,  
But she him holpe his harme t' aswage  
Her thought it all a vilanie;  
And she had on a sugkiny,

That not of hennep herdis was,  
So faire was none in all Arras;  
Lorde! it was riddlede fetisly,  
There ne was not a point truly,  
That it n'as in his right assise;  
Ful wel iclothid was Fraunchise,  
For there n'is no clothe sittith bette  
On damosell, than doth rokette;  
A woman wel more fetise is  
In rokette, than in core i-wis,  
The white rokette riddilid faire  
Betokenith that full debonaire  
And swete was she that it ybere.

By her dauncid a Bachelere,  
I can not tell you what he hight,  
But faire he was and of gode hight,  
Al had he ben, I saie no more,  
The lord is sonne of Windesore.

And next that dauncid Curtisy,  
That preisid was of lowe and hie,  
For nethir proude ne fole was she;  
She for to daunce callid me,  
I praie God give to her gode grace;  
For whan I come first to the place

She



She n'as not nice, ne outrageous,  
But wise and ware, and vertuous,  
Of faire speche, and of faire answere,  
Was never wight mistaide of here,  
She bare no rancour to no wight;  
Clere broune she was, and therto bright  
Of face, and body avenaunt;  
I wotte no lady so plesaunt,  
She werin worthy for to bene  
An Emperesse or crounid Quene.

And by her went a knight dauncing,  
That worthy was, and wel speking,  
And ful wel coude he don honour;  
The knight was faire and stiffe in flour,  
And in armure a semely man,  
And wel beloved of his lemman.

Faire Idilnesse than nexte saugh I,  
That alway was me faste by; *For he him.*  
Of her have I withoutin faile  
Tolde you the shape and appareile;  
For (as I said) Lo! that was she,  
That did to me so grete bounte;  
She me the gate of that gardin

Undid, and let me passin in;  
[And althir dauncid, as I gesse,  
And she fulfilled of lustinesse,  
That n'as not yet xii. yere of age,  
With herte wilde, and thought volage;  
Nice she ywas, but she ne mente  
None harme ne sleight in her entente,  
But onely luste and jolite;  
(For yonge folke, wel wetin ye,  
Have litill thought, but on ther play;)  
Her lemman was beside alway  
In such a gise, that he her kilte  
At alle times that him liste,  
That al the daunce might it se,  
They make no force of privite;  
For who spake of hem ill or wele,  
Thei were ashamed here a dele,  
But men might sene hem kisse there,  
As though it two yonge doves were,  
For yonge was thilke Bachilere,  
Of beute wot I non his pere,  
And he was right of such an age  
As Youthe his lese, and such corage.

The lusty folke that dauncid there,  
And also othir that with hem were,  
That werin all of ther meinie,  
Ful hendre folke, bothe wise, and fre,  
And folk of faire porte truly  
There werin alle cominly.

Whan I had sene the countenaunces  
Of them that laddin thus these daunces,  
Than had I will to go and se  
The gardin that so likid me,  
And lokin on these faire Laureres,  
On Pine trees, Cedres, Oliveres,  
The dauncis than endid ywere,  
For many of hem that dauncid there  
Were with ther lovis went away,  
Undir the trees to have ther play.

**A** Lorde thei livid lustily!  
A grete sole were he sikirly  
That n'oude his thanks such life to lede;  
For this date I faine out of drede,  
That who so might so well yfare  
For better life durst him not care;  
For there n'is so gode paradise  
As to have a love at his devise;  
Out of that place went I tho,  
And in that gardin gan I go,  
Playing a long full merily.

The God of Love full hastily  
Unto him Swete Loking yclept,  
No longer would he that she kept *he*  
1260 His bowe of Gold, that shone so bright.  
He haddin him bent anon right, *f. bad him bend it a .v.*  
And he full sone set an ende, *it*  
And at a braide he gan it bende;  
And toke him of his arowes five, *f. He .v. e. Cupid.*  
Ful sharpe and redy for to drive.

Now God, that sitteth in majeste,  
Fro dedly woundis he kepe me, 1330  
If so be that he had me shete,  
For if I with his arowe mete, *f. Or*  
1270 It had me grevid fore i-wis,  
But I, that nothing wist of this,  
Went up and doune, ful many a waic,  
And he me folowed fast alwaic,  
But no where would I reste me  
Til I had in all the gardin be.

**T**HE Gardin was by mesuring  
Right even and square in compassing, 1350  
It as longe was as it was large;  
1280 Of fruite had every tre his charge,  
But it were any hidous tre,  
Of whiche there werin two or thre.

There were (and that wote I full wele)  
Of Pomgranetts a full grete dele;  
That is a frute ful wel to like,  
Namely to folke whan thei ben sike;  
And trees there werin grete foison,  
That berin nuttes in ther sefon, 1360  
Suche as menne nuttemiggis ycall *t*  
1280 That sote of favour ben withall,  
And of Almandris grete plente,  
Figgis, and many a Date tre,  
There werin, if that menne had nede,  
Through the Gardin, in length and brede.

There was eke waxing many a spice,  
As Clowe, Gilofre, and Licorice,  
Gingiber, and Grein de Paris,  
Canell, and Setewale of pris, 1370  
And many a spice delitable  
1300 To eten whan men rise fro table.

And many homely trees there were,  
That Peches, Coines, and Apples bere,  
Medlers, Plommis, Peris, Chesteinis,  
Cherise, of whiche many one faine is,  
Notis, and Aleis, and Bolas,  
That for to sene it was solas;  
With many high Laurer, and Pine,  
Was rengid clene all that gardine 1380  
With Cipris, and with Oliveris,  
1310 Of whiche that nigh no plenty here is.

Ther werin Elmis grete and strong,  
Maplis, Ashe, Oke, Aspe, Planis long,  
Fine Ewe, Popler, and Lindis faire,  
And othir trees full many a paire.

What should I tell you more of it?

There werin so many trees yet,  
That I should al encombrid be  
Er I had rekenid every tre. 1390

These trees were set, that I devise,  
One from an othir in a se  
1320 Five fathome or sixe, I trowe so,  
But they were hie and et also,  
And for to kepe out wel the Sunne  
The croppis were so thicke ironne,  
And every braunche in othir knitte, *f. knitte - sette.*  
And ful of grenè levis fitte,  
That Sunne might there none discende,  
Lest that the tendir grassis shende. 1400  
There might men Does and Roes ise,  
And of squirels ful grete plente,

From



From bow to bow alwaie leping;  
Connis there were also playing,  
That comin out of ther clapers,  
Of sondry colours and maners,  
And madin many' a tourneying  
Upon the freshe graspe springing.  
In placis sawe I wellis there,  
In whichè there no froggis were,  
And faire in shadowe was eche wel;  
But I ne can the nombre tel  
Of stremis smal, that by devise  
Mirth had done come thorough condise,  
Of whiche the watir in renning  
Gan makin a noyse ful liking.

About the brinkis of these wellis,  
And by the stremes ovir al ellis  
Sprange up the graspe, as thicke iset  
And soft eke as any velvet,  
On which men might his lemman ley,  
As on a fethirbed to pley;  
For the erth was ful softe and swete,  
Thorough moisture of the wel were  
Sprong up the softe grenè gras,  
As faire, as thicke, as mister was;  
But moche amendid it the place  
That the erth was of such a grace,  
That it of flouris hath plente,  
That both in somre' and wintir be.

There sprange the violet al newe,  
And freshe pervinke riche of hewe,  
And flouris yelow, white and rede,  
Suche plente grewe there ner in mede;  
Ful gaie was al the grounde and queint,  
And poudrid, as men had it peint,  
With many' a freshe and sondry floure,  
That castin up ful gode savour.

I wol not longe holde you in fable  
Of al this gardin dilectable,  
I mote my tonge stintin nede,  
For I ne maie withoutin drede  
Naught tellin you the beutie all,  
Ne halfe the bounte there withall.

I went on right honde and on lefte  
About the place, it was not lefte,  
Till I had al the gardin bene  
In the effris that men might sene.

And thus while I went in my playe,  
The God of love me folowed aye,  
Right as an Hunter can abide  
The beste till he seith his tide  
To shote at godenesse to the dere,  
Whan that him nedith go no nere.

And so besil, I restid me  
Besides a wel undir a tre,  
Whiche tre in Fraunce men cal a Pine;  
But sithe the time of king Pepine  
Ne grewe there tre in mann's sight  
So faire, ne so wel woxe in hight,  
In al that yarde so high was none;  
And springing in a marble stone  
Had nature set, the sothe to tell,  
Undir that Pine tre a well;  
And on the bordir al without  
Was writtin in the stone about  
Letteris smal, that saidin thus;  
Here whilome starfe faire Narcissus.

Narcissus was a bachilere,  
That love had caught in his daungere,  
And in his nette gan him so straine,  
And did him so to wepe and plaine,  
That nede him must his life forgo;  
For a faire lady hight Echo,  
Him loved ovir any creture,  
And gan for him suche paine endure,

That on a timè she him tolde  
That if he her ne lovin wolde,  
That her behovid nedis die,  
There laie none othir remedie. 1480

But nathelèsse for his beaute  
So feir and daungerous was he,  
That he n'olde grauntin her asking,  
For weping, ne for faire praying. 1410

And whan she herde him werne her so,  
She had in hert so grete wo,  
And toke it in so grete dispite,  
That she withoutin more respite  
Was ded anon; but ere she deide  
Ful pitously to God she preide, 1420  
That the proude-hertid Narcissus,  
That was in love so daungerous,  
Might on a day ben hampered so  
For love, and ben so hote for wo,  
That ner he might to joie attaine;  
Than should he fele in every vaine  
What sorowe trewe loveris maken,  
That ben villainously forsaken.

This prayir was but resonable,  
Therefore God helde it ferme and stable; 1500  
For Narcissus, shortly to tell,  
By aventure came to that well,  
To rest him in the shadowing  
O day, whan he came from hunting. 1430

This Narcissus had suffrid paines  
For renning al daie in the plaines,  
And was for thurst in grete distresse  
Of herte, and of his werinesse,  
That had his breth almost benomen;  
Whan he was to that wel icomen, 1510  
That shadowed was with braunchis grene,  
He thought of thilke watir shene

To drinke, and freshe him wele withall;  
And doune on knees he gan to fall,  
And forth his necke and hed outstraught,  
To drinkin of that well a draught;  
And in the watre' anon was sene  
His nose, his mouthe, his eyin shene,  
And he therof was all abashed,  
His owne shadowe had him betrashed; 1520  
For wel wende he the forme to se  
Of a childe of full grete beaute;

Full well couth love him wreke tho  
Of daungir and of pride also,  
That Narcissus somtime him bere,  
He quyte him well his guerdon there;  
For he musid so in the well,  
That shortly, the sothe to tell,  
He lovid his owne shadowe so,  
That at the last he starfe for wo; 1530  
For whan he sawe that he his will  
Might in no manir way fulfill,  
And that he was so faste caught,  
That he him couthè comfort naught,  
He lost his witte, right in that place,  
And deide within a litill space;  
And thus his warison he toke  
For the lady that he forsoke. 1460

Ladies, I praie ensample taketh,  
Ye that ayenst your love mistaketh, 1540  
If of ther deth you be to wite,  
God can ful wel your wilc quite.

Whan this letter, of whiche I tell,  
Had taught me that it was the well  
Of Narcissus in his beaute,  
I gan anon withdrawe me,  
Whan it fel in my remembraunce  
That him beride suche a mischaunce;

M m m

But



But at the laste than thoughtin I,  
That scathelke full sikirly  
I might unto the welle go,  
Wherof shul I abasshin so?  
Unto the welle than went I me,  
And doune I loutid for to se  
The clere watir in the stone,  
And eke the gravel, whiche that shone,  
Doune in the botome, as silvir fine,  
For of the welle this is the fine;  
In world is none so clere of hewe,  
The watre' is evir frish and newe,  
That welmith up with wavis bright  
The mountenaunce of two fingir hight,  
About it is the grasse springing,  
For moiste so thicke and well liking,  
That it ne may in wintir die  
No more than may the seyl be drie.

**D**oune at the botome set sawe I  
Two cristall stonis craftily  
In thilke freshe and faire well;  
But o thinge sothly dare I tell,  
That ye wol holde a grete mervaille  
Whan it is tolde, withoutin faile;  
For whan the sunne clere in sight  
Cast in that welle his bemis bright,  
And that the herte descendid is,  
Than taketh the cristall stone i-wis  
Againe the sunne an hundrid hewis,  
Blewe, yelow, red that freshe and new is;  
Yet hath the mervailous cristall  
Suche strength, that the place ovir all,  
Both soule and tre, and levis grene,  
And all the yerde in it is sene;  
And for to don you to' undirstonde  
To make ensample wol I fonde;  
Right as a mirroure opinly  
Shewith al thing that stonde there by,  
As well the colour, as figure,  
Withoutin any covirture,  
Right so the cristall stone shining,  
Withoutin any disceving,  
The entrees of the yerde accuseth  
To him that in the watir museth;  
For evir in whiche halfe ye be  
Ye may wel halfe the Gardine se;  
And if ye turne, ye may right wele  
Sene the remenaunt every deles;  
For there is none so litil thing  
So hid ne closin with shitting,  
That it n'is sene, as though it were  
Ypainted in the cristall there.  
This is the mirroure perillus,  
In whiche the proude Narcissus  
Sey al his faire face so bright,  
That made him sith to lie upright;  
For who so loke, in that mirroure, *th*  
There may nothing ben his socour,  
That he ne shal there se somthing,  
That shal him lede into laughing;  
Ful many' a worthy man hath it  
Yblent; for folke of gretist wit  
Ben sone ycaught here and ywaited,  
Withoutin respice ben thei baited:  
Here comith to folke of newe rage,  
Here chaungith many wight corage,  
Here lith no rede ne witte therto;  
For Venus sonne, dan Cupido,  
Hath sowin there of love the fede,  
That helpe ne lith there none, ne rede;  
So cerelith it the welle about,  
His ginnis hath ne fet without,  
Right for to catche in his panter

1550 These Damofels and Bachilers;  
Love wil none othir birdis catche;  
Though he set eithir nette or lache,  
And for the fede, that here was sowen,  
This welle is cleped, as well is knowen,  
The welle of Love, of very right,  
Of whiche there hath ful many wight  
Spekin in bokis diversely;  
But thei shul ner so verily *ye* *y-*  
1560 Discripcion of the welle here,  
Ne eke the sothe of this matere,  
As ye shul, whan I have undo  
The crafte that here belongith to.

**A**lway me likid for to dwell,  
To sene the cristall in the well,  
That shewid me ful opinly  
A thousande thingis faste by;  
But I may saie in sory houre  
Stode I to lokin or to poure;  
For sithin I fore have yfiked,  
That Mirroure hath me now entriked;  
1570 But had I first knowen in my wit  
The vertue and strengthis of it, *the strength*  
I n'oldè not have musid there,  
Me had bettir ben ellis-where;  
For in the snare I fell anone,  
That had bitreshid many one.

In thilkè Mirroure sawe I tho  
Among a thousande thingis mo  
A rofir chargid ful of rofis,  
1580 That with an hedge aboute enclosed is;  
Tho had I suche lust and envie,  
That for Paris ne for Pavie  
N'olde I have left to gone and se,  
There gretist hepe of rofis be,  
Whan I was with this rage yhente,  
That caught hath many' a man and shente,  
Towarde the Rosir gan I go;  
And whan I was not ferre there fro,

The favour of the rofis fote  
Me smote right to the herte rote,  
1590 As I had all enbaumid me;  
And if I n'ad endoutid me,  
To have ben harid or assailed,  
My thankis wol I not have failed,  
To pull a rose of al that route;  
To berin in mine honde aboute,  
And smellin to it where I went,  
But er I dredde me to repent,

1600 The lorde that thilkè gardin wrought;  
Of rofis there werin grete wone,  
So faire werin nevir in Rone;  
Of knoppis close some sawe I there,  
And some wel bettir woxin were,  
And some there ben of othir moison,  
That drowe nigh to ther selson,  
And spedde hem faste for to spredde;  
I love wel suche rofis redde,  
For brode rofis, and open' also  
Ben passid in a daie or two,  
1610 But knoppis wollin freshe be  
Two daies at lest, or 3 is thre;  
The knoppis gretely likid me,  
For fairir maie there no man se,  
Who so might havin one of all  
It ought him ben ful lese withall;  
Might I garlondè of hem getten,  
For no richesse I wolde it letten.

1620 Amonges the knoppis I chese one  
So faire, that of the remenaunt none  
Ne preise I halfe so wel as it,  
Whan I avisin in my wit,

1630

1640

1650

1660

1670

1680

1690

It



It so well was enluminid,  
With colour red, as well finid  
As nature couth it makin faire,  
And it hath levis wel foure paire,  
That kind hath set through his knowing;  
About the redde rosis springing  
The stalke ywas as rishe right,  
And theron stode the knoppe upright,  
That it ne bowed upon no side,  
The sote smell ysprong so wide  
That it died al the place aboute;  
Whan I had smelled the savour sote,  
No will had I fro thence yet go,  
But somdele nere it went I tho  
To take it, but mine honde for drede  
Ne durst I to the Rose bede  
For thistles sharpe of many maners,  
Netlis, thornis, and hokid briers;  
For muche they distourblid me,  
For fore I dradde to harmid be.

**T**HE God of Love, with bowe ybent,  
That al daie set had his talent  
To pursue and to spyin me,  
Was stondin by a figge tre;  
And whan he sawe how that I  
Had chosin so ententifely  
The bothum more unto my pay *(. boton, throughout.*  
Than any othir that I say,  
He toke an arowe, sharpely whette,  
And in his bowe when it was sette,  
He streight up to his ere ydrough  
The stronge bowe, that was so tough,  
And shotte at me so wondir smerre,  
That through mine eye unto mine herte  
The takil smote, and depe it wente,  
And therewithal such tolde me hente,  
That undir clothis warme and softe  
Sin that day I have chivered ofte.  
Whan I was hurt thus, in stounde  
I fell doune plat unto the grounde,  
Mine herte failid, and faintid aie,  
And longè time in swoune I laie;  
But whan I came out of swouning,  
And hadde my witte, and my feling,  
I was all mate, and wende full wele,  
Of blode t' have lorne a full grete dele,  
But certes the arowe, that in me stode,  
Of me ne drewe no droppe of blode;  
For why, I founde my woundes all drie.  
Than toke I with mine hondis tweie  
The arowe, and full fast it out plight,  
And in the pulling sore I sight;  
So at the last the shaft of tre  
I drough out, with the fethirs thre;  
But yet the hokid hedde i-wis,  
The whiche beaute ycallid is,  
Gan so depe in mine herte pace,  
That I it ne might not arace,  
But in mine herte still it stode,  
All bledde I not a droppe of blode;  
I was bothe anguishous and trouble  
For the perill, that I sawe double,  
I ne wist what to saie or doe,  
Ne get a leche my woundis to;  
For neither thorough grassle ne rote  
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote,  
But to the bothum evir mo  
Mine herte dregge; for all my wo,  
My thought was in none othir thing,  
For had it ben in my keping,  
It would have brought my life again,  
For certis evenly, I dare sain,  
The sight onely, and the savour

Aleggid moche of my langour.  
Than gan I for to drawe me  
Toward the bothum faire to se, 1770  
And Love had gette him in this throwe,  
An othir arowe into his bowe,  
And for to shotin gan him dresse;  
The arowes name was Simplenesse;  
And whan that Love gan nigh me nere,  
He drowe it up withoutin were,  
And shotte at me with all his might,  
So that this arowe anone right  
Throughout myne eigh, as it was founde,  
Into mine herte hath made a wounde; 1780  
Than I anone did all my craft  
For to ydrawin out the shaft,  
And therewithall I sighid eft,  
But in mine hert the hedde was left,  
Whiche aie encrefid my desire,  
Unto the bothum drowe I nere, *f. nigher.*  
And evir mo that me was wo, *a the.*  
The more desire had I to go  
Unto the Rosir, where that grewe  
The freshe bothum, so bright of hewe, 1790  
Bettir me were to have lettin be,  
But it behovid nedis me  
To doen right as mine herte badde,  
For er the body must be ladde  
Aftir the herte, in wele and wo,  
Of force togethir thei must go;  
But never this archir would fine  
To shote at me with all his pine,  
And for to make me to him mete.  
The thirde arowe he gan to shete, 1800  
Whan best his time he might elpie,  
The whiche was namid curtisic, *C. it*  
Into mine herte he did avale,  
A swoune I fell, bothe dedde and pale,  
Long time I laie, and blind nought;  
Till I abraied out of my thought,  
And felle than I avifid me  
To drawin out the shaft of tre,  
But aye the hedde was lste behinde,  
For ought I couthe pull or winde; 1810  
So fore it sticket whan I was hit,  
That by no cratte I might it lit,  
But anguishous and full of thought,  
I felt soche wo, my wounde aie wrought,  
That somoned me alwaie to go  
Toward the Rose, that pleted me so;  
But I ne durst in no manere;  
Bicause the archir was so nere.  
For evir more gladly, as I rede,  
Brent child of fite hath mochil drede. 1820  
And certis yet for all my pain  
Though that I sigh, yet arowes rein,  
And ground quarchis, sharpe of stele,  
Ne for no pain that I might fele  
Yet might I not my self with hold  
The faire Rosir to behold;  
For Love me yave soche hardiment  
For to fulfill his commaundement,  
Upon my fete I rose up than  
Feble, as a forwounded man; 1830  
And for the to gon my might I fet,  
And for the Archir n'olde I let;  
Toward the Rosir fast I drowe,  
But thornis sharpe mo than inow  
There were, and also thistles thicke,  
And breis burnme for to pricke,  
That I ne might ygettin grace  
Through the rough thornis for to pace  
To fene the Rosir freshe of hewe,  
I must abide, though it me rewe; 1840  
The



The hedge about so thickè was,  
 That closed the Rosis in compas.  
 But o thing likid me right wele,  
 I was so nigh that I might fele  
 Of the bothum the sore odour,  
 And also se the freshe coloure,  
 And that right gretely likid me  
 That I so nere mightin it se,  
 Soche joie anon thereof had I,  
 That I forgate my malady,  
 To sene it I had soche delite  
 Of woe and angre I was all quite,  
 And of my woundes that I had thore,  
 For nothing likin me might more  
 Than dwellin by the Rosir aie,  
 And thens nevir to passe awaie;  
 But whan a while I had be thare,  
 The God of love, whiche ail to share  
 Mine herte with his arowis kene,  
 Casteth him to yeve me woundis grene,  
 He shote at me ful hastily  
 An arowe namid Companie,  
 The whiche takil is full able  
 To make these Ladies merciabie;  
 Than I anon gan chaungin hewe  
 For grevaunce of my wounde newe,  
 That I again fell in swouning,  
 And sighid fore in complaining.  
 Sore I complainid that my lore  
 On me gan grevin more and more;  
 I had none hope of Allegiaunce,  
 So nigh I drowe to desperaunce,  
 I ne rought of deth, ne of life,  
 Whether that love ywould me drife;  
 If me a martir would he make,  
 I might his powir not forsake;  
 And while for angir thus I woke,  
 The God of Love an arowe toke,  
 Full sharpe it was and full pounant,  
 And it was callid Faire semblaunt,  
 The whiche in no wise would consent  
 That any lovir him repent  
 To serve his love, with herte and all,  
 For any perill that maie fall:  
 But though this arowe was kene grounde,  
 As any rasour that is sounde,  
 To cutte and kervin at the point,  
 The God of Love it had anoint  
 With a full precious ointment,  
 Some dele to yeve alegement  
 Upon the woundis, that he hade  
 Thorough the eye in my herte made,  
 To helpe ther foris, and to cure,  
 And that thei maie the bette indure,  
 But yet this arowe, without more,  
 Made in mine herte a largè fore  
 That in full grete pain I abode,  
 But aie the ointment went abroad;  
 Throughout my woundis large and wide  
 It sprede about in every side,  
 Thorough whose vertue, and whose might  
 Mine herte joifull was and light,  
 I had ben dedde and ail to shent  
 But for the precious ointment.  
 The shaft I drowe out of the arowe,  
 Roking for wo right wondir narowe,  
 But the hedde, whiche that made me smerte,  
 I left behind in mine herte,  
 With othir fower, I dare well saie  
 That nevir will be toke awaie:  
 But the ointment halpe me wele,  
 And yet soche sorowe did I fele,  
 That allè daie I chaungid hewe,  
 Of my woundis so freshe and newe,

As men might se in my visage,  
 The arowes were so full of rage,  
 So variaunt of diversite,  
 That men in evèriche might se  
 Both grete anoie, and eke swetenesse,  
 And joie ymeint with bittirnesse;  
 Now were thei esy, and now wode,  
 In them I felt bothe harme and gode,  
 Now fore without alleggèment,  
 Now softning with the ointment,  
 It softenid here, and prickid there,  
 Thus ese and angir were yfere.

1850

1929

1860

**T**HE God of Love delivirly  
 Came lepande to me hastily,  
 And sayid to me in grete jape  
 Yelde The, for thou maie not escape,  
 Maie no defence availe The here,  
 Therefore I rede make no daungere;  
 If thou wolt yelde The hastily,  
 Thou shalt the rathir have mercie;  
 He is a fole in sikirnesse  
 That with daungir or with stoutnesse  
 Rebelligith, there that he should plese,  
 In soche folie is little ese;  
 Be meke, where thou must nedis bowe,  
 To strive ayen is not thy prowé,  
 Come at onis, and have idoe,

1930

1940

1870

For I wollè that it be so,  
 Than yelde The here debonairly:  
 And I answerid full humbly,  
 All gladly, sir, at your bidding  
 I woll me yelde in allè thing,  
 To your service I woll me take;  
 For God defende that I should make  
 Ayen your biddin-resistence;

1950

1880

I woll not doen sò grete offence,  
 For if I did, it were no skill,  
 Ye maie doe with me what ye will,  
 Or save or spill, and also slo,  
 Fro you in no wise may I go,  
 My life, my deth, is in your honde,  
 I maie not laste out of your bonde;  
 Plaine at your liste I yeldè me,  
 Hoping in hert, that sometime ye  
 Comforte and ese shul to me sende,  
 Or els shortly, this is the ende,

1960

1890

But if ye take me to your cure:  
 Comforte or helth how should I have,  
 Sithe ye me hurte, but ye me save?  
 The helth of Love mote be yfounde  
 Where as thei token first ther wounde;  
 And if ye liste of me to make  
 Your prisoner, I woll it take  
 Of herte and will fully at gre;  
 Wholy and plaine I yeldè me,  
 Withoutin feining or feintise  
 To be governed by your emprise;  
 Of you I here so mochil prife,  
 I wol ben whole at your devise,  
 For to fulfill all your liking,  
 And to repent in for nothing,  
 Hoping to have yet in some tide  
 Mercy, of that that I abide;  
 And with that covenant yelde I me,  
 Anon doune kneeling on my kne,  
 Profiring for to kisse his fete,  
 But for nothing he would me lete.

1970

1900

1980

1910

And said, I love The both and preise,  
 Sens that thine answere doth me ese,  
 For thou answered so curtisly;  
 For nowe I wote well uttirly

That



That thou art gentil by thy speche,  
For though a man ferre wou'de seche,  
He should not findin in certaine  
No suche answere of no vilaine,  
For suche a worde ne mighte nought  
Issue out of a vilaines thought;  
Thou shalt not lesin of thy speche,  
For thy helping wollin I eche,  
And eke encrefin; that I maie;  
But first I woll that thou obaie  
Fully for thine own avauntage  
Anone to do me here homage,  
And sithin kisse thou shalt my mouthe,  
Whiche to no vilaine was ner couthe  
For to' aproche it, ne for to touche;  
For saufe of cherlis I ne vouche  
That thei shal nevir neigh it nere;  
For curteis, and of faire manere,  
Wel raught, and ful of gentilnesse  
He must yben, that shall me kisse,  
And also of ful highe fraunchise,  
That shal atte'ne to that emprise.

And first of o thing warne I The,  
That paine and gret adversite  
He mote endure, and eke travaile,  
That shal me serve, withoutin faile;  
But there against The to comforte,  
And with thy service to disporte,  
Thou maist ful glad and joyfull be,  
So gode a maistr to' have as me,  
And lordè of so high renoun,  
I bere of love the Gontenoun,  
And of Curtisie the banere,  
For I am of selfe 'the manere,  
Gentill and curteis, meke, and fre;  
That who evir ententise be  
Me to honour, re-doute, and serve,  
And also that he him observe  
Fro trespase and fro villanie,  
And him governe in curtisie,  
With will and with entencion,  
For when he first in my prison  
Is caught, than must he uttirly  
Fro thennis-forth ful besily  
Ycast him gentill for to be,  
Yf he desire helpe of me.

Anone withoutin more delaie,  
Withoutin daungir or affraie,  
I become his vassal anone,  
And gave him thankes many a one,  
And knelid doune with hondis joint,  
And made it in my porte full queint;  
The joye went to my hert's rote,  
Whan I had kised his mouthe so sote,  
I had suche mirth and such liking,  
It curid me of languishing;  
He asked of me than hostages,  
I have takin fele homages  
Of one and othir, where I have bene,  
Distreinid ofte, withoutin wene;  
These felons ful of falsite  
Have many fithes begilid me,  
And through falsched ther lust achived,  
Wherof I repent, and am greved,  
And I'hem gette in my daungere,  
Ther falsheed shul thei bie ful dere;  
But for I love The', I saie The plaine,  
I woll of The be more certaine;  
For The fore I woll now ybinde  
That thou away ne shalt not winde,  
For to denien thy covenant,  
Or done that is not avenant;  
That thou were false, it were grete ruth,  
Sithen thou semist so ful of truth.

Sir, if The liste to understaunde,  
I merveile The' asking this demaunde;  
For why or wherefore shoulde ye  
Hostage or borowes aske of me,  
Or any othir sikirnesse,  
Sithin ye wote in sothfastnesse  
That ye me have surprisid so,  
And whole mine herte takin me fro,  
That it woll doe for me nothing,  
But if it be at your bidding?  
Mine hert is yours, and mine right nought,  
As it behoverth, in dede and thought,  
Redy in all to worche your will,  
Whethir so tourne to gode or ill;  
So fore it lustith you to plesse,  
No man therof maie you disesse,  
Ye have theron set soche justice,  
That it' is werried in many wise,  
And if ye doubt it n'olde obaie,  
Ye maie therof doe make a kaie,  
And hold it with you for hostage.  
Now certis this is none outrage  
(Qd Love) and fully I accorde,  
For of the body' he is full Lorde  
That hath the herte in his trefore;  
Outrage it were to askin more.

THan of his aumener he drough  
A little keie fetise inough,  
Whiche was of gold polishid clere,  
And saied to me; with this keie here,  
Thine herte to me now woll I shet,  
For all thy joifull loke, and knet,  
I binde undir this little keie,  
That no wight maie cary awaie.

This keie is full of grete postè,  
With whiche anone he touchid me  
Undir the side full softly,  
That he mine herte sodainly  
Without any doute hath so spered,  
That yet right nought it hath me dered.  
Whan he had doen his will all out,  
And I had put him out of dout,  
Sir I saied: I have right grete will  
Your lust and plesure to fulfill,  
Loke ye my service take at gre.  
By thilkè faith'ye owe to me,  
I saie nought for recreaundise,  
For I nought doubt of your service.

But the servaunt travaileth in vain,  
That for to servin doeth his pain  
Unto that lorde, whiche in no wise  
Conne him no thanke for his service.

LOve sayid tho, dismaie The nought,  
Sithen thou for succour hast me sought,  
In thanke thy service woll I take,  
And high of degre woll The make,  
If wickidnesse ne hindir The,  
But (as I hope) it shall nought be;  
To worship no wight by' aventure  
Maie come, but that he pain endure.  
Abide and suffre thy distresse,  
That hurtith now, it shall be lesse;  
I wote my self what maie The save,  
What medicine thou wouldist have.

And if thy truth to me thou kepe,  
I shall unto thine helping eke,  
To cure thy woundes and make 'hem ciene,  
Where so that thei be old or grene,  
Thou shalt be holpen' at wordis few;  
For certainly thou shalt well shewe  
Where that thou servist with gode will,  
For to accomphishe and fulfill

N n n

My



My commaundementis daie and night,  
Whiche I to lovirs yeve of right.

**A**h fir, for Godd's love (saied I)  
Er ye passe hens, ententifely  
Your commaundementes to me ye saie,  
And I shail kepe 'hem if I maie;  
For them to kepen' is all my thought,  
And if so be I wote 'hem nought,  
Than maie I erre unwittingly;  
Wherfore I praie you entirely  
With all mine herte, me for to lere;  
That I trespase in no manere.

The God of love than chargid me  
Anon, as ye shall here and se  
Worde by worde, by right emprise,  
So as the Romaunt shall devise.

The maistris lestith time to lere  
Whan the disciple woll not here;  
It is but vain on him to swinke  
That on his lerning woll not thinke;  
Who so lust love, let him intende,  
For now the Romance ginneth to amende.

Now is gode to herin in faie  
If any be that can it faie,  
And point it as the reson is,  
Yf; for othir gate, i-wis,  
It shall nat well in alle thing  
Be brought to gode understanding;  
For a rede, that pointith ill,  
A gode sentence maie oftin spill.  
The boke is gode at the ending,  
Ymade of newe and lustie thing;  
For who so woll the ending here,  
The craft of love he shall now lere,  
If that he woll so long abide  
Till I this Romance maie unhide,  
And undoe the signifiante  
Of this dreme into Romaunce;  
The sothfastnesse, that now is hid,  
Without coverture shall be kid,  
Whan I undoen have this dreming,  
Wherein no worde is of lesing.

**V**illanie at the beginning  
I woll, saied love, ovir all thing  
Thou leve; if that thou wolt, be  
False, and trespase aynist me,  
I curse and blame generally  
All them, that lovin villanie;  
For villanie makith villaine,  
And by his dedes a chorle is seine.

These villains arne without pite,  
Frendship and love, and all bounte,  
I nill receive to my service  
Them that ben villains of emprise.  
[But undirstonde in thine entent,  
That this is not mine entendement  
To clepin no wight in no age,  
Onely gentill for his linage,  
But who so that is vertuous,  
And in his port not outrageous;  
Whan soche one thou seest The beforen,  
Though he be not gentill yborne,  
Thou mayist well seine this in soth  
That he' is gentill, bicause he doth  
As longith to a gentil man,  
Of them none othir deme I can;  
For certainly withoutin drede  
A chorle is demid by his dede,  
Of hie or lowe, as ye maie se,  
Or of what kinrid that he be;]  
Ne saie nought for none evill will  
Thing which that is to holdin still,

It is no worship to misseie;  
Thou maiest ensample take of Keie,  
That was somtime for mislaying  
Yhatid bothe of old and yong,  
As ferre as Gawein the worthie  
Was praifid for his curtise,  
Kaie was hatid, for he was fell,  
Of worde dispitous and cruell;  
Wherefore be wise and aqueintable,  
Godelie of worde, and resonable,  
Bothe to lesse and eke to mare;  
And whan thou comist there men are,  
Loke that thou have in custome aie  
First to salve 'hem if thou maie,  
And if it fall that of 'hem somme  
Salve The first, be thou not domme,  
But quite him curtisly anon,  
Without abiding, er thei gon.

2140 For nothing eke thy tong applic  
To spekin wordes of ribaudrie,  
To vilaine speche, in no degre,  
Late not thy lippe unboundin be;  
For I nought holde him in gode faith  
Curteis, that foulè wordis faith)  
And allè women serve and preise,  
And to thy power ther honour reise;  
And if that any mislayere  
Dispise women, that thou maist here,  
2160 Blame him, and bidde him holde him still,  
And sette thy might, and al thy will,  
Women and ladies for to plesse,  
And to do thing that may 'hem esse,  
That thei evir speke gode of The;  
For so thou maist best praifid be.

Loke that fro pride thou kepe The welc,  
For thou maist both perceive and fele  
That pride is both foly and sinne,  
And he, that pride hath him within,  
2170 Ne may his herte in no wise  
Mekin, ne souplin to service;  
For pride is founde in every part;  
Contrarie unto Lov's art;  
And he that lovith truly  
Should him contene jolily  
Withoutin pride in sondry wise,  
And him disguis in queintice;  
For queinte aray, withoutin drede,  
Is nothing proude, who takith hede,  
For freshe aray, as men may se,  
2180 Withoutin pride may oftin be.

Maintaine thy felse afir thy rent  
Of robe and eke of garment;  
For many a sithe faire clothing  
A man amendith in mucche thinge.  
And loke alway that thei be shape,  
(What garment that thou shalt The make)

2190 Of him that can the best ydo,  
With al that parteinith therto;  
Pointis and flevs be wel sittande,  
Ful right and streight upon the hande;  
Of shone and botis, newe and faire,  
Loke at the lest thou have a paire,  
And that thei sitte so setously,  
That these rude men may uttirly  
Mervaile, sith that thei sitte so plaine,  
How thei come an or of againe.  
2200 Were streightè glovis with aumere  
Of silke, and alway with gode chere  
Thou yeve, if that thou have richesse;  
And if thou have nought, spende the lesse;  
Alway be mery, if thou maie,  
But wastè not thy gode alwaie:  
Have hatte of flouris freshe as May,  
Chapelet of Rosis of Whitsondaie,

2210

2220

2230

2240

2250

2260

2270

For



For soche araie costlyth but lite.  
Thine hondis washe, thy tethe make white, 2280  
And let no filthe upon The be;  
Thy nailis blacke if thou maiest se,  
Voide it awaie delivirly,  
And kembe thine hedde right jolily;  
Farce not thy visage in no wife,  
For that of love is nat th' emprise,  
For love doeth hatin, as I finde,  
A beautie, that cometh nat of kinde;  
Alwaie in herte I redè The  
Full glad and mery for to be,  
And be as joifull as thou can,  
Love hath no joie of sorowfull man;  
That ill is full of curtisie,  
That knowith in his maladie;  
For evir of love the sickenesse  
Is meint with swete and bittirnesse;  
The fore of love is mervailous,  
For now the lovir is joious,  
Now can he plain, now can he grone,  
Now can he singe, now makin mone,  
To daie he plaineth for hevinesse,  
To morge' he playeth for jolinesse;  
The life of love is full contrarie  
Whiche stounde mele can oftin varie;  
But if thou canist mirthis make,  
That men in gre woll gladly take,  
Doc it godely, I commaunde The;  
For men shold, where so'er thei be,  
Doc thing that hem besittin is,  
For therof cometh gode loos and pris;  
Wherof that thou be vertuous  
Ne be nat straunge ne daungerous,  
For if that thou gode ridir be,  
Pricke gladly that men maie The se;  
In armis also if thou conne,  
Pursue till thou a name hast wonne;  
And if thy voice be faire and clere,  
Thou shalt makin no grete daungere,  
Whan The to sing thei godely praie,  
It is thy worship for to obaie;  
Also to you it longith aie  
To Harpe and Giterne, daunce and plaie;  
For if he can well fote and daunce,  
It maie him gretely doc avaunce;  
Emong eke for thy Ladie sake  
Songis and complaintes that thou make,  
For that woll mervin in her herte,  
Whan that thei redin of thy smerte;  
Loke that no man for scarce The holde,  
For that maie greve The manifolde;  
Refon woll that a lovir be  
In his yestis more large and fre  
Than chorles that ben not of loving;  
For who therof can any thing,  
He shall be lese aie for to yeve,  
In londis lore who so would leve;  
For he that through a sodain fight,  
Or for a kissing anon right  
Yave whole his herte, in will and thought,  
And to himself kepith right nought,  
Aftir this swift gift 'tis but reason  
He give his gode too in a bandon.

NOW woll I shortly here reherçe  
Of that I have ysaid in verçe,  
Allè the sentence by and by,  
In wordis fewe compendiously,  
That thou the bet maiest on hem thinke,  
Wher so it be thou wake or winke;  
For the wordis do little greve  
A man to kepe, whan thei be breve.  
Who so with Love woll gon or ride

He mote be curteis, voide of pride,  
Merie, and full of jolite,  
And of Largeffe a losid be.

\*First I joigne The here in penaunce  
That evir without repentaunce  
Thou set thy thought in thy loving  
To last withoutin repenting,  
And think upon thy mirthis swete,  
That shall folue' aftir whan ye mete.

2290 And for thou true to Love shalt be  
I will, and eke commaunde The  
That in one place thou set all whole  
Thine herte, withoutin halfin-dole,  
For trecherie and skirnesse;  
For I loved nevir doublenesse;

To many' his herte that woll depart,  
Everiche shall have but little part;  
But of him drede I me right nought  
That in one place settith his thought;

2300 Therefore in o place thou it set,  
And let it nevir thennis set,  
For if thou yevest it in lening,  
I holde it but a wretchid thing;  
Therefore yevith it whole and quite,  
And thou shalt have the more merite,  
If it be lent than aftir sogne

The bounde and the thanke is doyn;  
But in Love a fre yevin thing  
Requirith a grete guerdoning.

2310 - Yeve it in yest all quite fully,  
And make thy gift debonairly,  
For men that yest holdin more dere,  
That yevin is with gladfome chere:

- That giftè nought to praisin is  
That a man gevith mal gre his;  
Whan thou hast yeven thine hert, (as I  
Have said The here all opiny)  
Than aventuris shall The fall,

2320 Whiche hard and hevy ben with all;  
For ofte whan thou bethinkist The  
Of thy loving, where so thou be,  
Fro solke thou must depart in hie,  
That none perceive thy maladie,  
But hide thine harme thou must alone,  
And go forth sole, and make thy mone.

Thou shalt no while be in o state,  
But whilom colde, and whilom hate,  
Now red as Rose, now yelowè and fade,  
Such sorow I trow thou ner had, *seure.*

2330 Cotidien, ne the quarteine  
It is not half so full of peine,  
For oftin timis it shal fal  
In love, among thy painis al,

That thou thy selfin all wholly  
Foryettin shalt so uttirly,  
That many timis thou shalt be  
Still as an image made of tro,  
Domme as a ston, without stering  
Of fote or bonde, without speking.

2340 And than sone aftir al thy paine,  
To memo'rie shalt thou come againe,  
A man abashid wondir fore,  
And aftir sighin more and more;  
For witethou wele withoutin wene,  
In suche astate ful ofte have bene,  
That have the' evill of love assaide,  
Where thorough thou art so dismaide.

2350 A Ftir a thought shal take The so,  
That thy love is to ferre The fro;  
Thou shalt sa (God) what may this be  
That I ne may my lady se?

Mine



Mine hert alone is to her go,  
And I abide al sole in wo,  
Departid fro mine owne thought,  
And with mine eyin se right nought.

Alas! mine cien sene I ne may *send I may*

My carefull herte to convey;  
Mine hert'is guide but thei be,  
I praise nothing what er thei se;  
Shul thei abidin than? why nay,  
But gone and se without delay  
That whiche mine hert desirith so,  
For certainly, but if thei go,  
— A sole my selfe I may well holde,  
Whan I ne se what mine hert wolde;  
Wherefore I wol gone her to sene,  
Or esid shall I nevir bene,  
But that I have some tokining.

— Than gost thou forth without dwelling,  
But ofte thou failest of thy desire,  
Er thou maist come her any nere,  
And wastist in vaine thy passage,  
Than fahst thou in a newe rage,  
For want of sight thou ginnist myrne, *o*  
And homwarde pensife dost returne; *oi*  
In grete mischese than shalt thou be,  
For than againe shal come to The  
Sighis and plaintis with newe wo  
That no itching prickith The so;  
Who wore it nought, he maie go lere  
Of them that buyin love so dere.

No thing thine hert appesin maie,  
That oft thou wolt gone and allaie,  
If thou maist sene by aventure  
Thy liv'is joye, thine hert'is cure;  
So that by grace, if that thou might  
Attaine of her to have a sight,  
Than shalt thou done non othir dede  
But with that sight thine eyin fede,  
That faire freshe whan thou maist se,  
Thine hert shal so ravishid be,  
That ner thou woldest thy thankis lete,  
Ne remove, for to se that swete;  
The more thou seest, in forthfastnesse,  
The more thou covitest that swetenesse,  
The more thine herte brennith in fire,  
The more thine herte is in desire;  
For who considrih every dele,  
It may be likened wondir wele  
The paine of love unto a fere;  
For evi'more thou neighist nere,  
In thought, or how so that it be,  
(For very sothe I tel it The)  
The hotter evir shal thou brenne,  
As experience shall The kenne;  
Where so comist in any coste, *^ thou*  
Who is next fire he brennith mozte;  
And yet forsothe for al thine hete,  
Though thou for love swelte and swete,  
Ne for no thing thou felin may  
Thou shalt not wille to passe away;  
And though thou go, yet must The nede,  
Thinkin al day on her faire hede,  
Whom thou behelde with so gode will,  
And holde thy selfe begilid ill  
That thou ne haddest none hardiment  
To shewe her aught of thine entent;  
Thine hert ful fore thou wolt dispise,  
And eke reprove of cowardise,  
That thou so dull in every thing  
Were domme for drede, without speking.

Thou shalt eke thinke thou diddest foly;  
That thou were her so faste bie,  
And durst not venture The to say  
Some thing, er that thou came away,

For thou haddist no more wonne.  
To speke of her whan thou begonne;  
But yet if she would for thy sake  
In armis godely The have take, *2500*  
It should have be more worthe to The  
Than of trefour a grete plente.

Thus shalt thou morne and eke complaine,  
And get encheson to' gon againe  
Unto thy walke, or to thy place,  
Where thou behelde her fleshy face;  
And n'ere for false suspexion  
Thou woldist finde occasion  
For to gone in unto her house,  
Thou art than so desirous *2510*  
A sight of her but for to have,  
If thou thine honour mightist save,  
Or any crande mightist make  
Thi'ir, for thy lov'is sake,  
Ful faine thou woldist, but for drede  
Thou goest not, lest that men take hede;  
Wherefore I rede, in thy going,  
And also' in thine again comming,  
Thou be wel ware that men ne wit,  
Feine The othir cause than it *2520*  
To go that waie, or faste bie, *y*  
To helin wel is no folie; *y*  
And if so be it happè The

That thou thy love there maiste yse, *y*  
In sikir wise thou her salewe,  
Wherwith thy coloure woll transmewe,  
And eke thy blond shal al to quake,  
Thy hewe eke chaungin for her sake;  
But worde and wit with chere ful pale, *2530*  
Shul want for to tellin thy tale;  
And if thou maist so ferforth winne  
That thou to reson durst beginne,  
And woldist faine thre thinges or mo,  
*2460* Thou shalt ful scarfly faine the two,  
Though thou bethinke the ner so wele,  
Thou shalt foryetin yet somdele;

**B**UT if thou dele with trechery; *13*  
For false lovirs mowe all fully  
Sain what 'hem lust withoutin dred,  
Thei be so double' in ther falsshed, *2540*  
For thei in hert can thinke o thing,  
And faine an othre' in ther speking;  
And whan thy speche is endid all,  
Right thus to The it shal befall;  
If any worde than come to minde,  
That thou to say hast left behinde,  
Than thou shalt brenne in grete marire,  
For thou shalt brenne as any fire;  
This is the strife and eke the' affraie, *2550*  
And the batill that lastith aie;  
This bargaine ende may nevir take,  
But if that she thy pece wil make.

And whan the night is come anon,  
A thousande angres shal come on;  
To bed as fast thou wolte The dight,  
Where thou shalt have but smal delight;  
For whan thou wenist for to slepe,  
So ful of paine shalt thou crepe,  
Sterte in thy bed about ful wide,  
And turne ful ofte on every side, *2560*  
Now downward grouse, and now upright,  
And walow in wo the long night,  
*2490* Thine armis shalt thou sprede a brede,  
As man in warre were forwerede;  
Than shal The come a remembrance  
Of her shape, and of her semblaunce,  
Wherto none othir may be pere;  
And wete thou wel withoutin were

That



That The shal se somtime that night  
That thou hast her, that is so bright,  
Nakid bitwene thine armis there,  
Al sothfastnesse as though it were;  
Thou shalt make castels than in Spaine,  
And dreme of joy, al'but in vaine,  
And The delitin of right nought,  
While thou so slombfrist in that thought,  
That is so swete and delitable,  
The whiche in sothe n'is but a fable,  
For it ne shall no while last;  
Than shalt thou sighe and wepe fast,  
And say dere God! what thing is this?  
My dreme is turnid al amis,  
Whiche was ful swete and apparent,  
But now I wake it is al shent;  
Now yede this mery thought away,  
Twenty timis upon a day  
I would this thought would come againe,  
For it alegith wel my paine,  
It maketh me ful of joyfull thought,  
It fleeth me that it lastith nought:  
Ah lord! whi n'il ye me socoure?  
The joye I trowe that I langoure;  
The deth I would me shoulde flo  
While I lie in her armis two;  
Mine harme is harde withoutin wene  
My gret unese ful ofte I mene.

**B**UT wouldè Love do so I might  
Have fully joye of her so bright,  
My paine were quitte me richily,  
Alas! to gret a thing aske I;  
It is but foly', and wrong wening  
To aske so outrageous a thing;  
And who so askith folily  
He mote be warnid hastily;  
And I ne wote what I may say,  
I am so ferre out of the way,  
For I would have ful grete liking  
And ful grete joy of lasse thing;  
For would she of her gentilnesse,  
Withoutin more, me onis kesse,  
It were to me a grete guerdon,  
Relese of all my passion;  
But it is harde to come therto,  
Al is but foly that I do,  
So highe I have mine hertè sette  
Where that I may no comfort gette;  
I n'ote wher I say well or nought,  
But this I wote well in my thought,  
That it were bette of her alone,  
For to stintin my wo and mone,  
A loke on her I cast godely,  
Than for to have al uttirly  
Of an othir al whole the play;  
Ah lord! where I shal bide the day  
That ere she shal my lady be!  
He is ful cured, that may her se.  
Ah God! whan shal the dauning springe,  
To liggin thus is angry thing;  
I have no joy thus here to lie,  
Whan that my love is not me bie;  
A man to lien hath grete disese,  
Which maie not slepe, ne rest in ese,  
I would it daved, and were now day,  
And that the night were went away;  
For were it daye, I would up rise.  
Ah slowè sonne! shewe thine enprise;  
Spede The to sprede thy bemis bright,  
And chace the derknesse of the night,  
To put away the sloundis strong,  
Whiche in me lastin al to long.  
The night shalt thou continue so

Withoutin rest, in paine and wo,  
If er thou knew of love distresse,  
Thou mowe lerne it in that sikenesse;  
And thus enduring shalt thou lie,  
And rise on morow up erly  
Out of thy bed, and harneis The,  
Er evir dawning thou maist se;  
Al privily than shalt thou gone,  
What wethre' it be, thy selfe alone, 2650  
For reine, or haile, for snowe, for flete,  
Thiðir she dwelleth, that is so swete,  
The whiche maie fal a slepè be, *back to*  
And thinkith but lite upon The:  
Than shalt thou go, ful foule aferde,  
Loke if the gatè be unsperde,  
And waite without in woe and paine,  
Ful ill a colde in winde and raine;  
Than shalt thou go the dore before,  
If thou maist findin any shore, 2660  
Or hole, or reffe, what ere it were,  
Than shalt thou stoupe, and lay to ere,  
If thei within a slepè be,  
I mene al save thy lady fre,  
Whom waking if thou maist asprie,  
Go put thy selfe in jupardie,  
To askin grace, and The bimene,  
That she maie wete withoutin wene,  
That thou all night no rest hast had,  
So fore for her thou were bestad. 2670  
Women wel ought pitè to take  
Of them that sorowen for ther sake;  
And loke, for love of that relike, *see N. 2907.*  
That thou thinkè none othir like, *on*  
For whan thou hast so gret anney,  
Shall kisse The er thou go away, *The gate h.c. fr.*  
And hold that in ful grete deintè;  
And for that no man shall The se  
Before the house, ne in the way,  
Loke thou be gon againe er day; 2680  
Suchè comming, and suche going,  
Suche hevinesse, and suche walking, *l. talking*  
Makith lovirs withoutin wene  
Undir ther clothis pale and lene;  
Love ne leveth colour, ne clerenesse,  
Who lovith trewe hath no fatnesse;  
Thou shalt wel by thy selfin se,  
That thou must nedes assayid be;  
For men that shape 'hem othir way  
Falsely ther ladies to betray, 2690  
No wondir is though thei be fatte,  
With false othis ther loves thei gatte;  
For ofte I se suche losingeours  
Fattir than Abottes or Priours.  
Yet with o thing I wolte The charge,  
That is to say, that thou be large  
Unto the maide, that her dorth serve,  
So best her thanke thou shalt deserve:  
Yeve her gestis, and get her grace,  
For so thou may thankè purchase, *her* 2700  
That she The worthy holde and fre;  
Thy lady', and al that may The se,  
Also her servautes, worship aie,  
And plesin as muche as thou maie; *l. please him.*  
Grete gode through them may come to The,  
Bicause with her thei ben privè;  
Thei shal her tel how thei The fande  
Curteis and wise, and wel doande,  
And she shal preise The wel the more.  
Loke out of londe thou be not fore, 2710  
And if suche cause thou have, that The  
Behoveth to gone out of countre,  
Leave wholely thine hert in hostage,  
Til thou againe make thy passage,  
O o o  
Thinkè



Thinke long to se the swetè thing,  
That hath thine hert in her keping.  
Now have I tolde The, in what wise  
A lovir shal do me service; *s/*  
Do it than, if that thou wolt have  
The mede, that thou dost aftir crave.

**W**Han Love al this had bodin me,  
I said him, sir, how may it be,  
That lovirs may in such manere  
Endure the paine ye have said here?  
I marvailin me wondir faste  
How any man may live or laste  
In such paine, and in such brenning,  
In forse and thought, and such sighing, *tenet. Tr.*  
Aie unreliefid wo to make,  
Wher so it be thei slepe or wake,  
In such anoy continually;  
As helpe me God this mervaile I,  
How man, but he were made of stele,  
Might live a month, such paines to fele.

**T**HE God of Love than said to me,  
Frende, by the faith I owe to The,  
May no man have gode, but he it bie;  
A man lovith more tendirlic  
The thing, that he hath bought most dere;  
For were thou well withoutin were,  
In thanke that thing is takin more,  
For which a man hath suffrid sore;  
Certis no wo ne may attaine  
Unto the sore of lov's paine,  
None evil therto may amounte  
No more than a man may counte  
The droppes that of the watir be,  
For drie as wel the gretè se  
Thou mightist, as the harmis tell  
Of all them, that with love ydwell,  
In service; for peine them flyeth;  
And that eche woulde fle the deth;  
And trowe thei should nevir escape,  
Ne were that hope ycouth 'hem make  
Glad; as a man in prison sete,  
And maie not gettin for to ete  
But Barlie bred and watir pure,  
And lieth in vermin and ordure,  
With allè this yet can he live,  
Gode hope such comfort hath him yeve,  
Whiche makith wene that he shal be  
Reliefed and come to liberte;  
In fortune is fully his trust,  
Although he lie in strawe or dust,  
In hope is al his sustaining;  
So fare Lovirs in ther weining,  
Whiche Love hath shutte in his prifoun,  
Gode hope is ther salvacioun,  
Gode hope (how sore that thei smerte)  
Yevith 'hem bothè will and herte  
T' offre ther bodie to martyre;  
For Hope so fore doth 'hem desire  
To suffre eche harme that men devise,  
For joye that aftirwarde shal rise.

**H**ope in desire catche victory,  
In hope of Love is al the glory;  
For hope is all that Love maie yeve;  
N'ere hope, there should no lengir live;  
Blessid be hope, which with desire  
Avaunceth lovirs in such manere:  
Gode hope is curteise for to plesse,  
To kepe Lovirs from all discesse;  
Hope keperth his londe, and woll abide  
For any peril maie betide;  
For hope to lovirs, as most chese,

Doth 'hem endurin all mischefe;  
Hope is ther helpe whan mistir is;  
And I shal yeve The eke i-wis  
Thre othir thinges, that grette solace  
Doth to them that be in my lace.

2720 The first gode that maie be yfounde  
To them that in my lace be bounde,  
Is Swetè thought, for to recorde *Doula perier*  
Thingè wherwith thou canst accorde  
Best in thine herte, whethir she be  
Thinking in absence gode to The.  
Whan any lovir doth complaine,  
And livith in distresse, and paine,  
Than Swetè thought shal come as blive,  
Awaie his angre for to drive; 2790  
It maketh lovirs have remembraunce  
Of comforte, and of high plesaunce,  
That hope hath hight him for to winne;  
For thought anone than shal beginne,  
As ferre God wot, as he can finde,  
To make a mirrour of his minde;  
For to beholde he wol not let,  
Her person he shal fore him set,  
Her laughing eyen persaunt and clere,  
Her shape, her forme, her godely chere; 2810  
Her mouth, that is so gracious,  
So swete, and eke so savirous,  
Of al her fetirs shal take hede,  
His eyen with al her limmis fede.

2740 Thus Swetè thinking shall aswage  
The paine of lovirs, and ther rage;  
Thy joye shal double without gesse,  
Whan thou thinkest on her semelnesse,  
Or of her laughing, or her chere,  
That to The made thy lady dere. 2820  
This comforte wol I that thou take,  
And if the nexte thou wolte forsake,  
Which is not lessè savirous,  
Thou shouldest [not] ben to daungirous. *s/ Tr.*

**T**HE second shal be swetè speche, *Doula parlor*  
That hath to many one be leche,  
To bring 'hem out of wo and were,  
And helpe many a bachilere,  
And many a lady sent socour,  
That hath ylovid Paramour; 2830  
Thorough speking (whan thei might here)  
Of ther lovirs to them so dere;  
To me it voidith al ther smerte, *s. Sone*  
The whiche is closid in ther herte,  
In hert it maketh 'hem glad and light,  
Speche, whan thei mowe not havin sight.  
And therefore nowe it cometh to minde,  
In oldè dawis, as I finde  
That Clerkis writtin that her knewe;  
There was a lady freshe of hewe, 2840  
Whiche of her love madin a song,  
On him for to remembre among,  
In which she said, whan that I here  
Spekin of him, that is so dere  
To me, it voidith allè smerte, *s. may*  
Iwis he sitteth so nere mine herte;  
To speke of him at eve or morowe,  
It curith me of al my sorowe;  
To me is none so high plesaunce  
As of his person daliaunce; 2850  
She wist ful wel that Swete speking  
Comfortith in ful mochil thing;  
Her love she had full well assaide,  
Of him she was ful wel apaide;  
To speke of him her joye was set.  
Therefore I rede The that thou get  
A felowe that can wel concele,  
And kepe thy counsaile, and welle hele,



To whom go shewe wholly thine herte,  
Both wele and woe, and joye and smerte;  
To get comforte to him thou go,  
And privily bitwene you two  
Ye shal speke of that godely thing,  
That hath thine hert in her keping,  
Of her beauté and her semblaunce,  
And of her godely countinaunce,  
Of al thy state thou shalt him saie,  
And aske him counsaile how thou maie  
Do any thing that maie her plesse,  
For it to The shal do gret ese,  
That he maie were thou trust him so  
Both of thy wele and of thy wo,  
And if his herte to love be sette,  
His companie is moche the bette,  
For Reson wol he shewe to The  
Al uttirly his privite,  
And what she is he lovith so  
To The plainly he shal undo,  
Withoutin drede of any shame,  
Both tel her renome and her name,  
Than shall he forthir ferre and nere,  
And namely to thy lady dere  
In sikir wise, ye every other  
Shal helpin as his ownè brother,  
In trouthe withoutin doublensse,  
And kepin close in sikirnesse:  
For it is noble thing in fay  
To have a man thou darstè say  
Thy privy counsaile every dele,  
For that woll comforte The right wele,  
And thou shalt holde The wel apaied  
Whan suche a frende thou hast assaied.

**T**HE thirdè gode of grete comfort,  
That yevith lovirs most disport,  
Comith of sight and beholding,  
That is yclepid Swete-loking, *Doux regard*  
The whichè may none ese ydo  
Whan thou art ferre thy lady fro;  
Wherfore thou prese alway to be,  
In placè, where thou maist her se,  
For it is thing most amirous,  
Moste delitable and fayvours, *Savour*  
For to asswage a mann's sorow,  
To sene his lady by the morow;  
For it is a ful noble thing,  
Whan that thine eyin have meting  
With that relike so precious,  
Whereof thei be so desirous;  
But al daie aftir, sothe it is,  
Thei have no drede to faren amis,  
Thei dredin neithir winde ne raine  
Ne non othir manir of paine;  
For whan thine eyen were thus in blisse,  
Yet of ther curtisie iwisse  
Alone thei can not have ther joye,  
But to the hertè thei convoie  
Parte of ther blisse, to him thou sende *it they s.*  
Of al this harme to make amende. *his*  
The eye is a gode meslangere,  
Which can to the hert in suche manere  
Tidingis sende, that he hath sene,  
To voide him of his painis clene;  
Wherof the hert rejoyfith so  
That a grete partie of his wo  
Is voided, and put away to flight;  
Right as the derkenesse of the night  
Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,  
Right so is al his wo ful sone  
Devoidid clene, whan that the sight  
Beholdin may that freshe wight,  
Whiche that the hert desirith so,

2860 That al his derkenesse is ago,  
For than the herte is all at ese,  
When thei sene that that maie hem plesse.  
Now have I declared The al out  
Of that thou were in drede and doute;  
For I have tolde The faithfully  
What The may curin uttirly,  
And al Lovirs that wollin be  
Faithful, and of stabilitè; 2940  
Gode hope alway kepe by thy side,  
And swete thought make eke abide,  
2870 Swete Loking, and swete Speche,  
Of al thine harmes thei shal be leche,  
Of bale thou shalt have grete plesaunce,  
Yf thou canst bide in suffraunce,  
And servin wele without feintise,  
Thou shalt be quite of thine emprise  
With more guerdoun, if that thou live,  
But al this time this I The yeve. *f. at.* 2950

2880 **T**HE God of Love, whan al the day  
He had taught me, as ye have herd say,  
And enformid compendously,  
He vanisid al sodainly,  
And I alone ylesse al sole,  
So full of complaint and of dole,  
For I sawe no man there me by;  
My woundes me grevid wondirly, *-ly*  
Me for to cure nothing I knewe,  
Save the bothum so bright of hewe, 2960  
Wheron was sette wholly my thought,  
Of othir comforte knewe I nought,  
But it were through the God of Love,  
I knew nat else to my behove, *nought*  
That might me ese or comfort gette,  
But if he would him entermette.

The Rosir was withoutin dout  
Yclosid with an hedge without,  
As ye to forne have herde me faine;  
And fast I besied, and would faine 2970  
Have passid the hay, if I might  
Have gettin in by any sleight  
To the bothum so faire to se,  
But evir I dradde blamed to be,  
Yf men would have suspicion,  
That I would of entencion  
Have stole the Rosir that there were,  
Therefore to entre I was in fere;  
But at the laste, as I bethought  
Whethir I shuldè passe or nought, 2980  
— I sawe come, with a gladde chere,  
To me a lusty Bachilere

2910 Of gode stature and of gode height,  
And Bialacoil forsoth he height; *Bialacoil. J. l. Bialacoil*  
Sonnè he was to Curtisie,  
And he me grauntid ful gladlie  
The passage of the uttir hay,  
And saide, sir; how that ye may,  
Passe, if that it your wille ybe  
The freshe Rosir for to se, *roses* 2990  
And ye the swete savour sele, *other sw. so. for to sele*  
Your warrant I may be right wele;  
2920 So thou The kepin fro folie,  
Shal no man do The vilanie,  
Yf I maie helpin you in ought  
I shall not faine, dredith right nought,  
For I am bounde to your service  
Fully devoide of all feintise.  
Than unto Bialacoil saide I,  
I thanke you, sir, ful hertily, 3000  
And your behest I take at gre,  
That ye so godely profir me;  
2930 To you it cometh of grete fraunchise  
That ye me profir your servise.

Than



Than astir ful delivirly  
Through the breris anone went I,  
Wherof encombrid was the haie,  
I was well plesed, the sothe to saie,  
To se the bothum, faire and sore,  
So freshe ysprong out of the rote.

AND Bialacoil me servid wele,  
Whan I so nigh me mightin fele  
Of the bothum the swete odoure,  
(And) so lusty hewd of coloure:  
But than a chorle, foule him betide,  
Beside the Rosis gan him hide,  
To kepe the Rosis of that Rosere,  
Of whom the name was Daungere.  
This chorle was hid there in the greves,  
Ycovirid with grasle and leves,  
To spie, and take whom that he fonde  
Unto that Rosir put an honde.

He was not sole, for there was mo,  
For with him werin othir two,  
Of wickid manirs, and ill fame,  
That one was clepid by his name  
Wickid tonge, God yeve him sorowe,  
For neithir at eve ne at morowe  
He can of no man gode yspoke,  
On many a juste man doth he wreke.

There was a woman that eke hight  
Shame, that who can rekin right,  
Trespasce ywas her fathir's name,  
Her mothir Reson; thus was shame  
Ybrought forth of these ilke two,  
And yet had trespasce nere adoe  
With Reson, ne nere leie her by,  
He was hidous and so ugly;  
(I mene this, that Trespasce hight)  
But Reson conceveth of a sight  
That shame, of which I spake afore;  
And whan that Shame was thus yborne,  
It was ordained, that Chastite  
Should of the Rosir Lady be,  
Whiche of the bothums more and las;  
With sondrie folke assailid was,  
That she ne wiste what to doe,  
For Venus her assailith so,  
That night and daie fro her she stail  
Bothoms and Rosis ovir all;  
To Reson than praieth Chastite,  
Whom Venus hath flemmed ore the se,  
That she her doughtir would her lene,  
To kepe the Rosir freshe and grene.

Anon Reson to Chastite  
(Is) fully assentid that it be,  
And grauntid her, at her request,  
That Shame, bicause she is honest,  
Shall kepir of the Rosir be,  
And thus to kepe it there were thre,  
That none should hardie be ne bolde,  
(Were he yonge, or were he olde)  
Again her will awaie to bere  
Bothoms ne Rosis, that there were.  
I had well sped, had I nat ben  
Awaitid with these thre and sene;  
For Bialacoil, that was so faire,  
So gracious and debonaire,  
Quitte him to me ful curtisly,  
And me to plesin, badde that I  
Should drawe to the bothom nere,  
Plesin to touchin the Rosere,  
Whiche bare the Rose, he yafe me leve,  
This graunt ne might but litill greve;  
And for he sawe it likid me  
Right nigh the bothom pullid he  
A lese all grene, and yave me that,

The whiche full nigh the bothom sat;  
I madin of that lese full queint;  
And whan I felt I was aquente  
With Bialacoil and so prive,  
I wende all my will had ybe;  
Than wext I hardie for to tell

To Bialacoil how me befell  
Of Love, that toke and woundid me,  
And sayid, sir, so mote I The,  
I maie no joie have in no wise  
Upon no side, but it arise

For sithè (if I shall not faine) *f. l. Fro this; for if he.*  
In herte I have had so grete paine,  
So grete anoie, and soche affraie,  
That I ne wotte what I shall saie,  
I drede your wrothè to deserve,  
Levir me were that knivis kerve  
My bodie should in pecis small,  
Than in any wise it should fall  
That ye wrothid should ben with me.  
Saie boldily thy will (qð he)  
I n'll be wrothe, if that I maie,  
For nought that thou shalt to me saie.

THAN saied I sir, not you displese  
To knowin of my grete unese,  
In whiche only Love hath me brought;  
For painis grete, disese and thought  
Fro daie to daie it doeth me drie;  
Supposith not, sir, that I lie;  
In me five woundis did he make,  
The sore of whiche shall nevir flake,  
But ye the bothom graunte me,  
Whiche is most passaunt of beaurè,  
My life, my deth, and my martyre,  
And trespasce that I moste desire.

Than Bialacoil affrayid all  
Sayid, sir, it maie not befall,  
That ye desire, it maie not rise,  
What would ye shende me in this wise?  
A mokill folè than I were,  
If I suffrid you awaie to bere  
The freshe bothom, so faire of sight;  
For it were neithir skill ne right  
Of the Rosir ye broke the rinde,  
Or take the Rose afore his kinde;

Ye are not curteis to aske it,  
Let it still on the Rosir sit,  
Let it growe till it amendid be,  
And perfity come to beaurè;  
I n'olde not that it pullid were,  
Fro the Rosir that doth it bere,  
To me it is so lese and dere.

With that anon stert out Daungere  
Out of the place where he was hidde,  
His malice in his chere was kidde;  
Full grete he was and blacke of hewe,  
Sturdie and hidous, who so him knewe,  
Like sharpe urchons his heere was growe,  
His eyes red-sparcling as fire glowe,  
His nose frouncid full kirkid stode,  
He come criande as he were wode,  
And saied; Bialacoil tel me why

Thou bringist hiðir so boldely  
Him that so nigh to the Rosere? *f. This man, or fellow, or 3149.*  
Thou worchist in a wrong manere, *f. Him that so nigh to the Rose.*  
He thinkith to dishonour The,  
Thou art well worthy to have malgre;  
To let him of the Rosere Witte,  
Who servith Fellone is ill quitte.  
—Thou wouldist have doyn grete bountè,  
And he with shame would quitte The.  
Flic hens felowe, I rede The go,  
It wantith lite he wol The slo.



For Bialacoil ne knewe The nought,  
Whan The to serve he set his thought;  
For thou wolt shame him if thou might,  
Bothe again reson and 'gainst right;  
I woll no more in The affie,  
That comest so slightly for t'espie;  
For it provith wondirly wele  
Thy sleight and treson every dele.

I durst no more make there abode,  
For the chorle, he was so wode;  
So gan he threstin and manace,  
And through the haie he did me chace;  
For fere of him I trembled and quoke,  
So chorlishely his hedde he shoke,  
And saied, if eft he might me rake,  
I should nat from his hondis scape.  
Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,  
And I all sole disconsolate  
Was left alone in pain and thought,  
Fro shame to deth I was nigh brought;  
Than thought I on my high folie,  
How that my bodie uttirlic  
Was yeve to pain and to martire,  
And therto had I so grete ire,  
That I ne durst the hayis passe,  
There was no hope, there was no grace,  
I trowe nevir man wiste of pain  
But he were laced in Lov's chain,  
Ne no man wist (and soth it is)

But if he love, what angir is.  
Love holdeth his heste to me right wele,  
Whan pain (he sayid) I should fele;  
No herte maie thinke, no tonge sain  
A quartir of my wo and pain;  
I might not with the angir last,  
Mine herte in point was for to brast,  
Whan I thought on the Rose, that so  
Was thorough Daungir cast me fro.  
A long while stode I in that state,  
Till that me sawe so madde and mate  
The Ladic of the high ward,  
Whiche from her toure looked thiward.

Reson men clepin that Lady,  
Whiche from her toure delivirly  
Came doune to me withoutin more;  
But she was neither yong ne hore,  
Ne high, ne lowe, ne fatte, ne lene,  
But best, as it were in a mene;  
Her eyin two were clere and light  
As a candill, that brennith bright,  
And on her hedde she had a croune,  
Her semid well and high persoun;  
For round environ her crounet  
Was full of riche stonis afret;  
Her godely semblaunt by devise  
I trowe was made in Paradise,  
For nature had nevir soche grace  
To forge a worke of soche compace;  
For certain, but if the lettir lie,  
Grete God himself, that is so hie,  
Formid her afir his image,  
And yafe her sithe soche avauntage,  
That she hath might and seignorie  
To kepē men from all folie,  
Who so woll trowe wele her lore,  
Ne maie offendin nevir more.

And while I stode thus derke and pale  
Reson began to me her tale;  
She saied, al haile my swete frende,  
Folie and childhod woll The shende,  
Whiche The have put in grete affraie;  
Thou hast bought dere the time of Maie,

That made thine herte merie to be;  
In evill time thou wentest to se  
The gardin, whereof Idilnesse  
Ybare the keie and was maistresse,  
Whan that thou yedist in the daunce  
With her, and haddin' acquaintance;  
Her acquaintance is perillous,  
First soft, and afir full noious,  
She hath The trashid without wene;  
The God of Love had The nat sene,  
Ne had Idilnesse The conveide  
Within the verge, where Mirthe him pleide;  
If Folie have surprisid The,  
Doe so that it recovered be,  
And be well ware to take no more  
Counsaile, that grevith afir fore,  
He' is wise that woll himself chastise.  
—Though a yong man in any wise  
Trespasse emong, and doe folie,  
Let him nat dwelle, but hastilie  
Let him amende what so be mis;  
And eke I counsaile The i-wis  
The God of Love wholly foryete,  
That hath The in soche pain yfete,  
And The in herte tourmentid so,  
I can not sene how thou maicst go  
Othir waies The to garisoun,  
For daungere, that is so feloun,  
Fellie purposeth The to werreie,  
Whiche is full cruill, sothe to seie.

AND yet of Daungere cometh no blame,  
In reward of my doughtir shame,  
Whiche hath the Rosis in her warde,  
As she that maie be no mufarde,  
And wickid tong is with these two,  
That suffrith no man thiward go,  
For er a thing be doe, he shall,  
Where that he comith ovir all,  
In fourtie placis, if it be sought,  
Saie thing that nere was don ne wrought,  
So moche traizon is in his male,  
Of fallenelle for to faine a tale.  
Thou delect with angrie folke iwis,  
Wherefore to The the bettir is  
From these folkis awaie to fare,  
For thei woll make The live in care;  
This is the ill that love thei call,  
Wherein there is but folie all;  
For love is folie every dell,  
Who loveth, in no wise maie doe well,  
Ne set his thought on no gode werke;  
His schole he leleth, if he be clerke;  
Or othir craft, if that he be,  
He shall not thrive therein, for he  
In love shal have more passioun  
Than Monke, or Hermite, or Chanoun.  
This pain is herd out of mesure,  
The joie maie no while endure;  
And eke in the possession  
Is mochil tribulacion;  
The joie it is so short lasting,  
And but in hape is the getting;  
I se there many in travaile,  
That at the last shal foully faile;  
I was nothing thy counsailler,  
Whan thou were made the homager  
Of God of Love to hastily,  
Where was no Wisedome, but Folie,  
Thine harte was jolic, but not sage,  
Whan thou were brought in soche a rage,  
To yelde The up so redily  
To Love of his grete maistiry.

P p p

I rede

f. l. To love off is gr. ma.

f. r. Una solia est tota compo.

Dicitur in ubi est in maistiry.



**I** Rede The Love awaie to drive,  
That maketh The reche not of thy live;  
The Foie more fro daie to daie  
Shall growe, but thou it put awaie;  
Take with thy tethe the bridill faste  
To daunt thy herte, and eke The caste,  
If that thou maigest, to get defence  
For to redresse thy first offence:  
Who so his herte alwaie wolle leve  
Shall finde emong that shall him greve.  
Whan I her herd thus me chastise,  
I answerde in full angrie wise,  
\*I prayid her cesse of her speche,  
Eithir to chastise me or teche,  
To biddè me my thought refrein,  
Whiche Love hath caught in his demein:  
(That me aslayith with bowe bent)  
To drawe mine herte out of his honde,  
Whiche is so quickly in his bonde?  
That ye counsaile maie never be,  
For whan he first arestid me,  
He toke mine herte so fore him till,  
That it is nothing at my will,  
He taught it so him for to obeie,  
That he it sparrid with a keie.  
I praie you let me be all still,  
For ye maie well, if that ye will,  
Your wordis waste in idilnesse,  
For uttirly, withoutin gette,  
All that ye saie is but in vain;  
Me were levir die in the pain,  
Than Love to meward should arette,  
Falshe, or trefon on me sette;  
I wolle me gettin pris, or blame,  
And Love true for to save my name,  
Who me chastiseth, I him hate.  
With that worde Reson went her gate  
Whan she sawe for no termoning  
She might me fro my folie bring.  
Than dismayid I left all sole,  
For-werie, for-wandred as a sole,  
For I ne knewe no cheyssaunce.  
Than fell into my remembraunce  
How Love ybadde me to purveie  
A felawe, to whom I might seie,  
My counsaile and my privite,  
For that should moche availin me.  
With that bethought I me, that I  
Yhad a felaw false by,  
True and sikur, curteis, and hende,  
And he called was by name a frende;  
A truer felawe was no where none.  
In hast to him I went anone,  
And to him all my wo I told,  
Fro him right nought I would withhold,  
I tolde him all withoutin were,  
And made my compleint on Daungere,  
How for to seie he was hidous,  
And to meward contrarious,  
The whiche through his cruilte  
Was in point to have meimid me,  
With Balacoil whan he me seie  
Within the gardin walke and pleie,  
Fro me he made him for to go,  
And I be left alone in wo:  
I durst no lengir with him speke,  
For Daungir saied he would be wreke,  
Whan that he sawe how that I went  
The freshe bothom for to hent,  
If I were hardie to come nere  
Bitwene the haie and the Rosere.  
This frende, whan he wist of my thought,  
He discomfortid me right nought,

But saied felawe, be nat so madde,  
Ne so abashid nor bestadde,  
My felse I knowe full well Daungere,  
And how that he is fiers of chere,  
At primè temps, Love to manace,  
Full oft I have ben in his case,  
A felon first though that he be,  
Affir thou shalt him souple se;  
Of long passid I knewe him wele;  
Ungodelic first though men him fele,  
He wolle meke astre' in his bering  
Ben, for service and obeissing;  
I shall The tell what thou shalt doe;  
Mekely I rede thou go him to,  
Of herte praie him specially  
Of thy trespase to have mercie,  
And horis him well here to plese,  
That thou shalt ner more him displese;  
Who can best serve of flatiry  
Shall plese Daungir most uttirly.

My frende hath saied to me so wele,  
That he me esid hath somede,le,  
And eke allegged of my tourment;  
For through him had I hardiment  
Again to daungir for to go,  
To prove if I might make him so.

**T**O Daungir cam I all ashamed,  
The whiche asorne me had yblamed,  
Desiring for t' aperse my wo,  
But ovir hedge durst I nat go,  
For he forbode me the passage,  
I founde him cruill in his rage,  
And in his honde a grete bourdoun;  
To him I knelid lowe adoun,  
Full meke of port, and simple' of chere,  
And saied, sir, I am comin here  
Onely to ask of you mercie;  
It grevith me full gretely,  
That evir I have wrathid you;  
But for to amende I am come now,  
With all my might, bothe loude and still,  
To doin right at your owne will,  
For Love madin me for to do,  
That I have trespassed hi'sirto,  
Fro whom I ne maie drawe mine herte,  
Yet shall I nere for joie ne smerte  
(What so befall me, gode or ill)  
Offendin more again your will;  
Levir I have endure difese  
Than doe that whiche should you displese.

**I** You require, and praie that ye  
Of me have mercie and pite,  
To stint your ire that grevith so,  
That I wolle swere for evirmo  
To be redressed at your liking,  
If I trespase in any thing,  
Save that (I praie The) graunte me  
A thing, that maie nat warnid be,  
That I maie love all onily,  
None othir thing of you aske I;  
I shall doin all wele i-wis,  
If of your grace you graunt me this,  
And that ye maie nat lettin me,  
For well wote ye that love is fre,  
And I shall loven soche that I will,  
Who evir like it well or ill;  
And yet ne would I for all Fraunce  
Doe thing to doe you displesaunce.

Than Daungir fill in his entent  
For to foryeve his male talent;

3370

3380

3390

3400

3410

3420

3430

But

3357 I may you Daunge, esse of your speche. Fr.



But all his wraþe yet at the laſt  
He hath releſed, I praied ſo faſt,  
Shortly (he ſayid) thy request  
Is nat to mokill diſhoneſt,  
Ne I woll nat wernin it The,  
For yet nothing engrevith me;  
For though thou love thus evirmore,  
To me is neithir ſoſte ne fore, *f. ſole.*  
Love where The liſt, what rechith me?  
So ferre thou fro my Roſis be,  
Truſt not on me for none aſſaie  
In any time to paſſe the haie:

— Thus hath he grauntid my praier.  
[Than went I forthe withoutin were  
Unto my frende, and told him all,  
Whiche was right joifull of my tale;  
(He ſaied) now goeth well thine affaire,  
He ſhall to The be debonaire,  
Though he aſorne was diſpitous,  
He ſhall hereafter be gracious,  
If he were touched on ſome gode veins;  
He ſhould yet rewyn on thy peins;  
Suffir, I rede, and go boſte make,  
Till thou at gode meſ maieſt him take:  
— By ſuffraunce, and by wordis ſoft  
A man maie ovircomin oft  
Him, that aſorne he had in drede,  
In bokis ſothly as I rede.

[Thus hath my frende with grete comfort  
Avauncid me with high diſport,  
Whiche would me gode as moche as I;  
And than anon full ſodainly  
I toke my leve, and ſtreight I went  
Unto the haie; for grete talent  
I had to ſene the freſhe bothom, *u*  
Wherein laie my ſalvacion,  
And Daungir toke kepe, if that I,  
Kepe him covinaunt truily;  
So ſore I drede his manafing, *u. f. drad.*  
I durſt not brekin his bidding;  
For leſt that I were of him ſhent,  
I brake not his commaundment;  
For to purchaſin his gode will,  
It was, for to comin there till,  
His mercie was to ferre behinde  
Ykept, for I ne might it finde;  
I complainid and fighid ſore,  
And languiſhid evir the more,  
For I ne durſt nat ovir go  
Unto the Roſe I lovid ſo,  
Throughout my deming uttirly  
That he had knowlege certainly;  
Thaþ Love me ladde in ſoche wiſe,  
That in me there was no feintife,  
Ne falſhedde, ne no trecherie;  
And yet he full of villanie,  
And of diſdaine, and cruilte,  
On me ne would have no pitè,  
His cruill will for to refrain,  
Tho I wept aie, and me complain. *e'*

*Th* **A**ND while I was in this ſurment  
Were come of grace, by God yſent  
Dame Fraunchiſe, and with her Pitè  
Fulſilde the bothom of bountè;  
Thei go to Daungir anon right  
To ferthir me with all ther might,  
And helpe me, in worde and in dede;  
For well thei ſawe that it was nede.  
Firſt of her gracc dame Fraunchiſe  
Ytakin hath of this empriſe;  
She ſaied, Daungir, grete wrong ye doe  
To worche this man ſo mochil woe,  
Or pinin him ſo angirlic,

3440 It is to you grete villanie;  
I can not ſe, ne why ne how  
That he hath treſpalled again you, *u*  
Save that he loveth, wherefore ye ſhoid  
The more in charite for him hold, *f. f.*  
The force of love maketh him doe this,  
Who would him blame he did amis,  
He leviþ more than he maie doe,  
His pain is harde, ye maie ſe, lo! *3520*  
And Love in no wiſe would conſent  
That he have powir to repent;

3450 For though that quicke ye would him flo,  
Fro Love his herte ne maie nat go  
Now, ſwete ſir, 'it is your ele  
Him for to angir or diſeſe?  
Alas! what maie it you avaunce  
To doen to him ſo grete grevaunce?  
What worſhip is' it again him take,  
Or on your man a werrè make, *u* *3530*  
Sithe he ſo lowlie every wiſe  
Is redy, as ye luſte deviſe?

3460 If Love have caught him in his lace  
You for t'obaie in every cace, *u. f. drad.*  
And ben your ſubject at your will, *u. f. drad.*  
Should ye therfore willin him ill?  
Ye ſhould him ſparin more all out  
Than him that is bothe proude and ſtout;  
Curtiſie would that ye ſuccoure  
Them, that ben meke undir your cure; *3540*  
*His herte is hard, that will not make,*  
*U. f. drad. men of mekenſſe him b. f. f. k.*

3470 **T**His is certain, ſayid Pitè,  
We ſe oft that Humilitè, *h*  
Bothe ire, and alſo felonie  
Venquiſheth, and alſo melancolie, *u*  
To ſtondin forthe in ſoche durrelle  
This cruilte and wickidneſſe; *u. f. drad.*  
Wherefore I praie you, ſir Daungere,  
For to maintein no lengir here *3550*  
Soche cruill werre again your man,  
As wholly your's, as er he can,

3480 Nor that ye worchin no more wo  
On this caitiſe languiſhing ſo,  
Whiche woll no more to you treſpace;  
But put him wholly in your grace;  
And his offence ne was but lye,  
The God of love it was to wite,  
That he your thrall ſo gretely is,  
If ye him harme, ye doen amis, *3560*

3490 For he hath had full hard penaunce,  
Sith that ye reſt him th' aquaintaunce  
Of Bialacoil, his moſte jore,  
Whiche all his painis might acoie,  
He was before anoyid ſore,  
But than ye doublid him well more,  
For he of bliſſe hath ben full bare,  
Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare;  
Love hath to him done grete diſtreſſe,  
He hath no nede of more durreſſe; *3570*

3500 Voidith from him your ire, I rede,  
Ye maie not winnin in this dede; *u. f. drad.*  
Maketh Bialacoil repaire again,  
And havith pitè on his pain;  
For Fraunchiſe woll, and I Pitè,  
That mercifull to him ye be;  
And ſithe that ſhe and I accorde,  
Have upon him miſericorde;  
For I you praie, and eke moneste, *u. f. drad.*  
Nought to reſuſin our requeſte, *u. f. drad.* *3580*  
For he is hard, and full of thought, *u. f. drad.*  
That for us two, woll doe right nought.  
3510 Daungir ne might no more endure,  
He mekid him unto meſure.

I woll



I woll in no wife, saith Daungere,  
 Denie that ye have askid here,  
 It were to grete uncurtisie;  
 I woll ye have the companie  
 Of Bialacoil, as ye devise,  
 I woll him lett n in no wife.  
 To Bialacoil than went in hie,  
 Fraunchise, and saied full curtisie,  
 Ye have to long ben deignous - *dis-*  
 Unto this lovir, and daunge'rous,  
 Fro him to withdrawe your presence,  
 Whiche hath doe to him grete offence,  
 That ye not would upon him se,  
 Whertore a so'rowfull man is he;  
 Shape ye to paie him, and to plesse,  
 Of my love if ye woll have esse;  
 Fulfill his will, sith that ye knowe  
 Daungir is dauntid and brought lowe,  
 Through helpe of me and of Pite;  
 You dare no more aserde to be.  
 I shall do right as ye will, *all fr. tout.*  
 Saieth Bialacoil, for it is skill,  
 Sith daungir woll that it so be;  
 [Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me:

Bialacoil at the beginning  
 Saluid me in his coming, *ew.*  
 No straungenesse was in him sene,  
 No more than he ne had wrathid ben,  
 As faire semblaunt than shewed he me,  
 And godely, as aforne did he,  
 And by the honde withoutin doubt  
 Within the haie right all about,  
 He lad me with a right gode chere;  
 All environ on the vergere  
 That daungere had me chafid fro,  
 Now have I leve ovre' all to go;  
 Now am I raised at my devise  
 Fro hell up unto Paradise.  
 Thus Bialacoil of gentilnesse  
 With all his pain and bysinnesse  
 Hath shewid me onely of grace  
 The eftirs of the sore place.

I sawe the Rose, when I was nigh,  
 Was gretir woxin, and more high,  
 Freshe, and roddy, and faire of hewe,  
 Of colour evir illiche newe:  
 And whan I had it longe sene,  
 I sawe that through the levis grene  
 The Rose spred to spannishing,  
 To sene it was a godely thing,  
 But it ne was so sprede on brede  
 That men within might knowe the sde,  
 For it covert ywas and close  
 Bothe with the leves and with the Rose,  
 The stalke was even and grene upright,  
 It was thereon a godely sight,  
 And well the bettir without wene  
 For that the fede was not yfene,  
 Full faire it sprad the God of blesse, *f. G. in bl. fr.*  
 For soche an othir, as I gesse,  
 Aforne ne was, ne more vermaile; *e/*  
 I was abawid for marveile,  
 For et the fairir that it was,  
 The more I am boundin in love's laas.  
 Long I abode there, sothe to saie,  
 Till Bialacoil I gan to praie,  
 Whan that I sawe him in no wife  
 To me to warnin his service, *f*  
 That he to me would graunt a thing,  
 Whiche to remembre' is well-sitting, *f. fit - fr.*  
 This is to saine, that of his grace  
 He would me yeve leisir and space, *e/*

To me that was so desirous  
 To have a kissing precious *fr. savourous.*  
 Of the so godely freshe Rose  
 That so *swere*ly smelleth in my nose; *swetly fr. 3660*  
 For if it you displecid nought, *sof.*  
 I woll gladly, as I have fought,  
 Havin a kisse thereof frely  
 Of your yeste, for certainly  
 I woll none have, but by your leve;  
 So lothe me were you for to greve.

HE sayid, frende so God me spede,  
 Of Chastite I have soche drede,  
 Thou shouldest not warnid be for me,  
 But I dare not for Chastite; *3670*  
 Again her dare I not misdoe;  
 For alwaie biddith she me so,  
 To yeve no lovir leve to kisse,  
 For who thereto may winnen i-wisse,  
 He of the surplus of the praie  
 May live in hope to get some daie,  
 For who so kissing maie attain,  
 Of Lov's pain hath (soth to sain)  
 The best and the moste avynaunt,  
 And ernest of the remjnant. *3680*

OF his answer I fighid sore,  
 I durst assaie him tho no more,  
 I had suche drede to greve him aie;  
 A man shoul not to muche assaie,  
 To chafe his frende out of mesure, *f*  
 Nor put his life in avinture; *f. himselfe.*  
 For no man at the firste stroke  
 Ne may not fel adoune an oke,  
 Nor of the reissins have the wine,  
 Till grapes be ripe and wel a-fine, *f. glass.* *3690*  
 Be fore empresse, I you ensue,  
 And drawin out of the pressure:  
 But I forpeinid wondir strong,  
 Thoughte that I abode right long  
 Aftir the kisse, in paine and wo,  
 Sith I to kisse desirid so;  
 Till that rewing on my distresse  
 There comi Venus the goddesse, *e/*  
 (Whiche aie werryith Chastite)  
 Came of her grace to socour me, *j* *3700*  
 Whose might is knowin ferre and wide;  
 For she is mothir of Cupide  
 The God of Love, as blinde as ston,  
 That helpith lovirs many one.  
 This lady brought in her right honde  
 Of brenning fire a blasing bronde,  
 Whereof the flame and hotte fire  
 Hath many a Lady in desire  
 Of Love ybrought, and sore yhette,  
 And in her service her herte sette. *3710*  
 This Lady was of gode entaile,  
 Right wondirful of appaile,  
 By her atire so bright and shene  
 Men might percevin well and sene  
 She was not of Religioun;  
 Nor I n'il makin mencion,  
 Nor of her robe, nor of tresour, *Ve.*  
 Of broche, ne of her riche attour,  
 Ne of her girdle about her side,  
 For that I n'il not long abide;  
 But knowith well, that certainly  
 She was arrayid richily;  
 Devoide of pride certaine she was.  
 To Bialacoil she went a paas,  
 And to him shortely in a clause  
 She sayid, sir: what is the cause  
 Ye ben of porte so daungirous  
 Unto this lovir, and dainous,



To graunt him nothing but a kisse;  
To warne it him ye done amisse;  
Sithe well ye wotin how that he  
Is Love's servaunt, as ye may se;  
And hath beaute, wher through he is  
Worthy of Love to have the blis;  
How he' is semely, beholde and se,  
How he is faire, how he is fre,  
How he is sote, and debonaire,  
Of age yonge, lusty, and faire,  
There is no Lady so hauteine,  
Duchesse, Countesse, ne Chastelaine,  
That I n'olde holde her ungodely  
For to refuse him uttirly.

- His brethe is also gode and swete,  
And his lippes roddy; are thei mete  
Only to plaine, and not to kisse?  
Graunt him a kisse of gentilnesse.

- His teth arne also white and clene,  
Me thinkith wrong withoutin wene  
If ye now warne him, trustith me,  
To graunte that a kisse have he;  
The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste,  
And the more time shul ye waste.

Whan the flame of the very bronde,  
That Venus brought in her right honde,  
Had Bialacoil with his hete smete,  
Anone he bade me without lette,  
And grauntid me the Rose to kisse,  
Than of my paine I ganne to lisse;  
And to the Rose anon went I,  
And kistid it ful faithfully;  
Nede no man aske, if I was blith,  
Whan the favour so softe and lith  
Stroke to mine hert withoutin more,  
And me alleggid of my fore,  
So was I ful of joye and blisse;  
It is faire fuche a floure to kisse,  
It was so sote and savirous  
I might not be so anguifhous,  
That I mote glad and joly be,  
Whan that I do remembre me,  
Yet evyr among (sothly to saine)  
I suffre noie and mochil paine.

**T**HE se may nevir be so still,  
But with a litill winde at will  
May ovrwhelme and tourne also,  
As it were wode in wawis go;  
Aftir the calme the trouble sone  
Mote folow and chaunge as the mone.  
Right so fareth Love, that selde in one  
Holderh his ancre, for right anone,  
Whan thei in ese wene best to live,  
They ben with tempest all fordrive.  
Who servith Love, can tel of wo,  
The stoundmele joye more ovirgo;  
Now he hurtith, and now he cureth,  
For selde in o pointe Love endureth.

Now is it right me to procede,  
How Shame gan medle and take hede,  
Through whom fel angirs I have hade,  
And how the stronge wall was made,  
And the Castill of brede and length,  
That God of Love wan with his strength,  
Al this in Romance will I set,  
And for no thing ne will I let,  
So thar it liking to her be,  
That is the floure of all beaute,  
For she may best my labour quite,  
That I for her Love shal endite.

Wickid tonge, whiche that the covine  
Of every Lovir can devine

3730 Worste, and aie addith more somdele,  
(For wickid tonge faith nevir wele)  
To mewarde bare he right gret hate;  
Espying me erly and late,  
Til he hath sene the gretè chere  
Of Bialacoil and me ifere,  
He ne might not his tonge withstonde  
Worse to reportin than he fonde,  
He was so ful of cursid rage;

It sat him wele of his linage,  
For him an' Irishe woman bare; 3810  
His tonge was filid sharpe and square,  
And right poignaut, and right kerving,  
And wondir bittir in speking;  
For whan that he me gan espie,  
He swore (affirming sikirly)  
Bitwene Bialacoil and me

Was ill aquaintaunce and prive.  
He spake therof so solilie, 3820  
That he awakid Jelousie;  
Whiche all afraid in his rising;  
Whan that he herdè the jangling;  
He ran anon as he were wode  
To Bialacoil there that he stode,  
Whiche had levir in this caas  
Have ben at Reines or Amias,  
For fore-hote in his felonie  
To him thus saidè Jelousie:

"Why hast thou ben so negligent  
"To kepin, whan I was absent, 3830  
"This vergir here leste in thy warde!"  
"To me thou haddist no regarde,  
"To trust (to thy confusion)  
"Him thus, to whom suspicion  
"I have right grete, for it is nede,  
"It is well shewid by the dede;  
"Grete faute in The now have I founde;  
"By God anon thou shalt be bounde,  
"And faste lockin in a Toure,  
"Withoutin resuite or socoure. 3840

3770 **F**OR shame to long hath be The fro;  
"Ovir sone she was ago;  
"Whan thou hast lost both drede and fere,  
"It semid well she was not here;  
"For she was besy in no wise  
"To kepin The and to chastice,  
"And for to helpin Chastite,  
"To kepe the Rose, as thinketh me,  
"For than this boie knave so boldly 3850  
"Ne shoulde nat have be hardy,  
"Ne in this vergir had fuche game,  
"Which now me tournith to grete shame.

**B**ialacoil n'is what to saie, 3860  
Ful faine he would have fled awaie,  
For fere have hyid, n'ere that he  
All sodainly toke him with me;  
And whan I sawe that he had so,  
This Jelousie, takin us two,  
I was astoned, and knewe no rede,  
But fledde away for very drede.

3790 Than Shame came forth ful simpilly,  
She wende have trespaced ful gretely,  
Humble' of ther porte, and made it simple,  
Wering a vaile in stede of wimple,  
As Nonnis done in ther Abbey,  
Bicause her hert was in affray,  
She gan to speke within a throwe  
To Jelousie, right wondir lowe.

3800 First of his grace she him besought,  
And sayid, sir, ne levith nought  
Q q q 3870  
Wickid



Wickid tonge, that false espie,  
Which is so glad to faine and lie;  
He hath you made through flatering,  
On Bialacoil a false lesing;  
His falsnesse is not nowe a newe,  
It is to longe that he him knewe;  
This ne is not the firste daie;  
For wickid tonge hath custome aie  
The yonge folkis to bewrie,  
And false lesingis on 'hem lie.

*Longe. V. Glop  
in. Soigne.*

Yet nere-thelesse I se among  
That the soigne it is so long *too. Tr. trop.*  
Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure  
In Lov's service for to endure,  
Ydrawing such folke him to *un-*  
That he hath nothing with to do;  
But in sothnesse I trowe nought  
That Bialacoil had er in thought  
To do trespass or vilanie,  
But for his mothir Curtisie  
Hath taught him evir for to be  
Gode of acquaintance and prive;  
For he lovith none hevinesse,  
But mirth and play, and all gladnesse;  
He hatith eke alle trechours,  
And soleine folke and envious,  
For ye wele wetin how that he  
Wol evir glad and joyful be  
Honestly with folke to pley;  
I have be negligent in fey  
To chastise him; therfore now I *do.*  
Of herte yerie you here mercy, *do.*  
That I have ben so rechiles *too. Tr.*  
To tamin him, withoutin leas,  
Of my foly I me repent,  
Now wol I whole set mine entent  
To kepin both low and still  
Bialacoil, to do your will.  
O Shame, O Shame, faide Jelousie;  
To be bitrashed grete drede have I, *in. Tr.*  
Lecherie hath yclombè so hie;  
That almost blerid is mine eie;  
No wondir is, if drede have I,  
Ovir al reignith Lechery, *in. Luscure*  
Whose might ygrowith night and dey,  
Both in Cloistre and in Abbey,  
Chastite' is werried ovir all;  
Therfore I woll with sikir wall  
Close both the Rosis and Rosere;  
I have to long in this manere  
Leste 'hem unclosid wilfully;  
Wherfore I am right inwardly  
Sorowfull, and repentè me;  
But now thei shall no lengir be  
Unclosid, and yet I drede fore  
I shall repentè ferthirmore,  
For the game goith all amis,  
Counsaile I muste newe i-wis;  
I have to long ytrustid The,  
But now it shal no lengir be;  
For he may best in every coste  
Decevin, that men trustin moste;  
I se well that I am nigh shent,  
But if I set my full entent  
Some remedie for to purveie;  
Wherfore closin I shall the way  
From them that woll the Rose espie,  
And come to waite me vilonie;  
For now in gode faith and in trowth,  
I wol not lettin for no slouth.  
(To live the more in sikirnesse)  
Do make anon a fortifresse,  
Than close the Rosis of gode favour;

*Sanctose.*

In middis shal I make a tour,  
To put Bialacoil in prison,  
For evir I drede me of trefon;  
I trow I shal him kepè so,  
That he shal have no might to go  
About to makin companie  
To them that thinke of vilanie, 3950  
Ne to no suche as hath ben here  
Aforne, and founde in him gode chere,  
Whiche han assailid him to shende,  
And with ther trowandise to blende;  
A solè is eith to begile;  
But may I live a litil while,  
He shal forthinke his faire semblaunt.  
And with that worde came Drede avaunt,  
Whiche was abashed, and in grete fere,  
Whan he wist Jelousie was there, 3960  
He was for drede in suche affray,  
That not a wordè durste he say,  
But quaking stode ful stil alone,  
(Til Jelousie his way was gone)  
3980 Save Shamè, that him not forfoke,  
Both Drede and she ful forè quoke;  
That at the lastè Drede abraide  
And to his Cosin Shamè, faide.

Shamè (he said) in sothfastnesse  
To me it is gret hevinesse. 3970  
That the noise is so ferre ygo,  
And eke the sclaudir of us two;  
But sithin that it is befall,  
We maie it not againe call,  
Whan onis sprongin is a fame;  
For many' a yere withoutin blame  
We have ben, and many a day;  
For many' an Aprill, many' a May  
We han ypassid nothing shamed,  
Til Jelousie hath us yblamed, 3980  
Of mistrust and suspicion  
Canselless, without encheson;  
Go we to Daungir hastily,  
And let us shewe him opiny  
That he hath not aright ywrought,  
Whan that he settè not his thought  
To kepin bettir the purprise,  
In his doing he is not wise,  
He hath to us do grete wrong,  
That hath suffrid now so long 3990  
Bialacoil to have his will,  
Alle his lustis to fulfill,  
He must amende it uttirly,  
Or els shal he villainously  
Exilid be out of this londe;  
For he the werre maie not withstonde  
Of Jelousie, nor bere the grese,  
Sith Bialacoil is at mischese.

TO Daungir Shame and Drede anon  
The rightè way ben both ygon, 4000  
The chorle thei foundin 'hem aforne  
Ligging undir an hawethorne;  
3930 Undir his hed no pilowe was,  
But in the stede a trusse of gras;  
He slombrid, and a knappe he toke,  
Til Shamè pitously him shoke,  
And grete manace on him gan make.  
Why slepiest thou, whan thou should wake?  
(Qd Shame) thou doest us vilanie;  
Who trustith The, he doth folie, 4010  
To kepè rosis or bothoms,  
Whan thei ben faire in ther sesons;  
3940 Thou arte woxe to familiere,  
Wher thou should be straungè of chere, - est

Stoute



Stroute of thy porte, redy to greve;  
Thou doest grete folie for to leve  
Bialacoil here inne to call  
The yongie-man, to shender us all,  
Though that thou slepe, we mowin here  
Of Jelousie grete noise here;  
Art thou now late, rise up an hie,  
And stoppe sone and delivirly  
Alle the gappis of the hay,  
Do no favour, I do The pray,  
It fallith nothing to thy name  
To make fayre semblaunce where thou mayste blame.

4020

Withoutin any excepcion  
Of eche manir condicion;  
And if I it any man graunte,  
There holdith me for recreaunte. *or Hence.* 4090

I

**I**F Bialacoil be swete and fre,  
Doggid and fel thou shouldist be,  
Froward and outrageous i-wis;  
A chorle chaungith that curteis is;  
This have I herde oft in saying  
That man ne maie for no daunting  
Make a sperhaunce of a bosarde;  
Al men wol hold The for musarde,  
That debonaire have foundin The,  
It sitteth The nought curteis to be;  
To do men plesaunce or servise  
In The it is recreaundise;  
Let thy werkis ferrè and nere  
Be like thy name, whiche is Daungere.

4030

**T**Han Daungir on his fete gan stonde;  
And hent a burdon in his honde;  
Wrothe in his ire ne left he nought,  
But through the vergir he hath sought  
If he might findin hole or trace,  
Where through that me more forth by pace,  
Or any gappe, he did it close,  
That no man might touchin a Rose  
Of the Rosir alle about,  
He shittith every man without. 4100

Than al abafhid in shewing  
Anon spake Drede, right thus saying,  
And sayid, Daungir I drede me  
That thou ne woltè, bese be  
To kepin that thou hast to kepe,  
Whan thou shouldest wake, thou art a-slepe;  
Thou shalt be grevid certainly,  
If The aspyrith Jelousie,  
Or if he findè The in blame;  
He hath to day assailid Shame,  
And chased away, with grete manace  
Bialacoil out of this place,  
And swerith shortly that he shall  
Enclose him in a sturdy wall;  
And al is for thy wickidnesse;  
For that The failith straungenesse,  
Thine hert I trowe be failid all,  
Thou shalt repent in special;  
If Jelousie the sothè knewe,  
Thou shalt forthinke, and fore rewe,

4040

Thus day by day Daungir is wers,  
More wondirfull and more divers,  
And fellir eke, than evir he was;  
For him ful oft I singe alas!  
For I ne may nought, through his ire,  
Recovir that I moste desire;  
Mine hert (alas!) wol brest a-two  
For Bialacoil I wrathid so;  
For certainly in every membre  
I quake, whan that I me remembre  
Of the bothom, whiche that I wolde 4110  
Ful oft a day sene and beholde;  
And whan I thinke upon the kisse,  
And how much joie, and how much blisse  
I haddè through the favour swete,  
For want of it I grone and grete;  
Me thinketh I sele yet in my nose  
The sothè favour of the Rose;  
And now I wote that I mote go  
So ferre the freshe flouris fro, 4120  
To me ful welcome were the dethe,  
Absence therof (alas!) me slethe;  
For whilom with this Rose (alas!)  
I touchid nose, and mouthe, and face;  
But now the deth I must abide,  
But Love consent an othir tide,  
That onis I touche maie and kisse,  
I trow my paine shal never lisse;  
Theron is all my covetise,  
Whiche brent my hert in many wise: 4130  
Now shal repaire againe sighing,  
Long watche on nightes, and no sleping,  
Thought in wifhing, turment, and wo,  
With many a touning to and fro,  
That halfe my paine I cannot tell,  
For I am fallin into hell  
From paradise and welthe; the more  
My turment grevith, more, and more,  
Anoyith now the bittirnesse,  
That I to some have felte swetnesse; 4140  
And wickid tonge, throughe his falshe dede,  
Ycausith all my wo and drede;  
On me he lieth a pitous charge, *lay-*  
Bicause his tonge was to large.

4050

4120

4130

4140

4070

With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake,  
Frowning his eyin gan to make,  
And hidous chere, as man in rage;  
For yre he brent in his visage,  
Whan that he herde him blamid so;  
He said, out of my witte I go,  
To be discomfite I have grete wrong;  
Certis I have now lived to long,  
Sithe I may not this clofir kepe;  
Al quicke I would be dolvin depe,  
Yf any man shal more repayre  
To this gardin for foule or fayre;  
Mine hert for ire goith a-fere  
That I let any entre here;  
I have do foly now I se,  
But now it shal amendid be;  
Who settith fote here any more  
Truly he shall repent it sore;  
For no man more into this place  
Of me to entre shall have grace;  
Levir I had with swerdis twaine  
Throughout mine hert, in every vaine,  
Percid to be, with many a wounde,  
Than slouthè should in me be founde;  
From hennisforth by night or day,  
I shall defende it if I may,

4080

4150

Now is it time shortly that I  
Tel you somthing of Jelousy,  
That was in grete suspeccion;  
About him leste he no mason,  
That stonè could laie, ne no querroure,  
He hirid hem to make a tour;  
And first the Rosir for to kepe  
About hem made he a dighe depe,  
Right wondir large, and also brode,  
Upon the whichè also stode,  
Of squarid stone, a sturdy wall,  
Whiche on a cragge was foundid all,  
And right grete thicknesse, eke it bare;  
About it was yfoundid square

An



An hundrid façome' on every side,  
 It was alliche both long and wide,  
 Lest any time it were assailed,  
 Ful wel about it was batailed;  
 And rounde environ eke were set  
 Ful many' a riche and faire tournet;  
 At every cornir of this wall  
 Was set a tour ful principall;  
 And everiche had without fable  
 A portcolise defensible,  
 To kepe of en'emies, and to greve  
 That therether force would ypreve. *- en*  
 And eke amidde this purprise *- dis*  
 Was made a tour of grete maistrise,  
 A fairir saugh no man with sight,  
 Large and wide, and of grete might,  
 Thei draddè nought none assaut,  
 Of ginn, or gonn, nor of skaffaut;  
 The tempercure of the mortere  
 Was made of lycoure wondir dere,  
 Of quicklime perfaunt and egre,  
 Which temprid was with vinegre. *l*  
 The stonè was harde of Adamaunt, *en*  
 Wherof thei made the foundemaunt,  
 The tour was rounde made in compas,  
 In al this world no richir was,  
 Ne bettir ordained therewithall;  
 About the tour was made a wall,  
 So that betwixt that and the toure  
 Rosis were set of swete savoure, *en*  
 With many Rosis that thei bere;  
 And eke within the castil were  
 Springoldis, Gonnès, Bowes, and Archers,  
 And eke about at the corners  
 Men seinin ovir the wall stonde  
 Grete engins, which ywere nere honde,  
 And in the kernils here and there  
 Of arblastirs grete plentie were,  
 None armour mighte ther stroke withstonde,  
 It were foly to prese to honde;  
 Without the diche were listis made  
 With wal batailid large and grade,  
 For men and horse should not attaine  
 To nigh the diche ovir the plaine;  
 Thus Jelosie hath environ  
 Yfette about his garnison  
 With wallis rounde, and dichè depe,  
 Onely the Rosir for to kepe;  
 And Daungir bothe erly and late  
 The keyes kept of the uttir gate,  
 The whiche opened towarde the est,  
 And he had with him at the lest  
 Thirty servauntes echone by name.  
 That othir gate was kept by Shame,  
 Whiche opinid, as it was couthe,  
 Towardis the parte of the Southe,  
 Sergeauntes assignid were her to  
 Full many, her will for to do.  
 Than dredè had in her baillie  
 The keping of the constable'rie  
 Towarde the North I understonde,  
 That opened upon the leste honde,  
 The whiche for nothing may be sure  
 But if she do her besy cure  
 Erly on mor'we', and also late  
 Strongly to shette and barre the gate;  
 Of every thing that she may se  
 Drede is aferde, where so she be,  
 For with a puffe of litill winde  
 Drede is astonied in her minde;  
 Therefore for steling of the Rose  
 I rede her nat the yate unclofe;  
 A foul'is flight would make her fle,  
 And eke a shadowe, if she' it se.

4160 **T**Han wickid tonge full of Envy,  
 With soudiers of Normandy,  
 As he that causith all debate,  
 Was kepir of the fourthè gate,  
 And also to the tothir thre  
 He went ful oftē, for to se;  
 Whan his lotte was to walke a night,  
 His instrumentis would be dight, *2240*  
 For to blowin and makin sounce  
 Oftir than he hath enchesounce,  
 And walkin oft upon the wall,  
 Cornirs and wickittes ovir all  
 Ful narowe serchin and espie,  
 Though he nought fonde, yet would he lie;  
 Discordaunt er fro armonie, *h-*  
 And dissonid fro melodie,  
 Controve he would, and foulè faile,  
 With hornpipis of Cornèwaile *4250*  
 In floitis made he discordaunce,  
 And in his musike with mischaunce  
 He wouldè seine with notis newe,  
 That he ne fonde no woman trewe,  
 Ne that he sawe nère in his life  
 Unto her husbonde a trewe wife,  
 Ne none so ful of honestè,  
 That she n'il laugh and mery be,  
 Whan that she hereth or may espie  
 A man spekin of Lecherie; *4260*  
 Evèriche of 'hem hath some vice,  
 One is dishonest, tothir nice;  
 Yf one be ful of vilanie,  
 An othir hath a lico'rous eie;  
 If one be ful of wantonessè,  
 An othir is a chidireffe.

Thus wickid tonge, God yeve him shame, *11'*  
 Can put 'hem everichone in blame,  
 Without desert and causilese,  
 He lieth, though thei ben giltilese; *4270*  
 I have pity to sene the sorowe  
 That wakith bothe evin and morowe,  
 To innocentes doth fuche grevaunce,  
 I pray God yeve him evil chaunce,  
 That he evir so besy is  
 Of any woman to' seine amis.  
 Eke Jelosie may God confounde,  
 That hath makid a toure so rounde,  
 And made about a garison,  
 To sette Bialacoil in prison, *4280*  
 The whiche is shette there in the tour,  
 Ful long to holdè ther sojour,  
 There for to livin in penaunce;  
 And for to do him more grevaunce,  
 Whiche hath ordainid Jelosie, *f. Eke*  
 An oldè vecke for to espie  
 The manir of his governaunce;  
 The whiche Devil in her infaunce  
 Had lernid all of lov'is artz,  
 And of his pleyis toke her partz; *4290*  
 She was expert in his servise,  
 4220 She knewe eche wrenche and every gife  
 Of Love, and every secret wile;  
 It was right harde her to begile.  
 Of Bialacoil she toke aie hede,  
 That er he liveth in wo and drede;  
 He kepte him coye and eke privè,  
 Lest that in him she haddè se *f. shelde*  
 Any lite foly countinaunce;  
 For she knew all the oldè daunce. *4300*  
 And after this, whan Jelosie  
 4230 Had Bialacoil in his Baillie,  
 And shette him up, that was so fre,  
 For sure of him he would ybe,

He

4170 *f. l. the that ther force there wolden preve.*



He trustith fore in his castell,  
The stronge werke him likith well;  
He draddè nat that no glotons  
Should stele his Rosis or bothoms;  
The Rosis weren assidid all,  
Defencid with the stronge wall;  
Now jelousie full well may be  
Of drede devoide in libertè;  
Whether that he or slepe or wake  
Of his Rosis may none be take.

**B**UT I (alas) now mornè shall  
Bicause I was without the wall,  
Ful mochil dole and mone I made;  
Who so had wist what wo I had,  
I trowe he would have had pite;  
Love all to dere had foldè me,  
The gode that of his love had I;  
\*I went about it al queintly,  
But now through dubling of my paine  
I se he wold it sell again,  
And me a newè bargain lere,  
The whiche all out the more is dere,  
For the solace that I have lorne,  
Than I had it nevir asorne;  
Certain I am full like in dede  
To him that caste in yerth his fede,  
And hath joie of the newe springing,  
Whan it grenith in the ginning,  
And is so faire and freshe of floure,  
Lustie to sene, sore of odoure;  
But er he it in shevis there,  
Maie fall wethir that shall it dere,  
And makin it to fade and fall  
The stalke, the greine, and flouris all,  
That to the tiller is fordoynè  
The hope he had conceived to sone;  
I drede certaine that so fare I,  
For hope and travaile sikirly  
Ben me birafte all with a storme,  
The floure n'ill fedin of my corne,  
For Love hath so avauncid me,  
Whan I began my privite  
To Bialacoil all for to tell,  
Whom I ne founde froward ne fell,  
But toke agre all whole my plaie;  
But Love is of so harde assaie,  
That all at ones he revid me,  
Whan I wened best above to have be;  
It is of Love, as of fortune,  
That chaungith oft, and n'ill contune,  
Whiche whilom will on folkè smile,  
And glombe on 'hem an othir while;  
Now frende, now foe, thou shalt her fele,  
For a twinkling tournith her whele.  
— She can writhin her heude awaie;  
This is the concourse of her plaie,  
She can arise, that doith mourne,  
And whirle adoune and ovirtourne  
Who sittith hiest, (but) as her lust;  
A sole is he that wold her trust;  
For it is I that am come doune  
Through charge and revolucioun,  
Sithe Bialacoil mote fro me twin,  
Shette in her prizon yonde within,  
His absence at mine herte I fele,  
For all my joie and all mine hele  
Ywas in him, and in the Rose,  
That but you wold, whiche him doeth close,  
Opin, that so I maie him se,  
Love wold not that I curid be  
Of the painis that I endure,  
Nor of my cruill avinture.

**A**H! Bialacoil mine own dere,  
Though thou be now a prisionere,  
Kepith at lest thine herte to me,  
Suffir not that it dauntid be,  
Ne let not jelousie in his rage  
Puttin thine herte in no servage,  
Although he chastice The without,  
And make thy bodie to him lout,  
Have herte as harde as Diamant,  
Stedfast, and stout, and naught pliant,  
In prizon though thy bodie be,  
At large kepe thine herte fre,  
A trewe hert ne will not plie,  
For no manace that it maie drie.  
If jelousie doith The pain,  
Quite him his wilè thus again,  
To vengè The at lest in thought,  
If othir waie thou mayist nought,  
And in this wise full subtilie,  
Worchin, and winne the maistiry.  
But yet I am in grete affraie  
Lest thou sholdest nat doe as I saie,  
I drede thou canst me grete maugre,  
That thou enprisoned art for me;  
But yet right nought for my trespass,  
For through me nere discovered was  
Yet thing, that ought to be sece,  
Well more annoie, is in me *f. there.*  
Than is in The of this mischaunce,  
For I endure more hard penaunce  
Than any man can saie or thinke,  
That for the sorowe almoste I sinke,  
Whan I remembir me of my wo,  
Full nigh out of my witte I go.  
Inward mine herte I felè blede,  
For comfortlesse the deth I drede;  
Owe I nat well to have distresse,  
Whan false, through ther wickidnesse,  
And traitours, that arne envious  
To noien me, be so coragious?  
Ah! Bialacoil, full well I se,  
That thei 'hem shape to-deceve The,  
To make The buxum to ther lawe,  
And with ther cordè The to drawe,  
Where so 'hem lust, right at ther will,  
I drede thei have The brought there till,  
Withoutin comfort, thought me steth;  
This game would bring me to my deth;  
For if that I your gode will lese,  
I more be dedde, I maie not chese;  
And if that thou foryetè me,  
Mine herte shall nere in liking be,  
Nor elliswhere findin solace,  
If I be put out of your grace,  
As it shall nevir ben I hope;  
Than shuldin I fall in wanhope.  
Alas, in wanhope! naie parde,  
For I wold nere dispeirid be,  
If hope me faile, than alle am I  
Ungracious and unworthy;  
In hope I wold comfortid be,  
For Love, whan he betought her me,  
Sayid, that Hope where so I go,  
Should aie be relesse to my wo.  
But what and she my balis bete,  
And be to me curteis and swete,  
She is in nothing full certain,  
Lovirs she put in full grete pain,  
And makith 'hem with wo to dele,  
Her faire behestes decevith fele;  
For she wold behore sikirly,  
And failin afir uttirly.  
Ah! that is a full noious thing,  
For many a lovir in loving  
R r r

4380

4390

4400

4410

4420

4430

4440

4450

Hangeth

*I wende to have bought it, &c.  
Fr. Lac. cuysse and her scholler.*



Hangeth upon her, and trustith fast,  
Whiche lese ther travaile at the last.  
Of thing to comme she wote right nought,  
Therefore if it be wisely sought,  
Her counsaile Folie is to take;  
For many times, whan she woll make  
A full gode syllogisme, I drede  
That astirwarde there shall in dede  
Folowe an ill conclusion;  
This put me in confusion;  
For many times I have it sene  
That many have begilid bene  
For trust that thei have set in hope,  
Whiche fell 'hem astirward a-slope.

*8* **B**UT nath'less yet gladly she wold,  
That he that wold him with her hold  
Had all timis her purpose clere,  
Withoutin deceipt any where,  
That she desirith sikirly;  
Whan I her blamed I did foly.  
But what availith her gode will,  
Whan she ne maie staunche my stound ill?  
That helpith lite that she maie doe,  
Out-take beheste, unto my wo,  
And heste certain in no wise  
Without ifete is not to preise.

*yeftis. Fr. and son.*

Whan heste and dede a sondir vary,  
The doin a gretè contrary;  
Thus am I possid up and doun  
With dole, thought, and confusioun;  
Of my disese there is no nomber;  
Daungir and Shame me encomber,  
Drede also, and Jelosie,  
And wickid Tong full of envie,  
Of whiche the sharpe and cruill ire  
Full oft me put in grete martire;  
Thei have my joie fully let,  
Sith Bialacoil thei have beset  
Fro me in prison wickidly,  
Whom I love so entierly,  
That it wollin my banè be,  
But I the sonir maie him se.  
And yet moreovir worst of all  
There is set to kepe, soule her befall,  
A rimplid vecke ferre ronne in age,  
Frowning and yel'we' in her visage,  
Whiche in awaite lieth daie and night,  
That none of him maie have a sight.

**N**OW mote my sorowe enforced be;  
Full sothe it is that Love yafe me  
Thre wondir yeftis of his grace,  
Whiche I have lorne now in this place,  
Sith thei ne maie withoutin drede  
Helpin but lite, who takith hede;  
For here availith no Swete thought,  
And swetè Speche helpith right nought,  
The thirde was callid swete Loking,  
That now is lorne without lesing.

*i. The yeftis -*  
Yeftis were faire, but nat for thy  
Thei helpin me but simplilly,  
But Bialacoil losid be  
To gone at large and to be fre;  
For him my life lieth all in dout,  
But if he come the rathir out.

Alas! I trowe it woll nat ben,  
For how should I ere more him sene?  
He maie nat out, and that is wrong,  
Bicause the tourè is so strong,  
How should he' out, [or] by whose prowess,  
Out of so strong a fortirefle?

By me certain it n'll be doe,  
God wotte, I have no witte therto,  
But well I wote I was in rage  
Whan I to Love did my homage;  
Who was the cause (in sothfastnesse)  
But her self damè Idilnesse?  
Whiche me conveyde through faire priere  
To'entir into that faire vergere; *re. 242. 4535.*  
She was to blame me to leve,  
4460 The whiche now doeth me sore greve; 4530  
A fol's worde is nought to trowe,  
Ne worthe an apple for to lowe,  
Men should him snibbe bittirle  
At primè temps of his folie;  
I was a sole, and she me leved,  
Through whom I am right nought releved,  
She accomplisid all my will,  
That now me grevith wondir ill.

4470 **R**eson me sayid what should fall;  
A sole my self I maie well call, 4540  
That Love aside I had not laied,  
And trowid that dame Reson saied;  
Reson had bothè skill and right,  
Whan she me blamed, with all her might,  
To medle' of Love that hath me shent;  
But certain now I woll repent.

**A**ND should I repent? Naie pardè,  
A false traitour than should I be,  
4480 The devil's engins would me take, 4550  
If evir I love would forsake,  
Or Bialacoil fallly betraie;  
Should I at mischief hate him? naie,  
Sith he now for his curtisie  
Is in prison of Jelousie;  
Curtisie certain did he me  
So moche, it maie not yoldin be,  
Whan he the haie passin me lere  
To kisse the Rosè, faire and swete,  
Should I therefore conne him maugrè?  
4490 Naie certainly, it shall nat be, 4560  
For Love shall nevir save gode will,  
Here of me, ne through worde or will,  
Offence or complaint, more or lessie,  
Neithir of Hope nor Idilnesse;  
For certis it were wrong that I  
Hatid 'hem for ther curtisie,  
There is not els, but suffre' and thinke, *-uph -*  
And wakin whan I shouldè winke,  
Abide in hope, till love through chaunce,  
Sende me foccour or allegaunce,  
4500 Expectaunt(aie) till I maie mete *be* 4570  
To gettin mercie of that swete.

Whilom I thinke how Love to me  
Sayid that he would take at gre  
My service, if unpacience *me*  
Ycausid me to doen offence, *I causid me not to do.*  
He saied, in thanke I shall it take,  
And high maistir eke The ymake,  
If wickidnesse ne reve it The,  
But sone I trowe that shall nat be;  
4510 These were his wordis by and by, 4580  
It semed he lovid me truely.

Now is there not but serve him wele, *-uph*  
If that I thinke his thanke to fele,  
My gode, mine harme, lithe whole in me,  
In Love maie no defaute ybe;  
For true Love ne failed nevir man;  
Sothly the faute mote nedis than,  
As God forbide, be founde in me;  
8 And how it cometh, I can not se. *J. But* 4590  
4520 Now



Now let it gone as it maie go,  
Wher Love woll soccour me or flo,  
He maie do whole on me his will,  
I am so fore ybounde him till,  
From his service I maie not flene,  
For life and deth withoutin wene  
Is in his hande, I maie nat chese,  
He maie me doe bothe winne and lese;  
And fith so fore he dogeth me greve,  
Yet if my lust he would acheve,  
To Bialacoil godely to be,  
I yeve no force what fell on me;  
For though I die, as I mote nede,  
I praie Love of his godelihede  
To Bialacoil doe gentilnesse,  
For whom I live in soche distresse,  
That I mote dyin for penaunce:  
But first, withoutin repentaunce  
I will me confesse in gode entent,  
And make in haste my Testament,  
As lovirs doen that felin smerte;  
To Bialacoil leve I mine herre  
All whole, withoutin departing,  
Or doublenesse or repenting.

Comment Raïson vient a L'amant.

**T**HUS as I madin my passage  
In compleint, and in cruill rage,  
And I n'or where to finde a leche,  
That couthe unto mine helping eche,  
Sodainly again comin down  
Out of her toure I sawe Resoun,  
Discrete and wise, and full plesant,  
And of her porte full avenaunt;  
The right waie she toke unto me,  
Whiche stode in grete perplexite,  
That was poshid in every side,  
That I n'ist where I might abide,  
Till she demurely sadde of chere  
Sayid to me as she came nere;  
Mine ownè frende, art thou agreved,  
How is this quarell yet acheved  
Of lov's side? Anon me tell  
Hast thou not yet of Love thy fill?  
Art thou nat verie of thy service?  
That The hath grevid in soche wife?  
What joie hast thou in thy loving?  
Is it a swete or bittir thing?  
Canst thou yet chesin, let me se,  
What best thy succour mightin be?

Thou servist a full noble Lorde,  
That maketh The thrall for thy rewarde,  
Whiche aie renewith thy tourment,  
With folie so he hath The blent;  
Thou fell in mischief thilkè daie,  
Whan thou diddist, the sothe to saie,  
To him obeisaunce and homage;  
Thou wroughtist nothing as the sage  
Whan thou became his liegè man,  
Thou diddist a grete folie than;  
Thou wistist nat what fell therto,  
With what Lorde thou haddist to doc;  
If that thou haddist him well knowe,  
Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe;  
For if that thou wiste what it were,  
Thou n'oldist serve him halfe a yere,  
No, nat a weke, nor halfe a daie,  
Ne yet an houre without delaie,  
Ne nevir I loved paramours,  
His Lordship is so full of shours,  
Knowist him ought? —  
[L'amant] — Ye, dame, pardè.

[Raïson] Naie naie. [L'amant] Yes, I. — } 4660  
[Raïson] — Wherefore let se.

[L'amant.] Of that he sayid I should be } *f. thou shouldest be, f. tu devrais être.*  
Glad to have soche a Lorde as he,  
And maistir of soche seignorie.

[Raïson] Knowest him no more?

[L'amant.] Naie certis, I,  
Save that he yafe me rulis there,  
And went his waie, I ne wist where,  
And I abode boundeyn balaunce; } *S*  
Lo, there a noble cognisaunce! } *f. pour ce.*

Raïson.

**B**UT I woll that thou knowe him now } *B*  
Ginning and ende; fithin that thou } 4670  
Art so anguissous and so mate,  
Disfigurid out of astate;  
There maie no wreche have more of wo,  
Ne catife non endurin so,  
It were to every man fitting  
Of his Lorde to have knowleging;  
For if thou knewe him our of dout  
Lightly thou shouldest scapin out  
Of thy prison that marrith The.

L'amant.

**Y**EA dame, fithin my Lorde is he, } 4680  
And I his man made with mine honde,  
I wouldè right faine undirstonde  
To knowin of what kinde he be,  
If any would enformè me.

Raïson.

**I** Would (sayid Reson) The lere,  
Sithe thou to lerne hast soche desire,  
And shewin The withoutin fable  
A thing that is not demonstrable;  
Thou shalt knowe withoutin science, } *all, f.*  
And withoutin experience, } 4690  
The thing that maie not knowin be,  
Ne wist ne shewed in no degré,  
Thou maiest the sothe of it not witten,  
Although in The it were ywritten,  
Thou shalt not knowin thereof more  
While thou art rulid by his lore;  
But unto him that love will lise,  
The knottè maie unclosid be,  
Whiche hath to The, as it is founde,  
So longe to knitte and not unbounde; } *f. be.* 4700  
Now set well thine entencion,  
To here of Love the discripcion.

**L**OVè it is an hateful pese,  
A fre' acquitaunce without relese,  
And through the fret full of falshe  
A skirnesse all set in drede,  
In herre is a dispering hope,  
And full of hope it is wanhope,  
A wise Wodenesse, and voidè Reson, } *f. words.*  
A swetè perill in to droun, } 4710  
An hevie burthin light to bere,  
A wickid wawe awaie to were,  
It is Charybdis perilous,  
Disagreable and gracious,  
It is discordaunce that can acorde,  
And accordaunce unto discorde,  
It is conning without science,  
And wisdom without sapience,  
Witte withoutin discrecion,  
Havoire without possession, } 4720  
It



*f. thrust. i. third. fr. just.*

*f. hunger. fr. fair. for. f. i. i.*

It is like hele and whole sicknesse,  
A trust drounid and dronkinesse,  
And helth all full of maladie,  
And Charite full of envie,  
And angre full of aboundaunce,  
And a full gredie suffisaunce,  
Delite right full of hevinesse,  
And dreriness full of gladnesse,  
Bittir swetenesse, and swete errour,  
Right evill favoured gode favour,  
A sin that pardone hath withinne,  
And pardone spottid without sinne;  
A paine also it is joious,  
And felonie right pitous;  
Also a plaie that seld is stable,  
And stedfastness right mevable,  
A strength weikid to stonde upright,  
And a feblenesse full of might,  
Witte unavisid, sage folie,  
And joie full of tourmentrie,  
A laughtir it is weping aie,  
Rest that travailith night and daie;  
Also a swete hell it is,  
And a sorowfull Paradis,  
A plesaunt gail, and esie prisoun,  
And full of Frostis Somir sesoun,  
Prime temps full of Frostis white,  
And Maie devoide of all delite,  
With sere braunchis blossoms ungrene,  
And newe fruit filled with Wintir tene;  
It is a slowe maie not forbere,  
Raggis ribanid with gold to were;  
For all so well woll love be sette  
Undir raggis as riche rotchete,  
And eke as well by amorettes  
In mourning blacke, as bright burnettes;  
For none is of so mokill prise,  
Ne no man foundin is so wise,  
Ne no man so high of parage,  
Ne no man founde of witte so sage,  
No man so hardie ne so wight,  
Ne no man of so mokill might,  
None so fulfillid of bounte,  
That he with Love maie dauntid be;  
All the world holdith this waie,  
Love makith all to gone miswaie,  
But it be thei of evill life,  
Whom Genius cursid, man and wife,  
That wrongly werke again nature,  
None soche I love, ne have no cure  
Of soche as lov'is servauntes ben,  
And woll nat by my counsaile fleen;  
For I ne preisn that loving,  
Where through man at the last ending  
Shall call 'hem wretchis full of wo,  
Love grevith 'hem and shendith so;  
But if thou wolt well love eschewe  
For to escape out of his mewe,  
And make all whole the sorowe slake,  
No bettir counsaile maiest thou take  
Than thinke to flein well i-wis;  
Maie nought helpe els, for wit thou this,  
If thou sie it, it shall sie The,  
Folowe' it, and folowen shall it The.

L'amaynt.

**W**HAN I had herid Reson sain,  
Whiche had yspilt her speche in vain,  
Dame (sayid I) I dare well saie,  
Of this avaunt me well I maie,  
That from your schole so deviaunt  
I am, that nere the more avaunt  
Right nought am I through your doctrine,

I dulle undir your discipline;  
I wot no more than I wiste ever, *ore*  
To me so contrarie and so fer, *ire*  
Is every thing that ye me lere;  
And yet I can it all by partivere, *l. par cuere. fr.*  
Mine herte foryeteth thereof right nought,  
It is so writtin in my thought,  
And depe gravin it is so tender,  
That all mine herte I can it render, *l. by h.* 4800  
And rede it ovr communely;  
But to my self lewdist am I.

4730

**B**UT sithe ye Love discrivin so,  
And lacke and preise it both two,  
Definith it into this letter,  
That I maie thinke on it the better,  
For I herd nevir defined here, *it*  
And wilfully I would it lere.

4740

[Raisoun.] If love be serchid well and sought,  
It is a sicknesse of the thought,  
Annexid and knedde berwixt tweine, *tt* 4810  
Which male and female with o cheine  
So frelie bindeth, that thei nill twinne,  
Whe'ir thereof thei lese or winne.

4750

The rote springith through hote brenning  
In to disordinate desiring  
For to kissin and to embrace,  
And at ther lust them to solace;  
Of othir thing love retchith nought,  
But setteth ther herte and all ther thought 4820  
More for ther delectacioun  
Than any procreacioun  
Of other fruit by engendrure;  
Whiche love to God is nat plesure,  
For of ther bodie fruit to get  
Thei yeve no force, thei are so set  
Upon delite to plaie in fere;  
And some have also this manere  
To fainin 'hem for Love seke,

4760

Soche love I preise not at a leke, 4830  
For paramours thei doe but faine,  
To lovin truely thei disdaine,  
Thei falsin ladies traitourly, *-trously.*  
And swerpe 'hem othis uttirly,  
With many' a lesing, many' a fable,  
And all thei findin disceivable.

4770

And whan thei han ther lust ygetten,  
The hote ernes thei all foryetten;  
Women the harme byin full fore;  
But men this thinkin evirmore, 4840  
The lasse harme is (so mote I The)  
Disceive[them] than disceivid be, *to*

4780

And namily where thei ne maie  
Findin none othir mene ne waie;  
For I wote well in sothfastnesse,  
That who doth now his busynesse  
With any woman for to dele,  
For any lust that he maie fele,  
But if it be for engendrure,  
He doeth trespassse, I you ensue;  
For he should settin all his will  
To gette a likely thing him till,  
And to sustain, if that he might,  
And kepin forth by kind'is right  
His owne likenesse and semblable;  
For bicause all is corruptable,  
And failin should successioun,

3790

Ne were there generacioun,  
Our scet is strenè for to save; *f. seais -*  
Whan fa're or mothir arne in grave, 4860  
Ther childrin shulde, whan thei ben dede, *y*  
Full diligent ben in ther stede  
To use that worke on soche a wife,  
That one maie through an othir rise:

Therefore

4808. The Fr. Edd. begin Reason's speech  
here, & then it should be restored  
Most willingly I wolde The lere.  
Fr. Volontiers or y entens doneques.



Therefore set kinde therein delite,  
 For men therein should 'hem delite,  
 And of that dede be not erke,  
 But oftè sithis haunt that werke,  
 For none would drawe thereof a draught,  
 Newere delite, whiche hath him caught; 4870  
*f. did.* This had subtrill damè Nature, *f. Th. hath don in na.*  
 For none goeth right, I The ensue,  
 Ne hath entent whole ne parsite,  
 For ther desire is for delite,  
 The whiche forteneid cresse, and eke  
 The plaic of Love, for oft thei seke  
 And thrall 'hem self, thei be so nice,  
 Unto the Prince of every vice;  
 For of eche sime it is the rote  
 Unlesfull lust, though it be sote,  
 And of all evill the racine,  
 As Tullius can determine,  
 Whiche in his timè was full sage,  
 In a boke whiche he made of age, A  
 Where that more he ypraisith elde, it  
 Though he be crokid and unwelde,  
 And more of commendacioun  
 Than youth in his discripcioun;  
 For youth set bothè man and wife  
 In all perill of soule and life,  
 And perill is, but men have grace,  
 The perill of youth for to pace  
 Without any deth or distresse,  
 It is so full of wildenesse,  
 So oft it doeth shame and damage  
 To him or unto his linage;  
 It ledith man, now up now down,  
 In mokill dissolucioun,  
 And maketh him love ill companie,  
 And lede his life disfrulie,  
 And halte him paied with none estate;  
 Within himself is soche debate,  
 He chaungith purpose and entent,  
 And yalte into some covent,  
 To livin aftir ther emprise,  
 And lesith fredome and fraunchise,  
 That nature in him had yset,  
 The whiche again he maie not get,  
 If there he make his mansion,  
 For to abide profession,  
 Though for a time his herte absent  
 It maie not faile, he shall repent,  
 And eke abidin thilkè daie  
 To leve' his abite, and gon his waie,  
 And lesen his worship and his name,  
 And dare not come again for shame;  
 But all his life he doeth so mourne,  
 Bicause he dare not home retourne;  
 Fredome of kinde so lost hath he  
 That nevir maie recurid be,  
 But that 'if God him grauntin grace,  
 That he maie, er he hennis pace,  
 Contein undir obedience,  
 Through the vertue of pacience;  
 For youth set man in all folie,  
 In unthrift and in ribaudrie,  
 In lecherie, and in outrage,  
 So oft it chaungith of corage;  
 Youth ginnith oft soche a bargain  
 That maie not ende withoutin pain;  
 In grete perill is set youth-hede,  
 Delite so doeth his bridill lede,  
 Delite this hangith, drede The nought,  
 Bothe mann's bodie and his thought, *herte fr.*  
 Only through youth's chamberere *of the fr.*  
 That to doyn ill is customere,  
 And of naught ellis rakith hede  
 But onely folkis for to lede

Into disport and wildenesse,  
 So froward is it from sadnesse, 4940  
 But elde ydrawith 'hem therfro;  
 Who wote it not, he maie well go;  
 And mo of 'hem, that now arne old, *f. Arne old. f. p. 200. 210.*  
 That whilom youth yhad in hold,  
 Whiche yet remembre' of tendir age,  
 How it 'hem brought in many a rage,  
 And many a folie therin wrought,  
 But now that elde hath 'hem through fought,  
 Thei repent 'hem of ther folie,  
 That youth 'hem put in jeopardie, 4950  
 In perill, and in mokill woe,  
 And made 'hem oft amisse to doc,  
 And sewin evill companie,  
 And rior and advouterie. 4880

**B**UT elde gan againe restraine B  
 From suchè folie, and retrainie,  
 And set men by her ordinaunce  
 In gode rule and in governaunce;  
 But ill she spendith her servise,  
 For no man wol her love, ne prife; 4960  
 She is hatid, this wote I wele,  
 Her acquaintance would no man fule,  
 Ne han of elde companie,  
 Men hate to be of her alie;  
 For no man wold becomin olde,  
 Ne die, whan he is yonge and bolde,  
 And elde mervailith right gretely  
 Whan thei remembre 'hem inwardly  
 Of many a perillous emprise,  
 Whiche that thei wrought in sondry wise, 4970  
 How evir thei might without blame  
 Escape awaie withoutin shame)  
 In youth, without any damage,  
 Without represe of ther linage,  
 Losse of membre, shedding of blode,  
 Perill of deth, or losse of gode.  
 Wotist thou nat where youth abit,  
 That men so prifin in ther wit?  
 With delite she yhalte sojour, c/  
 For both thei dwellin in o tour; 4980  
 As long as youthe is in seson,  
 Thei dwellin in one mansion;  
 Delite of youth woll have service,  
 To do what so he woll devise;  
 And youth is redy evirmore  
 For to obey for smerte or fore  
 Unto Delite, and him to yeve  
 Her service, while that she maie live.

Where elde abitte, I wol The tell  
 Shortily, and no while ydwelle, 4990  
 For thi'sir behoveth The to go,  
 Yf deth in youthe The not slo, *f. do*  
 Of this journey thou maiste not faile;  
 With her labour and eke travaille  
 Lodgid ben with sorow and wo, *f. do*  
 That nevir out of her court go,  
 Paine and distresse, sicknesse, and ire,  
 And melan'còly that angry fire  
 Ben of her paleis senatours,  
 Groning and grutching her herbegeours, 5000  
 The day and night her to tourment *f. That*  
 With cruill deth thei her present,  
 And tellin her crliche and late,  
 That death' stondeh armid at her gate; *Monte.*  
 Than bring thei to her remembrance  
 The folie dedes of her enfaunce,  
 Whiche causin her to mourne in wo,  
 That youth hath her begild so,  
 Whiche sodainly awaie is hasted;  
 She weped the time that she hath wasted, 5010 *Mr.*  
 S f f Complaining



Complaining of the preteritte,  
 And the present, that nat abitte,  
 And of her oldè vanite;  
 That but aforne her she maie se  
 In the future some smale socoure  
 To leggin her of her doloure,  
 To graunt her time of repentaunce,  
 For her sinnis to do penaunce,  
 And at the last so her governe,  
 To winne the joye that is eterne,  
 Fro whiche go backwarde youth her made,  
 In vanite to drowne and wade;  
 For present time abidith nought,  
 It is more swifte than any thought,  
 So litill while it doth endure,  
 That there is compte ne mesure.  
 But how that evir the game go,  
 Who list love joye and mirth also  
 Of love, be it or he or she,  
 Or he, or lowe, who so it be,  
 In frute thei shouldin 'hem delite,  
 Ther parte thei maie not ellis quite,  
 To save 'hem self in honeste.  
 And yet full many one I se  
 Of women, sothly for to faine,  
 That desirin, and wouldin faine  
 The plaie of Love, thei be so wilde,  
 And not coveite to go with childe;  
 And if with childe thei be perchaunce,  
 Thei wol it holde a grete mischaunce;  
 But what so evir wo thei fele,  
 Thei wol not plainin, but concele,  
 But it be any sole or nice,  
 In whome that shame hath no justice;  
 For to Delite echone thei drawe  
 That haunt this worke, both he and lawe,  
 Save suche that arne worth right nought,  
 That for money wol be ybought;  
 Suche love I praisin in no wise,  
 Whan it is given for covetise  
 I preise no woman, though she is wode,  
 That yeveth her selfe for any gode;  
 For litill should a man ystelle  
 Of her, that wil her body selle,  
 Be she a maide, or be she wife,  
 That quicke wol selle her by her life,  
 How faire chere that evir she make;  
 He is a wretche I undirtake  
 That love suche one, for swete or soure,  
 Though she him called her paramoure,  
 And laugheth on him, and maketh him feste;  
 For certainly no suchè beste  
 To be lovid is nat worthy, *f. beloved*  
 Or berin the name of Drury;  
 None should her plese, but he weravode,  
 That wol dispoile him of his gode.  
 Yet nathelless I wol not saie  
 That she for solace and for plaic  
 Maie a Jewil or othir thing  
 Take of her lov'is fre yeving,  
 But that she aske it in no wise  
 For drede of shame, or covetise,  
 And she of hers maie him certaine  
 Without sclaudir yevin againe,  
 And joyne ther hertes togiðir so  
 In love, and take and yeve also;  
 Trowe nat that I wollin 'hem twinne,  
 Whan in ther love there is no sinne,  
 I wol that thei togiðir go,  
 And done al that thei han ado,  
 As curtis should and debonaire,  
 And in ther love berin 'hem faire  
 Withoutin vice, both he and she,  
 So that alwaie in honeste

Fro folly love to kepe 'hem clere, *f. Love do*  
 That brennith hertis with his fere,  
 And that ther love in any wise  
 Be devoide of all covetise.  
 Gode lovè should engendrid be  
 Of trewe hert, juste, and secrè, 5090  
 And not of suche as set ther thought  
 To have ther lust, and ellis nought;  
 So are thei caught in lov'is lace,  
 5020 Trewly for bodily solace;  
 Fleshely delite is so present  
 With The, that set al thine entent  
 (Withoutin more, what should I glose?)  
 For to gettin and have the Rose,  
 Whiche makith The so mate and wode,  
 That thou desirest none other gode; 5100  
 But thou art not an inche the nerre,  
 But evre' abidest in forrue' and werre,  
 As in thy face it is yfene,  
 5030 It makith The bothe pale and lene,  
 Thy might, thy vertue gothe awaie;  
 A fory gcst in gode faie  
 Thou herborist than in thine inne,  
 The God of Love whan thou let inne;  
 Wherefore I rede thou shette him oute,  
 Or he shal greve The out of doute; 5110  
 For to thy profite it wol turne,  
 If he no more with The sojourne;  
 In grete mischese and sorow sonken  
 5040 Ben hertis, that of Love arne dronken,  
 As thou peraventure knowen shall,  
 Whan thou hast lost thy time all,  
 And spent thy thought in idilnesse, *f. youthe. fr.*  
 In waste, and woful lustinesse,  
 Yf thou maist live the time to se  
 Of love for to delivered be, 5120  
 Thy time thou shalt bewepè sore,  
 The whiche nevir thou maist restore,  
 For time ylost, as men may se,  
 5050 For nothing may recovered be;  
 And if thou scape yet at the laste  
 Fro lovè that hath The so faste  
 Yknitte and boundin in his lace,  
 Certaine I holde it but a grace;  
 For many one, as it is seine,  
 Have loste, and spent also in veine 5130  
 In his service without socour,  
 Body and soule, gode, and tresour,  
 And witte, and strength, and eke richesse,  
 5060 Of whiche thei had nevir redresse.

L'amant.

Thus taught and prechid hath Refon,  
 But Love yspilte hath her sermon,  
 That was so impid in my thought,  
 That her doctrine I set at nought;  
 And yet ne saide she nevre' a dele,  
 That I ne understode it wele 5140  
 Wordè by worde the matir all,  
 But unto Love I was so thrall,  
 Whiche callith ovir all his praie, *f. chaith*  
 He chasith so my thoughtis aie, *f. asith. fr. calu.*  
 And holderth mine herte undir his fele  
 As trusty' and trewe as any stele;  
 So that I no devocion  
 Ne haddè in the wise sermon  
 Of dame Refon, ne of her rede  
 I toke no sojour in mine hede; 5150  
 For allè yede out at one ere  
 5080 That in that othir she did lere;  
 Fully on me she lost her lore,  
 Her speche me grevid wondir fore;

That



**T**hat unto her for ire I faide,  
For angir, as I did abraide;  
Dame, and is it your will algate  
That I not Love, but that I hate  
All men, as ye me now do teche?  
For if I do aftir your speche,  
Sith that you seine Love is not gode,  
Than must I nedis [say] with mode,  
Yf I it leve, in hatrid aie  
Livin, and voidin Love awaie  
Ferre from me a sinful wretche,  
Yhatid of allè that tetches;  
I may not go none othir gate,  
For eithir must I love or hate,  
And if I hatin men of newe,  
More than Love it wol me rewe,  
As by your preching semith me,  
For Love nothing ne praisith The;  
Ye yeve gode counsaile sikirly,  
That prechith me al day, that I  
Ne should not lov'is lore alowe,  
He were a fole woulde you not trowe;  
In speche also ye han me taught  
Anothir love, that knowen is naught,  
Whiche I have herde you not repreve;  
To love eche othir, by your leve,  
If ye would definin it me,  
I woulidin gladly here to se  
At the lest if I mowin lere  
Of fondry lov'is the manere.

Raïson.

**C**ertis frende, a grete fole art thou,  
Whan that thou nothing wolt alow  
Whiche that I for thy profite faie,  
Yct wol I faie The more in faie;  
For I am redy at the lest  
To accomplishin thy request,  
But I n'ot wherè it wol aveile,  
In vaine perav'nture I travaille;  
Lovè there is in sondrie wise,  
Right as I shall The here devise.  
For some love lesful is and gode;  
I mene not that whiche maketh The wode,  
And bringith The in many' a fitte,  
And ravisheth fro The al thy witte;  
It is so marveilous and queint,  
With such love be no more aqueint.

Comment Raïson diffinist Aunfete. devide.

**L**ove of frendshippe also there is,  
Whiche makith no man don amis,  
Of wille yknitte betwixtin two,  
That wol not breke for wele ne wo,  
Whiche long is likely to contune,  
Whan wil and godes ben in commune,  
Groundid by Godd'is ordinaunce,  
All whole withoutin discordaunce,  
With them yholding commaunce,  
Of al ther gode in charite,  
That there be none exceptioun  
Through chaunging of ententioun,  
That eche helpe othir at ther nede,  
And wisely hele both worde and dede;  
Trewe of mening, devoide of slouth,  
For wit is nought withoutin trouthe;  
So that the t'one dare all his thought  
Saine to his frende, and sparin nought,  
As to him selfe, without dreding  
To be discovered by wreying;  
For glad is that conjunctioun,

Whan there is none suspectioun  
Betwixtin 'hem, whome thei wold prove,  
That trewe and perfite werex in Love;  
For no man may be amiable,  
But if he be so ferme and stable,  
That fortune chaunge him not ne blinde,  
But that his frende alway him finde,  
Bothe pore and riche, in one estate;  
For if his frende through any gate  
Wol complaine of his povertè,  
He should not bide so long, til he  
Of his helping doth him require,  
For gode dede done thorough prayire  
Is folde and bought to dere i-wis  
To hert that of grete valure is;  
For hert fulfilled of gentilnesse  
Can evill demene his distresse;  
— And man that worthy is of name  
To askin oftin hath grete shame.  
— A gode man brennith in his thought  
For shame whan that he askith ought,  
He hath grete thought, and dredith aie;  
For his disese whan he shal praie  
His frende, lest that he warnid be,  
Till he preve his stabilitè;  
But whan that he hath foundin one,  
That trusty is and trewe as stone,  
And hath assayid him at all,  
And founde him stedfast as a wall,  
And of his frendshippe be certaine,  
He shal him shewe bothe joie and paine,  
And all that he dare thinke or faie,  
Withoutin shame, as he well maie;  
For how should he ashamid be  
Of such an one as I tolde The?  
For whan he wot his secret thought,  
The third shall know therof right nought,  
For twey in nombre 'is bet than thre  
In every counsaile and secrete;  
Repreve he dredith nevre' a dele,  
Who that beset his wordis wele;  
For every wise man out of drede  
Can kepe his tong till he se nede.  
And folis can not holde ther tonge;  
A fol'is belle is sone yronge;  
Yet shall a trewe frende doin more,  
To helpe his felowe of his fore,  
And socour him whan he hath nede,  
In all that he may done in dede,  
And gladdir that he him plesith  
Than his felowe that he esith;  
And if he do nat his request,  
He shal as mochil him molest  
As his felowe, bicause that he  
Maie not fulfill his voluntè  
All fully, as he hath required;  
If both the hertis love hath fired,  
Bothe joye and wo thei shall departe,  
And take evinly eche his parte,  
Halfe his anoye he shal have aie,  
And comforte him what that he maie,  
And of his blisse parte shal he,  
If Love wollin departid be.  
**A**ND whilom of this unite  
Spake Tullius in a dire;  
A man should makin his request  
Unto his frende, that is honest,  
And he godely should it fulfill,  
But it the more were out of skill;  
And othirwise not graunt therto,  
Except only in causis two.  
Yf men his frende to derhe would drive,  
Let him be besy to save his live.

Also



Also if men wollen him assaile  
Of his worship to make him faile,  
And hindran him of his renoun,  
Let him with ful entencioun  
His devir done in eche degré,  
That his frendè ne shamid be.

In these two casis with his might,  
Taking no kepe to skill nor right,  
As ferre as Love may him excuse,  
This ought no man for to refuse.

This Love, that I have tolde to The,  
Is nothing contrarie to me;  
This wol I that thou folowe wele,  
And leve the t'othir every dele;  
This Love to vertue al entendeth,  
The t'othir folis blent and shendeth.

An othir Love also there is,  
That is contrary unto this;  
Which desire is so constrainid,  
That it ne is but will fainid;  
Away fro trowth it doth so varie,  
That to gode Love it is contraries;  
For it maymith, in many wise,  
Sike hertis with covetise;  
All in winning and in profite  
Suche love ysettith his delite;  
This love so hangith in balaunce,  
That if it lese his hope parchaunce  
Of lucre, that he' is set upon,  
It wol failin, and quenche anon;  
For no man maie be amorous,  
Ne in his living vertuous,  
But if he lovin more in mode,  
Men for 'hem selfe, than for ther gode;

For love that profite doth abide  
Is false, and bidith not no tide,  
Soche Love comith of dame Fortune,  
That litil while woll contune,  
For it shal chaungin wondir sone,  
And take Eclips as doth the Mone,  
Whan that she is from us ylet  
Through erth, that betwixtin is set  
The Sonne and her, as it may fall,  
Be it in partie, or in all,  
The shadowe makith her bemes merke,  
And her hornis to shewin derke  
That part, where she hath lost her light  
Of Phebus fully, and the light,  
Till whan the shadowe' is ovirpasse  
She' is enlumined agein as faste  
Through the brightnes of the Sonne bemes,  
That yevith to' her againe her lemes;  
That Love is right of suche nature,  
Now is it faire, and now obscure,  
Now bright, now Clipsy of manere,  
And whilom dimme, and whilom clere;  
As sone as povertie ginnith take,  
With mantil and with wedis blake  
Hidith of Love the light away,  
That into night it tournith day,  
It may not sein richesse shine;  
Till that the blacke shadowis fine;  
For whan that richesse shinith bright  
Love recovereth ayen his light,  
And whan it failith, he wol slit,  
And as she greveth, so grevith it.

Of this Love herith what I saie,  
The riche men are ylovid aie,  
And namely tho that sparande bene,  
That wol not washe ther hertis clene  
Of the filthè nor of the vice  
Of gredy brenning Avarice.

The riche man ful sonde is i-wis

That wenith that he lovid is,  
If that his hert it understode,  
It is not he, it is his gode;  
He may wel wetin in his thought  
His gode is loved, and he right nought;

5300 For if he be a nigarde eke,  
Men wol not set by him a leke,  
But hatin him, this is the sothe;  
Lo what profite his catil dothe!  
Of every man that may him se  
It getteth him nought but enmitè;  
But he amende him of that vice,  
And know himselfe, he is not wise.

5310 Certis he should aie frendly be,  
To get him love, also ben fre,  
Or els he is not wise ne sage,  
No more than is a gote ramage;  
That he not lovith his dede proveth,  
Whan he his richesse so well loveth,  
That he wol hide it aie and spare,  
His porè frendis sene forfare,

To kepin aie his ill purpose;  
Till that for dyede his eyin close,  
And til a wickid deth him take,  
Him had levir a sondre shake,  
And let sal? his limmes a sondre rive,  
5320 Than leve his richesse in his live;  
He thinketh to part it with no man,  
Certain no love is in him than;  
For how should love within him be  
Whan in his hert is no pitè?  
That he trespassith well I wate,  
For eche man knowith his estate;  
For wel him ought to be reproved,  
That lovith nought, ne is not loved.

5330 But sithe we ame to fortune comen,  
And hath our sermon of her nomen,  
A wondir will I tell The now,  
Thou herdift ncre suche one I trow,  
I n'or where thou me levin shall,  
Although sothfastnesse it be all,  
As it is writtin, and is sothe,  
That unto men more profite dothe  
The frowarde fortune and contraire,  
Than doth the sothe and debonaire;

5340 It is through argument provable,  
For fortune debonaire and softe  
Yfalsith and begilith ofte;  
Forliche a mothir she can cherisse,  
And milkin as dothe a norice,  
And of her gode to him ydeles,  
And yeveth 'hem parte of her joweles,  
With grete richis and dignite,

And 'hem she hoteth stabilite  
In a state that is nothing stable,  
5350 But chaunging aie and variable,  
And fedith 'hem with glory veine,  
And worldely blisse nothing certeine;  
Whan she 'hem settith on her whele,  
Than wenin thei to be right wele,  
And in so stable state withall,  
That nevir 'thei wene for to fall;

5360 And whan thei sette so high to be,  
Thei wene to have in certainte  
Of hertly frendis to grete nombre,  
That nothing might ther state encombre,  
Thei trust 'hem so on every side,  
Wening with 'hem thei would abide  
In every perill and mischaunce,  
Withoutin chaunce or variaunce,  
Bothè of catil and of gode,  
And also for to spende ther blode,

5370

5380

5400

5410

5420

5430

5440  
And



And al ther membris for to spill,  
 Onfly to fulfill ther will;  
 Thei maken it whole in many wise,  
 And hotin hem ther ful service,  
 How fore so that it do hem smerte  
 Into ther very nakid sherre,  
 Herte and hande also whole thei give,  
 For all the time that thei may live,  
 So that with this ther flatiry,  
 Thei makin folis glorifie  
 Onely of ther wordis speking,  
 And han chere of a rejoyfing,  
 And trow hem as the Evangile,  
 And it is al falshe and gile, *flatiry fr.*  
 As thei shal afterwardis se,  
 Whan thei arne fal in poverté,  
 And ben of gode and catil bare,  
 Than should thei sene who frendis ware;  
 For of an hundrid certainly,  
 Nor of a thousande ful scarsly,  
 Ne shall thei finde unnethis one,  
 Whan poverté is comen upon. *fr.*  
 For thus Fortune that I of tell,  
 With men whan that her lust to dwell,  
 Maketh hem to lese ther conisaunce,  
 And noriseth hem in ignoraunce.

But frowarde Fortune and perverse,  
 Whan high estates she doth reverse,  
 And makith hem to tounble doune  
 Of her whele with a sodaine tourne,  
 And from ther richesse dothe hem fle,  
 And plongeth hem in poverté;  
 As a stepmothir envious,  
 And laieth a plaistir dolorous  
 Unto ther hertis woundid egre,  
 Whiche is not tempered with vinegre,  
 But with poverté and indigence;  
 For to shewe by experience  
 That she is Fortune verilie,  
 In whom no man ne should affie,  
 Nor in her yestis have fisaunce,  
 She is so ful of variaunce.

Thus can she makin hie and lowe,  
 Whan thei from richesse arne throwe, *fr.*  
 Fully to knowin without were  
 Frende of affeete, and frende of chere,  
 And whiche in love weren trew and stable,  
 And whiche also weren variable,  
 Aftir Fortune ther goddesse,  
 In poverté, eithir in richesse; *fr.*  
 For all that yeveth here out of drede  
 Unhappe yberith it in dede,  
 For Infortuné lette not one  
 Of frendis, whan fortune is gone,  
 I mene tho frendis that woll fle  
 Anone, as entrich poverté;  
 And yet thei wol not leve hem so,  
 But in eche place where that thei go,  
 Thei callin hem wretche, scorne, and blame,  
 And of ther mishappe hem diffame,  
 And namely suche as in richesse  
 Pretendith mozte of stableness, *fr.*  
 Whan that they sawe hem set on losse,  
 And werin of hem sucoured ofte,  
 And mozte iholpe in all ther nede;  
 But now thei take no manir hede,  
 But seine in voice of flatirie  
 That now apperith ther folie,  
 Ovir al wher so that thei fare,  
 And singe, go farewell Feldefare.

Allé suche frendis I beshrewe;  
 For of trewe frendes there be to fewe,  
 But forthfast frendes, what so betide,

In every fortune wollen abide;  
 Thei han ther hertes in suche noblesse, *fr. full of nob. fr.*  
 That thei n'il love for no richesse,  
 Nor for that fortune may hem sende,  
 Thei wollen hem socour and defende,  
 And chaungin for softe ne for sore, *fr.*  
 For who his frende loveth evirmore, *5520*  
 Though men drawe swerdis him to flo,  
 Thei may not hewe ther love a-two,  
 But if in case that I shall say *fr. But in that case fr.*  
 For pride and ire lese it he may,  
 And for reprove by niceté, *fr.*  
 And discovering of privité  
 With tonge wounding, as felon, *fr.*  
 Through venemous detraction.

Frende in this case wol gon his way,  
 For nothing greve him more ne may; *5530*  
 And for nought ellis wol he fle,  
 If he love in stabilité;  
 And certaine he is well begone  
 Among a thousande that findeth one, *fr.*  
 For there ne may be no richesse  
 Ayenst frendship of worthinesse;  
 For it ne may so high attaine  
 As may the valoure, sothe to saine,  
 Of him that lovith trewe and well,  
 Frendship is more than is catell, *5540*

For frende in courte aie bettir is  
 Than peny is in purse certis,  
 And than is fortune mishaping, *fr.*  
 Whan upon men she is falling, *5470*  
 Thorough misturning of her chaunce,  
 And castith hem out of balaunce.

She maketh through her adversite  
 Men ful and clerly for to se  
 Him that is frende in existence  
 From him that is by apparence; *5550*  
 For infortune makith anone  
 To know thy frendis fro thy sone,  
 By experience right as it is,  
 The whiche is more to praysise i-wis,  
 Than in muche richesse and tresour, *fr.*  
 For more depe profite and valour *fr.*  
 Poverté, and suche adversite  
 Before, than doeth prosperite;  
 For that one yevith conisaunce,  
 And tothir gjevith ignoraunce. *5560*

And thus in poverté is in dede  
 Trouthe declarid fro falshe; *fr.*  
 For faint frendis it wol declare,  
 And trewe also, what way they fare;  
 For whan he was in his richesse,  
 These frendis ful of doublenesse  
 Offrid him in many wise

Ther herte and body, and service, *fr.*  
 What would he then have you to have bought *fr. you, etc. given*  
 To knowin opinly ther thought, *5570*  
 That he now hath so clerly sene?

The lasse begiled he should have bene,  
 And he had than percevid it,  
 But Richesse n'olde not let him wit;  
 Wel more avauntage doeth him than  
 (Sirhe that it maketh him a wise man)

The great mischete, that he perceveth,  
 Than doeth Richesse that him deceveth;  
 Richesse riche ne makith nought  
 Him, that on tresour sette his thought, *5580*  
 For richesse stonde in suffisaunce,  
 And nothing stonde in haboundaunce,  
 For suffisaunce all onily

Makith menne to live richily. *5590*

FOR he that hath but mitchis twene,  
 Ne value, in his whole demeine,  
 T t t

Liveth



*For many.*  
 Liveth more at ese, and more is riche,  
 Than doith he whiche that is chiche,  
 And in his barne hath, soth to saine,  
 An hundred mavis of whete graine,  
 Though he be chapman or marchaunt,  
 And have of Golde many befaunt;  
 For in the getting he hath suche wo,  
 And in the keping drede also,  
 And sette ere more his besinelle  
 For to encrese, and nat to lelle,  
 For to augment and multiply;  
 And though on hopes that lie him by,  
 Yet nevir shall make his richesle  
 Asseth unto his gredinesse,  
 But the pore man that retchith nought,  
 Save of his livelode, in his thought,  
 Whiche that he getteth with his travaile,  
 He dredith nought that it shall faile,  
 Though he have little world's gode,  
 Mete and drinke, and else fode,  
 Upon his travaile and living,  
 And also suffisaunt clothing;  
 Or if in sickenesse that he fall,  
 And lothe mete and drinke withall,  
 Though he have not his mete to buie, *gh*  
 He shall bethinke him hastily  
 To put him out of all daungere,  
 That he of mete hath no mistere,  
 Or that he maie with little eke  
 Be foundin, while that he is seke,  
 Or that men shall him berye in haste,  
 To live till his sickenesse be paste,  
 Unto some Maisondewe; beside,  
 He caste nought what shall him betide,  
 He thinkith nought that evre he shall  
 Into any sickenesse fall.

*A* **A**ND though it fall, as it maie be,  
 That all betime sparin shall he  
 As mokill as shall to him suffice, *-che*  
 While he is sieke in any wise,  
 He doith for that he woll be, *it*  
 Contentid with his poverté,  
 Withoutin nede of any man;  
 So moche in little have he can,  
 He is apaide with his fortune;  
 And for he nill be importune  
 Unto no wight, ne onerous, *-is*  
 Nor of ther godelle covetous,  
 Therefore he spareth, it maie well ben,  
 His pore estate for to sustene.

*1* *O* **O**R if him luste not for to spare,  
 But suffrith forthe, as nat yet ware,  
 At laste it happeneth, as it maie,  
 All right unto his laste daie,  
 And take the worlde as it would be;  
 For evir in herte thinkith he,  
 The sonir that deth him *gho* *f. deth him, or him do*  
 To Paradise the sonir go  
 He shall, there for to live in blisse,  
 Where that he shall no godis misse,  
 Thiðir he hopeth God shall him sende,  
 Astir this wretchid liv'is ende.  
 Pythagoras himself reherfes  
 In a boke that the goldin verses  
 Is cleped, for the nobilité  
 Of the honorable dité,  
 — Than whan thou goest thy body fro,  
 Fre in the ayre thou shalt up go,  
 And levin all humanité,  
 And purely live in digré. *-re-*  
 He is a sole withoutin were  
 That trowith have his countrey here,

— In yerth is not our countre;  
 That maie these clerkis seine and se 5660  
 In Boece of consolacion, *v. f. Boece*  
 Where it is makid mencion  
 Of our contré plaine at the eye  
 By teching of Philosophie,  
 Where leude men mightin lerin wit,  
 Who so that would translatin it;  
 If he be suche that can well live  
 Astir his renté maie him yeve, *that fr. give*  
 And not desirith more to have, *gh*  
 Than maie fro poverté him save, 5670  
 A wiseman saied, as we maie sene,  
 Is no man wretched, but he it wene,  
 Be he a king, knight, or ribaude;  
 Many a ribaude is merie and baude,  
 That swinketh, and berith daie and night  
 Many a burthin of grete might,  
 The whiche doith him lasse offence,  
 For that he suffrith in pacience;  
 Thei laugh and daunce, thei trippe and sing,  
 And laie nought up for ther living, 5680  
 But in the Taverne all dispendeth,  
 The winning whiche that God hem sendeth;  
 Than goeth he fardils for to bere  
 With as gode chere as he did ere;  
 To swinke and travaile he not fainith,  
 For to robbin he disdainith,  
 But right anon, after his swinke,  
 He goeth to Taverne for to drinke;  
 All these are riche in haboundaunce,  
 That can thus havin suffisaunce, 5690  
 Well more than can an userere,  
 As God well knowith, without were;  
 For an usirere, so God me se,  
 Shall nevir for richesle riche be,  
 But er more pore and indigent,  
 Scarce and gredy in his entent.

For sothe it is, whom it displese,  
 There maie no marchaunt live at ese,  
 His herte in soche a where is set, *were, or were. 10*  
 That it quicke brennith for to get, 5700  
 Ne nevir shall, though he hath getten,  
 Though he have golde in garnis yeten,  
 For to be nedý he dredeth fore;  
 Wherefore to gettin more and more  
 He set his herte and his desire,  
 So hote he brennith in the fire  
 Of covetise, that maketh him wode  
 To purchase othir mennis gode;  
 He undirfongith a grete paine, *c/*  
 That undertaketh to drinke up Sainf, *c/* 5710  
 For the more that he drinkith aie, *f. 87*  
 The more he levith, sothe to saie:  
 Thus is the thrust of false getting,  
 That laste evir in coviting,  
 And the anguishe and the distresse,  
 With the fire of gredinesse,  
 She fightith with him aie, and striveth,  
 So that his herte a sondir riveth; *c*  
 Soche gredinesse him assailith,  
 That whan he moste hath, moste he failith. 5720 *him*  
 Phisiciens, and Advocates  
 Goin right by the same yates,  
 Thei sell ther science for winning,  
 And haunte ther craste for grete getting;  
 Ther winning is of soche swetenesse,  
 That if a man fall in sickenesse,  
 Thei are full glad, for ther encrece; *1*  
 For by ther will, withoutin lese,  
 Evêriche man shoulidin be seke,  
 Though thei die, thei set not a Leke; 5730  
 Astir

*sece that living in pure desire. fr.*







Therefore is gode ye for her sende,  
For through her maie this worke amende.

**L** Ordinges, my mothir the Goddes,  
That is my Ladie, and maistres,  
Ne is nat all at my willing,  
Ne doeth nat all my desiring;  
Yet can she sometime doen labour,  
Whan that her luste, in my focour,  
As my nede is for to atcheve,  
But now I thinke her nat to greve;  
My mothir is she, and of childhede  
I both worship her, and eke drede,  
For who that dredith sire ne dame  
Shall it abie in bodie or name;  
And nathelless, yet conne we  
Sende afir her if nede ybe; *n. f. ther*  
And were she nigh, she commin wold,  
I trowe that nothing might her hold.

My mothir is of grete prowesse,  
She hath tane many a fortresse,  
That cost hath many a pound er this,  
There In'as not present iwis;  
And yet men saied it was my dede,  
But I come nevir in that stede;  
Ne me ne liketh, so mote I The,  
That soche tours ben ytake with me; *out. To* 5900  
For why? Me thinketh that in no wise  
It maie be cleped but marchaundise.

**G** buie a coursir blacke or white,  
And paie therefore, than art thou quite,  
The Marchaunt owith The right nought,  
Ne thou him whan thou hast it bought.  
I woll not selling clepe yeving,  
For selling asketh no guerdoning;  
Here lithe no thanke, ne no merite,  
That one goth from that othre' all quite,  
But this selling is not semblable;  
For whan his horse is in the stable,  
He maie it sell again, parde,  
And winnen on it, soche happe maie be,  
All maie the manne nat lese iwis,  
For at the lest the skinne is his;  
Or ellis, if it so betide  
That he woll kepe his horse to ride,  
Yet is he Lorde aie of his horse;  
But thilke chafare is well worfe,  
There Venus entremetith ought;  
For who so soche chaffare hath bought,  
He shall not worchin so wisely,  
That he ne shall lese uttirly  
Bothe his money, and his chaffare;  
But the sellir of thilke ware  
The prife and profite havin shall,  
Certaine the buier shall lese all,  
For he ne can so dere it buie,  
To have Lordship, and full maistrie,  
Ne havin power to make letting,  
Neither for yeste ne for preching,  
That of his chaffare maugre his  
An othre shall have as moche iwis,  
If he woll yeve as moche as he,  
Of what countrey so that he be,  
Or for right nought, so happe ymaie,  
S If he can flatter her to her paie. *cf*  
And ben than soche marchauntis wife?  
No, but folis in every wise,  
Whan thei buie soche thing wilfully,  
There thei lese ther gode foily;  
But nathelless, this dare I saie,  
My mothir is not wont to paie;  
For she' is neithir so sole ne nice

To entremete her of soche vice;  
But trustith well, he shall paie all,  
That repente of his bargaine shall,  
Whan poverté put him in distresse,  
All were he scholir to Richesse, - *ere* 5950  
That is for me in grete yerning  
Whan she assenteth to my willing.

**B**UT by my mothir saint Venus,  
And by her fathir Saturnus,  
That her engendrid by his life,  
But nat upon his weddid wife,  
Yet woll I more unto you swere,  
To makin this thing the surere. *xxxx*  
Now by that faith, and that beaute, *dewte, or counte.* 5960  
That I owe to all my brethrin fre,  
Of whiche there n'is wight undir heaven,  
That can ther fadir's namis neven;  
So divers and many there be  
That with my mothere have be prive;  
Yet woll I swere for sikirnesse  
The Pole of helle to my witnesse,  
Now drinke I not this yere clarre,  
If that I lie, or forsworne be;  
For of the Goddes the usage is,  
That who so him forswereth amis, 5970  
Shall that yere drinkin no clarre.  
Now have I sworne inough parde,  
If I forswere, than am I lorne,  
But I woll nevir be forsworne,  
Sithe Richesse hath me failid here,  
She shall abie that trespas dere;  
At lest waie but I her harme *she h. arme.*  
With swerde, or sparth, or with gifarme.  
For certis sithe she loveth not me, 5980  
Fro thilke time that she maie se  
The castill and the toure to shake,  
In forie time she shall awake,  
If I maie gripe a richè man, 5990  
I shall so pulle him, if I can,  
That he shall in a fewe stoundis  
Lese all his markes, and his poundis.  
I shall him make his pens out fling,  
But that thei in his garnir spring;  
Our maidins shall eke plucke him so,  
That him shall nedin fethirs mo, 5990  
And make him sell his londe to spende,  
But he the bet conne him defende.

**P**Ore men han made ther Lorde of me;  
Although thei nat so mightie be,  
That thei maie fede me in delite,  
I woll not have 'hem in dispite;  
No gode man hateth 'hem, as I gesse;  
For chinche and feloun is Richesse,  
That so can chafe 'hem, and dispise,  
And 'hem defoule in sondrie wise; 6000  
Thei loven full bette, so God me spede,  
Than doith the riche chinchy grede,  
And ben (in gode faith) more stable,  
And truir, and more serviable;  
And therefore it suffisith me  
Ther gode hertis, and ther beaute; *deute, or dewte.*  
Thei han on me set all ther thought,  
And therefore I foryete 'hem nought.  
I woll 'hem bring in grete noblesse, *withde.* 6010  
If that I were God of Richesse;  
As I am God of Love sothely,  
Soche ruthe upon ther plaint have I,  
Therefore I must his succour be,  
That painith him to servin me;  
For if he deied for love of this,  
Than semeth in me no love there is.

Sir,

5882. 1. When that her will me to receive.  
3. And my nede to achieve. 588.

Between 5858 & 5859 there is some scribbling and the  
touching the Birth of Love, etc.



Sir, said thei, sothe is every dele  
That ye reherce, and we wote wele  
Thilke othe to holde is resonable,  
For it is gode and covenable,  
That ye on riche men han ysworne;  
For, sir, this wote we well beforne,  
If riche men doin you homage,  
That is as folis doen outrage;  
But ye shull not forsworne ybe,  
Ne let therefore to drinke clarye,  
Or piment makid freshe and newe,  
Ladies shull hem soche pepir brewe,  
If that thei fall into ther laas,  
That thei for wo mowe saine, alas!  
Ladies shullen ere so curteis be  
That thei shall quite your othe all fre;  
Ne seketh nevir othir vicaire,  
For thei shall speke with hem so faire  
That ye shall holde you paid full wele,  
Though ye you medle nere a dele;  
Let Ladies worchin with ther thinges,  
Thei shall hem tell so fele tidinges,  
And move so many requestis,  
By flatterie, that not honest is,  
And thereto yeve hem soche thankinges,  
What with kissing, and with talkinges,  
That certis if thei trowid be  
Shall nevir leve hem longe ne se,  
That it nill as the moeble fare,  
Of whiche thei first delivered are.  
Now maie you tell us all your will,  
And we your hestis shall fulfill.

**B**UT false Semblant dare not for drede  
Of you sir, medle him of this dede;  
For he saith that ye ben his so  
He n'ot, if ye woll worche him wo;  
Wherefore we praie you all, beau fire,  
That ye foryeve him now your ire,  
And that he maie dwell, as your man,  
With Abstinence his dere lemman;  
This our accorde and our will now.  
Parfei said Love, I graunt it you,  
I woll well holde him for my man;  
Now let him come; and he forthe ran.  
False Semblant (qð Love) in this wise  
I take The here to my service,  
That thou our frendis helpe alwaie,  
And hindre hem neithir night ne daie,  
But doe thy might hem to releve,  
And eke our en'emies that thou greve;  
Thine be this might, I graunt it The,  
My king of harlotes shalt thou be;  
We woll that thou have soche honour;  
Certain thou art a false traitour,  
And eke a thief, sihe thou were borne,  
A thousande times thou art forsworne,  
But nathelless in our hering,  
To put our folke out of doubting,  
I bidde The teche hem, wost thou how?  
By some generall signe now,  
In what place thou shalt foundin be,  
If that men had mistir of The,  
And how men shall The best espie,  
For The to knowe is grete maistrise;  
Tell in what place is thine haunting.  
Sir, I have fully divers winning,  
That I kepe not rehersid be,  
So that ye would respitin me,  
For if that I tell you the sothe,  
I maie have harme and shame bothe;  
If that my felowes wistin it,  
My talis shouldin me be quit;

For certaine thei would hate me,  
If er I knewe ther cruelte,  
For thei would ore all hold hem still  
Of trothe, that is again ther will;  
Soche talis kep in thei not here;  
I might eftone buie it full dere,  
If I said of hem any thing,  
That displeith to ther hering;  
For what worde that hem pricketh or biteth,  
In that worde none of hem deliteth,  
All were it Gospel the Evangile,  
That would reprove hem of ther gile;  
For thei are cruill and hautain,  
And this thing wote I well certain,  
If I speke ought to paire or loos,  
Your courte shall not so well be cloos,  
That thei ne shall wite it at last;  
Of gode men am I nought agast,  
For thei woll taken on hem nothing,  
Whan that thei knowe all my mening,  
But he that woll it on him take,  
He woll himself suspicious make,  
That he his life let covirtly  
In gile and in Ypocrisie,  
That me engendrid and yave fostring.  
Thei made a full gode engendring  
(Qð Love) for who so sothly tell,  
Thei engendrid the divell of hell.

But nedely, howsoere it be,  
(Qð Love) I will and charge The  
To tell anon thy winning placis,  
Hering eche wight that in this place is;  
And what life thou livist also,  
Hide it no lengir now, whereto?  
Thou must discovre all thy worching,  
How thou servist, and of what thing,  
Though that thou shouldest for thy soth-faw  
Ben all to-betin and to-drawe,  
And yet art thou not wont, parde;  
But nathelless, though thou betin be,  
Thou shalt not be the first, that so  
Hath for sothfawe yfuffrid wo.  
Sir, sihe that it maie likin you,  
Though that I should be slain right now,  
I shall doyn your commaundement,  
For thereto have I grete talent.

Withoutin wordis mo, right than  
False Semblant his sermon began,  
And said hem thus in audience.  
Barons, take hede of my sentence,  
That wight that list to have knowing  
Of false Semblant, full of flatterring,  
He must in worldly folke him seke,  
And certis in the Cloistirs eke,  
I won no where, but in hem twaie,  
But not like evin, sothe to saie;  
Shortly, I woll herberowe me  
There I hope best to hullstrid be;  
And certainly, sikereft hiding  
Is undimeth humblist clothing.  
Religious folke ben full covert,  
Seculer folke ben more appert;  
But nathelless, I woll not blame  
Religious folke, ne hem diffame;  
In what habite that er thei go,  
Religion humble, and true also  
Woll I not biamin, ne dispise;  
But I nill love it in no wise,  
I mene of false religious;  
That stout ben, and malicious,  
U u u

That



That wollin in an habite go,  
And settin not ther herte thereto.

**R**eligious folke ben all pitous,  
Thou shalt not sene one dispitous,  
Thei lovin no pride, ne no strife,  
But humbly thei woll lede ther life,  
With whiche folke woll I nevir be;  
And if I dwell, I faine me,  
I maie well in ther habite go,  
But me were lever my necke a two,  
Than let a purpose that I take,  
What covenant that er I make.

I dwell with hem that proude ybe,  
And full of wiles and subtilte,  
That worship of this worlde coveiten,  
And grete nede connis expleiten,  
And gon and gadrin grete pitaunces,  
And purchase hem the acquintaunces  
Of men that mightie life maie leden,  
And faine hem pore, and hem self feden  
With gode morcils delicious,  
And drinkin gode wine precious,  
And preche us povert and distresse,  
And fithin hem self grete richesse  
With wily nettis, that thei cast;  
It woll come foule out at the last.

Thei ben fro clene religion went,  
Thei make the worlde an argument,  
That hath a foule conclusion;  
I have a robe of religion,  
Than am I all religious;  
This argument is all roignous,  
It is not worth a crokid Brere,  
Habite ne makith Monke, ne Frere,  
But clene life, and devocion,  
Makith gode men of religion.

Nathelesse, there can none answere,  
How high that er his hedde he there,  
With rasour whettid nere so kene,  
That gile in braunchis cutte thurtene,  
There can no wight distinct it so,  
That he dare saie a worde thereto.

But what herb'row that ere I take,  
Or what semblaunt that er I make,  
I mene but gile, and folowe that,  
For right no more than Gibbe our cat,  
(That awaiteth Mice and Rattes to killen)  
Ne entende I, but to begilen;  
Ne no wight maie, by my clothing,  
Wete with what folke is my dwelling;  
Ne by my wordis yet parde,  
So soft and so plesaunt thei be.

Beholde the dedis that I doe,  
But thou be blinde thou oughtist so,  
For varie ther wordes fro ther dede;  
Thei thinke on gile withoutin drede,  
What manir clothing that thei were,  
Or what estate that er thei bere,  
Lerid or leude, Lorde, or Ladie,  
Knight, Squier, Burgeis, or Bailie.

**F** Right thus while false Semblant sermoneth,  
Est sonis Love him aresoneth,  
And brake his tale in his speking,  
As though he had him tolde lesing,  
And saied, what devill is that I here?  
What folke hast thou us nempnid here?  
Maie men findin religion  
In worldly habitacioun?

*[False Semblant]* Ye, sir, it foloweth nat that thei  
Should lede a wickid life parfei,  
Ne not therefore ther foulis lese,  
That hem to worldly clothis chese,

6160 For certis it were grete pite;  
Men maie in seculer clothes se  
Florishin holy religioun;  
Full many' a saint in felde and toun,  
With many' a virgine glorious,  
Devoute, and full religious,  
Han died, that commin clothe aie beren,  
Yet saintis nerthelesse thei weren;  
I could reckon you many a ten,  
Ye welnigh all these holy women,

6170 That men in churchis hevy' and seke,  
Bothe maidins, and these wivis eke,  
That bare ful many' a faire childe here,  
Wered alway clothis seculere,  
And in the same clothes didin they,  
That saintis weren, and ben alway.

The ix. thousande maidinis dere;  
That beren in heven ther ciergis clere,  
Of whiche men rede in church and sing,  
Were take in seculer clothing,  
Whan thei recevid martirdome,  
And wonnin heven unto ther home;  
6180 Gode hert ymakith the gode thought;  
The clothing yeveth ne revith nought,  
The gode thought and the gode worching;  
That maketh the religion flouring;  
There lieth the gode religioun,  
Aftir the righte entencion.

Who so ytoke a wethir's skinne,  
And wrapped a gredy woyle therinne,  
6190 For he should go with lambis white,  
Wenist thou not he would hem bite?  
Yes: Nerthelesse, as he were wode,  
He would hem wirry', and drinke the blode,  
And wel the rathir hem disceve;  
For fithin thei coude nat perceve  
His tregette, and his cruilte,  
Thei would him folow, tho he flye.

**I**F there be wolvis of fuche hewe  
Amongis these Apostlis newe,  
6200 Thou, holy church, thou maiste be wailed,  
Sith that thy cite is assailed  
Through knightis of thine owne table;  
God wor thy lordship is doutable,  
If thei enforcin it to win,  
That should defend it fro within;  
Who might defence ayenst hem make?  
Withoutin stroke it mote be take  
Of trepetet or manganell,

6210 Without displaying of pensell;  
And if God n'il done it socour,  
But let rennin in this colour,  
Thou must thy hestis lettin be,  
Than is there nought, but yeldè The,  
Or yeve hem tribute doutilefs,  
And holde it of hem to have pees;  
But gretir harme betidith The,  
That thei all maistir of it be,  
Wel con thei scornin The withall,  
By day ystuffin thei the wall,  
And al the night thei minin there;  
6220 Nay, thou plantin must ellis where  
Thine impis, if thou wolt frute have;  
Abide not there thy selfe to save.

**B**UT now pece, here I turne againe,  
I wol no more of this thing saine,  
Yf I may passin me hereby,  
For I might makin you wery;  
But I wol hetin you alway  
To helpe your frendis what I may,

6281. And if God will, don it socours  
But let hem rennin in this colour



So thei wollin my company;  
For thei be shent all uttirly,  
But if so fallin, that I be, *fall it*  
Oftin with hem, and thei with me;  
And eke my lemman mote thei serve,  
Or thei shul not my love deserve;  
Forsoth I am a false traitour,  
God judged me for a thefe trechour,  
Forsworne I am; but wel nigh none  
Wore of my gile, til it be done.

Through me hath many' one deth receved;  
That my treget ner aperceved,  
And yet receverth, and shal receive,  
That my falsnesse shal nere perceive;  
But who so doth, if he wise be,  
Him is right gode beware of me,  
But so flighe is the perceving, *dec-*  
That al to late comith knowing;  
For Proteus that coude him chaunge  
In every shap, homely and straunge,  
Coude nevir luche gile ne trefoune  
As I; for I come nere in tounce  
There as I might yknowin be,  
Though men me both might here and se;  
Ful wel I can my clothis chaunge,  
Take one, and make an othir straunge,  
Now am I Knight, now Chastelaine,  
Now Prelate, and now Chapelaine,  
Now Priest, now Clerke, and now Fostere, *re*  
Now am I Maistir, now Scholere,  
Now Monke, now Chanon, now Baili;  
Whatevir mistir manne am I.  
— Now am I Prince, now am I Page,  
And can by hert ev'ry langage,  
Sometimis am I hore and olde,  
Now am I yong, and flout, and bolde,  
Now am I Robert, now Robin,  
Now Frere Minor, now Jacobin;  
And with me foloweth my loreby,  
To done me solace and comp'any,  
That hight dame Abstinence and raigned  
In many a queint arraie fained,  
Right as it cometh to her liking,  
To *re* *fulfill* all her desiring.  
— Somtime a woman's clothe take I,  
Now am I a Maide, now Lady,  
— Somtime I am religious,  
Now like an Ankir in an hous,  
— Somtime am I a Prioressse,  
And now a Nonne, and now Abbessse,  
And go thorough all regiones,  
Asking all religiounes.  
— But to what ordir that I am sworne, *re*  
I take the strawe and bere the corne, *lete, or love*  
To jolic folke I enhabite,  
I aske no more but ther habite.  
— What wol ye more? in every wise  
Right as me list I me disgise?  
— Wel can I bere me undir wede;  
Unlike is my worde to my dede;  
Thus make I into my trappes fall  
The folke through my privilegis, all  
That ben in christendome a live.  
— I may assoile, and I may thrive,  
That no Prelate may lettin me,  
All folke, where evir thei founde be;  
I not no Prelate maie done so,  
But in the Pope be, and no mo,  
That madin thilke establisshing;  
Now is not this a propre thing?  
But were my sleightis aperceved  
As I was wont, and wost thou why?

For I did hem a tregetry;  
But therof yeve I litil tale,  
I have the silvir and the male;  
So have I prechid, and eke shriven,  
So have I take, so have I yeven  
Through ther foly, husbonde and wife,  
That I lede right a joly life,  
Through simplese of the Prelacie;  
Thei know not all my tregettrie.

**B**UT for as moche as man and wife  
Shuld shew ther Parish Priest ther life

Onis a yere, as saith the Boke,  
Er any wight his housil toke,  
Than have I privilegis large,  
That maie of mochil thing discharge,  
For he may say right thus, parde; *But*

Sir priest, in shrifte I tel it The,  
That he, to whom that I am shriven,  
Hath me assoilid, and me yeven  
Penaunce sothly for alle my sin,  
Whiche that I founde me gilty in;  
Ne I ne have nevir entencion  
To make double confession,

Ne reherce este my shrift to The,  
O shrifte is right inough to me;  
This ought The to suffisin wele,  
Ne be not rebell nere a dele;

For certis, though thou haddest it sworne,  
I wote no Priest ne Prelate borne,  
That maie to shrift est me constraine;

And if thei done, I wol me plaine,  
For I wote where to plainig wele;  
Thou shalt not streinin me a dele,  
Ne enforce me, ne nog me trouble,  
To makin my confession double;  
Ne I have none affection  
To have double absolucion;

The first is right inough to me, *for*  
This lattre' assoiling quite I The;  
I am unbounde, what maist thou finde  
More of my sinnes me to unbinde?

For he that might hath in his honde  
Of all my sinis me unbonde, *halp*  
And if thou wolt me thus constraine,  
That me mote nedis on The plaine,  
There shall no juge imperiall,  
Ne bishop, ne officiall,

Done jugement on me, for I  
Shal gone and plaine me opinly  
Anon to my shriftfathir newe,  
Whiche that hight Frere wolfe untrewes,

And he shal chusin him for me, *chapin*  
For I trowe he can hampir The,  
But lord! he would be wrothe withall,  
Yf men would him Frere wolfe ycall;

For he would have no pacience,  
But done all cruill vengience;  
He would his might done at the lest,  
Than nothing spare for Godd's hest;

And God so wyl be my socour;  
But thou yeve me my saviour  
At Estir, whan it likith me,  
Withoutin presing more on The,

I wol forth, and to him ygone,  
And he shal housil me anone,  
For I am out of thy grutching, *hand de vntre. Dampier*  
I kepe not dele with The nothing.

Thus may he thrive him, that forsaketh  
His parish priest, and to me taketh;  
And if the priest wol him refuse,  
I am full redy him to accuse,  
And him punish and hampir so,  
That he his churche shal forgo.

6380

B

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W

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But

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0555-1 To gilin folke of ther habite. *fr.*  
0370 to 0383 are not in any of the *fr* *edd.*  
that *fr* *con.* *W.S.*



But who so hath in his feling  
The consequence of suche shriving,  
Shal sene, that priest maie nere have might  
To know the conscience aright  
Of him, that is undir his cure;

[Love.] And this is ayenst holy scripture,  
That biddith every herde honeste  
Have very knowing of his best;  
But povir folke that gon by strete,  
That have no golde, ne summis grete,  
Them would I let to ther Prelates,  
Or let ther Priestis know ther states,  
For to me right nought yevin thei;  
And why? It is for thei ne may; [f. doubt.] 6460  
— Thei ben so bare, I take no kepe;  
But I woll havin the fat shepe;  
Let Parish Priestis have the lene,  
I yeve not of ther harme a bene;  
And if that Prelatis grutchē it,  
That oughtin wroth be in ther wit  
To lesin ther fat bestis so,  
I shall yeve hem a stroke or two,  
So that thei shal lesin with force, f. a b. f. fr.  
Ye, both ther Mitre and ther Croce. 6470  
— Thus jape I hem, and have do longe,  
My privilegis ben so strong.

Falſe Semblant would have stintid here;  
But Love ne made him no suche chere  
That he was very of his sawe;  
But for to make him glad and fawe  
He said, tell on more specially,  
How that thou servist untruly;  
— Tel forth, and shame The nere a dele,  
For as thine habit shewith wele  
Thou seest an holy Heremite:  
Sothe is, but I am but an ipocrite: 6480  
Thou goest and prechist povertē;  
Ye, sir, but richesse hath postē:  
Thou prechist abstinence also:  
Sir, I woll fillen, so mote I go,  
My paunche, of gode mete and gode wine,  
As should a maistir of divine;  
For how that I me povir faine  
Yet al povir folke I disdaine.

I Love bettir the acquaintance  
Ten timis of the king of Fraunce,  
Than of a pore man of milde mode,  
Though that his soule be all so gode;  
For whan I se beggirs quaking,  
Nakid on mixins all stinking,  
For hungre crie, and eke for care,  
I entremet not of ther fare, f. a. f. fr.  
Thei ben so pore, and ful of pine,  
Thei might not ones yeve me a dine,  
For thei have nothing but ther life;  
What should he yeve that licketh his knife?  
It is but foly to' entremete  
To seke in hound's nest fat mete;  
Let bere him to the spittle' anone,  
But for me comfort get thei none;  
But a full riche sicke usurere  
Would I visitin and drawe nere,  
Him would I comforte and rechte,  
For I hope of his golde to gete;  
And if that wickid deth him have,  
I woll go with him in his grave; 6490  
And if there any reprove me,  
Why that I let the povir be,  
Wolt thou how I know how to ascape? 6500  
I say and sverin him full rape,  
That richē men han more tetchis

Of sinne, than han these pore wretchis;  
And han of counsaile more mistere,  
And therefore I would drawe hem nere; 6520  
But as greth hurt, it maie so be,  
Hath soule in right grete povertē,  
As soule in grete richesse forsothe,  
Al be it that thei hurtin bothe; f. allegorically thei h. b. fr.  
For richesse and mendicityes  
Bene clepid two extremities,  
The mene is clepid Suffisaunce;  
There lieth of vertue the aboundaunce.

For Salomon full wel I wote  
In his wise Parablis us wrote, 6530  
As it is knowen of many a wight,  
In his thirtieth chapitir right, f. full. fr.  
God thou me kepe for thy postē,  
Fro richesse and mendicitye;  
For if a richē man him dresse ad. fr.  
To thinkin to moche on richesse, h. b. fr.  
His hert on that so ferrē is sette,  
That he' his creatour doth foryette;  
And him that beggith woll aie greve;  
How should I by his worde him leve, 6540  
Unneth that he n'is a micher  
Forsworne, or els Godd's lier;  
Thus sayith Salomon's sawes.

Ne we find writtin in no lawes,  
And namely in our christin laie,  
(Who so saith ye, I dare say naie)  
That Christ, ne his Apostils dere,  
While that thei walkid in erth here, on  
Were nevir sene herbrid begging, her brade. fr.  
For they n'olde beggin for nothing. 6550

And right thus were men wont to teche,  
And in this wise wouldin it preche  
The maistirs of divinite  
Somtime in Paris the cite. 6480

AND if men would there gaine appose A  
The nakid texte, and let the gloſe,  
It mightin sone assoilid be,  
For men may wel the sothe se,  
That pardie thei might aske a thing  
Plainly forth withoutin begging; 6560  
For they weren Godd's herdis dere, f. Though.

And cure of foulis haddin here, 6490  
Thei ne wolde nothing begge ther fode,  
For aftir Christ was done on rode,  
With ther propir hondis thei wrought,  
And with traveile, and ellis nought,  
Thei wonnin al ther sustinaunce,  
And livedin forth in ther penaunce, f. in patience. fr.  
And the remenaunt yaf awaie

To othir pore folkis alwaie. v 6570  
— Thei neither bildin toure ne hall, - ed.  
But thei in housis smal with alle. l. e. fr.

A mighty man, that can and maie, 6500  
Should with his honde and body' alwaie  
Winne him his fode in labouring,  
Yf he ne' have rent or suche a thing,  
Although he be religious,  
And God to servin curious,  
Thus mote he done, or do trespas;  
But if it be in certaine caas, 6580  
That I can telle, if mistir be,  
Right wel, whan that the time I se.

6510  
Seke the boke of sainste Augustine,  
(Be it in papir or perchemene)  
There as he writte of these worchinges,  
Thou shalt sene that none excusinges  
— A perfite man ne should seke  
By wordis, ne by dedis eke,

Although

\* After l. 6489 the fr. hath v. 6480, 6481. and then  
follow v. 6489, 6490.

v. 6583 to 6594. is not in the fr. l. ed. (2nd ed.)  
is a repetition of what went before, with a little  
variation.







May gon about and begge his bred,  
That he be not for hongir ded;  
Or if he have of crafte conning,  
And strength also, and desiring  
For to worchin, as he had what,  
But he finde neithir this ne that,  
Than may he beggin till that he  
Have gettin his necessite.

Or if his winning be so lite,  
That his labour will not aquite  
Sufficiauntly al his living,  
Yet may he go his brede begging,  
Fro dore to dore he may go trace,  
Till he the remnaunt may purchase.

Or if a man would undirtake  
Any emprise for to ymake  
In the rescous of our lay, *Fr. foy.*  
And it defendin as he may,  
Be it with armis, or lettrure,  
Or othir convenable cure,  
If it be so that he pore be,  
Than may he beggin, til that he  
Maie findin in trouth for to swinke,  
And get him clothis, mete, and drinke,  
Swinke he with his hondes corporel,  
And not with hondes espirituel.

**I**N all this case, and[in] semblables, *S*  
If that there ben no resonables,  
He maie begge, as I tell you here,  
And ellis not, in no manere;  
As William saint Amour would preche,  
And oftin would dispute and teche  
Of this matir all opinly,  
At Paris fully and solemply;  
And all so God my soule blesse,  
As he had in this stedfastnesse *soluf. Fr.*  
The acorde of the universite,  
And of the peple, as semith me.

No gode man ought it to refuse,  
Ne ought him thereof to excuse,  
Be wrothe or blithe, who so thou be,  
For I wol speke, and tell it The,  
Al should I die, and be put down,  
As was saint Poule, in derke prisoun,  
Or be exilid in this caas,  
With wrong, as maistr William was,  
That my mothir *Hypocrisse*  
Banishid for her gret envie.

My mothir flemed him saint Amour,  
This noble man did suche labour  
To susteine er the loialte,  
That he to muche agilt me; *he.*  
He made a boke, and let it write,  
Wherin his life he did all dite,  
And would that sche renied begging,  
And livin by my travailing,  
If I ne had rent ne othir gode;  
What? wenith he that I were wode?  
For labour might me nevir plese,  
I have more will to ben at ese,  
And have well levir, sothe to saie,  
Before the peple pastre and praie, *f. paten pr.*  
And wrie me in my foxerie *f. de myn my fo. Fr.*  
Undir a cope of papelardie.

(Qd Love) what devel is this I here?

What wordis tellist thou me here?

[*Fr. Sj*]  
[*1.ouc.*] What, sir? Why falsenesse that apert is. *Fr.*  
Than dredist thou not God? No certis; *Fr. Sj* 6800  
For selde in grete thing shal he spece,  
In this world, that God wol ydrede;  
For folke that hem to vertue yeven,

And truily on ther owne liven,  
And hem in godnesse aie contente,  
On hem is litil thriste isente,  
Suche tolke ydrinkin grete misese;  
That life ne may me nevir plese.

But se what golde han userers,  
And silvir eke in ther garners, *6810*  
Tailagiers, and these moniours,  
Bailiffes, Bedils, Provostes, Countours,  
These livin well nigh by ravine,  
The smale peple hem mote encline,  
And thei as wolvis wol hem eten;  
Upon the povir folke thei geten  
Ful muche of that thei spende or kepe,  
Nis none of hem that thei n'il strepe,  
And wrine hem selvin well at full;  
Withoutin scalding thei hem pull. *6820*

The strong the feble ovirgothe,  
But I that were my simple clothe  
Robbe bothe the robbid and robbours,  
And gile the gilid and gilours  
By my treget, I gathre and threste  
The grete tresour into my cheste,  
That lieth with me so faste ybounde;  
Thus myn high paleis do I founde,  
And my delitis I fulfill

With wine at festis, at my will, *6830*  
And tablis ful of entremees;  
I wol no life, but ese and pees,  
And winnin golde to spende also;  
For whan the grete bagge is ago,  
It comith full right with my japes;  
Make I not wel tomble mine apes?  
To winne is alwaie mine entent,  
My purchace is bettre than my rent;  
For though that I should betin be,  
Ovir al I entremet me, *6840*

Withoutin me maie no wight dure,  
I walkin foulis for to cure,  
Of all the world the cure have I,  
In brede and eke in length; boldly,  
I wol bothe preche, and eke counsaillen,  
With hondis wol I not travailen,  
For of the Pope I have the bull;  
I ne holde not my wittis dull;  
I wol not stintin in my live  
These Emperouris for to thrive *6850*  
Of Kingis, Dukes, and Lordis grete;  
But povir folke al quite I lete;  
I love no suche thriving, pardè,  
But it for othir cause ybe;  
I recke not of these povir men,  
Ther estate is not worthe an hen.

Wher findest thou a swinkir of labour *S e*  
Have me to be his confessor?  
But Empreffis, and Duchessis,  
These Quenis, and eke Countessis, *6860*  
These Abbeffis, and eke Bigins,  
And these grete Ladies palafins, *c. / lines. Fr.*  
These joly Knightis, and Bailives,  
These Nonnis, and these Burgeis wives,  
That riche yben, and eke plesing,  
And these Maidinis welfaring,  
Where so thei clad or nakid be,  
Uncounsaillid goeth there none fro me;  
And for ther foulis savite

At Lorde and Lady, and ther meinè *6870*  
I aske, whan thei hem to me thrive,  
The properte of al ther live, *lines 94. Fr.*  
And make hem trowe, both moste and lest,  
Ther Parish Priest is but a best  
Ayens me and my company,  
That shrewis ben as gret as I,

Fro



Fro whiche I wol not hide in holde  
No privite, that me is tolde,  
That I by worde or signe iwis  
Ne wol make 'hem know what it is,  
And thei wollen also tellin me,  
Thei hele fro me no privite;  
And for to make you them perceiven,  
That usin folke thus to deceiven,  
I wol you saine withoutin drede  
What men maie in the Gospell rede  
Of saint Mathewe the Gospellere,  
That saith, as I shall you saie here.

Upon the chairè of Moses,  
(Thus it is glosid dountlefs,

(That is the oldè Testament;

For thereby is the chairè ment)

Sittin Scribis and Pharisen,

(That is to saine, the cursid men,

Whiche that we Ipocritis call)

Doeth that thei preche I rede you all,

But doeth not as thei doen a dele;

That ben not werie to saie wele,

But to doe well no will have thei,

And thei would binde on folke alwaie,

That ben to be begilid able,

Burdons, that ben importable,

On folkis shouldirs thinges thei couchen,

That thei n'ill with ther fingirs touchen,

And why woll thei not touch it? why? [F. S.]

For them ne liste nat sikirly;

For the sadde burdons, that men taken,

Ymakin folkis shouldirs aken.

And if thei doe ought that gode be,

That is for folke it shouldin fe,

Ther burdons largir makin thei,

And makin ther hemmes wide alwaie, - id

And lovin setis at the table

The first, and the moste honourable,

And for to han the first chairis

In Sinagogges, to 'hem full dere is,

And willen that folke 'hem loue and grete,

Whan that thei passin through the strete;

And wollen be cleped maistir also;

But thei ne should not willin so,

The Gospell' is there ayenst I gesse;

That shewith well ther wickidnesse.

Another custome usin we,  
Of 'hem that woll ayenst us be,

We hate him dedly everychone,

And we woll werrey him, as one,

Him that one hatith, hate we all,

And conjeete how to doen him fall,

And if we sene him winne honour,

Richesse or preise, through his valour,

Provende, or rent, or dignite,

Full faste iwis compassin we

By what laddre he is clombin so,

And for to make him doune to go,

With traizon we woll him defame,

And doen him lesin his gode name.

Thus from his laddir we him take,

And thus his frendis foes we make;

But worde ne wetin shall he none,

Till al his frendis ben his fone;

For if we did it opinly

We mightin have blame redily;

For had he wiste of our malice,

He had him kept, but he were nice.

An othir' is this, that if so fall

That there be one emong us all

That doeth a gode tounne, out of drede

6880

We saine it is our aldir dede;

Ye sikirly, though he it fained,

Or that him liste, or that him dained,

A man through him avauncid be,

Thereof all partinere be we,

And tellin folke, where so we go,

That man through us is sprongin so.

And for to have of men praisin,

We purchace, through our flattering,

Of richè men of grete postè

Lettirs, to witnesse our bountè;

So that man weneth, that maie us se,

That allè vertue in us be.

And alwaie povir we us fain;

But how so that we begge, or plain,

We ben the folke, without lesing,

That all thing have without having.

[Thus be dradde of the peple iwis,

And gladly my purpose is this.

I delin with no wight, but he

Have golde and tresour grete plente,

Ther acquaintaunce well lovin I,

This moche is my desire shortly;

I entremete me of brocages,

I makin pece, and mariages,

I am gladly executour,

And many times a procuratour;

I am sometime a meslagere,

That fallith not to my mistere.

And many timis I make enquest,

For me that office is nat honest;

To dele with othir mennis thing

That is to me a grete liking;

And if that ye have ought to doe

In place that I repairin to,

I shall it spedin through my witte

As sone as ye have tolde me it;

So that ye servin me to paie,

My service shall be yours alwaie.

But who so woll chastise me,

Anone my love ylostè hath he;

For I love no man in no gise

That woll me reprove or chastise;

But I woll all folke undirtake,

And of no wight no teching take;

For I that othir folke chastie

Woll not be taught fro my folie.

[Ne]love none Hermitage more;

Al desertis, and holtis hore,

And grete wodis everichone

I let 'hem to the Baptiste John;

I queth him quite and him relesse

Of Egypt all the wildirnesse;

To ferre were all my mansiouns

Fro allè citees and gode touns.

My palcis and mine house make I

There men maie renne in opinly,

And saie that I the worlde forsake;

But all amide I builde, and make

My house, and swimme and plaie therein;

Better than a fishe doth with his finne.

Of Antichrist's men am I,

Of whiche that Christ saith opinly

Thei have habite of holinesse,

And livin in soche wickidnesse;

To the copie, if him talent toke

Of the Evangelist's boke,

There might he se by grete traifoun

Full many a false comparifoun,

As moche as thorough his grete might,

Be it of hete, be it of light,

6950

6960

6970

6980

6990

7000

6940

f. Thomas for Carrons.

7010

There should follow 7003 to 7100 and

then follow 7013 to 7062, then 7257

to 7304 & then 7101 - 7102 and

7103 - 7104 and 7105 - 7106 and

7107 - 7108 and 7109 - 7110 and

7111 - 7112 and 7113 - 7114 and

7115 - 7116 and 7117 - 7118 and

7119 - 7120 and 7121 - 7122 and

7123 - 7124 and 7125 - 7126 and

7127 - 7128 and 7129 - 7130 and

7131 - 7132 and 7133 - 7134 and

7135 - 7136 and 7137 - 7138 and

7139 - 7140 and 7141 - 7142 and

7143 - 7144 and 7145 - 7146 and

7147 - 7148 and 7149 - 7150 and

7151 - 7152 and 7153 - 7154 and

7155 - 7156 and 7157 - 7158 and

7159 - 7160 and 7161 - 7162 and

7163 - 7164 and 7165 - 7166 and

The

\* 6965 to 6970 not in the it.



The Sunne surmountith the Mone,  
That troublis is, and chaungith sone,  
And the nute-kerneill dothe the shell;

(I skorne nat that I you it tell)

Right so withoutin any gile  
Surmountith this noble' Evangile  
The worde of any' Evangelist,  
And to ther title thei toke Christ;  
And many soche comparisoun,  
Of whiche I make no mencoun,  
Mightin men in that boke finde,  
Who so could of 'nem havin minde.

The' universite, that was a slepe,  
Can for to brai'de and takin kepe,  
And at the noise the hedde up cast,  
Ne nevir sithin slept it fast;  
But up it stert, and armis toke,  
Ayent this false horrible boke  
All redy battaile for to make,  
And to the Judge the boke thei take.

But thei, that broughtin the boke there,  
Hent it anone awaie for fere;  
Thei n'old shewe it no more a dele;  
But than it kept, and kepin welc  
Till soche a time that thei maie se,  
That thei so strong ywoxin be,  
That no wight maie 'hem well withstonde;  
For by that boke thei durst not stonde,  
Awaie thei gonne it for to bere,  
For thei ne durstin not answer  
By expocicion ne glose,  
To that that clerkis wolle appose,  
Ayent the' cursidnesse (iwis)  
That in that boke ywritin is.

Now wotte I nat, ne can nat se  
What manir ende that there shall be  
Of all this whiche that thei shide;  
But yet algate thei shall abide;  
Till that thei maie it bette defende;  
This trowe I best wolle be ther ende.

Thus Antichrist abidin we,  
For we ben all of his meine,  
And what man that wolle not be so,  
Right sone he shall his life forgo.  
All outward Lambin semin we,  
Full of godenesse and of pite,  
And inwarde we withoutin fable  
Ben gredy Wolvis ravisable.  
We envioun bothe londe and se,  
With all the worlde werryin we;  
We wolle ordain of alle thing,  
Of folkis gode, and ther living.

If there be castill or cite  
Within that any bougerons be,  
Although that thei of Millaine were,  
(For thereof ben thei blamid there)

Or of a wight out of mesure  
Would lene there gold, and take usure,  
For that he is so covetous,  
Or if he be to Lechirous,  
Or thefe that hauntin Simonie,  
Or Provost full of trechirie,  
Or Prelate living jolilie,  
Or Priest that halt his quein him by,  
Or old whoris hostilers,  
Or othir bandes or bordillers,  
Or ellis blamed of any vice,  
Of whiche men sholdin doen justice,

By all the sainctis that we preie,  
But thei defende them with lampreie,  
With luce, with elis, with samons,

7020

With tendir gees, and with capons,  
With tartis, or with cheffis fat,  
With deinte flaunis, brode and flat,

With caleweys, or with pullaile,  
With coninges, or with fine vitaile,

That we undir our clothis wide  
Ymakin through our golet glide,  
Or but he wolle doe come in haste  
Rae venison ybake in paste,

7030

Whethir so that he loure or groine,  
He shall have of a corde a loigne,  
With whiche men shall him binde and lede

To brenne him for his sinfull dede,  
That men shull here him crie and rore,  
A mil's waie about and more;  
Or els he shall in prison die,

But if he wolle his frendship buie,  
Or smertin that, that he hath doe,  
More than his gilt amountith to:

But and he couthe, thorough his sleight,  
Doe makin up a toure of height,

7040

Nought rought I, wher of stone or tre,  
Or yerth, or turvis though it be,  
Though it were of no younde stone  
Ywrought with square and scantilone,

So that the toure were stufid well  
With alle richis temporell.

And than that he would him up dresse  
Enginis, bothe more and lesse,

To caste at us by every side,  
To berin his gode name wide,

7050

Soche sleightis I shullin you yeven,  
Barelles of wine, by sixe or seven,  
Or golde in sackis grete plente,  
He should the sone delivered be;

And if he have no suche pitences,  
Let him studie' in equipolences,  
And lerin lies and fallaces,

If that he would deserve our graces;  
Or we shall berc him soche witnesse  
Of sinne, and of his wretchidnesse,

And doen his lose so wide renne,  
That all quicke we sholdin him brenne,

7060

Or ellis yeve him soche penaunce,  
That is well worse than the pitaunce.

For thou shalt nevir for nothing  
Con knowen aright by ther clothing

The traitours full of trecherie,  
But thou ther werkis can espie.

And ne had the gode keping be  
Whilom of the' universite,

7070

That kepeth the kei of christendome,  
We' had ben tourmentid all and some.

Soche ben the stinking Prophetis,  
Nis none of 'hem, that gode Prophete is;

For thei through wickid entencion  
The yere of the' incarnation

A thousande, and two hundrid yere,  
Five and fiste, ferthir ne nere,

Broughtin a boke with forie grace,  
To yeven ensample in common place,

That sayid thus, though it were fable,  
This is the Gospell pardurable,

7080

That fro the holic Ghost is sent,  
Well were it worthe to be ybrent,

Entitlid was in soche manere  
This boke, of whiche I tell here,

There n'as no wight in all Paris  
Beforne our Ladie at parvis,

That thei ne might the boke by;  
The sentence plesed 'hem well truely.

But I wolle stint of this matere,  
For it is wondir long to here;

But

-cd.

x make of every 20. In  
Though

curse words In

\* This follows 1.7012.

\* Fr. Bougres.

if

7022. l. 6. To serve you I do not it tell. Fr.

7090

7100

7110

7120

7130

7140

7150

7160

7170



But had that ilkè boke endured;  
Of better estate I were ensured,  
And frendis have I yet pardè,  
That han me set in grete degre.

**O**F all this worlde is Emperour  
Gile my fathir, the false trechour,  
And Emperesse my mothir is,  
Maugre the Holie Ghoste iwis;  
Our mightie linage, and our rout  
Reignith in every reigne about,  
And well is worthy we ministers be, - *ai. Fr.*  
For all this worlde governe we,  
And can the folke so well deceve  
That none our gilis can perceiue,  
And though thei doen, thei dare not saie;  
The sothe; dare no wight bewraie,

But he in Christ's wrathe him ledeth,  
That more than Christ my brethrin dredeth; *7180*  
He n'is no full gode champion,  
That dredeth soche similacion, *16*  
Nor that for pain woll refusin  
Us to correcte and accusin.  
He woll not cntremete by right,  
Ne havin God in his eyen; *sight*  
And therefore God shall him punice;  
But me ne reckith of no vice,  
Sithen men us loven communablie,  
And holdin us for so worthie,  
That we maie folke repreve echone,  
And we n'ill have represe of none;  
Whom sholdin folke worshipin so  
But us that stintin nevir mo  
To patrin, while that folke [maie] us se, *8*  
Though it not so behinde hem be?

**A**ND where is there more wode solie  
Than to enhauncin chivalrie,  
And lovin noble men and gaie,  
That jolic clothis weren alwaie?  
If thei be soche folke as thei semen,  
So clene, as men ther clothis deimen,  
And that ther wordes solowe ther dede;  
It is grete pite out of drede,  
For thei woll be none Hypocritis;  
Of hem me thinkith grete spite is, *f. disp-*  
I can not love hem on no side.

But beggins with these hodie wide,  
With sleigh and pale facis lene,  
And with graie clothis nat full clene,  
But fretid full of tatar waggis,  
And high shewis knoppid with dagges;  
That frouncin like a qualè pipe,  
Or botis riving, as a gipe,

To soche folke, as I you devise,  
Should princis and these lordis wise  
Take all ther landis and ther thinges,  
Bothe warre and pece in govirninges;  
To soche folke should a prince him yeve,  
That would his life in honour live. *7220*

And if thei be nat as thei seme,  
That servin thus the worlde to queme,  
There would I dwellin to deceiue  
The folke, for thei shall nat perceve.

But I ne speke in no soche wise  
That men should humble habite dispise, *a*  
So that no pride there undir be;  
No man should hate, as thinkith me,  
The povir man in soche clothing;  
But God ne presith him nothing,  
That saith he hath the worlde forsake,  
And hath to worldly glory him take,  
And woll of soche delicis use,

Who maie that beggier well excuse? *11*  
That papelarde, that him yeldith so,  
And woll to worldly ese ygo,  
And saith that he the worlde hath lett;  
And gredily it gripith eft,  
He is the hounde, shame is to sain,  
That to his casting godth again. *7240*

**B**UT unto you dare I not lie,  
But might I felin or elpie,  
That ye percevid it nothing,  
Ye sholdin have a starke lesing  
Right in your honde thus to beginne,  
I ne wolde it let for no sinne.

The God lough at the wondir tho,  
And every wight gan laugh also,  
And sayid: lo here a man right  
For to be trustid to every wight! *7250*

**F**Alse Semblant (qð Love) saie to me,  
Sith I thus have avauncid The,  
That in my court is thy dwelling,  
And of ribaudes shalt be my king,  
Wolt thou well holdin my forwardes?

Ye sir, qð he, from hens forwardes, *here follows V. 725, &c. to*  
We woll a peple on him arise, *here follows V. 7262.*  
And through our gile doin him ceise;

And him on thatpe speris rive, *7260*  
Or othir waies bring him fro live,  
But if that he woll folowe iwis  
That in our boke ywritin is.

**T**Hus moche woll our boke signifie,  
That while Peter had maultirie *e/*  
Maie nevir John shewe well his might.  
Now have I you declarid right  
The mening of the barke and rinde, *finche.*  
That makith the entencions blinde.

But now at erst I woll begin  
To expoune you the pithe within, *7270*  
And the seculers comprehende,  
That Christ's lawe wollin defende,  
And shoud it kepin and maintene

Ayenist them that all fustenen, *entre eux tous ils s'empeschent.*  
And saltly to the peple techen, *et adonc il leur enseigne que, &c.*  
That John betokeneth hem to prechen, *that fr.*  
That there n'is lawe covenant, *fr. tenable.*

But thilke Gospell pardurable,  
That fro the Holy Ghost was sent,  
To tournin folke that ben miswent. *7280*

The strength of John thei undirtonde,  
The grace, in whiche thei saie thei stonde,  
That doth the sinfull folke convert,  
And hem to Jesu Christ revery;

Full many an othre horrible  
Mowin men in that bokè se,  
That ben commaundid doutlefs *fr. la foy de H.*  
Ayenst the lawe of Rome expresse,  
And all with Antichrist thei holden,  
As men maie in the boke beholden. *7290*

And than commaundin thei to fleen  
All tho that with Peter yben,  
But thei shall nevir have that might,  
And God to sorne, for strief to fight,  
That thei ne shall ynough yfinde,  
That Peter's lawe shall have in minde,  
And evir holde, and so maintene,  
That at the last it shall be fene

That thei shall all comin thereto, *7300*  
For aught that thei can speke or do.  
And thilke lawe ne shall not stonde,  
That thei by John have undirtonde,  
Y y y *But*

*7185. f. Such man will not entende the right.  
Fr. Tel homme ne veult entendre voir.*



*This follows V. 7236.*  
*Falſe ſembl. ſpeaks.*

*At. ſlow. Fr.*

*[Love]*  
*[F. ſembl.]*

*f. off*

*11*

*Though. Fr.*

*\* constrained*

But maugre them, it ſhall adoun,  
 And ben brought to confuſioun, *Here follows V. 7161.*  
 Had neſ your fathir here beforne *But I wote ſhild, &c.*  
 Servaunt ſo true, ſithe he was borne,  
 That is ayeniſt all nature. *f. thy. Fr. ta nat.*  
 Sir, put you in that avinture;  
 For though ye borowes take of me,  
 The ſikerer ſhall ye nevir be  
 For hoſtagis, ne ſikirneſſe,  
 Or chartris, for to bere witneſſe;  
 I take your ſelf to recorde here,  
 That men ne maie, in no manere,  
 Terin the wolfe out of his hide,  
 Till he be flain, bothe backe and ſide,  
 Though men him bere and all deſile;  
 What wene ye that I woll begile?  
 For I am clothid mekily,  
 There undre is all my trechity;  
 Mine herte chaungith nevir the mo  
 For none habire, in which I go;  
 Though I have chere of ſimpleneſſe,  
 I am not werie of ſhredneſſe;  
 My lemman, ſtrainid Abſtinaunce, *i*  
 Hath miſtir of my purveiaunce;  
 She had full long ago be dede,  
 Nere for my counſaile and my redde;  
 Let her alone, and you, and me.  
 And Love answerid, I truſt The  
 Without borowe, for I woll none.  
 And falſe Semblant the theſe anone  
 Right in that ilke ſame place,  
 That had of trefon all his face  
 Right blacke within, and white without,  
 Thanking him, gan on his knees lout.

Than was there nought, but every man,  
 Now to aſlaute, that ſailin can  
 (Qd Love) and that full hardily.  
 Than armid thei hem cominly  
 Of ſoche armour, as to hem ſell.  
 Whan thei were armid, fiers and fell  
 Thei wene hem forthe all in a rout,  
 And ſet the caſtill all about;  
 Thei will not awaie for no drede,  
 Till it ſo be that thei ben dede,  
 Or till thei have the caſtill take.  
 And four battellis gan thei make,  
 And partid hem in four anone,  
 And toke ther waie, and forthe thei gone,  
 The four gatis for to aſſaile,  
 Of whiche the kepirs woll not faile,  
 For thei ben neithir ſicke ne dede,  
 But hardie folke, and ſtrong in dede.

Now woll I ſaine the countenaunce  
 Of falſe Semblant, and Abſtinaunce,  
 That ben to wickid tong ywent:  
 But firſt thei helde ther parliment, *e*  
 Whethir it to be doſn were,  
 To makin hem be knowin there,  
 Or ellis walkin forthe diſgiſed;  
 But at the laſt thei deviſed  
 That thei would gone in tapinage,  
 As it were in a pilgrimage,  
 Like gode and holie folke unfeined;  
 And Janon dame Abſtinence ſtreined *f. conſtr.*  
 Toke on a robe of Cameline,  
 And gan her grate as a bigine. *it. Fr. ſalourne*  
 A large coverchief of threde.  
 She wrappid all about her hede;  
 But ſhe forgate not her Pſaltere;  
 A paire of bedis eke ſhe bere  
 Upon a lace all of white threde,  
 On whiche that ſhe her bedis bede;

But ſhe ne bought hem nevre a dele,  
 For thei were given her, I wote wele, *f. yove*  
 God wote of a full holie Frere,  
 That ſaiyd thei was her fathir dere, *a ſhe. Fr. / S*  
 To whom ſhe had oftiner went  
 Than any Frere of his covent;  
 — And he viſitid her alſo, *7380*  
 And many a ſermon ſaiyd her to;  
 He n'olde let for no man on live  
 That he ne would her oftin ſhrive,  
 And with ſo grete devocion  
 Thei madin her confeſſion, *f*  
 That thei had oftin for the nones  
 Two heddis in one hode at ones.  
 Of faire ſhape I deviſed her The,  
 But pale of face ſometime was ſhe,  
 That falſe traitoureſſe untrewed *7390*  
 Was like that ſalowe horſe of hewe,  
 That in the Apocalyps is ſhewed,  
 That ſignifieth tho folke beſhrewed,  
 That ben all full of trecherie,  
 And pale, thorough hypocriſie;  
 For on that horſe no colour is,  
 But onely dedde and pale iwis;  
 Of ſoche a colour enlangoured  
 Was Abſtinence iwis coloured; *7400*  
 Of her eſtate ſhe her repented,  
 Right as her viſage repreſented.

She had a burdoun all of theft,  
 That Gile had yeve her of his yeſt,  
 And a ſkrippe of faint diſtreſſe, *Sharpe. Fr. Escharpe.*  
 That full was of elengeneſſe; *See the glaſſe in Plengeneſſe Me.*  
 And forthe ſhe walkid ſobirlye.  
 And falſe Semblant ſaint, je vous die, *f. had*  
 And as it were, for ſoche miſtere, *f. ſit.*  
 Doſn on the cope of a Frere, *Altho. Fr. Draps. 7410*  
 With chere ſimple, and full pitous;  
 His lokin was not diſleinous,  
 Ne proude, but meke and ful peſible.  
 About his necke he bare a bible,  
 And ſquyirly forthe gan he gon; *ſquyerles. Fr. sans esunier*  
 And for to reſt his limmes upon  
 He had of trefon a potent,  
 As he were feble; his waie he went.  
 But in his ſleve he gan to thring  
 A raſour ſharpe, and well biting, *7420*  
 That was yforgid in a forge,  
 Whiche that men clepin Coupè-gorge.  
 So long forth ther waie thei nomin,  
 Till thei to wickid Tong comin, *W e a f. were fr*  
 That at his gate ywas ſitting,  
 And ſawe folke in the waie paſſing.  
 The pilgrimis ſawe he faſt by,  
 That berin hem full mekily,  
 And humbly thei with him ymette;  
 Dame Abſtinence firſt him ygrette,  
 And ſithe him Falſe Semblant ſalyed, *-ew- or. ſalut. remand.*  
 And he hem, but he not remeyed;  
 For he ne drede him not a dele; *at a gh b. drud hem*  
 For whan he ſawe ther facis wele,  
 Alwaie in herte him thought ſo  
 He ſhould knowin hem both two;  
 For well he knewe dame Abſtinaunce;  
 But he ne knewe nor Conſtreinaunce; *Fr. Conſtraignance.*  
 He knewe nat that ſhe was constrained,  
 Ne of her thev'is life yfained, *f. thev'ishe. Fr. 7440*  
 But wende ſhe come of will all fre; *ſarancie*  
 But ſhe come in othir degre; *of. ſeinte. W*  
 And if of gode will ſhe began,  
 That will ywas failid her than. *f. gode.*

AND Falſe Semblant had he ſaine alſe, *f. ſone*  
 But he knewe nat that he was falſe;

Yet

*7320 f. Let us alone both her & me.*  
*Fr. Laissez nous luy et moy chevir.*

*7330 f. Now to the aſſaute that aſſaile can.*  
*Fr. Now a l'abaute appertement.*

*7389. Fr. De belle taille est a devis.*

*7410. f. Donjon the clothes of frere Sahyere.*  
*Fr. Vestu les draps frere Sahyer.*

*7440. f. No that the thief her life yfained.*



Yet false was he, but his falsnesse  
Ne coud he nat espie, nor gesse;  
For Semblant was so flie ywrought,  
That Falsnesse he ne espied nought;  
But haddest thou knowin him beforne,  
Thou woldist on a boke have sworne,  
Whan thou him sawe in thilke araie,  
That he, that whilom was so gaie,  
And of the daunce Jolie Robin,  
Was tho become a Jacobin;  
But sothly what so men 'hem call,  
Frere Prechour's ben gode men all;  
Ther ordir wickidly thei beren,  
Soche minstrellis if that thei weren.

So ben Augustins, and Cordileres,  
And Carmis, and eke sackid Freres,  
And all the Freris shod and bare,  
(Though some of 'hem ben grete and square)  
Full holy men, as I 'hem deme,  
Everiche of 'hem wold gode man seme;  
But shalt thou never of apparence  
Scin conclude gode consequence

In any argument iwis,  
If existens all failid is;  
For men maie finde alwaie sophisme,  
The consequence to envenime,  
Who so hath had the subtilte  
The double sentence for to se.

Whan the pilgrimis comin were  
To wickid Tong, that dwellid there,  
Ther harneis nigh 'hem was algate;  
By wickid Tong adoune thei fate,  
That badde 'hem nere him for to come,  
And of ridings tell him some;  
And said 'hem, what case makith you  
To comin into this place now?

SIR, sayid Strainid Abstinence,  
We for to dryin our penaunce  
With hertis pitous and devout  
Are compier, as pilgrimes gon about;  
Well nigh on fote alwaie we go;  
Full doughtie ben our helis two;  
And thus bothe we ben ysent  
Throughtout the worlde, that is miswent,  
To yeve ensample, and preche also;  
To fishin sinfull men we go;  
For othir fishing ne fische we;  
And leve sir, for that charite,  
As we be wont, erbo'rowe we crave,  
Your life to amenge (Christ it save)  
And so it should you not displese,  
We woldin, if it were your ese,  
A short sermon unto you sain.  
And wickid Tong answered again,  
The house (q' he) soche as ye se,  
Shall nat be warnid you for me,  
Saie what you list, and I woll here.  
Graunt mercie tho swete sir dere,

Q' aldirfirst dame Abstinence,  
And thus began she her sentence;  
Sir, the first vertue for certaine,  
The gretist, and moste soveraine,  
That maie be founde in any man,  
For having, or for wit he can,  
That is his tong for to refrain;  
Therto ought every wight him pain;  
For it is bettir still to be,  
Than for to spekin harme parde;  
And he that harkeneth it gladly,  
He is no gode man sikirly.  
And, sir, above all othir sinne,

In that art thou most gilty inae;  
Thou spake a jape, not long ago,  
(And sir, that was right evill doe)

Of a yong man, that here repaired,  
And never yet this place apaired,  
Thou saidest he awaitid nothing,  
But to disceve Faire Welcoming,  
Ye saidin nothing sothe of that,  
But sir, ye lie, I tel you plat,  
He cometh no more, ne goeth parde;  
I trowe ye shal him never se,  
Faire Welcoming in prison is,  
That ofte hath plaied with you er this  
The fairist gamis that He coude,  
Withoutin filth; or fil or loude  
Now dare he not himselfe solace;  
Ye han also the man do chace,  
That he dare neithir come ne go.  
What mevith you to hate him so,  
But propirly your wickid thought,  
That many a false lesing hath thought,  
That mevith your soule eloquence,  
That janglich cre' in audience,  
And on the folke arisith blame,  
And doth 'hem dishonour and shame,  
For thing that maie have no preving,  
But likelinsse and contriving?

For I dare saie, that Reson demeth,

It is not al soth thing that semeth,

And it is sinne for to controve

Any thing that is to reprove;

This wote ye wele, and sir, therefore

Ye arne to blame mochil the more;

And nathelless, he reckith lite,

He yeveth not now therof a mite;

For if he thoughtin harme, par faie,

He wold ycome and gone all daie;

He ne coude not himselfe abstene,

Now cometh he not, and that is sene;

For he ne taketh of it no cure,

But if it be through avinture,

And lasse than othir folke algate;

And thou here watchist at the gate,

With spere in thine arest alwaie;

There muse, musarde, all the longe daie;

Thou wakist night and daie for thought;

Iwis thy traveile is for nought;

And Jalousie withoutin faile

Shall never quite The thy traveile;

And skathe is, that Faire Welcoming,

Withoutin any trespassing,

Shal wrongfully in prison be, - chde. In demerence.

There wepith and languishith he;

And though thou never yet iwis

Agiltist man no more but this,

(Take not a grese) it were worthy

To put The out of this Bailly,

And affirwarde in Prison lie,

And fettrid The till that thou die; - be.

For thou shalt for this sinne dwelle,

Right in the Devil's arse of Helle,

But if that thou repente The.

Maiaie, thou liest falsely (q' he)

What? welcome with mischaunce now;

Have I therefore herberid you

To saie me shame, and eke reprove,

With sorie happe to your behove?

Am I to day your herbegere?

Go herbir you els where than here, - be.

That han a lier callid me.

Two tregetours arte thou and he,

That in mine hous do me this shame,

And for my sothesawe ye me blame;

7470. Fr. Se default existence efface.

7532. Sans nulle pence vilaine.



Is this the sermon that ye make?  
 To all the devils I me take,  
 Or ellis, God, thou me confounde,  
 But er men didden this castill founde,  
 It passith not ten daies or twelve,  
 But it was tolde right to my selve,  
 And as thei saide, right so tolde I,  
 He kiste the Rose privily;  
 Thus saide I now, and have said yore,  
 I n'ot where he did any more;  
 Why should men saie me suche a thing,  
 If that it had yben gabbing? *f. but*  
 Right so saide I, and woll saie yet;  
 I trowe I lyid not of it;  
 And with my bemis I woll blowe  
 To alle neighbouris arowe,  
 How he hath bothe comin and gone.  
 Tho spake false Semblant right anone,  
 All is nat gospel out of doure,  
 That men saie in the toun aboute:  
 Lay no dese ere to my speking,  
 I swere you sir, it is gabbing,  
 I trow ye wote well certainly,  
 That no man loveth him tendirly,  
 That saith him harme, if he wote it,  
 All be he ner so pore of wit;  
 And sothe is also sikirly,  
 This know ye sir, as well as I,  
 That lovirs gladly wol visiten  
 The placis there ther loves habiten;  
 This man you loveth, and eke honoureth,  
 This man to servin you laboureth,  
 And clepith you his frende so dere,  
 And this man makith you gode chere;  
 And every where that he you meteth,  
 He you saleweth, and he you greteth;  
 He presith nat so ofte, that ye  
 Oughte off his coming encombrid be;  
 There presin othir folke on you  
 Ful oftir than he doth now, *in*  
 And if his hert him strainid so  
 Unto the Rose for to go,  
 Ye should him sene so oftin nede,  
 That ye should take him with the dede;  
 He coude his comming not forbere,  
 Though ye him thrillid with a spere;  
 In're not than, as it is now;  
 But trustith well, I swere it you,  
 That it is elene out of his thought;  
 Sir, certis he ne thinketh it nought,  
 No more ne doth Faire Welcoming,  
 That sore abyith all this thing;  
 And if thei were of one assent,  
 Full sone ywere the Rose ysent,  
 Tho the malgre yourls would ybe. *it*

And sir, of o thing herkeneth me,  
 Sithe ye this man, that lovith you,  
 Han saide such harme, and shame now,  
 Witstith well, if he gessid it,  
 Ye maie well demin in your wit,  
 He ne wolde nothing love you so,  
 Ne callin you his frende also;  
 But night and daie he wollia wake, *de*  
 The castill to distroie and take,  
 Yf it were sothe, as ye devise,  
 Or some man in some manir wise  
 Might it warnin him every dele,  
 Or by himselve percevin wele;  
 For sithe he might not come and gone,  
 As he was whilom wonte to done,  
 He might it sone wite and se,  
 But now all othirwise wote he.  
 Than have we, sir, all uttirly *ye*  
 Deservid Hell, and jolily  
 The deth of Helle doutilese, *ei*  
 That thrallin folke so giltilese. *c*

False Semblant so provith this thing,  
 That he ne can none answering,  
 And seeth alwaie soche apparaunce,  
 That nigh he fel in repentaunce,  
 And saide him, sir; it maie well be; *c. f. f. leur dit*  
 Semblant, a gode man semin ye,  
 And Abstinence, ful wise ye seme;  
 Of o'talent you bothe I demc; *f. f. courage, mind.*  
 What counsaile wol ye to me yeven?  
 Right here anon thou shalt be shriven,  
 And say thy sinne, withoutin more,  
 Of this shalt thou repent The fore;  
 For I am Priest, and have postre  
 To shrive folke of most dignite;  
 That ben as wide as world maie dure,  
 Of al this world I have the cure,  
 And that had nevyr yet peroun *a/*  
 Ne vicarie of no manir toun. *vicarie*  
 And God it wor I have of The  
 A thousande timis more pitre  
 Than hath thy Priest parochiall,  
 Though he thy frende be speciall.  
 I have avantage in o wife,  
 That your Prelates ben not so wise,  
 Ne halfe so lettrid as am I;  
 I am licensid boldily  
 In divinite for to rede,  
 And to confessin out of drede.  
 Yf that ye wol you now confesse,  
 And leve your sinnis more and lesse,  
 Without abode knele doune anon,  
 [And] you shal have absolucion. *f*

Here endeth the Romaunt of the Rose.

-615. f. Though malgre youris it wolde be.  
 or the matter it may, your w. be.

-615. f. But night & day wolde this be. f. w. ac.



Here



## Here foloweth the Boke of TROILUS and CRESEIDE.

In this excellent Boke is shewed the fervent Love of TROILUS to CRESEIDE, whom he enjoyed for a time, and her grete untruthe to him againe in giving her self to DIOMEDES, who in the end did so cast her off, that she came to grete misery. In whiche discourse CHAUCER liberally treteth of the Divine Purveiaunce.

**T**HE double sorow of Troilus to telle,  
That was the king Priamus sonne of  
Troy,  
In loving, how his aventuris felle  
From wo to wele, and aftir out of joye  
My purpose is, er that I partè fro'ye,  
Thou Theſiphone, thou helpe me t'endite  
This woful verſe, that wepin as I write.

To The I clepe, thou goddeſſe of tourment  
Thou cruil wight, ſorowing ay in paine,  
Helpe me, that am the wofull instrument, *thy* 10  
That helpith lovirs, as I can, complaine;  
*Helpe*, For wel ſit it, the ſothè for to ſaine,  
A woful wight to have a dreary fere,  
And to a ſorrowfull tale a ſory chere.

For I that God of Lov'is ſervauntes ſerve,  
Ne dare to love, for mine unlikeliheſſe, *not*  
Prayn for ſpede, al ſhould I therfore ſterve,  
So ferre am I fro his helpe in derkenesſe;  
But natheliſſe, if this may done gladneſſe  
To any lovir, and his cauſe aveile, 20  
Have he the thanke, and mine be the traveile.

But ye lovirs, that bathin in gladneſſe,  
Yf any drope of pite in you be,  
Remembrith you of paſſid hevineſſe,  
That ye have felte, and on the' adverſite *✓*  
Of othir folke, and thinkith how that ye  
Han felte, that love durſt you to diſpleſe,  
Or ye han won him with to gret an eſe.

And prayith for 'hem that ben in the cace  
Of Troilus, as ye may aftir here, 30  
That love 'hem bring in hevin to ſolace.  
And eke for me prayith to God ſo dere,  
That I have might to ſhew in ſome manere  
Suche paine and wo, as lov'is folke endure,  
In Troilus unſely avinture.

And biddith eke for them that ben diſpeired  
In love, that nevir will recovered be,  
And eke for them that falſely ben apeired  
Through wickid tongis, be it he or ſhe;  
And biddith God for his benigneſſe 40  
So graunt 'hem ſone out of this world to pace,  
That ben diſpairid out of lov'is grace.

And biddith eke for them that ben at eſe,  
That God 'hem graunt in love perfeveraunce,  
And ſende 'hem grace ther lov'is for to pleſe, 50  
That it to love be worship and pleaſaunce;  
For ſo hope I my ſelfe beſt to avaunce  
To pray for them, that lov'is ſervauntes be,  
And write ther wo, and live in charite.

And for to have of them compaſſioun,  
As though I were ther owne brothir dere. 50  
Now herkenith with a gode entencioun,

For now wol I go ſtreight to my matere:  
In whiche ye may the double ſorowes here  
Of Troilus, in loving of Creſeide,  
And how ſhe forſoke him er that ſhe deide. *or*

**I**T is wel wiſt, how that the Grekis ſtrong  
In armis with a thouſand ſhippis went  
To Troie wardis, and the cite long  
Beſiegedin nigh ten yeres ere thei ſtent, 60  
And how in divers wiſe, and one entent,  
The raviſhing to wreke of queine Heleine  
By Paris don, thei wroughtin all their peine.

Now fell it ſo, that in the toun there was  
Dwelling a Lord of gret authorite,  
A gret divine, that clepid was Calcas,  
That in that ſcience ſo' experte was, that he  
Knew wel, that Troie ſhould diſtroyid be,  
By anſwere of his God, that hight was thus  
Dan Phebus, or Apollo Delphicus. 70

So whan this Calcas knew by calculing,  
And eke by the anſwere of this God Apollo, *h*  
That Grekis ſhouldin ſuche a peple bring,  
Thorow the whiche that Troy muſt be fordo,  
He caſte anone out of the toun to go,  
For wel he wiſt by ſorte, that Troie ſholde  
Diſtroyid be, ye'would who' ſo or n'olde.

Wherefore for to departin ſoftly  
Toke purpoſe ful this wight forknowing, wiſe, 80  
And to the Grekis hoſt ful privily  
He ſtale anone, and thei in curteis wiſe,  
Didin to him both worship and ſervice,  
In truſt that he hath conning 'hem to rede  
In every peril, which that was to drede.

Grete rumour roſe, whan it was fiſt eſpied,  
In al the toun, and opinly was ſpoken,  
That Calcas traitour fled was, and alied  
To them of Grece, and caſte was to be wroken *with*  
On him, that falſly hath his faith to broken, 90  
And ſaid; that he and al his kinne atones  
Were worthy to be brent both fell and bones.

Now had this Calcas leſte in this miſchaunce,  
Unknowing of this falſe and wickid dede,  
A doughtir, whiche that was in grete penaunce;  
And of her life ſhe was ful ſore in drede, *for*  
And ne wiſt nevir what beſt was to rede, *at the ſide that myſt not reh. w. b.*  
And as a widowe was ſhe, and alone, *for both*  
And niſt to whom ſhe might ymake her mone. *at any ſide whom ſhe durſt have none.*

Creſeide ywas this ladies name aright, *at the ſide of Troy*  
As to my dome, in al Troy's cite 100  
Moſt fairiſt lady, paſſing every wight;  
So angelike ſhone her natife beaute,  
That like a thing immortal ſemid ſhe;  
And therwith was ſhe ſo parſite a creature,  
As ſhe had be made in ſcorning of nature.

L z z

This

*104 As is an heavenly parſite creature, at the ſide.  
- 5 That donne were ſent in ſcorn. of nat.*



*al. blake.*  
This lady, whiche that al day herde at ere  
Her fathir's shame, his falsheid, and traifoun,  
Fui nigh out of her wit, for sorow' and fere,  
In widdowe's habite large of samite broun,  
Before Hector on knees she fill adoun, *e/* 110  
His mercy bad, her selfin excusing,  
With pitous voice, and tendirly weping.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,  
And saw, that she was sorowful begone, *-ly*  
And that she was so faire a creature,  
Of his godenesse he gladdid her anone,  
And saide; let your fathir's traifon gone  
Forth with mischance, and ye your self in joye  
Dwellith with us, whil's you list in Troye, *gode*

And al the honour men may do you have, 120  
As ferforth as though your fathir dwelt here  
Ye shul have, and your body shul men save,  
As fer as I may ought enquire and here.  
*A ofte.* And the him thankid with ful humble chere, *&*  
And ofir wolde, and it had been his will,  
And toke her leve, went home, and helde her still,

*&* And in her house she abode with such meine,  
As til her honour nede was for to holde,  
And while she was dwelling in that cite  
*&* [She] kepte her estate, and of yong and olde *both* 130  
Ful wel beloved, and wel men of her tolde;  
But whethir that she childrin had or none  
I rede it nat, therefore I let it gone.

*&* The thingis sellin as thei done *in* of werre  
Betwixin hem of Troie and Grekis ofte,  
For some day boughtin thei of Troie it derre, *full*  
And eft the Grekis foundin nothing soft  
The folke of Troie: and thus fortune aloft  
And undir este gan hem to welmin bothe,  
Astir her course, aie while that thei wer wrothe.

But how this toun came to distruccion  
Ne fallith not to purpose me to tel,  
For why? it were a long digression  
Fro my matir, and you to long to dwel;  
But the Trojan jestis, all as thei fel, *f*  
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite,  
Who so that can, may rede hem, as thei write.

But though the Grekis them of Troie in shetten,  
And ther cite besegid al aboute, 150  
Ther olde usagis n'oldin thei not letten,  
As to honouret ther Goddis ful devoute;  
But aldirmost in honour out of doute,  
Thei had a relicke hight Palladion,  
That was ther trust abovyn everichon. *e*

And so befel, whan comin was the time  
Of Aprilis, whan clothid is the mede  
With newe grene, of lusty *fir* the prime,  
And with swete smelling flouris white and rede  
*&* In sondrie wise shewid, as I *you* rede, *liber* 160  
The folke of Troie, ther observauncis olde,  
Palladion's fest, went for to holde. *- en.*

Unto the temple in all ther best wise  
In general went every manir wight,  
*&* To herkin of Palladion's service, *f*  
And namily many a lusty knight,  
And many a lady fresh, and maidin bright,  
Full well beseyn the most meyn and left,  
Both for the feson, and for the hie fest.

Among these othir folke was Creseida,

*164. That thrifly was to herin her service.*

In widdowe's habite blake; but nathèles 170  
Right as our first lettir is now an A;  
In beaute first so stode she makèles,  
Her godely loking gladdid all the pres,  
N'as nevir sene thing to be praïsd (so) derre, *&*  
Nor under cloude blake so bright a sterre,

As was Creseide, thei saidin everichone,  
That her beheldin in her blake wede;  
And yet she stode ful lowe and stil alone,  
Behinde all othir folke, in litil brede,  
And nie the dore aye undir sham's drede, 180  
Simple of atire, and debonaire of chere,  
With full assurid loking and manere.

Dan Troilus, as he was wont to gide  
His yongè knightis, ladde hem up and doune  
In thilke large temple on every side,  
Beholding aie the ladies of the tounne,  
Now here now there; for no devociounie  
Had he to none, to revin him his rest,  
But gan to praise and lackin whom he left.

And in his walke ful faste he gan to waiten, 190  
If knight or squyr of his company  
Gan for to sike, or let his eyin baïten  
On any woman, that he coude espie;  
Then he would smile, and holde it a folie,  
And say him thus: O Lorde she slepith softe  
For love of The, whan thou turnist ful ofte.

I have herde tel pardioux of your living,  
Ye lovirs, and of your leude observaunces,  
And whiche a labour folke have in winning  
Of love, and in the keping whiche doutaunces, 200  
And whan your pray is lost, wo and penaunce;  
O very folis! blinde and nice be ye,  
There is not one can ware by othir be.

And with that worde he *wilde* gan cast up *the* his browe  
Ascaunce, lo! is this not *wisely* is spoken? *well*  
At whiche the God of Love gan lokin rowe  
Right for dispite, and shope him to be wroken,  
He kidde anon his bowe was not to broken;  
For sodainly he hitte him at the full,  
And yet as proude a pecocke can he pul. 210  
*thought.*

O blinde worlde! o blinde entencioun!  
How ofin fallith al th' effeete contraire  
Of surquedrie and foule presumpcioun?  
For caught is proude, and caught is debonaire;  
This Troilus is clombin on the staire,  
And litil wenith that he mote discende;  
But al day failith thing that folis wende.

As proude bayard beginnith for to skippe  
Out of the way (so prickith him his corne) *al. his.*  
Till he a lashe have of the longè whippe, 220  
Than thinkith he, though I prauce al before  
First in the traife, full fatte and newe ishorne;  
Yet am I but an horse, and hors's lawe  
I must endure, and with my feris drawe:

So fared it by this fiers and proude knight,  
Though he a worthy king's sonne were;  
And wenid that nothing had had such might, *He.*  
Ayenst his wil that should his hertè sterre;  
Yet with a loke his hert ywoxe on fire, *afere.*  
That he, that now was most in pride above, 230  
Woxe sodainly moste subject unto love. *arrant.*

Forthy ensample takith of this man,  
Ye wisè, proude, and worthy folkis all,  
To skorning love, whiche that so sonè can



The fredome of your hertis to him thral,  
For evir was, and evir shall befall,  
That love is he that al thingis may binde;  
For no man maie fordo the law of kinde.

That this be sothe, hath previd and doth yet,  
For this (trowe I) ye knowin al and some, 240  
Men redin nat that folke han gretir wit  
Than thei, that han ben most with love inome,  
And strengist folke ben therwith ovircome,  
The worthyist and gretist of degre;  
This was, and is, and yet man shal it se. *c.*

And truſliche it fitte well to be so,  
For aldirwisist han therwith ben plesed,  
And thei that han ben aldirmoste in wo  
With love, han ben comfortid most and esed, 250  
And ofte it hath the cruill herte apesed,  
And worthy folke made worthyir of name,  
And causith most to dredin vice and shame:

Now sith it may nat godely be withſtonde,  
And is a thing so vertuons in kinde,  
Ne grudgith nought to love for to ben bonde,  
Sithe as him ſelvin liſt he may you binde;  
*The yerde is bette that bowin wol and winde,*  
*Than that that breſt; and therfore I you rede,*  
Folowith him, that so well can you lede.  
*So followe love that y. s. w. c. l.*

But for to tellin forth in speciall 260  
As of this king's sonne, of whiche I tolde,  
And levin othir thing collaterall,  
Of him thinke I my tale forth to holde,  
Bothe of his joye, and of his caris colde,  
And all his werke, as touching this matere,  
For I it gan, I wol therto refere.

Within the temple wente him forth playing  
This Troilus, with every wight about,  
On this lady, and now on that loking,  
Whereſo ſhe were of toun, or of without; 270  
And upon caſe beſil, that through a rout  
His eye ypercid, and ſo depe it went,  
Til on Creſeide it ſmote, and there it ſtent;

And ſodainly for wondir wext aſtoned,  
And gan her bet beholde in thirſty wiſe; *by*  
O mercy God! thought he, where haſt thou wonned,  
That arte ſo faire, and godely to deviſe?  
Therwith his hert began to ſprede and riſe,  
And ſofte he ſighid, leſt men might him here,  
And caught ayen his formir playing chere. 280

She n'as nat with the leſte of her ſtature,  
But al her limmis ſo wel anſwering  
Werin to womanhode, that creature  
Was never laſe manniſhe in ſeming;  
And eke the pure wiſe of her meying ✓  
She ſhewid wel, that men might in her geſſe  
Honour, eſtate, and womanly nobleſſe.

Tho Troilus right wondir wel withall  
Gan for to like her meying and her chere, ✓  
Whiche ſomdele deignous was, for ſhe let fal 290  
Her loke alre a ſide, in ſuche manere  
Aſcauncis, what may I nat ſtandin here?  
And aſtir that her loking gan ſhe light,  
That never thought him ſeneſo gode a ſight. *have*

And of her loke in him there gan to quicken  
So grete deſire, and ſuche affectioun,  
That in his hert's bottom gan to ſticken *ait*  
Of her his fixe, and depe impreſſioun;  
And though he erſt had porid up and down,

Than was he glad his hornis in to ſhrinke, 300  
Unnethis wiſt he how to loke or winke.

Lo! he that lete him ſelvin ſo conning,  
And ſcornid hem that lov'is painis drien,  
Was ful unware that love had his dwelling  
Within the ſubtil ſtremis of her eyen,  
That ſodainly him thought that he ſelte dien  
Right with her loke the ſpirite in his herte:  
Bleſſid be love, that thus can folke converte.

She thus in blake loking to Troilus  
Ovir al thing he ſtode for to beholde, 310  
But his deſire, ne wherefore he ſtode thus,  
He neithir chere made, ne worde thereof tolde;  
But from aſerre, his manir for to holde,  
On othir thing ſomtime his loke he call,  
And eſte on her, while that the ſervice laſt.

And aſtir this, not fully all awſhaped,  
Out of the temple, eſliche he wente, *all*  
Repenting him that evir he had japed  
Of lov'is folke, leſt fully the diſcente 320  
Of ſcorne fil on him ſelf; but what he mente  
Leſte it were wiſte on any manir ſide,  
His wo he gan diſſimulin and hide.

Whan he was fro this temple thus departed,  
He ſtreight anone unto his palais turneth,  
Right with her loke thorough ſhottin and darged,  
Al framith he in luſte that he ſojourneth, *ſayneth*  
And all his chere and ſpeche alſo he abnormeth, *al bourneth*  
And aie of lov'is ſervauntes every while  
Himſelfe to wrie, at hem he gan to ſmile, 330

And ſayd, ah Lord! ſo ye live all in luſt,  
Ye lovirs, for the conningiſt of you,  
That ſervith moſt ententiſliche and beſt,  
Him tye as oftin harme therof as prowes;  
Your hire is quit ayen, ye God wote howe,  
Not welefor wele, but ſkorne for gode ſervice,  
In ſaith your ord'is ruled in gode wiſe. *—/y*

In no certaine ben your obſervaunces,  
But it in a few ſely pointis be, *—/y*  
Ne nothing asketh ſo gret attendaunces 340  
As doeth your laie, and that knowin al ye;  
But that is not the worſt, as mote I The,  
But tolde I which were the worſt point, I leve,  
Al ſaide I ſothe, ye woldin at me greve.

But take this; that ye lovirs ofte eſchewe,  
Or ellis done of gode entencion,  
Ful ofte thy lady wol it miſconſtrewe,  
And deme it harme in her opinion,  
And yet if ſhe for othir encheſon  
Be wroth, then ſhat thou have a groin anone, 350  
Lorde! wel is him that may bene of you one.

But for al this, whan that he ſeeth his time,  
He held his pees, non othir bore him gained,  
For love began his ſuthis ſo to lime,  
That wel unneth unto his folke he fained  
That othir beſy nedis him diſtrained,  
So wo was him, that what to done he n'iſt,  
But bad his folke to gone where as hem liſt.

And whan that he in chambre was alone,  
He doune upon his bedd'is ſete him ſette, 360  
And firſt he gan to ſike, and eſte to grone,  
And thought aie on her ſo withoutin lete,  
That as he ſatte and woke, his ſpirite mette  
That he her ſaugh, and tempie, and all the wiſe *into in all*  
Right of her loke, and gan it newe aviſe.

*al in in deſire.* Thus



Thus gan he make a mirroure of his minde,  
In whiche he saugh all wholly her figure,  
And that he wel coude in his herte fynde  
It was to him a right gode avinture  
To love suche one; and if he did his cure, 370  
To servin her, yet might he fal in grace,  
Or els for one of her servauntis pace 5

Imagining, that ne travaille nor grame  
Ne might for so godely an one be lorne,  
As she, ne him for his desire no shame,  
Al were it wiste, but in prife and upborne  
Of allè lovirs, wel more than beforne,  
Thus argumentid he, in his ginning,  
Ful unavisid of his wo comming.

Thus toke he purpose lov'is crafte to sewe, 380  
And thought that he would workin privily,  
First for to hide all his desire in mewé,  
From every wight iborne, all uttirly;  
But he might ought recovered ben therby,  
Remembring him, that love to wide iblowe  
Yelt bittir frute, although swete fede be sowe.

And ore al this, ful mokil more he thought  
What for to speke, and what to holdin inne;  
And what to artin her to love he fought,  
And on a songe anoné right to beginne, 390  
And gan loude on his sorowe for to winne;  
For with gode hope he gan fully assente  
Creseida for to love, and nought repente.

And of his songe not onely his sentence,  
(As write mine auctour callid Lolius) 4  
But plainely save our tong'is differéce,  
I dare wel say, in al that Troilus  
Said in his songe (lo!) every word right thus,  
As I shal saine; and who so list it here,  
(Lo!) next this verse, he may it findin here. 400

*E.1. Son. 103. Same as son. 103.*  
*the songe of Troilus out of Petrarche.*  
If no love is, o God what fele I so?  
And if love is, what thing and whiche is he?  
If love be gode, from whence comith my wo?  
If it be wicke, a wondir thinkith me,  
Whan every turment and adversite  
That cometh of him, may to me savery thinke;  
For aye more thurst I, the more that I drinke.

*See the style in Ugre.*  
And if that at mine ownè lust I brenne, in  
From whence comith my wailing and my pleinte?  
If harme agre me, wherto plaine I thenne? 410  
I n'ot nere why unwery that I feinte;  
O quickè deth, o swete harme so queinte,  
'How may I fe in me soche quantite,  
But if that I consente that it so be?

*at. with in.*  
*at. bet -*  
*see M. Kn. 1. 234*  
And if that I consente, I wrongfully  
Complaine iwis; thus possid to and fro, 420  
As sterclefs wight is in a bore, am I, 420  
Amidde the fe, atwixin windis two,  
That in contrarie stondin evirmo?  
Alas! what is this wondir maladie?  
For hete of colde, for colde of hete I die.

*[Here endeth the song.]*  
And to the God of love thus sayid he  
With pitous voice, O Lorde, now your'is is  
My spirit, whiche that oughtin your'is be;  
You thonke I, Lord, that han me brought to this,  
But whethir goddesse or woman iwis  
She be, I n'ot whiche, that ye do me serve,  
But as her man I wol aie live and serve.

Ye stondin in her eyin mightily,  
As in a place unto your vertue digne; 430  
Wherfore O Lord, if my service or I  
May likin you, so bethe me to benigne;  
For mine estate royal here I resigne  
Into her honde, and with ful humble chere  
Become her man, as to my lady dere.  
*Endeth the Songe.*

In him ne deigned to spar in blode royall  
The fire of love, (wherefro may God me blesse)  
Ne him forbare in no degre, for all  
His vertue, or his excellent prowesse;  
But helde him as his thrall lowe in distresse, 440  
And brende him so in sondrie wise aie newe,  
That sixty times a day he losse his hewe.

So muchill daie fro daie his ownè thought  
For luste to her gan quickin and encrese, 450  
That everiche othir charge he sette at nought;  
Forthy ful oftin, his hotte fire to cese,  
To sene her godely loke he gan to prese; 450  
For therby to ben esid wel he wende, 450  
And aie the nere he was, the more he brende. 450

For aie the nere the fire the hottir is; 450  
This (trowe I) knowith al this company;  
But were he ferre or nere, I dare saie this,  
By night or daie, (for wisedome or folie) 460  
His herte, whiche that is his brest'is eye,  
Was aie on her, that fairir was to sene  
Than evir was Helein, or Polyxene.

Eke of the daie there passid nat an houre,  
But to himself a thoufande times he saide,  
God godely, to whom I serve and laboure  
As best I can, now would to God, Creseide, 460  
Ye wouldin on me rue, er that I deide; 460  
My dere herte (alas!) mine hele and my hewe 460  
And life is losse, but ye woll on me rewe.

All othir dredis werin from him fledde,  
Bothe of th' assiege, and his salvacion,  
Ne' in his desire none othir fancy bredde,  
But argumentes to this conclusion,  
That she on him would han compassion,  
And he to ben her man, while he maie dure,  
Lo here his life, and from his death his cure! 470

*the*  
The sharpè shouris fell of armis preve 470  
That Hector or his othir brethrin didden,  
Ne made him onely therefore onis meve; 470  
And yet was he, wher so men went or ridden, 470  
Found one the best, and lengist time abiden  
There peril was, and eke did suche travail  
In armis, that to thinke it was mervaille.

But for none hate he to the Grekis had,  
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,  
Ne made him thus in armis for to mad; 480  
But onely (lo!) for this conclusioun,  
To likin her the bet for his renoun;  
Fro daie to daie in armis so he spedde,  
That all the Grekis as the deth him dredde.

And fro this forthe tho rest him love his slepe,  
And made his mete his foe, and eke his sorow  
Gan multiplie, that who so tokè kepe,  
It shewid in his hewe both even' and morow;  
Therefore a tite he gan him to borowe  
Of othir sickenesse, lest men of him wende, 490  
That the hotte fire of cruill love him brende;



And saied he by a fevir, fared amis;  
But how it was certain I cannot say,  
If that his Ladie understode nat this,  
Or fainid her she n'ist, one of the tweie;  
But well rede I, that by no manir weie  
Ne semid it as if she on him rought,  
Or of his paine, what so evir he thought.

But than yfelt this Troilus soche wo, *so much*  
That he was wel nigh wode; for aie his drede *500*  
Was this, that she some wight had lovid so,  
That ner of him she would havi takin hede,  
For whiche him thought he felte his herte blede,  
Ne of his wo ne durst he nought begin  
To tellin her, for all this worlde to win.

But whan he had a space left from his care,  
Thus to himself full oft he gan to plain;  
He saied, O sole, now art thou in the snare,  
That whilom japedist at lov's pain,  
Now art thou hent, now gnaw thin ownè chain; *510*  
Thou wert aie woned eche lovir reprehende  
Of thing, fro which thou canst nat The defende.

What woll now every lovir saie of The  
If this be wist? But er in thine absence  
Laughin in scorne, and saie lo! There goth he;  
That is the man of so grete sapience,  
That helde us lovirs leste in reverence;  
Now thanked be God, he maie go on the daunce  
Of hem, that love liste feebly to avaunce.

But O thou wofull Troilus, God would, *520*  
(Sithe thou must lovin, through thy destinè)  
That thou beset wer of soche one, that should  
Know all thy wo, all lackid her pitè!  
But all so colde in love towards The  
Thy ladie is, as frost in wintir Mone,  
And thou fordon, as Snowe in fire is sone.

God would I were arivid in the port  
Of deth, to whiche my sorowe woll me lede!  
Ah Lordè! to me it were a grete comfort,  
Than were I quit of languishing in drede; *530*  
For by my hidde sorowe iblowe in brede  
I shall bejapid ben a thousande time,  
More than that sole, of whose foly men rime.

But now helpe God, and ye my swete, for whom  
I plaine, icought ye nevir wight so fast;  
O mercie my dere herte, and helpe me from  
The deth, for I, while that my life maie last,  
More than my life woll love you to my last,  
And with some frendly loke gladith me, swete,  
Though nevir nothing more ye me behete. *540*

These wordis, and full many' an-othir mo  
He spake, and callid evir in his pleinte  
Her name, to tellin unto her his wo,  
Till nigh that he in false teris was dreinte;  
All was for nought, she herd nat his compleinte;  
And whan that he bethought on that folie,  
A thousand folde his wo gan multiplic.

Bewailing in his chambir thus alone,  
A frende of his, that callid was Pandare, *550*  
Came onis in unware, and herd him grone,  
And sawe his frend in soche distresse and care,  
Alas (qð he) who causith all this fare?  
O mercie God! what unhap maie this mene?  
Han now thus sone the Grekis made you lene?

Or hast thou some remorse of conscience?

And art now fall in some devocioun,  
And waitist for thy sinne and thine offence,  
And hast for ferde ycougth contricioun?  
God save hem, that besiegid han our toun,  
That so can laie our jolite on presse. *560*  
And bring our lustie folke to holinesse.

These wordis saied he for the nonis all,  
That with soche thing he might him angry maken;  
And with his angre doon his sorowe fall  
As for a time, and his corage awaken; *He*  
But well wist he, as ferre as tongis speken, *12*  
There n'as a man of gretir hardinesse  
Than he, ne more desirid worthinesse.

What cas (qð Troilus) or what avinture  
Hath gidid The to sene me languishing, *al. my. 570*  
That am refuse of every creature?  
But for the love of God, at my praying,  
Go hence awaie, for certis my dying  
Woll The disese, and I mote nedis deie;  
Therefore go waie, there n'is no more to seie. *12000.*

But if thou wene I be thus sicke for drede,  
It is nat so, and therefore scorne me nought;  
There is an othir thing I take of hede,  
Wel more than ought the Grekis han yet wrought,  
Which cause is of my deth for sorow and thought;  
But though that I now tell it The ne leste,  
Be thou nat wrothe, I hide it for the beste.

This Pandare, that nigh malt for wo and routh,  
Full oft saied alas! what maie this be?  
Now frende (qð he) if evir love or trouth  
Hath ben er this betwixin The and me,  
Ne doe thou nevir soche a cruilte,  
To hidist fro thy frende so grete a care, *A me.*  
Wost thou not well that it am I Pandare?

I woll partake with The of all thy paine, *580*  
If it so be I doe The no comfort,  
As it is frend's right, sothe for to saine,  
To enterpartin wo, as glad disport;  
I have and shall, for true or false report,  
In wrong and right, iloved The all my live;  
Hide not thy wo from me, but tell it blive.

Than gan this sorowfull Troilus to sike,  
And saied him thus, God leve it be my best  
To tellin The, for sithe it maie The like, *1211. 12.*  
Yet woll I tell it The, though my herte brest, *600*  
And well wote I, thou maiest do me no rest,  
But lest thou deme that I trust nat to The,  
Now herkin frende, for thus it stant with me.

Love, ayenst the whiche who so defen lith  
Him selvin moste, him aldirlest ava leth,  
With dispeire so sorely me offendith  
That streight unto the deth mir se hert yfaileth; *saileth*  
Thereto desire, so brenningly me assaileth,  
That to ben slain it were: a gretir joie  
To me, than king of Gre ce to be and Troie. *610*

Suffisith this, my fully frer de Pandare, *I fully*  
That I have saied, so now wotest thou my wo; *1212. 12.*  
And for the love of God my coldè care  
So hide it well, I tolde it ner to mo;  
For harmis migh cin solowen mo than two,  
If it were wi it, but be thou in gladnesse,  
And let me sterve unknowe of my distresse.

How hast thou thus unkindely and long  
Hid this fro me, thou sole? (qð Pandarus)  
Paraventur e thou maiest for soche one long, *620*  
A a a a That



That mine avise anone maie helpin us.  
This were a wondir thing (q<sup>d</sup> Troilus)  
Thou couldist ner in love thy selfin wisse,  
How (devill) maicst thou bringin me to blisse?

Ye Troilus, now herkin (q<sup>d</sup> Pandare)  
Though I be nice, it happith oftin so,  
That one, that of axis doeth full ill fare;  
By gode counsaile can kepe his frend therfro;  
I have my self yseine a blinde man go  
There as he fell, which that could lokin wide; 630  
*A sole maie eke a wise man oftin gide.*

A whetstone is no kerving instrument,  
But yet it makith sharpe kerving tolis,  
And if thou wost that I have aught miswent,  
Eschue thou that, for soche thing to schole is;  
Thus oftin wise men ben warin by folis;  
If thou so do, thy wit is well bewared;  
*By his contrary is every thing declared.*

For how might evir swetnesse have be know  
To him, that nevir tastid bittirnesse? 640  
No man ne wor what gladnesse is I trowe,  
That nevir was in sorowe, or some distresse;  
Eke white by black, by shame eke worthines,  
Eche set by othir, more for othir semeth,  
As men maie sene; and so the wise it demeth.

Sithe thus of two contraries is o lore,  
I, that in love so oftin have assayed  
Grevaucis, ought to connin well the more  
Counsailein The, of that thou art dismaied;  
And eke The ne ought not ben ill apaied, 650  
Though I desirin with The for to bere  
Thine hevie charge, it shall the lasse The dere.

I wote well that it farid thus by me,  
As to thy brothir Paris, an hierdesse,  
Whiche that yclepid was Oenone,  
Wrote in a complaint of her hevinesse,  
Ye sawe the lettir that she wrote, I gesse:  
Naie nevir yet iwis (q<sup>d</sup> Troilus)  
Now (q<sup>d</sup> Pandare) herkinith, it was thus.

Phœbus, that first found art of medicine, 660  
(Q<sup>d</sup> she) and coud in every wight's care  
Remedy and rede, by herbis he knewe fine,  
Yet to himself his conning was full bare,  
For love had him so boundin in a snare,  
All for the doughter of the king Admete,  
That all his craft ne coud his sorowe bete.

Right so fare I, unhappily for me,  
I love one best, and that me smertith fore;  
And yet paravinture I can rede The, 670  
And nat my self; reprove thou me no more,  
I have no cause I wote well for to fore,  
As doeth an hauke, that listith for to plaie;  
But to thine helpe yet somwhat can I saie.

And of o thing right fikir maicst thou be,  
That certain, for to dyin in the pain,  
That I shall nevir mo discovir The;  
Ne, by my trowth, I kepe nat to restraine  
The fro thy love, although it were Helcine  
That is thy brothir's wife, if I it wist;  
Be what she be, and love her as The list. 680

Therefore, as frendfulliche in me assure,  
And tell me platte, what is thine encheson,  
And finall cause of wo, that ye endure;  
For doubtrith nothing, mine entencion  
N'as nat to you of reprehension

To speke as now, for no wight maie bireve  
A man to love, till that him list to leve.

And therefore wetith wel, that both ben vicis;  
Mistrustin all, or ellis all beleve; *hewe Mistrustin*  
But well I wote, the mene of it no vice is, 690  
As for to trustin some wight is a preve  
Of trowth; and forthy would I fain remeve  
Thy wrong conceipt, and do The some wight trust  
Thy wo to tell; and tell me if The lust.

The wise saith, wo is him that is alone,  
For and he fall, he hath none helpe to rise,  
And sithe thou hast a felowe, tell thy mone;  
For this ne is naught certain the next wife  
To winnin love, as techin us the wise,  
To waile and wepe, as Niobe the quene, 700  
Whose teris yet in marble ben isene.

Let be thy weping, and thy drerinesse,  
And let us lessin wo, with othir speche, *lifen*  
So maie thy wofull time semin the lesse;  
Delitith nought in wo, thy wo to seche;  
As doen these folis, that ther sorowes eche  
With sorowe, whan thei han misavinture,  
And lustin nought to sechin othir cure.

Men saine, to wretche is consolacion,  
To have an othir felowe in his paines, 710  
That ought well to ben our opinion,  
For we bothe thou and I of love do plain;  
So full of sorowe am I, soche to saine, *the*  
That certainly, as now no more hard grace  
Maie sit on me, for why? there is no space.

Yf God wol, thou art nought agast of me,  
Lest I would of thy lady The begile;  
Thou wost thy self, whom that I love (pardè)  
As I best can, gon sithin longè while;  
And sithe thou wost, I do it for no wile, 720  
And sithe I am he, that thou trustith most, *scyth - ist*  
Tel me somwhat, sens al my wo thou wost.

Yet Troilus, for al this, no worde faide,  
But long he laie as still, as he ded were;  
And aftir this, with siking he abraide,  
And to Pandarus voice he lent his ere,  
And up his eien cast he; and thar in fere  
Was Pandarus, lesthe that in a frenseye  
He should yfal, or ellis sonè deye;

*cryed Aw-*  
And said awake, full wondirliche and sharpe, 730  
What sloumbrist thou, as in a lethargy?  
Or art thou like an Assè unto the harpe,  
That herith soun, whan men the stringis ply,  
But in his mind of that no melodie  
Maie sinkin him to gladin, for that he  
So dull is, in his bestialite? *al. of.*

And with this Pandare of his wordis stent;  
But Troilus to him no thing answerde; *yet*  
For why, to tellin was nought his entent  
Ner to no man, for whom that he so ferde; 740  
For it is said, men makin ofte a yerde,  
*With which the makir is himselfe ibeten,*  
In sondrie manir, as these wise men tregen. *techen*

And namèliche in his counsaile telling  
That touchith love, that ought to ben secre,  
For of himselfe it woll inough out spring,  
But if that it the bet governfd be; *ter*  
Eke somtime it is crafte to seme to fle  
Fro thing, which in effecte men huntin faste.



Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.

750

But nathèlesse, whan he had herde him crie  
Awake, he gan to sike wondir fore,  
And sayd, my frende, although that still I lie,  
In'am not defe, now pece, and crie no more,  
For I have herde thy wordis, and thy lore,  
But suffir me my fortune to bewailen,  
For thy proverbis may nought me availen;

Nor othir cure ne canst thou none for me,  
Eke I n'll not ben curid, I woll die;  
What knowin I of the quene Niobe?  
Let be thine olde ensamplis, I The prey.  
No, frende, (qð Pandarus) therefore I sey  
Suche is delite of folis to bewepe  
Ther wo, but to-sekin bote thei ne kepe.

Now know I that there reson in The faileth,  
But tellith me, if I wiste what she were;  
For whome that The al misaventure aileth,  
Durst thou trust that I tolde it in her ere  
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy selfe for fere,  
And her besought on The to han some routhen?  
Why nay (qð he) by God and by my trouthe.

What, not as befily (qð Pandarus)  
As though mine ownè life lay in this nede?  
Why no, parde, sir (qð this Troilus)  
And why? for that thou shouldist nevir spede:  
Wost thou that wel? ye, that is out of drede,  
(Qð Troilus) for al that er ye conne,  
She wol to no suche wretche as I be wonne.

(Qð Pandarus) alas! what may this be,  
That thou dispairid art thus causilese?  
What, liveth nat thy lady, benedicite!  
How wost thou so, that thou art gracilese?  
Suche evil is not alwaie botelless;  
Why put not thus impossible thy cure,  
Sithe thing to come is ofte in avinture.

I grauntin well that thou endurist wo,  
As sharpe as doth he Tityus in hell,  
Whose stomake foulis tirin evir mo,  
That hightin vulturis, as bokis tell;  
But I may not endurin that thou dwell  
In so unskillful an opinion,  
That of thy wo n'is no curacion,

But onis n'ilt thou, for thy cowarde herte,  
And for thine ire, and folish wilfulness,  
For wantrust tellin of thy sorowe's smerte,  
Ne to thine ownè helpe do besinesse;  
As moche as speke a worde, yelmore or less;  
But liest as he that of life nothing retche;  
What woman living coude love suche a wretche?

What may she demin othir of thy dethe,  
Yf thou thus die, and she n'ot why it is,  
But that for fere is yoldin up thy brethe,  
For Grekis han besiegid us iwis?  
Lord! which a thanke shalt thou have than of this?  
Thus wol she faine, and al the tounne atones,  
"The wretch is ded, the divel have his bones."

Thou maiste alone here wepe, and crie, and knele;  
And love a woman that she wote it nought,  
And she wol quite it that thou shalt not fele,  
Unknow unkist, and lost that is unfought;  
What? many a man hath love ful dere abought,  
Twenty wintir, that his lady/ne/wife,  
That never yet his ladie's mounthe he kiste.

What? should he therefore fallin in dispaire?  
Or be recreaunte for his ownè tene?  
Or slain himself, all be his ladie faire?  
Naie: naie: but er in one be fresli and grene,  
To serve and love ay his dere hert's quene,  
And thinke it is a guerdone her to servè,  
A thousande folde more, than he can deservè. 810

And of that wordè toke hede Troilus,  
And thought anone, what folie he was in,  
And how that sothe him sayid Pandarus,  
That for to slayen himself might he not win,  
But bothe to doen unmanhode and a sinne,  
And of his deth his ladie nought to wite,  
For of his wo, God wor, she knewe full lite.

And with that thought he gan ful fore to sike,  
And saied, alas! what is me best to doe?  
To whom Pandare answerid, if The like,  
The best is, that thou tell me all thy wo,  
And have my trouthe, but if thou find it so  
I be thy bote, or that it ber full long  
To peccis doe me drawe, and sithin hong.

Ye, so saiest thou (qð Troilus) alas?  
But God wot it is naught the rathir so,  
Full harde it were to helpin in this caas,  
For well finde I, that fortune is my fo;  
Ne all the men that ridin con or go,  
Maie of her cruill whele the harme withstond,  
For as her list, she plaieth with fre and bond.

(Qð Pandarus) than blamist thou Fortune?  
For thou art wroth ye now at erst I se;  
Wost thou not wel that fortune is commune  
To every manir wight, in some degre?  
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo! parde,  
That as her joyis motin ovirgone,  
So mote her sorowes passin everichone.

For if her whele stint any thing to tourne,  
Than cessith she fortune anone to be;  
Now sith her whele by no waie maie sojourn;  
What wost thou of her mutabilitè?  
Right as thy self lust/she woll done by The,  
Or that she be nought ferre fro thine helping?  
Paravinture thou hast cause for to sing.

And therefore wost thou what I The beseeche?  
Let be thy wo, and tournin to the ground;  
For who so liste have heling of his leche,  
To him bihovith first unwrie his wounde;  
To Cerberus in hell aie be I bound,  
Were it eke for my sustir all thy sorowe,  
By my gode will she should be thine to morowe.

Loke up I saie, and tell me what she is  
Anone, that I maie gone about thy nede;  
Know I her aught, for my love tell me this,  
Than would I hope the rathir for to spede;  
Tho gan the veine of Troilus to blede,  
For he was hit, and woxe all redde for shame.  
Aha (qð Pandare) here beginnith game.

And with that worde he gan him for to shake,  
And saied him thus, these, thou shalt her name tell:  
But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake,  
As though men should han had him into hel,  
And saied alas! of all my wo the well  
Than is my swete foe callid Creseide;  
And well nigh with that word for fere he deide.

And whan that Pandare herd her namè nevyn,  
Lorde!



Lorde! he was glad, and sayid, frend so dere,  
Now fare a right, for Jov's name in heven,  
Love hath beset The well, be of gode chere; 880  
For of gode name, and wisdom, and manere  
She hath inough, and eke of gentillnesse;  
If she be faire, thou wost thy self I gesse.

Ne nevyr seig I <sup>an</sup> more bounteous  
Of her estate, ne gladdir; ne of speche  
A frendlier, ne none more gracious  
For to doe well, ne lasse had nede to seche  
What for to doyn; and all this bet to eche  
In honour, to as ferre as she may stretche,  
A king's herte semith by her's a wretche. 890

And forthy loke of gode comforte thou be;  
For certainly the firste pointe is this  
Of noble corage, and wele ordaine The,  
A man to have pece with himselfe iwis,  
So oughtist thou, for nought but gode it is  
To lovin wel, and in a worthy place,  
The ought not to clepin it happe, but grace.

And also thinke, and therwith gladdin The,  
That sith thy lady vertuous is all, <sup>in</sup>  
So foloweth it, that there is some pite 900  
Amongis all these othir in generall,  
And for thei'se that thou in speciall,  
Requirist nought, that is ayen her name;  
For verue stretchith not himselfe to shame.

But wel is me, that evit I was borne,  
That thou beset art in so gode a place,  
For by my trouth in love I durst have sworne  
The should nevyr have tidde so faire a grace;  
And wost you why? for thou were wont to chace  
At love in scorn, and for dispite him call 910  
Saint Idiote, lorde of these folis all.

How oftin hast thou madin thy nice japes,  
And saied, that lov's servauntes everichone  
Of nicete ben very Godd's Apes, <sup>bride</sup>  
And some of them would monche ther <sup>mete</sup> alone  
Ligging a bedde, and make 'hem for to grone,  
And some thou saidist had a blaunche fevere,  
And praidist God, thei should nevyr kevere.

And some of 'hem toke on 'hem for the cold,  
More than inough, so saidist thou full oft, 920  
And some han fainid oftin time and tolde,  
How that thei wakin, whan thei slepin soft;  
And thus thei would have set 'hem self aloft,  
And nathelless were undir at the laste:  
Thus saidist thou, and japidist full faste.

Yet saidist thou, that for the more part  
These lovirs wouldin speke in generall,  
And thoughtin that it was a sikir art  
For failing, for to' assayin ovir all:  
Now maie I jape of The, if that I shall, 930  
But nathelless, although that I should deie,  
<sup>That</sup> Thou me jart none of tho, I dare well seie.

Now bete thy brest, and saie to God of love,  
Thy grace, O Lord, for now I me repent  
If I mistpake, for now my self I love;  
Thus saie with all thine hert in gode entent;  
(Qd Troilus) ah Lorde! I me consent,  
And praie to The, my japis thou foryeve, <sup>to</sup>  
And I no more will jape, while that I live.

Thou saiest well (qd Pandare) and now I hope 940  
That thou the Godd's wrath hast al apesed,  
And sithin thou hast weptin many a drope,

And said soch thing, wherwith thy God is plesed;  
Now would God nevyr, but that thou were esed;  
And thinke well she, of whom rest all thy wo,  
Hereaftir maie thy comfort ben also.

For thilke ground, that berith the wedis wicke,  
Bereth eke these wholsome herbis, as full oft, <sup>8</sup>  
And nexte to the foule nettle, rough and thicke,  
The Rose ywexith sote, and smothe, and soft, 950  
And next the valey is the hill aloft,  
And next the derke night is the glad morowe,  
And also joie is next the fine of sorowe.

Now loke that well attempre be thy bridell,  
And for the best aie suffre to the tide,  
Or ellis all our labour is on idell,  
<sup>He bastith well, that wisely can abide;</sup>  
Be diligent and true, and aie well hide,  
Be lustie, fre, persever in servise, <sup>thy</sup>  
And all is well, if thou werke in this wise. 960

But he that partid is in every place,  
Is no where whole, as writin clerkis wise,  
What wondir is, if soche one have no grace?  
Eke wost thou how it fareth of some servise? <sup>at love</sup>  
As plant a tre or herbe, in sondrie wise,  
And on the morowe pull it up as blive,  
No wondir is, though it maie nevyr thrive.

And sith the God of love hath The bestowed  
In place digne unto thy worthinesse,  
Stonde fast, for to a gode port hast thou rowed, 970  
And of thy self, for any hevinesse,  
Hope alwaie well; for but if drerinesse,  
Or ovirhast (doe) our bothe labour shende, <sup>by bothis</sup>  
I hope of this to makin a gode ende. <sup>a right</sup>

And wost thou why? I am the lasse afered  
Of this matter with my nece for to trete,  
For this have I herd saie of wife and lered,  
Was nevyr man or woman yet beyete,  
That was unapt to suffre lov's hete  
Celestiall, or ellis love of kinde; 980  
Forthy some grace I hope in her to finde.

And for to speke of her in speciall,  
Her beaute to bethinkin, and her youthe,  
It sit her nought to ben Celestiall  
As yet, though that her bothè list and kouthe,  
And truly it sit her well right nouthè <sup>at Troilus</sup>  
A worthie knight to lovin and cherice,  
And but she doe, I holde it for a vice.

Wherefore I am, and woll be aie redy  
To painin me to do you this service, 990  
For bothe of you to plesin, this hope I <sup>as</sup>  
Hereaftirwardis, for ye ben bothe wise,  
And connin counsaile kepe in soche a wise, <sup>at it</sup>  
That no man shall the wisir of it be, <sup>therof</sup>  
And so we maie ben gladdid allè thre.

And by my trouth I have right now of The  
A gode conceit, in my wit as I gesse,  
And what it is, I woll now that thou se,  
I think that sithin Love of his godenesse  
Hath The convertid out of wickidnesse, 1000  
That thou shalt ben the bestè post I leve,  
Of all his laie, and moste his soin greve.

Ensamplè why, se now these gretè clerkes,  
That errin aldirmoste ayen all lawe, <sup>at are arne</sup>  
And ben convertid from ther wickid werkes  
Through grace of God, that lest 'hem to him drawe,  
Than arne thei folk that han most God in awe,  
<sup>Ther are the so.</sup> And



And strengist faithid ben I undirfonde,  
And con an errour aldirbest withfonde.

Whan Troilus had herde Pandare assented 1010  
To ben his helpe, in loving of Creside,  
He wext of wo, as who saith, unturmented,  
But hortir wext his love, and than he saide  
With sobre chere, as though his herte yplaide, *had*  
Now blisfull Venus, helpe, er that I sterfe,  
Of The, Pandare, I now some thanke deserve.

But derè frende, how shal my wo be lesse  
Till this be done? and gode now tell me this,  
How wolt thou saine of me and my distresse,  
Left she be wroth? this drede I most iwis; 1020  
Or wol not herin al, how that it is?  
Al this drede I, and eke for the manere,  
Of The her Eme she n'il no fuche thing here.

(Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) thou hast a ful grete care  
Left that the chorle may fal out of the mone,  
Why lorde! I hate of The the nice fare,  
Why, entremete of that thou hast to done; *thought*  
For Godd's love, I bidde The a bone,  
So let me alone, and it shal be thy best.  
Why frende (q<sup>d</sup> he) than do<sup>s</sup> right as The left:

But herke, Pandare, o worde, for I ne wolde  
That thou in me wendist so grete folie,  
That to my lady I desirin sholde  
That touchith harme, or any vilanie;  
For dredilese me were levir to die  
Than she of me aught ellis understode  
But that, that might yfownin into gode. *all*

Tho lough this Pandare, and anon answerde,  
And I thy borow, fie no wight doth but so,  
I ne raught not although she stode and herde 1050  
How that thou saiest, but farewell, I wol go,  
Adieu, be glad, God spede us bothè two,  
Yeve me this labour, and this businesse,  
And of my spede be thine al the swe<sup>n</sup>dse. *c/*

Tho Troilus on knees gan doune to fall,  
(And Pandare in his armis hente him fast)  
And saide, now sic upon the Grekis all,  
Yet parde God shal helpin at the last; *us*  
And dredilese, if that my life may last,  
And God toforn, *(lo!)* some of hem shal smerte;  
And yet me' athinketh that this avaunt m'asterte.

And now Pandare, I can no more say,  
But thou wise, thou wost, thou maist, thou art al,  
My life, my deth, hole in thine honde I lay,  
Helpe me (q<sup>d</sup> he) yes by my trouth I shal;  
God yeide The frende, and this in special,  
(Q<sup>d</sup> Troilus) that thou me recommaunde  
To her, that may me to the deth commaunde.

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve  
His ful frende, tho saide in this manere, 1060  
Farewel, and thinke I wol thy thanke deserve,  
Have here my trouth, and that thou shalt well here;  
And went his way, thinking on this matere,  
And how he best might her besече of grace,  
And find a lesure therto, and a place.

For every wight that hath a house to found,  
He rennith nat the werke for to beginne  
With rakel honde, but he wol bide a stound,  
And sende his hert's line out fro within,  
Thus aldirfirst his purpose for to winne; 1070  
As this Pandarus in his hert's thought  
Did cast his werke full wisely, *er* he wrought.

But Troilus lay tho no lengir down,  
But up anon gat upon his stede baie,  
And in the felde he playid the lioun;  
Wo was that Greke, that with him met that daie; *the*  
And in the tounne his manir tho forthe aie  
So godely was, and gat him so in grace,  
That eche him loved, that lokid in his face. *al. on.*

For he becamir the most frendly wight, 1080  
The gentilist, and eke the moste fre,  
The trustyist, and one the beste knight, *thriftye. 1.*  
That in his time was, or ellis might be;  
Dedewere his japis, and his cruilte,  
Ded his high porte, and all his manir straunge;  
And eche of hem gan for a vertue change. *to*

Now let us stint of Troilus a stounde,  
That farith like a man, that hurt is fore,  
And is somdele of aking of his wounde  
Ylffid wel, but helid no dele more; *y*  
And as an epy pacient the loie  
Abite of him that goth about his cure; *t*  
And thus he drivith forth his avinture. *al. dryeth*  
*Explicit liber primus.*

OUT of these blacke wawis let us saile,  
O winde, O winde; the we<sup>d</sup>ir gunnith clere;  
For in the se the bote hath fuche travele, *this*  
Of my conning that unneth I it stere;  
This se clepe I the tempestous matere  
Of depe dispaire, that Troilus was in;  
But now of hope the kalendis begin.

O lady mine that callid art Clio, *clapide.*  
Thou be my spede fro this forthe, and my musc  
To rime wel this boke til I have do, *all* 10  
Me nedith here none othir art to use;  
For why? to every lovir I me' excuse,  
That of no sentiment I this endite,  
But out of latin in my tonge it write.

Wherefore I n'il have neithir thanke ne blame  
Of all this worke, but praisye you mekily *thus*  
Disblamith me if any worde be lame, *al. blam.*  
For as mine auctour sayid, so say I:  
Eke though I speke of love unlikingly  
No wondir is, for it nothings of newe is, 20  
*A blinde man can not judgin wel in bewis.*

I know eke that in forme of speche is change,  
Within a thousande yere; and wordis tho;  
That haddin prife, now wondir nice and straunge  
Us thinkith hem; and yet thei spake hem so,  
And spedde as wel in love, as men now do;  
Eke for to winnin love, in sondry ages,  
In sondry londis, sondry ben usages.

And forthy, if it happe in any wise  
That here be any lovir in this place, 30  
That herkeneth, as the story wol devise,  
How Troilus came to his ladie's grace,  
And thinkith, so n'olde I not love purchase,  
Or wo: drith on his speche or his doying,  
I n'ot, but it is to me no wondring.

For every wight, whiche that to Rome ywent  
Halt nat o pathe, ne alway o manere;  
Eke in some londe were al the game yfent,  
Yf that men farde in love, as men don here,  
As thus, in opin doying, or in chere, 40  
In visiting, in forme, or said our lawes;  
For thus men saine, eche countrè hath his lawes.  
Eke  
B b b b



*thy. at. same.*  
*al. betyl*  
 Eke fearfully ben there in this place thre,  
 That have in love said like, and done in al,  
 For to this purpose this maie likin The,  
 And The right nought, yet al is done or shal;  
 Eke some men grave in tre, some in stone wal,  
 As it betide; but sith I have begonne,  
 Mine authour shall I folow, as I konne.

## Explicit Proœmium.

*al*  
**I**N May, that mothir is of monethis glade,  
 That the freshe flouris ail, blew, white, and rede,  
 Ben quicke ayen, that wintir ded had made,  
 And full of baume is stering every mede,  
 Whan that Phœbus doth his bright bemis spred e  
 Right in the white Boie; right so it betidde  
 As I shal singe, on May's day the thridd

That Pandarus, for all his wisè speche,  
 Felte eke his parte of lov's shottis kene,  
 That coude he ner so well of loving preche,  
 It made his hewe al daie ful oftin grene, 60  
 So shope it that him fill that day a tene  
 In love, for whiche in wo to bedde he went,  
 And made er it were day full many' a went.

*chytirng*  
 The swalow Progne with a so'rowfull lay,  
 Whan morow come, gan make her waimenting,  
 Why she forshapin was; and ever lay  
 Pandare abed, halfe in a slombering,  
 Til the so nigh him made her waimenting,  
 How Tereus gan forth her sustir take,  
 That with the noise of her he gan awake, 70

*a gann*  
 And to call, and dressin him up to rise,  
 Remembring him his grande was to done  
 From Troilus, and eke his grete emprise,  
 And cast, and knew in gode plite was the mone  
 To done vñage, and toke his way full sone  
 Unto his nec's paleis, there beside;  
 Now Janus, God of entrè, thou him gide!

Whan he was come unto his nec's place,  
 Where is my lady, to her folke (qð he)  
 And thei him tolde, and he forthe in gan pace,  
 And founde two othir ladies sit and she *sette*  
 Within a pavid parlour; and thei thre  
 Herdin a maidin hem redin the geste *al*  
 Of the siege of Thebis, whilis hem leste. *e.*

*Madame*  
 Madame, qð Pandare, God you save and se,  
 Withal your boke, and al the companie.  
 Eighe, uncle mine, welcome iwis (qð she)  
 And up she rose, and by the honde in hie,  
 She toke him fast, and layid, this night thrye,  
 (To gode mote it turne) of you I mette, 90  
 And with that word she down on benche him fet.

*an*  
 Ye nece, ye shullin farin wel the bet,  
 If God wol, al this yere (qð Pandarus)  
 But I am fory that I have you let  
 To herkin of your boke ye praisin thus;  
 For Godd's love what saith it? tel it us,  
 Is it of love? some gode ye may me lere.  
 Uncle (qð she) your maistresse is nat here.

With that thei gonnin laugh, and tho she seide,  
 This romaunce is of Thebis, that we rede, 100  
 And we have herd how that king Laius deide,  
 Through Oedipus his sonne, and all the dede; *that*  
 And here we stintin at these letters rede,  
 How the bishop, as the boke can ytell,  
*al. this b. doth t.*

Amphiorax fill through the grounde to hell.

(Qð Pandarus) all this know I my selve,  
 And alth' assiege of Thebis, and the care;  
 For herof ben there makid bokis twelve:  
 But let be this, and tell me how ye fare;  
 Do' way your barbe, and shew your face bare; 110  
 Do' way your boke, rise up and let us daunce,  
 And let us done to May some observaunce.

Eighe, God forbid (qð she) what be ye mad?  
 Is that a Widowe's life, so God you save?  
 Parde you makin me right sore adrad,  
 Ye bene so wilde, it semith as ye rave;  
 It fat me wel bettir aie in a cave  
 To bide, and rede on holy saintis lives; *byd. al.*  
 Let maidins gon to daunce, and yongè wives.

As evir thrive I (qð this Pandarus) 120  
 Yet coude I tel a thing, to don you play:  
 Now uncle dere (qð she) tellith it us  
 For Godd's love, is than th' assiege aweie?  
 I'am of Grekis ferde, so that I deie: *the*  
 Nay nay (qð he) as evir mote I thrive,  
 It is a thing wel bettir than suche five.

Ye holy God (qð she) what thing is that?  
 What? bettir than suche five? eighe, nay iwis,  
 For al this world ne can I redin what  
 It should yben; some jape I trowe it is; *ywis 130 is this*  
 And but your selvin tel us what it is,  
 My wit is for to arede it al to lene;  
 As helpe me God, I n'ot what that ye mene.

And I your borow, ne ner shal (qð he) *al. for me.*  
 This thing be tolde to you, as mote I thrive:  
 And why so? uncle mine, why so? (qð she)  
 By God (qð he) that wol I tel as blive;  
 For proudir woman is there none on live,  
 And ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troie;  
 I ne jape nat, so evir have I joie. 140

*will*  
 Tho gan she to wondrin more than before  
 A thousande foide, and donne her eyin cast;  
 For nevir sithe the time that she was bore  
 To knowiþ thing desirid she so fast; *a*  
 And with a like she said him at the last,  
 Now uncle mine, I n'il you not displese,  
 Nor askin that, that may do you disese.

*al. like you more. sh. m.*  
 So astir this, with many wordis glade  
 And frendly talis, and with mery chere,  
 Of this and that thei speke, and gonnin wade 150 *played*  
 In many an unkouth, glad, and depe matere,  
 As frendis done, whan thei ben met ifere,  
 Til she gan askin him how Hector ferde,  
 That was the toun's wall, and Grekis yerde.

Ful wel I thanke it God, saide Pandarus, *qð*  
 Save in his arme he hath a litle wounde;  
 And eke his freshe brothir Troilus,  
 To the wise worthy Hector the secounde,  
 In whom that every vertue liste habounde;  
 As allè trouthe, and allè gentilnesse 160  
 Wisedome, honour, fredome, and worthinesse.

In gode faith eme (qð she) that likith me  
 Thei farin wel, God save hem bothè two;  
 For trewliche I holde it a grete deintè,  
 A king's sonne in armis wel to do,  
 And be of gode condicions therto; *i/*  
 For grete powir and moral vertue here  
 Is selde sene in one persone ifere, *or*



In gode faith that is sothe (qð Pandarus)  
 But by my trouthe the king hath sonnis twey, 170  
 (That is to mene, Hector and Troilus)  
 That certainly (though that I should ydey)  
 Thei ben as voide of viciis, dare I sey,  
 As any men that livin undir sonne; *the*  
 Ther might is wide iknow, and what thei conne.

Of Hector nedith nothing for to tel,  
 In all this worlde there n'is a bettir knight  
 Than he, that is of worthinesse the wel,  
 And he wel more of vertue hath than might;  
 This knowith many a wise and worthy knight: 180  
 And the same prife of Troilus I fey;  
 God helpe me so, I know not suche twey.

Pardè (qð she) of Hector that is sothe,  
 And of Troilus the same thing trowe I;  
 For dredilesse, men tellith that he dothe  
 In armis day by day so worthily,  
 And berith him here at home so gently  
 To every wight, that al prife hath he *the*  
 Of them that me were levisit praisid be.

Ye say right sothe, iwis (qð Pandarus) 190  
 For yesterday who so had with him ben,  
 Mightin have wondrid upon Troilus;  
 For nevir yet so thicke a swarme of been  
 Ne flewe, as Grekis from him gannin fleen;  
 And through the felde in every wight's ere  
 There was no crie, but Troilus is there.

Now here, now there, he huntid hem so fast,  
 There n'as but Grekis blode, and Troilus,  
 Nowe him he hurt, and him al down he cast, *h*  
 Aye where he went it was arrayid thus; 200  
 He was ther deth, and shelde and life for us,  
 That as that day ther durst him none withstonde,  
 While that he helde his bloody swerde in honde:

Therto he is the frendlyist man  
 Of gret estate, that er I sawe my live:  
 And where him list the best felowship can  
 To suche as him thinkith able to thrive. *for*  
 And with that word tho Pandarus as blive  
 He toke his leve, and said I wol gon hence.  
 Nay, blame have I myne uncle (qð she) then *to*

What cilith you to be thus wery sone,  
 And namiliche of women, wol ye so?  
 Naie sittith doune, parde I have to done  
 With you, to speke of wisdome er ye go;  
 And every wight that was about hem tho  
 That herde that, gan ferre awaie to stonde,  
 While thei two had al that hem list in honde.

Whan that her tale al brought was to an ende  
 Of her estate, and of her governaunce,  
 (Qð Pandarus) now time is that I wende; 220  
 But yet I say, arisith, let us daunce,  
 And caste your widowe's habite to mischaunce;  
 What listeth you thus your selfe to disfigure,  
 Sithe you is tidde so glad an avinture?

*al!*  
 But wel bethought; for love of God (qð she)  
 Shal I nat wetin what ye mene of this?  
 No, this thing askith lesir (tho qð he)  
 And eke it me would full muche greve iwis;  
 If I tolde, and yet it toke amis; *ye*  
 Yet were it bette my tonge to holdin stil, 230  
 Than say a sothe, that were ayenst your wil:

For necè myne, by the goddesse Minerve,

And Jupiter, that makith the thonde'ring, *al thonder ring*  
 And by the blisful Venus, that I serve,  
 Ye be the woman in this world living,  
 Withoutin paramours, to my weting;  
 That I best love, and lothist am to greve;  
 And that ye wetin wel your selfe I leve.

Iwis mine uncle (qð she) graunt mercy,  
 Your frendship have I foundin evir yet; 240  
 I am to no man beholdin trewly  
 So muche as you, and have so l'il quit;  
 And with the grace of God, emforth my wit,  
 As in my gilte, I shal you ner offende;  
 And if I have er this, I wol amende.

But for the love of God, I you beseeche,  
 As ye be he, that I love most and trist,  
 Let be to me your fremid manir speche,  
 And saie to me your nece, what so you list.  
 And with that worde her uncle anon her kist, 250  
 And sayid, gladly my leve nece so dere,  
 Take it for gode, that I shal say you here.

With that she gan her eyin doune to caste;  
 And Pandarus to conge began alite,  
 And sayid; Nece, alway (to!) to the laste,  
 How so it be, that some men hem delite  
 With subtil art ther talis for to endite; *h*  
 Yet for al that in ther entencion  
 Ther tale is all for some conclusion.

And sithe the end is every tal's strength, 260  
 And this matir is so behovily,  
 What should I paint or drawin it on length  
 To you that ben my frende so faithfully?  
 And with that worde he gan right inwardly  
 Beholdin her, and lokin in her face,  
 And saide, on suche a mirrour muche gode grace:

Than thought he thus, if I my tale endite  
 Ought harde, or make a proceffe any while,  
 She shal no favour have therin but lite,  
 And trowe I would her in my wil begile;  
 For tendir wittis wenin al be wile  
 Wher as thei con nat plainliche undirflond;  
 Forthy her wit to sounin wol I fonde; *al wittes*

And lokid on her in a besy wise,  
 And she was ware that he behelde her so,  
 Ah lorde! (qð she) so faste ye me avise,  
 Sawe ye me ner er now? what say ye, no?  
 Yes, yes (qð he) and bet wol er I go;  
 But by my trouthe I thoughtin nowe, if ye  
 Be fortunate, for now men shal it se:

*to*  
 For every wight some godely avinture *gode's bl.*  
 Somtime is shap, if he it can receive;  
 But if that he n'il take of it no cure,  
 When that it cometh, but wilfully it weive,  
 (Lo!) neither case, nor fortune him deceive,  
 But right his owne flouth and wretchednesse;  
 And suche a wight is for to blame I gesse.

Gode avinture, O bellenece have ye  
 Ful lightly foundin, and ye conne it take;  
 And for the love of God, and eke of me, 290  
 Catche it anone, lest avinture flake;  
 What should I lengir proceffe of it make?  
 Yeve me your hond, for in this world is none,  
 If that you list, a wight so wel begon.

And sithe I speke of gode entencion,  
 As I to you have tolde wel here beforne,  
 And love as wel your honour and renoun

As



As any crēture in the worlde iborne,  
By al the othis that I have you sworne,  
And ye be wrothe therfore, or wene I lie, 300  
Ne shal I never sene you este with eie,

Beth nat agaste, ne quakith nat, wherto?  
Ne chaungith nat for ferē so your hewe,  
For hardily the worst of this is do;  
And though my tale as now be to you newe,  
Yet trust alwaie ye shal me findin trewe;  
And were it thing that me thought unfitting,  
To you ne would I no such talis bring.

Nowe, my gode eme, for Godd'is love I pray,  
(Qd̄ she) come of and tel me what it is; 310  
For bothe I am agast what ye wol say,  
And eke me longith it to wit iwis;  
For whethir it be wel, or be amis,  
Say on, let me not in this fere ydwel;  
So wol I dohe, now herkenish, I shal tel.

Now, necē mine, the king'is owne dere sonne,  
The gode, the wise, the worthy, fresh and fre,  
Whiche alway for to done wel is his wonne,  
The noble Troilus so lovith The,  
That but ye helpe, it wol his bane ybe: 320  
Lo! here is al, what shoulidin I more sey?  
Doth what your list, to make him live or dey.

But if ye let him dye, I wol stervin,  
Have here my trouthe, nece, I n'il not liden, 330  
Al should I with this knife my throte kervin;  
With that the teris burst out of his eyen,  
And faide, if that ye done us both to dien  
Thus giltlesse, than have ye fishid faire,  
What mendeth it you, though that we both apaire?

Alas! he whiche that is my lorde so dere, 330  
That trewe man, that noble, gentle knight,  
That naught desirith, but your frendly chere, 340  
I se him dyin, there he goth upright,  
And hastith him, with al his fullē might  
For to ben slaine, if his fortune assente,  
Alas that God you suche a beauté sente!

If it be so that ye so cruil be,  
That of his derh you listith nought to retch,  
That is so trewe and worthy, as we se,  
No more than of a japor or a wretch, 340  
If ye be suche, your beauté may nat stretch  
To make amendes of so cruill a dede;  
Avis: ment is gode before the nede.

Wo worthe the faire Gemme that is vertulesse;  
Wo worthe that herbe also that doth no bote;  
Wo worth the beautye that is routhlesse;  
Wo worth that wight that trede eche undir fote;  
And ye that ben of beautye croppe and rote,  
If therwithal in you ne be no route,  
Than is it harme ye livin by my trouthe. 350

And also thinke wel, that this is no gaude;  
For me were levir, thou, and I, and he  
Were hongid, than that I should ben his baude,  
As high as men might on us al ife;  
I am thine Eme, the shame were unto me  
As wel as The, if that I should assent  
Through mine abet that he thine honour shent.

Now undirsonde, for I you nought require  
To binde you to him thorough no behest,  
Save one that ye makin him bettir chere 360  
Than ye han don er this, and more feste,-  
So that his life be favid at the leste.

This al and some is plainly our entente;  
God helpe me so, I nevir othir mente.

Lo! this request is nought but skil iwis,  
Ne doute of reson(pardē) is there none;  
I set the worst that ye dredin this is,  
Men would wondir to sene him come and gone;  
Ther aynist answere I thus anone,  
That every wight, but he be sole of kinde, 370  
Wol deme it love of frendship in his minde.

What? who wol demin, though he se a man  
To temple gon, that he th' imagis eteth, 380  
Thinke eke, howe wel and wisely that he can  
Governe himselfe, that he nothing foryeteh;  
That wher he cometh, he priſ and thonk him geteth;  
And eke therto he shal come here so selde,  
What force were it, though all the toun behelde?

Suche love of frendes reignith in al this toun;  
And wrie you in that mantil evirmo; 380  
And God so wis be my salvacioun,  
As I have faide, your best is to do so;  
But, gode nece, alway for to stint his wo,  
So let your daungir, sugrid ben alite,  
That of his deth ye be not al to wite.

Creseide, which that herde him in this wise,  
Thought, I shal fele what he menith iwis; 390  
Now Eme (qd̄ she) what wouldin ye devise?  
What is your rede, that I should done of this?  
That is wel said, qd̄ he, certaine best is  
That ye him love aien for his loving,  
As love for love is skilful guerdoning.

Thinke eke how elde wastith every hour  
In eche of you a part of (your) beauté; 400  
And therefore, er that age doth The devour, 410  
Go love, for olde there woll no wight love The;  
Let this proverbe a lore unto you be,  
To lute iware, qd̄ beauté, whan it passe,  
And elde shal daunth daungir at the lasse.

The king'is sole is wont to crie aloud, 400  
Whan that he thinketh a woman bereth her hie, 410  
So longē mote ye livin, and all proude,  
Til Crow'is fete growin undir your eie, 420  
And sende you than a mirrour in to prie,  
In which that ye may se your face a morrowe;  
Nece, I bid him within you no more sorowe.

With this he stinte, and cast adoune the hed;  
And she began to brest and wepe anone,  
And faide, alas! for wo, why n'ere I ded?  
For of this world, the faith is al agone; 410  
Alas! what shuldin strange unto me done,  
When he, that for my beste frende I wende,  
Redith me love, who shulde it me defende?

Alas! I would have trustid doutiles,  
That if that I, through my disavinture,  
Had lovid eithir him, or Achilles, 420  
Hector, or any (othir) manir crēture, 430  
Ye n'old have had no mercy ne mesure  
On me, but alwaie had me in repreve;  
This false worde(alas!) who may it leve? 440

What? is this al the joy, and al the fest?  
Is this your rede? is this my blisful caas?  
Is this the very mede of your behest?  
Is this al paintid processe said (alas!)  
Right for this fine? O lady mine Pallas,  
Thou in this dredeful case for me purvey;  
For so astonied am I, that I dey.

With

401. Then he sett an old woman to praye.

al. unfitting

u

h

al. lre d.  
al. syn yo be of.

al. advice.

only



With that she gan ful so'rowfully to fike,  
 Ah! may it be no bet? (qð Pandarus)  
 By God I shall no more come here this weke, 430  
 And God to some that am mistrustid thus;  
 I se wel now, ye settin' lite of us, *that*  
 Or of our deth (alas!) I woful wretche,  
 Might he yet live, of me were nought to retche.

O cruil God of Deth, dispitous Marte,  
 O furies thre of hel, on you I crie,  
 So let me nér out of this house departe, *al. parte.*  
 Yf that I ment or harme or vilanie;  
 But sithe I se my Lorde mote nedis die,  
 And I with him, here I me thrive and sey, 440  
 That wickidly ye done us bothe to dey.

But sithe it likith you, that I be ded;  
 By Neptunus, that God is of the se,  
 Fro this forthe shal I nevér etin bred;  
 Til that I mine own hert'is blode maie se; *hert. bl.*  
 For certaine I wol die, as sone as he;  
 And up he sterte, and on his way he raught,  
 Til she againe him by the lappe ycaught.

Creseide, *with.* which that wel nigh starfe for fere,  
 So as she was aye the most ferefull wight 450  
 That mightin be, and herde eke with her ere,  
 And sawe the so'rowful ernest of the knight,  
 And in his prayir sawe eke non unright,  
 And for the harme eke that might fallin more  
 She gan to rewe, and dredde her wondir fore, *al. dread.*

And thus she thought, unhappis fallin thicke  
 Al day for Love, and in suche manir caas  
 As men ben cruill in hem selfe and wicke;  
 And if this man sle here him selfe, (alas!)  
 In my presence, it n'il be no solas; 460  
 What men would of it deme, I can nat say;  
 It nedith me full slightly for to play. *slightly*

And with a sorowful sighe she saide thric, *al. on high.*  
 Ah lorde! me is betidde a sory chaunce,  
 For mine estate lieth in a jeopardie;  
 And eke mine Em'is life lieth in balaunce;  
 But nathelless, with Godd'is govinaunce *god.*  
 I shal so done, mine honour shal I kepe, *se. to*  
 And eke his life; and stintid for to wepe.

Of harmis two the lesse is for to chese, 470  
 Yet had I levir makin him gode chere *al. to make.*  
 In honour, than mine Em'is life to lese;  
 Ye saine, ye nothing ellis me requere.  
 No wis (qð he) mine ownè nece so dere:  
 Now wel (qð she) and I wol don my paine,  
 I shal mine herte ayen my lust constraine. *al. will.*

But that I n'il nat holdin him in honde,  
 Ne love a man that can I naught ne may  
 Ayenst my wil, but ellis wol I fonde,  
 (Mine honour save) plese him fro day to day; 480  
 Therto n'olde I not onis have saide nay,  
 But that I dredde, as in my fantasie;  
 But *ceffe* cause, (and) aie; *ceffith* maladie. *al. ill.*

But here I make a protestacion,  
 That in this processe, if ye depir go,  
 That certainly, for no salvacion  
 Of you, though that ye stervin bothè two,  
 Though al the worlde on o day be my fo, *in*  
 Ne shal I nér on him have othir routhe.  
 I graunt it wel (qð Pandare) by my trouthe. 490

But maie I trustin well to you (qð he)

That of this thing that ye han hight me here  
 Ye woll it holdin truely unto me?  
 Ye, dourilefs, qð she, myne uncle dere;  
 Ne that I shall have cause in this matere *Not*  
 (Qð he) to plain, or astir you to preche?  
 Why no (parde) what nedith more speche?

Tho fellin thei in othir talis glade,  
 Till at the last, o gode Eme (qð she tho)  
 For love of God whiche that us bothe ymade, 500  
 Telle me how first ye within of his wo,  
 Wot non of it but ye? he sayid no:  
 Can he well speke of love (qð she) I preie?  
 Tell me, for I the bet shall me purveie.

Tho Pandarus a litil gan to smile,  
 And sayid: By my trouth I shall now tell: *you*  
 This othir daie, nat gon full longè while,  
 Within the paleis gardin by a well  
 Gan he and I well halfe a daie to dwell,  
 Right for to spekin of an ordinaunce, 510  
 How we the Grekis mightin disavaunce:

Sone after that begone we for to lepe,  
 And castin with our dartis to and fro,  
 Till at the last, he sayid, he would sepe,  
 And on the grasse adoune he laied him the  
 And I after gan romin to and fro,  
 Till that I herd, as I wold, *al. as that Pandare al.*  
 How he began full wofully to grove

Tho gan I stalke him full softly behindè,  
 And sikirly the sothè for to saine, *al. gan.*  
 As I gan clepe ayen now to my minde,  
 Right thus to love he gan him for to plain; *L*  
 He sayid; lorde, have routh upon my pain,  
 All have I ben rebell in mine entent,  
 Now (*Mea culpa*) Lorde, I me repent.

O God, that at thy disposicion  
 Ledist forth the fine, by just purveiaunce,  
 Of every wight, my lowe confession  
 Accept in gre, and sende me soche penaunce  
 As likith The; put from me desperaunce, 530 *al. but from deth. al. app.*  
 That maie my ghost departe alwaie fro The, *away*  
 Thou be my shilde, for thy benignite.

For certis, Lorde, so fore hath she me wounded,  
 That stode in blacke, with loking of her eyen,  
 That to mine hert'is botome it is founded, *in / al. grounded.*  
 Through which I wot, that I must nedis djen; *ay.*  
 This is the worst, I dare me nought bewrien; *ay.*  
 And well the hotir ben the gledes rede,  
 That men hem wrien with ashin pale and ded.

With that he smote his hedde adoune anone, 540  
 And gan to muttre, I nat wh. t truely, *not, nor*  
 And I with that gan still awaie to gone,  
 And lete thereof, as nothing wist had I,  
 And come again anon, and stode him by,  
 And saied, awake, ye slepin all to long,  
 It semith me nought that love doth you wrong, *al. to long*

That slepin so, that no man maie you wake;  
 Who seie evir er this so dull a man? *or*  
 Ye frende (qð he) doe ye your hedd'is ake  
 For love, and let me livin as I can; 550  
 But though that he for wo was pale and wan,  
 Yet made he tho as freshe a countenance,  
 As though he should have led the newe daunce.

This passid forth till now this othir daie  
 It tell that I come roming all alone *roming*  
 Into his chambre, and founde how that he laie  
 C c c c Upon



*but.*  
Upon his bedde: but man so fore grone  
Ne herd I nevir, and what was his mone  
Ne wist I nought; for as I was comming  
All sodainly he left his complaining.

Of whiche I toke somewhat suspicion,  
And nerfe I come, and founde him wepe fore;  
And God so wist be my salvacion  
As I had nevir routhe of nothing more;  
For neithir with engine, ne with no lore  
Unnethis might I fro the deth him kepe,  
That yet fele I mine herte for him wepe.

*now*  
And God wot nevir sith that I was borne  
Was I so busie no man for to preche,  
Ne nevir was to wight so depe ysworne,  
Er he me told who might yben his leche;  
But *not* to you reherfin al his speche,  
Or all his wofull wordis for to fowne,  
Ne bid me nought, but ye woll se me swone,

But for to save his life, and ellis nought,  
And to non harm of you, thus am I driven,  
And for the love of God that us hath wrought  
Soche chere him doth, that he and I maie liven:  
Now have I plat to you mine herte yshriven;  
And sith ye wote that mine entent is clene, 580  
Take hede thereof, for none evill I mene.

*at ff.*  
And right gode thrift I pray to God have ye,  
That han soche one icaught withoutin net,  
And be ye wise, as ye be faire to se,  
Well in the ring than is the Rubie set;  
There werin nevir two so well imet,  
Whan ye ben his all whole, as he is your;  
The mighty God us graunt to se that hour!

Naie thereof spake I nat: A ha (q<sup>d</sup> she)  
As helpe me God, ye shendin every dele. 590  
A mercie derè nece, anon (q<sup>d</sup> he)  
What so I spake, I ment it nought but wele,  
By Mars the God, that helmid is of stele, *with*  
Now beth not wroth, my blode, my nece dere.  
Now well (q<sup>d</sup> she) foryevin be it here.

*at. then*  
With this he toke his leve, and home he went,  
Ye Lorde how he was glad, and well bigon!  
Creseide arose, no lengir she neystent, *walde!*  
But streight into her closet went anon, *chambre.*  
And set her doune, as still as any stone, 600  
And every worde gan up and doune to winde,  
That he had saied, as it came her to minde.

*s*  
And woxe somedeles astonied in her thought,  
Right for the newè case, but whan that she  
Was full avisid, tho found she right nought  
Of perill, why that she oughte aferde be; 610  
For man mai love of possibilitè  
A woman so, that his herte maie to brest,  
And she nat love ayen, but if her left.

*she*  
But as she sat alone, and thoughtè thus, 610  
In field arose a skirmish all without;  
And men cried in the strete, se Troilus  
Hath right now put to flight the Grekis rout,  
With that gonne all her meine for to shout, *the*  
Al go we se, cast up the gatis wide,  
For through this strete he mote to paleis ride,

*later*  
For othir waie is fro the yatis none  
Of Dardanus, there opin is the cheine,  
With that come he, and all his folke none  
An esie pace riding, in routis tweine, 620  
Right as his happie daie was (sothe to seine)

*sayn, Mars nought*  
For whiche men faith maie not distourbid be  
That shall betidin of necessite.

560 This Troilus sat on his baie stede  
All armid, save his hedde, full richily;  
And woundid was his horse, and gan to blede,  
On whiche he rode a pace full softly;  
But soche a knightly fight (lo!) truily  
As was on him, was nat withoutin faile  
To loke on Mars, that God is of battaile. 630

So like a man of armis, and a knight  
He was to sene, fulfilled of high prowesse,  
For bothe he had a bodie, and a might  
To doen that thing, as well as hardinesse, *af*  
And eke to sene him in his gerè dresse, *a him*  
So freshe, so yong, so weldy semid he, *at. worthy*  
It was an hevyn on him for to se. *a up-*

His helme to hewin was in twentie places,  
That by a rissue hongy his backe behind, *at. towel.*  
His shelde to dashed with swerdis and with maces, 640 *at. maces*  
In whiche men might many an arowe finde,  
That thirid had both horne, and nerfe, and rinde;  
And aie the peple cried, here cometh our joie,  
And, next his brothir, holdir up of Troie.

For which he wext a little redde for shame,  
When he so herd the peple on him crien,  
That to beholde it was a noble game  
How sobirliche he cast adoun his eyen:  
Creseide anone gan all his chere espien,  
And let it in her herte so softly sinke, 650  
That to her self she sayed; ho! give me drinke. *at. who giveth me dr.*

For of her ownè thought she woxe al redde,  
Remembring her right thus, (lo!) this is he,  
Whiche that mine uncle swereth he mote be dedde  
But I on him have mercie and pitè;  
And with that (ilke) thought for pure shame she  
Gan in her hedde to pull, and that as fast,  
While he and all the peple forth by past:

And gan to cast, and rollin up and down  
Within her thought his excellent prowesse, 660  
And his estate, and also his renoun,  
His witte, his shape, and eke his gentillesse;  
But moste her favour was, for his distresse  
Was all for her, and thought it were a routh  
To slap soche one, if that he mentè trowth. *at. trowth*

Now might some envious wight janglin thus, *-gla.*  
This was a sodain love, how might it be  
That she so lightly lovid Troilus?  
Right at the first sight of him? yea pardè;  
Now whoso saied so, mote he nevir the; 670  
For every thing a ginning hath it nede  
Er all be wrought, withoutin any drede. *at. it*

For I saie nat that she so sodainly  
Yafe him her love, but that she gan encline  
To liker him tho, and I have told you why; *first*  
And aftir that, his manhode and his pine  
Made love within her herte for to mine;  
For whiche by procelle and by gode service  
He wanne her love, and in no sodain wise. *at. not in.*

And also blisful Venus wele arayed 680  
Satte in her setinth house of hevyn tho  
Disposid wele, and with aspectis payed,  
To helpin sely Troilus of his wo;  
And sothe to sayne, she n'as nat all a foe  
To Troilus, in hys natyvyte;  
God wote, that wele the sonir sped in he.

Now



Now let us stinte of Troilus a throwe,  
That ridith forth, and let us tournè fast  
Unto Creseide, that heng her hedde full lowe,  
There as she satte alone, and gan to cast 690  
Wheron she would apoint her at the last,  
If it so were, her Eme ne would <sup>not</sup> <sup>not</sup>  
For Troilus upon her for to presse.

And lorde! so she gan in her thought argue <sup>herte</sup>  
In this matter, of whiche I have you told,  
And what to doen best were, and what eschue, <sup>t</sup>  
That plitid she ful oft in many fold; <sup>12</sup>  
Now was her herte warme, now was it cold;  
And what she thought of, somewhat shal I write,  
As mine aucthour listith to me t'endite. 700

She thought wele first, that Troilus person  
She knewe by sight, and eke his gentilnesse,  
And thus she said, all were it nought to doen  
To graunt him love, yet for his worthinesse  
It wer honor with plaie, and with gladnesse,  
In honeste with such a Lorde to dele,  
For mine estate, and also for his hele.

Eke well wote I, my king's soune is he;  
And sith he hath to se me soche delite,  
If I would uttirliche his sight ysle, <sup>110</sup>  
Par'aventure he might have me in dispite;  
Thorough whiche I might stondin in worse plite;  
Now were I not wise, me hate to purchase  
Withoutin nede, there I maie stand in grace.

In every thing, I wot, there lieth mesure;  
For though a man forbiddith dronkinesse,  
He nought forbiddith that every creature  
Be drinkilesse, for alwaie, as I gesse:  
Eke sith I wot for me is his distresse,  
I ne ought not for that thing him dispise, 720  
Sith it is so, he menith in gode wise.

And eke I knowe of longè time agone  
His thewis gode, and that he is not nice,  
No vantour (saine men) certain he is none,  
To wife is he so doen so grete a vice;  
Ne als I nill him nevir so cherice  
That he shall make avaunt by justè cause;  
He shall me nevir binde in soche a clause.

Now set a case; the hardist is iwis  
Men mightist demin that he lovith me, 730  
What dishonour were it unto me this?  
Maie I him let of that? why naie, pardè;  
I knowe al'o, and alwaie here and se, <sup>d</sup>  
Men lovyn women al this toun about,  
Be thei the wers? Why naie, withoutin doubt.

I thinke eke how he worthy is to have  
Of all this noble toun the thriftyist  
That woman is, if she her honour save,  
For out and out he is the worthyist, 740  
Save only Hector, whiche that is the best;  
And yet his life lieth all now in my cure;  
But soche is love, and eke mine avinture.

Ne me to love a wondir is it nought,  
For well wote I my self, so God me spede,  
All woll I that no man wist of this thought,  
I am one of the fairist out of drede  
And godelyist, who so that rakith hede,  
And so men saine, in all the toun of Troie,  
What wondir is though he of me have joie?

I am mine ownè woman well at ese 750

I thanke it God, as affir mine estate,  
Right yong, and stond untied in lustie lese,  
Withoutin jelousie, and soche debate;  
Shall no husbonde saine unto me cheeke mate;  
For githir thei ben full of jelousie, <sup>admir</sup>  
Or maistifull, or lovin noveltrie. <sup>re-</sup>

What shall I doen? to what fine live I thus?  
Shall I not love, in case if that me left?  
What? pardieux I am not religious; <sup>supra me rel.</sup>  
And though that I mine herte set at rest 760  
Upon this knight, this is the worthiest, <sup>that</sup>  
And kepe alwaie mine honor, and my name,  
By all right it maie doe to me no shame.

But right as when the sunne shinith bright  
In March, that chaungith oftintime his face,  
And that a cloud is put with winde to flight,  
Whiche oversprat the Sunne, as for a space; <sup>d</sup>  
A cloudy thought gan through her soule pace, <sup>al. herte</sup>  
That overspradde her brightè thoughtis all,  
So that for fere almoste she gan to fall. 770

That thought was this; alas! sith I am fre,  
Should I now love, and put in jeopardie  
My sikirnesse, and thrallin libertè?  
Alas! how durst I thinkin that folie?  
Maie I not well in othir folke aspie  
Ther dredful joie, ther consireint, and ther paine,  
Ther lovith non, that ne hath why to plam.

For love is yet the mostè stormie life  
Right of himself, that evir was begonne;  
For ever some mistrust, or some nice strife 780  
There is in love, some cloud ovr the Sunne;  
Thereto we wretchid women nothing come,  
Whan us is wo, but wepe, and sir, and thinke,  
Our wrefche is this, our ownè wo to drinke. <sup>wrefche or wrefche</sup>

Also these wickid tonguis ben so prest  
To speke us harme; eke men ben so untrue,  
That right anon as cessid is ther lest, <sup>d</sup>  
So cessith love, and forth to love anewe; <sup>d</sup>  
But <sup>harme doe is doen, who so it me;</sup>  
For though these men for love hem first to rende, <sup>al. self</sup>  
Full sharpe beginninge bickith oft at ende.

How oft in time hath it yknowin ben,  
The treson, that to women hath be doe!  
To what fine is soche love, I can not sen,  
Or where becomith it, whan it is go;  
There is no wight that wote, I trowe so, <sup>al. I trow that wote some.</sup>  
Wher it becometh (lo) no wight on it sporneth;  
That erst was nothing, into nothing turneth.

How busie (if I love) eke must I be  
To pleyn hym that jangle of love, and deme, 800 <sup>hew</sup>  
And coyn hem, that thei saie no harm of me! <sup>al. by</sup>  
For though there be no cause, yet hem may seme  
Al befor harme, that folke ther frenais queme;  
And who maie stoppin every wickid tonge,  
Or soune of bellis, while that thei ben rong? <sup>y</sup>

And after that her thought gan forto clere,  
And saied, <sup>be whiche that nothing undertaketh,</sup>  
Nothing aches with, be him loth or dere;  
And with an othir thought her hert yquakerh,  
Than slepith hope, and d' affir drede awaketh, 810  
Now hote now cold, but thus betwixin twey  
She rist her up, and went her for to pley.

Adoune the staire anon right tho she went  
Into her gardine, with her necis thre, <sup>the</sup>  
And up and down thei madin many a went,  
Flexippe?

734. Men lovyn women al beside her love,  
5 And whan hem lyf no more lat hem love.



Flexippe' and she, Tarbe'; and Antigone,  
To playin, that it joie was to se;  
And othir of her women a grete rout  
Her folowed in the gardine all about.

*at place.*

This yerde was large, and railed al the aleyes, 820  
And shadowed wel with bloumy bowis grene,  
And benchid newe, and sonndid all the weyes,  
In which she walkith arme in arme betwene;  
Till at the last Antigone the shene  
Gan on a Trojan song to singin clere, *lay*  
That it an hevin was her voice to here.

She said; O love, to whom I have, and shal  
Ben humble subject, true in mine entent,  
As I best can; to you, Lordg, yve I all  
For evinmore mine hert'is love to rent; *last* 830  
For nevyr yet thy grace to no wight sent  
So blisfull cause as me, my life to lede  
In alle joie and suretie, out of drede.

*ye* The blisfull God <sup>have</sup> hath me so well beset  
In love iwys, that all that berith life  
Imaginyn ne could how to be bet;  
For, Lordg, withoutin jelousie or strife  
I love one, whiche that moste is ententise  
To servyn well, unwery <sup>of</sup> or unfained <sup>th</sup>  
That evyr was, and lest with harme distained, 840

*at vice.*

As he that is the well of worthinelle,  
Of trouth the ground, mirrour of godeliheude,  
Of wit Apollo, stone of sikirnesse,  
Of virtue rote, of luste findir and heude,  
Therough whiche is all sorowe fro me dedde;  
Iwis I love him best, so doeth he me;  
Now gode thrift have he, where so er he be.

*my*

Whom should I thankin but you, God of love  
Of all this blisse, in whiche to bathe I ginne?  
And thankid be ye, Lorde, for that I love, 850  
This is the righte life that I am inne,  
To flemin all manir of vice and sinne,  
This doeth me so to vertue for to entende,  
That daie by daie I in my will amende.

*at an in will amende.*

And who that saith that for to love is vice  
Or thraldome, though he fele in it distresse,  
He either is envious, or right nice, *oldest*  
Or is unmightie for his shreudenesse  
To lovin; for soche manir folke I gesse

*unworthy*

L. Diffamin love, as nothing of him knowe; 860  
L. They speke of love, but nevyr bent his bowe.

What is the Sunne worse of his kinde right,  
Though that a man, for febleste of his eyen,  
Maie not endure on it to se for bright?  
Or love the worse, that wretchis on it crien?  
No wele is worth, that maie no sorowe drien;  
And forthy, *who that hath an hedde of wene,*  
*the cast of floris wene him in the werre.*

But I with al mine herte, and al my might,  
As I have saied, woll love unto my last 870  
My owne dere herte, and all mine owne knight,  
In whiche mine herte ygrowin is so fast,  
And his in me, that it shal evyr last:  
All did I dred at first to love begin,  
Now wore I well there is no pain therein.

*ygrowen*

And of her song right with that worde she stent,  
And therewithall, now nece (qð Creseide)  
Who made this song now with so gode entent?  
Antigone answerde anon, and saide,  
Madame, iwys it was the godelyist maide 880

Of grete estate in all the toun of Troie,  
Who led her life in moste honour and joie.

Forsothe so it ysemith by her song,  
Quoð tho Creseide, and gan therwith to fike,  
And sayid; Lordg! is there soche blisse emong  
These lovirs, as thei can so faire endite?  
Ye wisse, qð freshe Antigone the white;  
For all the folke that have or ben on live  
Ne couldin well the blisse of love discrive. *not*

But wenin ye that evèry wretche wote 890  
The parsite blisse of love? why naie iwys;  
Thei wenin all be love, if one be hote;  
Do' waie do' waie, thei wote nothing of this;  
Men motè askyn of sainctis, if it is  
Ought faire in heven; and why? for thei can tell;  
And askyn fendes, if it be foule in hell. *of*

Creseide unto the purpose naught answerde,  
But saied, iwys it woll be night as faste,  
But every worde, whiche that she of her herde,  
She gan to printin in her herte faste; 900  
And aie gan love her lassè for to agaste  
Than it did erst, and sinkin in her herte,  
That she wax somewhat able to convert.

The day's honour, and the heven's eye  
The night's fow, (all this clepe I the Sonne)  
Gan westrin fast, and downward for to wrie,  
As he that had his day's course ironne,  
And white thingis woxin al dimme and donne, *gan to*  
For lacke of light, and sterris (for) to apere, *st*  
That she and all her folke in went ifere. 910

So whan it likid her to gon to reste,  
And voidid werin thei that voidin ought,  
She sayid, that to slepin well her leste,  
Her women sone unto her bedde her brought;  
Whan al was hush't, than laie she stil and thought,  
Of all this thing the manir and the wise  
Reherce it nedith not, for ye ben wise. *at thing twice*

A Nightingale upon a Cedre grene  
Undir the chambir wall, there as she laie,  
Full loude ysong ayen the Monè shene; *full* 920  
Par'aventyre in his bird's wise a laie *briddis*  
Of love, that made her herte freshe and gaie, *which*  
Her That herkenid she so long in gode entent, *th*  
Till at the last the dedde slepe her hent.

And as she slept, anon right tho her met,  
How that an Egle, fethered white as bone,  
Undir her brest his longè clavis set,  
And out her herte he rent, and that anon,  
And did his herte into her brest to gon;  
Of which she nought agrose, ne nothing smert,  
And forthe he flyith, with herte left for hert. *flegh, fley*

Now let her slepe, and we our talis holde  
Of Troilus, that is to Paleis ridden, 940  
Fro the scarmishe of the whiche I have tolde,  
And in his chambir sate, and hath abidden, *e*  
Til two or thre of his messaygers yeden,  
For Pandarus, and soughtin him full fast,  
Til thei him found, and brought him at the last.

This Pandarus came leping in at ones,  
And sayid thus, who hath ben well ibere 940  
To daie with swerdis, and with slongè stones' *at. slonges & st.*  
But Troilus, that hath caught him an here;  
And gan to jape, and saied, Lorde, how ye swete!  
But rise and let us soupe, and go to reste;  
And he answerde him, doc we as The leste.  
With

*874 Al dred I first to love him to begin.*







That love it made, or ellis must he die,  
And pitouly gan mercie for to crie;  
And aftir that he said (and lied full loude)  
Himself was little worthe, and lasse he coude.

And that she would have his conning excused,  
That liril was, and eke he dradde her so, 1080  
And his unworthinesse aie he accused;  
And aftir that than gan he tel hi's wo;  
But that was endelesse withoutin ho;  
And said, he would in trouth alway him holde,  
And redde it ovre, and gan the lettre folde:

And with his saltè teris gan he bathe  
The ruby in his signet, and it sette  
Upon the wexe delivirliche and rathe;  
Therwith a thousande timis, er he lette, 1090  
He kiste the lettre, whan he had it shette,  
And saide, lettre, a blisful destinè  
The shapin is, my lady shal The fe.

This Pandare toke the lettre, and betime  
A morowe to his nec'is paleis sterte,  
And fast he swore, that it was passid prime,  
And gan to jape, and saide iwis mine herte  
So freshe it is (although it fore smerte)  
I maie nat slepe nevir a May's morowe;  
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorowe.

Creseidè, whan that she her uncle herde, 1100  
With dredeful herte, and desirous to here  
The cause of his comming, right thus answerde;  
Now by your faith mine uncle (qð she) dere,  
What manir windis gidith you now here?  
Tell us your joly wo, and your penaunce,  
How ferforth be ye put in lov's daunce?

By God (qð he) I hop alwaie behinde,  
And she to laugh as though her herte to breste;  
(Qð Pandarus) loke alwaie that ye finde  
Game in mine hode, but herkeneth if you lest; 1110  
Ther's right now comè to the toun a gëst,  
A Greke espie, and tellith newe thinges,  
For whiche I come to tell you newe tidinges:

Into the gardin go we', and ye shal here  
Al privily of this a long fermoun.  
With that thei wentin arme in arme isere  
Into the gardin fro the chambre down;  
And whan that he so ferre was, that the soun  
Of that which he spake no man herin might,  
He said her thus, and out the lettir plight: 1120

Lo! he that is al wholly your's fre,  
Him recommaundith lowly to your grace,  
And sent to you this letter here by me,  
Avilith you on it, whan ye han space,  
And of some godely answe're you purchace;  
Or helpe me God so, plainly for to saine,  
He maie not longè livin for his paine.

Ful dredefully tho gan she stondin stil,  
And toke it not, but all her humble chere  
Gan for to chaungin, and said scripè nor bil, 1130  
For love of God, that touchith such matere,  
Ne bring me none; and also, uncle dere,  
To mine estate have more regarde I pray  
Than to his lust; what shouldst I more say?

And lokith now if this be reso'nable,  
And lettith not for favour ne for slouth  
To saine a forthe, now is it covenable  
To mine estate, by God and by my trouthe, your  
To take it, or to havin of him routh

In harming of my selfe, or in repreve? 1140  
Beðre it ayen for him that ye on leve.

This Pandarus gan on her for to stare,  
And sayid, now is this the gretist wonder,  
That evir I sawe, let be this nice fare;  
To dethè mote I smittin be with thonder,  
Yf for the citè, whiche that stondith yonder,  
Would I a lettir to you bring or take  
To harme of you: what list you this it make? 1150

But thus ye farin well nigh all and some,  
That he that most desirith you to serve, 1150  
Of him ye retchin lest, where he become,  
And whethir that he live, or ellis sterve;  
But for al that, that er I maie deserve,  
Refuse it not (qð he) and hente her fast,  
And in her bosome doune the lettir thrafast,

And said her, now cast it awaie anon,  
That folke maie sene, and gaurin on us twey:  
(Qð she) I can abide till thei be gon,  
And gan to smile, and said him, Eme, I pray,  
Suche answe're as you list your selfe purvey, 1160  
For truilly I wol no lettir write.  
No! than wol I (qð he) so ye endite.

Therwith she lough, and sayid go we dine,  
And he gan at himselfe to japiñ faste, 1170  
And sayid, Nece, I have so gret a pine  
For love, that everiche othir daie I faste;  
And gan his bestè japis forth to caste,  
And made her so to laugh at his folie,  
That she for laughtir wenid for to die.

And whan[that] she was comen into the hall, 1170  
Now Eme (qð she) we wol go dine anon;  
And gan some of her women to her call,  
And streight into her chambre gan she gone;  
But of her besineffis this was one,  
Amongis othir thingis, out of drede,  
Ful privily this lettir for to rede. 1180

Avifid word by word in every line,  
And founde no lacke, she thought he coude his gode,  
And put it up, and went her in to dine,  
And Pandarus, that in a studie stode, 1180  
Er he was ware, she toke him by the hode  
And sayid, ye were caught er that ye wiste,  
I vouchsafe (qð he) do whatere you liste.

Tho with in thei, and set hem doune and etc, 1190  
And aftir none ful slyghly Pandarus  
Can draw him to the windowe nig the strete, nexte  
And sayid, Nece, who hath arayid thus  
The yondir house, that stante aforyenè us?  
Which house? (qð she) and gan for to beholde, 1200  
And knewe it wel, and whose it was him tolde;

And fellin forth in speche of thingis smale,  
And sat in the windowe bothè twey;  
Whan Pandarus sawe time unto his tale,  
And sawe well that her folke wer al away,  
Now, Nece mine, tel on (qð he) I prey,  
How likith you the lettre that ye wor,  
Can he theron? for by my trouth I n'or.

Therwith al rosy hewid tho woxe she,  
And gan to hum, and sayid, so I trowe;  
Aquite him wel for Godd's love (qð he) 1200  
My selfe tomedis woll the lettre lowe,  
And helde his hondis up, and fell on knowe,  
Nowe godè Nece, be it nevir so lite,  
Yeve me the labour it to sowe and plite.

Ye,



*So feely can I write*

\* Ye, for I can so writin (qð she) tho,  
And eke I n'ot what I should to him say.  
Naie Nece, qð Pandarus, saie you not so;  
Yet at the lest þthonkith him, I pray, *you*  
Of his gode will, O, doth him not to dey, *¶*  
Now for the love of me, my Nèce dère; 1210  
Refusith not at this time my praieere.

\* Depardieux (qð she) God leve al be wele,  
God helpe me so, this is the first lettre  
That er I wrote, ye al or any dele;  
And into' a closet for to' avise her bettre  
She went alone, and gan her herte unfetere  
Out of disdain'is prison, but a lite,  
And set her down, and gan a lettre write. *her*

Of whiche to tel in shorte is mine entent  
Th' effeete, as ferre as I can undirstonde; 1220  
She thonkid him of al that he wel ment  
Towardis her, but holdin him in honde  
She n'olde not, ne makin her selvin bonde  
In love, but as his sustir him to plesse,  
She would aie faine to done his hert an ese.

She shette it, and to Pandare in gan gon  
There as he sat, and lokid into a strete, *the*  
And doune she set her by him on a stonc  
Of jaspere, upon a quishen of golde ibete,  
And said, as wisely helpe me God the grete, 1230  
I never did a thing with more paine  
Than writē this, to [the] which ye me constraine,

And toke it him; He thonkid her, and seide,  
God wot of thing ful oftin lothe begonne  
Comith' ende' gode: and Nèce mine Creseide,  
That ye to him of harde now ben iwonne  
Ought he be glad, by God and yondir sonne;  
For why, men faine *Impressionis light*  
Full lightly ben aie redy to the flight.

But ye han plaied the tiraunt al to longe, *al. my.* 1240  
And harde was it your herte for to grave,  
Now stinte, that ye no lengir on it honge,  
Al woldin ye the forme of daungir save,  
But hastith you to done him joye to have;  
For trustith wel, to long idone hardnesse  
Causith dispite ful oftin for distresse.

And right as thei declarid this matere  
Lo! Troilus right at the stret'is ende  
Came riding with his tenthē somme ifere *Sec. Somme*  
Al softly, and thiðirwarde gan bende *in the 1250*  
There as they sate, as was his waie to wende  
To paleis warde, and Pandare him aspide,  
And said, nece ife who comith here ride,

*Heith*  
O sic not in, he sethe us, I suppose,  
Lest he may thinkin that ye him eschue. *al. we.*  
Nay nay (qð she) and woxe as redde as rose;  
With that he gan her humbly to salue  
With dredful chere, and ofte his hewis muc;  
And up his loke debonairly he cast,  
And bekid on Pandare, and forth by past. 1260

God wot if he sat on his horse aright,  
Or godely was befene that ilke day;  
God wot where he were like a manly knight,  
What should I dretche, or tel of his aray?  
Creseide, which that al these thingis sey, *a*  
To tell in shorte, her likid al ifere,  
His person, his aray, his loke, his chere,

His godely manir, and his gentilnesse,

So well, that never sithe that she was borne  
Ne haddin she fuche routhe of his distresse; 1270  
And howe so she hath hard ben here before,  
To God hope I, she hath now caught a thorne; *¶*  
She shal nat pul it out this nexte wike,  
God sende her mo such thornis on to pike!

Pandarus, whiche that stede her faste by,  
Felte iron hotte, and he began to smite; *the*  
And seide, nece, I praye you hertilie,  
Tel me that I shal askin you alite;  
A woman that were of his deth to wite  
Withouteþ' his gilt, but for her lacke of routh,  
Were it wel done? (qð she) naie, by my trouth.

God helpe me so (qð he) ye say me sothe,  
Ye felin wel your selfe that I nought lie.  
Lo, yonde he rideth (qð she) ye, so he dothe; *yst*  
Wel, qð Pandare, as I have tolde you thrie; *al. type.*  
Let be your nicete, and your folie, *al. to shame.*  
And speke with him, in esing of his herte,  
Let nicete nat do you bothe smerte. *to*

But theron was to hevin and to done,  
Considiring al thing it maie nat be, 1290  
And why? for shame; and it were eke to sone  
To grauntin him so gret a liberte; *al. speche. al. to done*  
For plainly, her entent, (as sayid she) *yst*  
Was for to love him unwilt, if she might,  
And guerdon him with nothing but with fight.

But Pandarus thought, it shal nat be so;  
If that I maie, this nice opinion  
Shal nat ben holdin fully yeris two;  
What should I make of this a longe sermon?  
He must assent on that conclusion 1300  
As for the time; and whan that it was eve,  
And al was wel, he rose and toke his leve:

And on his way full fast homeward he spedde, *yst*  
And right for joy he felte his hert to daunce,  
And Troilus he founde alone abedde,  
That laie, as done these lovirs in a traunce,  
Betwixin hope and derke desesperaunce; *¶*  
But Pandarus, right at his in comming,  
He song, as who saith, lo! somewhat I bring;

And saide, who is in his bedde so sone 1310  
Yburied thus? it am I frende (qð he)  
Who Troilus? naie, helpe me so the mone,  
(Qð Pandarus) thou shalt up rise and se. *al. arise.*  
A charme, that was ysent right now to The, *¶*  
The whiche can helin The of rhine axelle,  
If thou do forthwith all thy besinelle. *al. forthwith. al. all.*

Ye, through the might of God (qð Troilus)  
And Pandarus gan him the lettir take,  
And saide, pardes God hath yholpin us,  
Have here a light, and loke on all these blaie; 1320 *al. se these letters bl.*  
But oftin gan the hert to glad and quake  
Of Troilus, while he it gan to rede,  
So as the wordis yave him hope or drede. *¶*

But finally he toke al for the beste  
That she him wrote; for somewhat he behelde,  
On which he thought he might his herte rest,  
Al covired she the wordis undir shelde;  
Thus to the more worthy part he him helde;  
That what for hope, and Pandarus beheste,  
His gretē wo foryede he at the leste. 1330

But as we maie al daie our selvin se  
Through more wode or cole kindlith the more fire; *the*  
Right so encrese of hope, of what it be,  
*encrese of hope* *what so* Therwith



Therewith ful oft encrefith eke desire;  
Or as an oke cometh of a litil spire,  
So through this lettir, which that she him sent,  
Encrefin gan desire, of whiche he brent. *with*

Wherefore I say alway, that day and night  
This Troilus gan to desirin more  
Then he did erst through hope, and did his might 1340  
To presin on, as by Pandarus' lore,  
And writin to her of his sorowes fore  
Fro day to day; he let it nought refreide,  
That by Pandare he somwhat wrof or seide:

And did also his othir observaunces,  
That till a lovir longith in this caas; - *at*  
And aftir that his dice turnid on chaunces  
So was he eithir glad, or saide, alas! *un-*  
And held aftir his gestis aie his paas,  
And aftir suche answeris, as he hadde, 1350  
So werin his daies fory othir gladde.

But to Pandare alway was his recours,  
And pitoussly gan aie to him to plaine, *alway* *of*  
And him besought of rede, and some socours;  
And Pandarus, that sawe his wode paine, *wordly*  
Wext wel nigh ded for routh, sothe for to saine,  
And besely with al his hert gan caste  
Some of his wo to fleen, and that as faste:

And saide, Lordé, and frende, and brothir dere,  
God wot that thy disese ydothe me wo; 1360  
But wolt thou stintin al this woful chere,  
And by my trouth, gr it be dayis two, *or*  
And God toforne, yet shal I shape it so,  
That thou shalt come into a certaine place,  
There as thou maist thy selfe praie her of grace.

And certainly I n'ot if thou it wofte,  
But thei that ben experte in love, it say,  
It is one of these thingis fortherith most, *that*  
A man to have a leisir for to praie,  
And liker place, his wo for to bewraie; 1370  
For in gode hert it mote some routh impresse,  
To here and se the giltlesse in distresse.

Par'aventure thinkist thou, though it be so,  
That kinde would her ydone for to beginne  
To have a manir routh upon my wo,  
Saith daungir, nay, thou shalt me nevir win; *or*  
So rulith she her hert is goste within,  
That though she bendith, yet she stonte on rote;  
What in effect is this unto my bote? *at thy*

Thinke here ayen, whan that the sturdy oke, 1380  
On whiche men hackith oftin for the nones,  
Recevid hath the happy falling stroke,  
The grete sweight makith it fall all at ones,  
As done these grete rockis, or these milnestones;  
For swiftir course cometh thing that is of wight,  
Whan it discendith, than done thingis light.

But rede, that bowith doune for every blast,  
Ful lightly cessith winde, it wol arise; *up*  
But so n'il not an oke, whan it is cast;  
It nedith me nought longe The for to rise; 1390  
Men shal rejoyfin of a grete emprise,  
Archevid wel, and stont withoutin dout,  
Al have men ben thelengir there about.

But Troilus, now tel me if The lest  
A thing, whiche that I shal askin of The,  
Whiche is thy brothir, that thou lovist best, *or*  
As in thy very hert is privite?  
Iwis my brothir Deiphobus (qð he)

Now (qð Pandare) er hour is twice twelve,  
He shal The ese, unwist of it himselve. 1400

Now let me' alone, and workin as I may,  
(Qð he) and to Deiphobus went he tho, *of*  
Which had his lord, and grete frend ben aie,  
Save Troilus no man he lovid so;  
To tel in shorte withoutin wordis mo  
(Qð Pandarus) I pray you that ye be  
Frende to a cause, whiche that touchith me.

Yes, pardé (qð Deiphobus) wel thou wost  
Al that evir I may, and God tofore,  
Al n'ere it but for the man I love most 1410  
My brothir Troilus; but say wherfore  
It is, for sithe the day that I was bore  
I n'as, ne nevir more to ben (I thinke) *shall*  
Ayenst a thing that mightin The forthinke.

Pandarus gan him thanke, and to him seide,  
Lo! sir, I have a lady in this toun,  
That is my Nece, and callid is Creseide,  
To whiche some men would done oppressioun,  
And wrongfully have her possessioun;  
Wherefore I of your lordship you besече 1420  
To ben our frende, withoutin more speche.

Deiphobus him answerde: O, is nat this,  
That thou spekest of to me thus straungely,  
Creseide my frende? Pandarus saide him, yes.  
Than nedith (qð Deiphobus) hardily  
No more of this; for trustith wel that I  
Wol be her Champion with spere and yerde; *or*  
I ne rought nat, though all her foes it herde.

But telle me thou that wost all this matere,  
How might I best availin now, let se; 1430  
(Qð Pandarus) if ye my lorde so dere  
Woldist as now do this honour to me, *un-*  
To prayin her to morowe, lo! that she  
Came unto you, her plaintis to devise,  
Her adversaries would of it agrise. *thereof*

And if I more durst prayin you as now,  
And chargin you to have so grete travaille;  
To have some of your brethrin here with you, *or*  
That mightin to her cause bettir availe; *at the*  
Than wote I wel she mightin nevir faile 1440  
For to ben holpin, what at your instaunce,  
What with her othir frendis govirnaunce. *susten-*

Deiphobus, whiche that comist was of kinde  
To al honour and bounté to consente,  
Answerde, it shal be done: and I can finde,  
Yet greater helpe to this in mine entente;  
What woldest thou saine, if for Helen I sent,  
To speke of this, I trowe it be the best;  
For she may ledin Paris as her lest. *at*

Of Hector, which that is my Lord my brother, 1450  
It nedith nat to praie him frende to be;  
For I have herde him, o time and eke other,  
Spekin of Creseide suche honour, that he  
Maie saine no bet, such hap to him hath she,  
It nedith nat his helpis more to crave;  
He shal be suche, right as we wol him have.

Speke thou thy selfe also to Troilus  
On my behalfe, and praie him with us dine.  
Sir, al this shal be done (qð Pandarus)  
And toke his leve, and nevir gan to fine, 1460  
But to his Nec's house as streight as line  
He came, and founde her fro the mere arise,  
And set him down, and spake right in this wise:  
He



He saide, O very God, so have I ronnc  
Lo! necè mine, se ye nat how I swete?  
I n'ot whethir ye the more thanke me conne;  
Be ye not ware how that false Poliphete  
Is now about estsonis, for to plete, *you*  
And bringin on you advocacies newe?  
I? no (q<sup>d</sup> she) and chaungid al her hewe?

What is he more about me for to dretche,  
And done me wrong? what shal I don, alas!  
Yet of him selfin nothing would I retche,  
N'ere it for Antenor and Æneas,  
That ben his frendis in suche manir caas;  
But for the love of God, mine uncle dere,  
No force of that, let him have al ifere,

Withoutin that, I have inough for us.  
Nay (q<sup>d</sup> Pandare) it shal nothing be so;  
For I have ben right now at Deiphobus, *1480*  
At Hector, and mine othir lordis mo,  
And shortly makid eche of hem his so;  
That by my thrifte he shal it nevir winne  
For aught he can, whan so that he beginne.

And as thei castin what was best to done,  
Deiphobus, of his owne curtisie,  
Came her to praye, in his propir persone, *all. surr.*  
To holde him on the morowe companie  
At dinir, whiche she (ne) wolde not denie, *q<sup>d</sup> hys*  
But godely gan to his prayere obeye, *lit. 1490*  
He thonkid her, and went upon his wey.

Whan this was don, this Pandarus anone,  
(To tellin in shorte) forth he gan to wende  
To Troilus, as stil as any stone,  
And al this thing he tolde him orde and ende,  
And how that he Deiphobus gan to blende;  
And saide him, now is time of that ye conne  
To bere the belle to morow, and all is wonne.  
*al. The wel.*

Now speke, now pray, now pitously complaine,  
Let nat for nicè shame, for drede or slouth; *1500*  
Somtime a man mote tel his owne paine,  
Beleve it, and she wol have on The routh,  
Thou shalt ben sauid by thy faith and trouthe;  
But wel wor I thou now art in a drede, *q<sup>d</sup>*  
And what it is, I lay I can arde: *al. it rede.*

Thou thinkist now, how should I don al this,  
For by my cheris mostin folke espie,  
That for her love, is, that I fare amis,  
Yet had I levre unwist for sorow die;  
Nowe thinkenat so, for thou dost gretfolie; *1510*  
For I right now have foundin a manere  
Of sleight, for to coverin al thy chere.

Thou shalt gon overnigh, and that as blive  
Unto Deiphobus houle, as The to plaie,  
Thy malady awaie the bette to drive;  
For why? thou semist like, the sothe to saie;  
Sone after that, doune in thy bedde The laie, *al. 1520*  
And saie thou maist no lengir up endure,  
And lie right there, and bide thine avinture.

Say that the fevir is wont The to take, *1520*  
The same time, and lastin til a morowe;  
And let se now how well thou canst it make,  
For (pardon) like is he that is in sorowe;  
Go now, farwel, and Venus here to borowe,  
I hope and thou this purpose holdè ferme,  
Thy grace she shal The fully there conferme.

(Q<sup>d</sup> Troilus) iwis thou alle nedelesse

Counsaillist me, that sikelihe I me faine;  
For I am like in earnest doutlesse,  
So that wel nigh I stervin for the paine. *1530*  
(Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) thou shalt the bettir plaine,  
And hast the lesse nede for to counterfete,  
*For him men demin hate, that men se swete.*

Lo! holde The at thy tristè close, and I  
Shal wel the decre unto thy bowe ydrive:  
Therwith he toke his leve all softly,  
And Troilus to his paleis went, blive; *al.*  
So glad ne was he ner in al his live,  
And to Pandarus rede gan al assent,  
And to Deiphobus houle at night he went. *1540*

What nedith it to tellin al the chere,  
That Deiphobus unto his brothir made,  
Or his axis, or his sikelihe manere, *al. 1550*  
How men gon him with clothis for to lade  
When he was laid, and how men would him glade?  
But all for nought, he helde forth aie the wife,  
That ye han herde Pandare er this devise. *al.*

But certaine is, er Troilus him leide,  
Deiphobus had praied him overnigh  
To ben a frende, and helping to Creseide; *al. 1550*  
God wot that he that grauntid anon right,  
To ben her fullè frend with al his might;  
But such a nede was it to praen him thenne,  
As for to biddin a wode man to renne. *al.*

The morow came, and nighin gan the time  
Of mealtide, whan that the faire quene Helen  
Shope her to ben an hour afir the prime  
With Deiphobus, to whom she n'oldè faine, *al. 1560*  
But as his sustir homely, sothe to faine, *al. 1560*  
She came to dinir, in her plaine entent;  
But God and Pandare wist al what this ment. *al.*

Came eke Creseide all innocent of this,  
Antigone her nece, and Tarbe' also;  
But slye we now prolixite best is, *al.*  
For love of God, and let us fast ygo  
Right to the effete, withoutin talis mo,  
Why al this folke assemblid in this place, *al.*  
And let us of ther saluingis pace.

Gret honour did hem Deiphobus certaine,  
And fedde hem wel, with al that might hem like;  
But evirmo, alas! was his refraine,  
My gode brothir Troilus, the like  
Lithe yet, and therwithal he gan to like;  
And afir that he painid him to glade  
Hem as he might, and cherè gode hē made.

Complainid eke Helen of his sikenesse  
So faithfully, that pity was to here;  
And every wight gan wexin for axes *al.*  
A leche anon, and saide, in this manere  
Men curin folke, this charme I wol The lere; *1580*  
But there fate one, al list her nat to teche,  
That thought, yet best couldin I ben his leche.

Afir complaint him gonnin thei to preise,  
As folke don yet whan some wight hath begon  
To preise a man, and up with preise him reise  
A thousande folde yet highir than the son;  
He is, he can, that fewe othir Lordes kon;  
And Pandarus of that thei would afferme  
He nought forgate ther praising to conferme.

Herde al this thing feire Creseide wel inough, *1590*  
And every worde gan for to notifie,  
For whiche with sobre chere her hertè lough  
E e e e For



For who is <sup>he</sup> that ne would her glorifie  
To movin suche a knight done live or die?  
But al passe I, lest ye to longe ydwell, *I*  
But for o fine is al that er I tell.

The time came fro dinir for to rise,  
And as 'hem ought arisin everichone, *thei risyn*  
And gon a while of this and that devise;  
But Pandarus brake al this speche anon, 1600  
And said to Deiphobus, wol ye gon,  
If it your will be, as I crist you prayde,  
To spekin of the nedis of Creseide?

Helen, which that by the hondè her helde,  
Toke first the tale, and saide, go we blive;  
And godely on Creseide she behelde,  
And sayid, Jovis let him nevir thrive,  
That doth you harm, and reve him sone of live;  
And yeve me sorowe, but he shal it rue  
If that I may, and alle folke be true. 1610

Tel thou thy nec'is case (qð Deiphobus  
To Pandarus) for thou canst best it tell.  
My Lordis and my Ladies, it stant thus,  
What should I lengir (qð he) do you dwell?  
He ronge 'hem out a proces like a bell  
Upon her foc, that hight was Polyphete,  
So heinous, that men mightin on it spete.

Answerde of this eche worfe of 'hem than other,  
And Poliphete thei gonnin thus to warien,  
An hongid be suche one, were he my brother, 1620  
And so he shal, for it ne maie nought varien;  
What should I lengir in this talè tarien?  
Plainliche al at onis thei her highten *be-*  
To ben her frende, in all that er thei mighten.

Spake than Helen, and said to Pandarus,  
Wot aught my lord my brothir of this matere,  
I mene Hector, or wote it Troilus?  
He said her, ye, but wol ye me now here?  
Me thinketh thus, with that Troilus is here, *I*  
It were gode, if that ye wouldir assent 1630  
She tolde him her selfe al this er she went.

For he wol have the more her grefe at herre:  
Bicause (to!) she a worthie Lady is,  
And by your wil, I wol but in right sterte,  
And do you wete, and that anon iwis,  
If that he slepe, or wol aught here of this;  
And in he lept, and said him in his cre,  
God have thy soule, for brought have I thy bere.

To smilin of this gan tho Troilus,  
And Pandarus withoutin rekining 1640  
Out went to Helen and Deiphobus,  
And said 'hem, so there be no tarying,  
Ne more prese, he wol well that ye bring  
Creseide my Lady, that is now here,  
And as he maie endure, he wol her here.

But wel ye wote, the chambre is but lite,  
And fewe folke may lightly make it warme;  
Now lokith ye, for I wol have no wite  
To bring in prese, that might ydon him harme,  
Or him diselin, for my bettir arme, 1650  
Wher' it be bet she abide till estonis,  
Now lokith ye, that knowin what to don is.

I say for me best is, as I can knowe,  
That no wight in ne wendè, but ye twey, *now*  
But it were I, for I can in a throwe  
Reherse her case, unlike that she can sey,  
And aftir this she may onis him prey

To ben gode Lorde in short, and take her leve,  
This may not mokill of his ese him reve.

And eke for she is straunge, he woll forbere 1660  
His ese, whiche that him darin nat for you;  
Eke othir thing, that touchith nat to her, *here*  
He wol it tel, (I wote it wel right now) *you*  
That secrete is, and for the town's prow;  
And thei that knew nothing of his entente,  
Without more to Troilus in thei wente.

Heleine in all her godely softly wise  
Gan him salve, and womanly to plaie,  
And said iwis ye mote algate arise,  
Now faire brothir be all whole I praie; 1670  
And gan her arme right ovre' his shuldir laie, *on h. x. d. l.*  
And with him all her wit to recomfort, *him with*  
As she best could, she gan him to disport.

So after this (qð she) we you beseke,  
My dere brothir, Deiphobus and I,  
For love of God, and so doeth Pandare eke,  
To ben gode Lorde and frende right hertily  
Unto Creseide, whiche that certainly  
Recevid wrong, as wot well here Pandare, *the*  
That can her case well bet than I declare. 1680

This Pandarus gan newe his tong affile,  
And all her case reherse, and that anone;  
Whan it was said, sone aftir in a while  
(Qð Troilus) as sone as I maie gone,  
I woll right fain with all my might ben one,  
Have God my trowth, her cause for to susteine;  
Now good thrift have ye (qð Helen the queene).

(Qð Pandarus) and it your will ybe  
That she maie take her leve, er that she go,  
O, ellis God forbid it (tho qð he) *or* 1690  
If that she vouchsafin for to doe so; *vouchith safe.*  
And with that worde (qð Troilus) ye two,  
Deiphobus, and my sustir lefe and dere,  
To you have I to speke of a matere,

To ben avifid by your rede the better;  
And found (as hap was) at his bedd'is hedde  
The copie of a tretise, and a letter,  
That Hector had him sent, to askin redde,  
If soche a man was worthy to ben dedde,  
Wote I naught who, but in a grilly wise 1700  
He prayid 'hem anone, on it avise. *both*

Deiphobus gan this letter for to unfold 1710  
In ernest grete, so did Helen the Queene,  
And roming outward fast it gonne beholde, *trouwing al*  
Dounward a steire, into an herber grene *the st. v. m. an h. g.*  
This ilke thing thei reddin 'hem betwene;  
And largely the mountenaunce of an houre  
Thei gonne on it to redin and to poure. *a. u. i.*

Now let 'hem redde, and tournè we anone  
To Pandarus, that gan full faste prie 1710  
That all was well, and out he gan to gone,  
Into the grete chambir, and that in hie,  
And sayid, God save all this companie,  
Come nece mine, my ladie Queene Helene, *now my*  
Abidith you, and eke my Lordis twene.

Rise, take with you your nece Antigone,  
Or whom you list, or no force hardily,  
The lasse presse the bettir, come forth with me, *bet*  
And lokith that ye thonkin humbily  
Them all thre, and whan ye maie godily 1720  
Your time ifee, takith of 'hem your leve,  
Lest we to long his restis him bireve. *write 2 of*

All

1672. And hym with al her heart [with] she gan disport  
1673. As she best coude, of sorowe hym to comfort.



All innocent of Pandarus entent  
 Q<sup>d</sup> tho Creseide, go we, uncle dere;  
 And arme in arme inward with him she went,  
 Avising well her wordis and her chere;  
 And Pandarus in earnestfull manere *al. earnest.*  
 Sayid, all folke for Godd's love I praie  
 Stintith right here, and softly you plaie.

Avisth you what folke ben here within, 1730  
 And in what plite one is, God him amende,  
 And inward thus full softly begin; *al. 1/4.*  
 Nece, I conjure, and highly you defende  
 On his behalfe, whiche that soule us all sende,  
 And in the vertue of corounis twaine,  
 Slez nat this man, that hath for you this paine:

*al. 1/4. on lord's sole.*  
 Fic on the devill, thinke whiche one he is,  
 And in what plite he lieth, come of anone,  
 Thinke all soche taried tide but lost it is,  
 That woll ye bothe saine, whan ye ben one; 1740  
 And secondly, there yet devinith none  
 Upon you two, come of now if ye conne,  
 While folke is blent (lo!) all the time is wonne. 1750

In titirng and pursute, and delaies  
 The folke devine, at w<sup>e</sup>gging of a stre;  
 And though ye would han aftir merie daies,  
 Than dare ye nat, and why? For she and she  
 Spake soche a worde; thus lokid he and he:  
 Lest time be losse, I dare nat with you dele;  
 Come of therefore, and bringith him to hele. 1750

But now to you, ye lovirs that ben here,  
 Was Troilus nat in a cankedort,  
 That laie, and might the whispring of 'hem here,  
 And thought, o lorde, right now rennith my fort  
 Fully to die, or have anone comfort,  
 And was the first time that he should her praie  
 Of love, O mightie God, what shall he saie!

*Explicit liber secundus.*

~~~~~

*Proœmium libri tertii.*

O Blisfull light, of whiche the bemis clere  
 Adornith allè the third hevin faire, *heven's*  
 O sonn's life, o Jov's doughtir dere, *al. leaf*  
 Plefaunce of love, O godely debonaire,  
 In gentle hertes aie redy to repaire,  
 O very cause of hele and of gladnesse,  
 Iheried be thy might and thy godenesse.

In heven and hell, in yerth, and the salt se  
 Is felt thy might, if that I well discerne,  
 As man, brid, beste, fishe, herbe, and grenè tre, 10  
 \* Thei fele in timis with vapour eterne;  
 God lovith, and to love he woll naught werne,  
 And in this worldè no liv'is creature *a*  
 Withoutin love is wrought, or maie endure.

Ye Jovis first to thilke affectis glade,  
 Through whiche that thingis livin all, and be,  
 Commendidin, and amorous him made  
 On mortall thing, and as ye list aie ye  
 Yeve him in love, ese, or adversite,  
 And in a thousande formis doune him sent 20  
 For love in yerth, and whom you list he hent.

Ye fiers Mars apesin of his ire,

*11. al. And alle thing is that ben eterne.*

And as you list, ye makin hertis digne,  
 Algatis them that ye woll set a fire  
 Thei dredin shame, and vicis thei resigne,  
 Ye doen 'hem curteis be, freshe, and benigne,  
 And 'hic or lowe, aftir a wight entendeth *al. 1/4. for one of.*  
 The joyis that he hath, your might it sendeth. *1/4. 1/4.*

Ye holdin reigne and house in unite,  
 Ye forthfast cause of frendship ben aliè, 30  
 Ye knowin all thilke covered qualite  
 Of thingis, whiche that folke on wondrin so,  
 Whan thei can nat contrue how it maie goy  
 She lovith him, or why he lovith here,  
 As why this fishe, nat that, comith to were. *1/4.*

Ye folke a lawe have set in universe,  
 And this knowe I by them that lovirs be,  
 That who so strivith with you hath the werse.  
 Now Ladie bright, for thy benigne,  
 At reverence of them that servin The, 40  
 Whose clerke I am, so techeth me devise  
 Some joie of that is felt in thy service.

Ye, in my nakid hert's sentiment *al. 1/4. 1/4.*  
 Inhilde, and doe me shewe of thy swetenesse,  
 Caliope, thy voice be now present,  
 For now is nede; feest thou nat my distresse,  
 How I mote tell anon right the gladnesse  
 Of Troilus, to Venus heryng?  
 To whiche gladnesse who nede hath, God him  
 bring.

*Explicit Proœmium.*

~~~~~

*Incipit liber tertius.*

L Aie all this mene while this sad Troilus  
 Recording his lesion in this manere;  
 Mafie thought he, thus woll I saie and thus,  
 Thus woll I plam unto my Ladie dere,  
 That worde is gode, and this shall be my chere,  
 This n'all I nat foryet in no wile:  
 God leve him werkin as he can devise. *1/4.*

And Jorde, so that his herte began to quappe  
 Hering her come, and shott gan for to take,  
 And Pandarus, that ledde her by the lappe,  
 Came nere, and gan in at the curtein pike, 60  
 And saied, God doe bote on all that are like;  
 Se, who is here you comin to visite,  
 Lo! here is she that is your deeth to wite.

Therwith it semid as he wept almofte,  
 A, a (q<sup>d</sup> Troilus) so routhfully, *al. 1/4.*  
 Where me be wo, O mightie God, thou wofte,  
 Who is all there I se nat truly:  
 Sir (q<sup>d</sup> Creseide) it is Pandare and I.  
 Ye swete herte alas! I maie nat rise  
 To knele, and doe you honour in some wise. 70

And dressid him upward, and the right tho  
 Gan both her hondis lost upon him leie; *al. 1/4. 1/4.*  
 O for the love of God doe ye not so  
 To me (q<sup>d</sup> she) ey what is this to sei!  
 Sir, comest am I to you for causis tweie,  
 First you to thonke, and of your Lordshipe  
 Continuaunce I woulde you beseeke.

This Troilus that herd his Ladie praie  
 Of lordship, him woxe neithir quick ne dedde, *1/4.*

*16. al. Just your power ben a w<sup>e</sup> not deverte.*



Ne might o worde for shame unto it faie, *at his* 80  
 Although men shouldin smitin of his hedde;  
 But Lorde! so he woxe sodainliche alle regde;  
 And, sir, his lesson that he wende conne  
 To prayin her, is through his wit ironne.

*malapert*  
 Creseide all this espyid well inough,  
 For she was wise, and loved him ner the lasse,  
 All n'ere he<sup>s</sup> in all aperte, or made it tough,  
 Or was to bolde to sing a fol's Masse;  
 But whan his shame began somewhat to passe,  
 His refons, as I maie my rimis holde, 90  
 I woll you tell, as techin bokis olde.

*at. Myrr*  
*at how is*  
 In chaungid voice, right for his very drede,  
 Whiche voice eke quoke, and therto his manere  
 Godelic abash't, and now his hewis rede,  
 Now pale, unto Creseide his ladie dere,  
 With loke doune cast, and humble yoldin chere,  
 Lo, the aldirfirst worde that him asterte,  
 Was twyis, mercie, mercie, my dere herte! *it worke*

*that*  
*for forthly*  
 And stint a while, and whan he might out bring  
 The nexte word was, God wote<sup>r</sup> for I have 100  
 As faithfully as I have had konning  
 Ben your's all, God so my soule save,  
 And shall, till that I wofull wight be grave,  
 And though I dare ne can unto you plain,  
 Iwis I suffir not the lasse pain.

Thus moche as now, ah womanliche wife,  
 I maie out bring, and if this you displese,  
 That shall I wreke upon mine owne life;  
 Right sone I trowe, and doe your herte an ese,  
 If with my deth your hert I maie apeise; *wrath* 110  
 But sens that ye han herd me somewhat sey,  
 Now retche I nevir how sone that I deie.

*at deie shelde*  
 Therwith his manly sorowe to beholde  
 It might have made an herte of stone to rew,  
 And Pandare wept as he to'watir would,<sup>e</sup>  
 And pokid evir his nece newe and newe,  
 And sayid, wo begon ben hertis true;  
 For love of God make of this thing an ende,  
 Or sle<sup>x</sup> us both at ones, er that ye wende. *we*

*at*  
 I, what? (q<sup>d</sup> she) by God and by my trouth 120  
 I n'ot nevir what ye wilne that I seie; *worde*  
 Eie, what? (q<sup>d</sup> he) that ye have on him routh  
 For Godd's love, and doeth him nat to deie.  
 Now than thus (q<sup>d</sup> she) I wollin him preie - *de*  
 To tellin me the fine of his entente;  
 Yet wist I nevir well what that he mente.

What that I mene, O my swete herte dere  
 (Q<sup>d</sup> Troilus) O godely freshe and fre,  
 That with the stremis of your eyin clere  
 Ye wouldin somtime frendly on me se, 130  
 And than agrein that I maie ben he  
 Withoutin braunche of vice, on any wise, *in*  
 In trouthe alwaie to do you my servise,

*at*  
 As to my ladie right, and chefe resort,  
 With all my witte and all my diligence,  
 And I to have right as you list comfort,  
 Under your yerde egall to mine offence,  
 As deth, if that I brekin your defence;  
 And that ye digne me so mochil honour  
 Me to commaundin aught in any hour, 140

*at*  
 And I to ben your very humble, true,  
 Secrete, and in my painis patient,  
 And evir to desirin freshly newe  
 To servin, and ben aie like<sup>d</sup> diligent, *at*

And with gode herte all wholly your talent  
 Recevin in gre, how sore that me smerte;  
 Lo! this mene I, O mine owne swete herte.

(Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) lo! here an hard request,  
 And reso'nable a Ladie for to werne;  
 Now nece mine, by Natall Jov's fest, 150  
 Were I a God, ye shouldin sterve as yerne,  
 That herin well this man wol nothing yerne  
 But your honor, and sene him almoste sterve,  
 And ben so lothe to suffre<sup>r</sup> him you to serve.

With that she gan her eyin on him cast  
 Full esily, and full debonairly,  
 Avising her, and hied her not to fast  
 With ner a worde, but saied him softly, *softly*  
 Mine honour safe, I woll well truily  
 And in soche forme, as ye can now devise, 160  
 Recevin him fully to my servise;

Beseching him for Godd's love, that he  
 Would in honour of trouth and gentillnesse,  
 As I well mene, eke menin well to me,  
 And mine honour<sup>r</sup> with wir and businesse *at. with at bes.*  
 Aie kepe, and if I maie doen him gladnesse  
 From hennisforthe; iwis I n'll not faine:  
 Now bethc all whole, no lengir ye ne plain.

But nathelless, this warne I you (q<sup>d</sup> she)  
 A king's sonne although ye be iwis, 180  
 Yet ye shall no more have soveraintie  
 Of me in love, than right in that case is; *is*  
 Ne n'll I forbere, if ye doen amis,  
 To wrathin you; and while that ye me serve,  
 Cherishe you, right astir that ye deserve.

And shortly, dere herte, and all my knight,  
 Beth glad, and drawith you to lustinesse,  
 And I shall truely, with all my full might,  
 Your bittir tournin all to swetinesse, *in*  
 If I be she, that maie do you gladnesse, 180  
 For every wo ye shall recovir blisse; *at*  
 And him in armis toke, and gan him kisse.

Fill Pandarus on knees, and up his eyen  
 To hevin threwe, and helde his hondis hie,  
 Immortall God (q<sup>d</sup> he) that maiest not dien,  
 Cupide, of this thou maist The glorifie;  
 And Venus, thou maist makin melodie,  
 Withoutin honde me semith that in toun  
 For this miracle I here eche bell soune.

*at*  
 But ho, no more now of this (like) matere, 190  
 For why? This folke woll comin up anone,  
 That have the lettir redde, lo I hem here!  
 But I conjure The, Creseide, anone, *at. adjourne*  
 And thou to, Troilus, whan thou maist gone, *the*  
 That at mine house ye ben at my warning,  
 For I full well shall shap<sup>r</sup> your comming. *for*

And esith there your hertis right inough,  
 And let se whiche of you shall bere the bell  
 To speke of love, (and right therwith he lough) 200  
 For there have ye a leisir for to tell:  
 (Q<sup>d</sup> Troilus) how long shall I here dwell  
 Er this be doen? q<sup>d</sup> he, whan thou maiest rise, *or*  
 This thing shall be right as you list devise.

With that Helen, and also Deiphobus *the*  
 Tho comin upward, right at the staire's ende, *at*  
 And Lorde! so tho gan gronin Troilus,  
 His brothir and his sultir for to blende.  
 (Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) it time is that we wende,

Take

133 *for to serve by the. as ye wyl devise. at.*



Take, nece mine, your leve at them all thre, 210  
And let 'hem speke, and comith forth with me.

She toke her leve at 'hem full thriftily  
As she well could, and thei her reverence  
Unto the full ydiddin hertily  
And wondir well spekin in her absence a  
Of her, in praising of her excellence,  
Her govirnaunce, her wit, and her manere  
Commendidin, that it joie was to here.

Now let her wende unto her ownè place,  
And tournin we to Troilus againe, 220  
That gan full lightly of the lettir pace,  
That Deiphobus had in the gardine faine,  
And of Helen and of him he would feine  
Delivirid ben, and saied that him left  
To slepe, and aftir talis have a rest.

Helen him kist, and toke her leve as blive,  
Deiphobus eke, and home went every wight,  
And Pandarus as faste as he maie drive *might*  
To Troilus tho came, as line right, *at anen*  
And on a paillet all that gladè night 230  
By Troilus he laic, with merie chere, *at blisfull*  
\* And well was them that thei werin yfere.

Whan every wight was voidid, but thei two,  
And all the doris werin fast ishet,  
To tell in short withoutin wordis mo,  
This Pandarus, withoutin any let  
Up rose, and on his bedd'is side him fet,  
And gan to spekin in a sobir wise  
To Troilus, as I shall you devise.

Mine aldilevist Lorde, and brothir dere, 240  
God wot and thou, that it fate me so fore,  
Whan I The sawe so languishing to yere  
For love, of whiche thy wo woxe alwaie more,  
That I with all my might, and all my lore  
Have ever sithin doen my businesse  
To bringin The to joie out of distresse;

And have it brought to soche plite as thou wost,  
So that through me thou stondist now in waic  
To farin well, I saie it for no boft,  
And wost thou why? but shame it is to saie, 250  
For The have I begon a game to plaie,  
Whiche that I never doen shall eft for other,  
Altho he were a thousande fold my brother;

That is to saie, for The am I become  
Betwixin game and earnest soche a mene,  
As makin women unto men to come  
All saie I nat, thou wost well what I mene;  
For The have I my nece, of vicis clene,  
So fully made thy gentillnesse to trist,  
That all shall ben right as thy selfin list. 260

But God, that all wotteth take I to witnesse,  
That never this for covetise I wrought,  
But onely (for) to abredgè that distresse, y  
For whiche well nie thou deydist, as me thought;  
But gode brothir, doith now as The ought,  
For Godd'is love, and kepe her out of blame,  
Sins thou art wise, and save alwaie her name.

For wel thou wost, the name as yet of her  
Emonges the peple, as (who saie) halowèd is,  
For that man is unbore, I dare well swere, 270  
That evir wist that she yet did amis;  
But wo is me, that I that cause all this  
Maie thinkin that she is my nece dere,  
And I her Eme, and traitour eke ifere. *both*

And wer it wist; that I through mine engine  
Had in my nece put this fantasie, *such a f.* y  
To doyn thy lust, and wholly to be thine, y  
Why? all the worlde wouldin upon it crie, *al. on that gaurd. & er*  
And sayin, that I the worst trecherie  
Did in this case, that evir was begon, 280  
And she'fordon, and thou right nought iwoult *at er lost.*

Wherefore er I woult ferthir gone or paas; a  
Yet este I The besече, and fully saie,  
That privitè go with us in this caas,  
That is to saie, that thou us never *weiraie; sh' weiraie.*  
And be not wrothe, though I The oftin praie  
To holdin sece soche an high matter; *at a greke.*  
For skilfull is (thou wost well) my praiera. *at this*

And thinke, what wo there hath betid er this  
For making of avauntis, as men rede, 290  
And what mischaunce in this worlde yet there is *- chep.*  
Fro daie to daie, right for that wickid dede;  
For whiche these wise clerkis that ben dede  
\* Have evir this proverbid to us young,  
That the first vertue is to kepe the young.

And n'ere it that I wilne as now abredgè  
Diffusion of speche, I could almoſte  
A thousande oldè stories The aledge  
Of women losse through false and fol'is boſte;  
Proverbis canst thy self inow, and woste 300  
Ayenist that vice for to ben a blabbe  
All saied men sothe, as oftin as thei gabbe.

O tongue (alas!) so oftin here before  
Hast thou made many a ladie bright of hewe  
Saied, Welawaie the daie that I was bore!  
And many a maidins sorowe for to newe;  
And for the more parte all is but untrue  
That men of yelpe, and it wer brought to preve;  
Of kinde none avauntour is to leve. *he -*

Avauntour and a lier all is one,  
As thus: [I] suppose a woman graunt me *310*  
Her love, and saie that othir woult the none,  
And I am sworne to holdin it sece,  
And aftir I goe tell it two or thre,  
I wis I am a vauntour at the lest,  
\* And lier eke, for I breke my behest.

Now lokith than, if thei be not to blame  
Soche manir folk, what shal I clepe 'hem, what?  
That 'hem avaunt of women, and by name,  
That yet belight 'hem never this ne that, 320  
Ne knowin 'hem no more than mine olde hat;  
No wondir is, so God me sendin hele,  
Though women dredin with us men to dele.

I saie nat this for no mistrust of you,  
Ne for no wise men, but for folis nice,  
And for the harme that in the worlde is now,  
As well for folie oft, as for malice;  
For well wote I, that in wise folke that vice  
No woman drat, if she be well avised,  
For wise men ben by folis harme chastised. 330

But now to purpose, leve brothir dere,  
Have all this thing, that I have saied, in minde,  
And kepe The close, and be now of gode chere,  
For all thy daies thou shalt me true yfinde; *at at thy day*  
I shall thy processe set in soche a kinde,  
And God toforne, that it shall The suffice;  
For it shall be right as thou wost devise.

For well I wote thou menist well parde,  
F f f f

Therefore

232 To talke, & well was them they were in fere. *at tale*

294 Have wost of this & yet men take us yonge.  
316 And a lier in breaking of my behest.



Therefore I dare this fully undirtake,  
Thou wost eke what thy ladie grauntid The, 340  
And daie is set the charteris to make;  
Have now gode night, I maie no lengir wake,  
And bid for me, sith thou art now in blisse,  
That God me sende deth, or sone liffe.

Who might ytellin halfe the joie or feste, *the*  
Whiche that the souie of Troilus tho felte!  
Hering the' effect of Pandarus behestes,  
His olde wo, that made his herte to swelt,  
Gan tho for joie to wastin, and to melt,  
And all the' rehetynge of his sikkes sore 350  
At onis fled, he felt of 'hem no more.

But right so as these holtes, and these hayis,  
That han in Wintir dedde yben and drie,  
Revestin 'hem in grene, whan that Maie is,  
Whan every lustie beste listith to pleie;  
Right in that selfin wise, sothe for to seie  
Woxe sodainly his herte full of joie,  
That gladdir was there nevir man in Troie:

And gan his loke on Pandarus up cast  
Full sobirly, and frendly on to se, 360  
And sayid, frende, in Aprilis the last,  
As well thou wost, if it remembir The,  
How nigh the deth for wo thou founde me, *ist*  
And how thou diddist all thy businelle  
To knowe of me the cause of my distresse:

Thou wost how long I it forbare to saie  
To The, that art the man that I best trist,  
\*And perill none was to The to bewraie,  
That wist I well: but tell me if The list,  
Sith I so lothe was, that thy self it wist, 370  
How durst I mo tellin of this matere,  
That quake now, tho no wight maie us here?

But nathelless, by that God I The swere,  
That as him list maie all this world governe,  
And if I lie, Achilles with his spere  
Mine herte cleve, all were my life eterne,  
As I am mortall, if I late or yerne *that*  
Would it bewraie, or durst, or should, or conne,  
For all the gode that God made undir sonne:

That rathir die I would, and determine, 380  
As thinkith me now, flockid in prisoun,  
In wretchidnesse, in filthe, and in vermine,  
Captife to cruill king Agamemnoun;  
And this in all the templis of this toun,  
Upon the Goddis all, I woll The swere  
To morowe daie, if that The likith here.

And that thou hast so moche idoen for me,  
That I ne maie it nevir more deserve,  
This knowe I well, all might I now for The  
A thousande timis on a morowe serve, *in* 390  
I can no more, but that I woll The serve  
Right as thine own slave, whithir so thou wende,  
For evirmore, unto my liv'is ende.

But here with al mine herte I The beseeche,  
That nevir in me thou deme soche folie,  
As I shall saie, me thought by thy speche,  
That this whiche thou me doest for companie,  
I should wenin it were a bauderie;  
I am not wode, all if I leude *the* *be*, *be*  
It is nat so, that wote I well parde. *at. be* 400

But he that goeth for gold, or for richesse  
On soche meslagis, call him what ye list, *the*  
And this that thou doest, call it gentilnesse,

Compassion, and felowship, and trist;  
Departin it so, for widewhere is wist,  
How that there is diversite requered  
Betwixin thingis like, as I have lered.

And that thou knowe I ne thinke not ne wene  
That this service a shame be or a jape;  
I have my faire sustir Polixene 410  
Castandra', Helen, or any of the frape, *at*  
Be she nevir so faire, or well ishape, *at*  
Tell me whiche thou wilt of everichone  
To have for thine, and let me than alone.

But sith that thou hast doen me this service  
My life to save, and for non hope of mede,  
So for the love of God this grete emprise  
Performe it out, for now is the moste nede;  
For high and lowe withoutin any drede  
I woll alwaie thine hestis alle kepe; *wholly* 420  
Have now gode night, and let us bothe slepe.

Thus helde 'hem eche of othir well apaied,  
That all the worlde ne might it bet amende,  
And on the morowe, whan thei were araied,  
Eche to his owne nedis gan entende; *at*  
But Troilus, though as the fire he brende  
For sharpe desire of hope, and of plesaunce,  
He not forgate his gode wife govirnaunce:

But in himself with manhode gan restrain  
Eche rakill dede, and eche unbridlid chere, 430  
That all tho that livin sothe for to saie  
Ne should have wiste by worde or by manere  
What that he ment, as touching this matere;  
From every wight, as ferre as is the cloud,  
He was so wise, and wel diffimu'len coud.

And all the while whiche that I now devise  
This was his life, with all his fullè might;  
By daie he was in Mart's high service,  
That is to saie, in armis as a knight;  
And for the more part all the longè night 440  
He lay and thought how that he might yserve  
His ladie beste, her thanke for to deserve.

N'ill I not swerin, although he laie soft,  
That in his thought he n'as somewhat disefed,  
Ne that he tournid on his pillowes oft,  
And would of that him missid have ben esed; *at. saved*  
But in soche case men be nat alwaie plesed  
For aught I wote, no more than was he,  
That can I deme of possibilitè.

But certain is, to purpose for to go, 450  
That in this while, as writtin is in geste,  
He sawe his ladie somtime, and also  
She with him spake, whan that she durst and leste,  
And by ther both avise, as was the beste,  
Appointidin full warely in this nede,  
So as thei durst, how thei wouldin procede. *that*

But it was spokin in so short a wise,  
In soche awaite alwaie, and in soche fere  
Left any wight devinin or devise  
Would of 'hem two, or to it laie an ere, 460  
That all this worlde so lefe to 'hem ne were  
As that Cupido would 'hem his grace sende  
To makin of ther purpose right an ende. *at. be*

But thilkè little that thei spake or wrought  
His wise gholste toke aie of ail soche hede, *to. alway so. fere*  
It semid her he wiste what she thought  
Withoutin worde, so that it was no nede  
To bid him aught to doen, or aught forbede;

For

*368. And perill was it none to the to wraie*  
*at. be*



For which she thought that love, al come it late,  
Of allè joie, had openid her the yate. 470

And shortly to this processe for to pace,  
So well his werke and wordis he beset,  
That he so full stode in his ladie's grace,  
That twentie thousande timis er she let  
She thonkid God she evir with him met;  
So could he him governe in soche service,  
That all the worlde ne might it bet devise.

For why? she founde him so discrete in all,  
So secrete, and eke of soche obeisaunce; *al. observa.*  
That well she felt he was to her a wall  
Of Steele, and shelde from every displeaunce;  
That to yben in his gode govirnaunce,  
(So wise he was) she was no more aferd,  
I mene as ferre as it ought ben requered.

And Pandarus to quickē alwaie the fire  
Was evir ilike prest and diligent,  
To ese his frende was set al his desire,  
He shove aie on, he to and fro was sent,  
He lettis bare whan Troilus was absent;  
That nevir man as in his frend's nede 490  
Ne bare him bet than he withoutin drede.

But now para<sup>ynt</sup>pre some man waitin wold, *e*  
That every worde or sonde, or loke or chere  
Of Troilus that I rehercin shold,  
In al this while, unto his lady dere;  
I trowe it were a long thing for to here,  
Or of what wight that stonte in suche dispointe,  
His wordis al, or every loke to pointe. *-ff-*

Forsothe I have not herde it done er this  
In storie none, ne no man here, I wene, 500  
And though I would, yet I could not iwis;  
For there was some epistel hem betwene,  
That would (as faith min auctor) wel contene  
Nie halfe this boke, of which him list not write;  
How should I than a line of it endite?

But to the gret effecte than saie I thus,  
That stondin in concorde and in quiete  
This ilke two, Creseide and Troilus,  
As I have tolde, and in this timē swete; *al. by.*  
Save onely, of tin mightin thei not mete; *of hym 510*  
Ne leisir have ther spechis to fulfell,  
That it befil, right as I shal you tell;

That Pandarus, that evir did his might  
Right for the fine that I shal speke of here,  
As for to bringin to his house some night  
His faire nece, and Troilus isere;  
Where as at leisir al this high matere  
Touching her love were at the ful up bounde,  
Had out of doute a time to it yfounde.

For he with grete deliberacion 520  
Had every thing that therto might availe  
Forne-cast, and put in execution,  
And neithir leste for coste ne for travaile;  
Come if hem liste, hem shoulde nothing faile,  
And for to ben in aught espyid there,  
That wiste he wel an impossible were. *it*

And dredelasse it clere was in the winde  
Of every pie, and every letgame,  
Now al is wel, for al the world is blinde  
In this matir, bothè fremid and tame, 530  
This timbir is al redy up to frame;  
Us lackith naught, but that we wetin wolde  
A certaine houre, in whiche she comin shold.

And Troilus, that al this purveiaunce  
Knew at the ful, and waitid on it aie,  
And hereupon eke made gret ordinaunce, *Had*  
And founde his cause, and therewith his aray, *al. formed: sherto all th. ar.*  
Yf that he were ymissid, night or day, *al. formed*  
There while he was aboutin this service,  
That he was gon to don his sacrifice, 540

And muste at suche a temple alone wake,  
Answerid of Apollo for to be,  
And first to sene the holy laurir quake, *ere.*  
Er that Apollo spake out of the tre, *al. the god ought to.*  
To tellin him whan Grekis next should fle; *the.*  
And forthy let him no man, God forbede!  
But praie Apollo helpin in this nede. *helpe him.*

Now is there litill more for to be done,  
But Pandare up, and shortly for to faine, 550  
Right sone upon the chaunging of the Mone,  
Whan lightlesse is the world a night or twaine,  
And that the welkin shope him for to raine,  
He streight amorowe unto his nece went;  
Ye have wel herde the fine of his entente.

Whan he was comen, he gan anon to plaie,  
As he was wont, and of himselfe to jape, *at*  
And finally he swore, and gan her saie  
By this and that, she should him not escape,  
No lengir done him aftir her to cape; *gape.*  
But certainly that she must by her leve 560  
Come soun in his house with him at eve.

At which she lough, and gan her first excuse, *just*  
And said: it rainith: (lo!) how should I gone!  
Let be (q's he) ne stonde not thus to muse,  
This more be don, ye shal come there anone:  
So at the last herof thei fel at one,  
Or ellis soft he swore her in her ere,  
He nolde nevir comin there she were.

Sone aftir this, she unto him gan rowne,  
And askid him if Troilus were there; 570  
He swore her nay, for he was out of towne,  
And said, what? nece: I pose that he were there; *al. suppose he were.*  
You durst nevir thereof have the more fere;  
For rathir than men might him there aspie  
Me levir were a thousande folde to die.

Naught list mine Auctour fully to declare  
What that she thought, whan that he said her so,  
That Troilus was out of toune ifare,  
And if he saide therof soth or no;  
But that without awaite with him to go 580  
She grauntid him, sithe he her that besought,  
And as his nece obeyid, as her ought. *she.*

But nathelasse, yet gan she him beseeche,  
Although with him to gone it was no fere,  
For to beware of gosishe peplis speche,  
That dremin thingis, which that nevir were,  
And well avisin him whom he brought there;  
And said him, Eme, sens I must on you trist,  
Loke al be wel, I do now as you list. *al. q's*

He swore her this, by stockis and by stones, 590  
And by the Goddis that in hevin dwell,  
Or ellis were him levir soule and bones  
With Pluto King as depè ben in Hell  
As Tantalus; what shoulidin I more tell?  
Whan al was wel, he rose and toke his leve,  
And she to soun came whan it was eve,

With a certaine nombre of her owne men,

And



And with her fayir nece Antigone,  
And othir of her women nine or ten;  
But who was glad nowe, who as trowyn ye? 600  
But Troilus, that stode and might it se  
Throughout a litil window in a stewe,  
\* Ther he beset till midnight was in mewe,

Unwilt of every wight, but of Pandare.  
\* But to the point; now whan that she was come,  
With al joie, and al her frendis in fare, S/L  
Her Eme anone in armis bath her nome,  
And astir to the soupir al and some,  
Whan as time was, ful softe thei hem yfer;  
God wot there was no deinté ferre to fer. 610

And astir soupir gonin thei to rise,  
At ese wel, with hertis full fresh and glade,  
And wel was him that coude best devise  
To likin her, or that her laughin made;  
He songe, she plaide, he tolde a tale of Wade;  
But at the last, as every thing hath ende,  
She toke her leve, and nedis would thens wende.

But o fortune, executrice of wierdes!  
O influencis of these hevins hie!  
Soth is, that undir God ye ben our hierdes, 620  
Though to us bestis ben the causis wrie;  
This mene I now, for she gan homward hie;  
But execute was al beside her leve  
The Goddis wil, for whiche she must bileve.

The benté Mone with her hornis fall pale,  
Saturn and Jove, in Cancro joynid were,  
\* That suche a raine from hevin gan availe,  
That every manir woman that was there  
Had of that smoky raine a very fere:  
At the which Pandare tho lough, and said thenne,  
Now were it time a Lady to gone henne;

But, gode nece, if that I might evir plese  
You any thing, than pray I you (qð he)  
To don mine hert as now so gret an ese  
As for to dwell here al this night with me;  
For why? this is your owné house pardé;  
For by my trouthe, I say it nat in game,  
To wende as now, it were to me a shame.

Creseide, which that could as mokil gode  
As halfe a world, toke hede of his prayere; 640  
And sens it rained, and al was in a stode,  
She thought, as gode chepe may I dwellin here,  
And graunt it gladly with a frendis chere,  
And have a thonke, as grutche, and than abide;  
For home to gon it may nat well betide.

I wol (qð she) mine uncle lese and dere,  
Sens that you list, it skil is to be so,  
I am right glad with you to dwellin here,  
I seide, but in game, that I wolde goe;  
I wis graunt mercy nece (qð he) tho, 650  
Were it agame or nō, the sothe to tell,  
Now am I glad, sens that you list to dwell.

Thus al is wel, but tho began a right  
The newé joy, and al the fest againe;  
But Pandarus, if godely had he might,  
He would have hyid her to bedde full faine,  
And said, O lord, this is an hugé raine,  
This were a wethir for to slepin in,  
And that I rede us soné to begin, for

And nece, wote ye where I wol you laie? 660  
For that ye shul nat liggin ferre asonder,  
And for ye neithir shullin, dare I saie,

Herin the noise of rainis, ne of thonder;  
By God, right in my litil clofet yonder,  
And I wol in that uttir house alone, al. little.  
Ben wardain of your women everichone;

And in this middle chambre that ye se,  
Shal all your women slepin, wel and softe, sayre.  
And there I sayid, shal your selvin be;  
And if ye liggin wel to night, come ofte, the 670  
And carith not what wethir is alofte:  
Goth in anone, and whan so that ye lest,  
Go we to slepe, I trowe it be the best. i. i

There n'is no moré, but heré astir sone  
Thei drank, voidid, and curtins drew anone, travest  
Gan every wight that hadde nought to done elles  
More in the place, out of the chambre gone;  
And evir more so sterneliche it rone,  
And blewe therwith so wonderliche loude, - fudy.  
That wel nigh no man herin othir coude. 680

Tho Pandarus her Eme, right as him ought,  
With women, suche as were her most aboute, mygh  
Ful glad unto her bedd'is side her brought,  
And toke his leve, and gan ful lowe to loute,  
And said, here at this clofet dore withoute,  
Right ovrthwart your women liggin all,  
That whom ye list of hem ye maie sone call. her

So whan that she was in the clofet laide,  
And al her women forth by ordinaunce  
A bedde werin, there as I have saide, you. 690  
There n'as no more to skippin nor to prounce  
But bodin go to bedde with mischaunce,  
If any wight stering were any where,  
And let hem slepin that abedde ywere.

But Pandarus, that wel couthe, eche yadele 700  
The olde daunce, and every point therin,  
Whan that he wiste that all thing was wele,  
He thought he wolde upon his werke begin,  
And gan the stewe dore all soft unpin;  
As stil as stoné, withoutin lengir lette,  
By Troilus adoun right he him sette.

And shortly to the pointe right for to gone,  
Of al this werke he told him orde and ende,  
And sayid, make The redy right anone,  
For thou shalt into hevin blisse ywende.  
Now blisful Venus, thou me grace yfende,  
(Qð Troilus) for nevir yet no nede  
Had I er now, ne halfindele the drede. - m. -

(Qð Pandarus) ne drede The ner a dele,  
For it shal be right as thou wolt desire; 710  
So thrive I, this night shal I make it wele,  
Or castin all the gruil in the fire; gravel  
Yet blisful Venus this night thou me enspire, x saynt  
(Qð Troilus) as wis as I The serve, wisely  
And evir bet and bet shal til I sterre,

And if I had, O Venus ful of mirthe,  
Aspectis badde of Mars, or of Saturne,  
Or thou combuste, or let were in my birth;  
Thy father pray that thilke harme disturne 720  
Of grace, and that I glad aien maie turne,  
For love of him thou lovdest in the shawe; al. lopsel.  
I mene Adon, that with the bore was slawe;

O Jove eke, for the love of faire Europe.  
The which in form of bulle awaie thou fet;  
Now helpe, o Mars, that with thy blody cope, h  
For love of Cypria, thou me naught ne let;  
O Phæbus, think when Daphne her selve shet  
Undir

600: When he was that till midn. as in m.

al. s. p. night was.

620: That made such mine from home to away.



Undir the barke, and Laurir woxe for drede;  
Yet for her love, o helpe me at this nede:

O Mercurie, for the love of her eke, 730  
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wrothe,  
Now helpe; and eke Diane I The beseke,  
That this viage ne be nat to The lothe;  
O fatall fustrin, whiche, or any clothe  
Me shapin was, my destinè me sponne,  
So helpith to this werke that is begonne.

(Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) thou wretchid mou<sup>t</sup>'is hert,  
Art thou agast so that she wol The bite? *lest*  
Why, do on this furred cloke upon thy sherte,  
And folowe me, for I wol have the wite; 740  
But bide, and let me gon before alite;  
And with that worde he gan undone a trappe,  
And Troilus he brought in by the lappe.

The sternè winde so loude began to route,  
That no wight other's noise might yhere,  
And thei that layin at the dore without  
Full sikirly thei sleptin all ifere;  
And Pandarus, with a ful sobre chere  
Goth to the dore anon withoutin lette  
There as thei lay, and softly it shette: *Ac.* 750

And as he came ayenwarde privily  
His nece awoke, and askith, who goeth there?  
Mine ownè dere nece (q<sup>d</sup> he) it am I; *Pandarus.*  
Ne wondrith not, ne have of it no fere,  
And here he came, and said her in her ere,  
No worde for love of God I you besече,  
Let no wight rise, and herin of our speche.

What, whiche waie bē ye comest? *benedicite,*  
(Q<sup>d</sup> she) and how thus unwise of hem all?  
Here at this secret trappè dore (q<sup>d</sup> he) 760  
(Q<sup>d</sup> the Creseide) let me some wight call;  
Eigh, God so bid that it should so befall,  
(Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) that ye suche foly wrought!  
Thei might demin thing that thei nevir thought,

*It is nat gode a sleeping bounde to wake,*  
Ne yeve a wight a cause for to devine;  
Your women slepin al, I undirtake  
So that for them the house men mightin mine,  
And slepin wollin till the sunnè shine;  
And when my tale ybrought is to an ende, 770  
Unwist right as I came, so wol I wende.

Now need mine, ye shul well undirstonde,  
(Q<sup>d</sup> he) so as ye women demin all,  
That for to holde in love a man in honde,  
And him her lefe and her dere hert to call,  
And makin him an how above a call;  
I mene, as love an othir in mine while, *this*  
She doth her selfe a shame, and him a gile.

Now wherby that I tellin you al this,  
Ye wote your selfe, as wel as any wight, 780  
How that your love al fully grauntid is  
To Troilus, that is the worthiest wight *knight*  
One of the world, and therto trouth iplight, *at ye pl.*  
That, but it were on him alonge, ye n'olde  
Him nevir falsin, while ye livin sholde. *that*

Now ston<sup>t</sup>e it thus, that sith I fro you went,  
This Troilus, right platly for to seine,  
Is through a guttir by a privy went  
Into my chambre come in al this reine,  
Unwist of every manir wight certaine, 790  
Save of my selfe, as wisely have I joie,  
And by the faith I owe Priam of Troie;  
*that*

And he is come in suche paine and distresse,  
That but he be all fully wode by this,  
He sodainly mote fall into wodenesse,  
But if God helpe: and the cause why is this;  
He saith him told is of a frende of his,  
How that he should love one, that hight Horast, *ye.*  
For sorow of which this night shal be his last. *will*

Creseide, whiche that al this wondir herde 800  
Gan sodainly aboute her hert to colde,  
And with a sigh she sorowfully answerd;  
Alas! I wende whofoere talis tolde,  
My dere hert, certis, Eme, would me nat holde  
So lightly faulse; (alas!) conceitis wrong A  
What harme thei done, for now live I to long;

Horaste, alas! and falsin Troilus!  
I knowe him not, God helpe me so, (q<sup>d</sup> she) 810  
Alas, what wickid spirite tolde him thus!  
Now certis Eme, to morow' and I him se,  
I shal therof as full excusin me  
As evir did woman, if that him like,  
And with that worde she gan full fore to fike. *at for*

O God (q<sup>d</sup> she) so worldly felinesse,  
Whiche clerkis callin false Felicite,  
Ymedlid is with many' a bittirnesse  
Ful anguishous; that is God wote (q<sup>d</sup> she) 820  
Condicion of veine prosperite;  
For eithir joyis comin nat ifere, *at of love.*  
Or ellis no wight hath hem alwaie here.

O brotil wele of <sup>worldly</sup> mann's joie unstable,  
With what wight so thou be, or how thou playe,  
Eithir he wote, that thou joie art mutable,  
Or wote it nat, it mote ben one of twaie;  
Now if he wote it nat, how maie he saie 830  
That he hath very joie and sinesse,  
That is of ignoraunce aie in derkenesse?

Now if he wote that joy is transitory,  
(As every joie of worldly thing mote slye) 830  
Than every time he that hath in memory,  
The drede of lesing makith him, that he  
May in no parsite sikirnesse ybe, *at. selphes.*  
And if to lese his joie he set a mite,  
Than semith it, that joy is worth ful lite. *but*

Wherfore I wol define in this matere,  
That truly for aught I can espie  
There is no very wele in this world here;  
But o thou wickid serpent Jelousie, 840  
Thou misbelevid, envious folie,  
Why hast thou Troilus made me to untriste, *Amia. Tr. to me untr.*  
That nevir yet agilte him, that I wiste.

(Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) thus fallin is this caas. *e/*  
Why uncle mine (q<sup>d</sup> she) who tolde him this?  
And why doth my dere hert thus, alas!  
Ye wote, ye nece min (q<sup>d</sup> he) what it is, *love, at best.*  
I hope al shal be wel, that is amis;  
For ye maie quenche al this, if that you lest,  
And doth right so, I holde it for the best.

So shal I do to morow', iwis (q<sup>d</sup> she) 850  
And God toforne, so that it shal suffice. *s*  
To morow alas! that were faire (q<sup>d</sup> he) *at. best.*  
Nay nay, it maie nat stondin in this wise,  
For nece mine, thus writin clerkis wise  
That *peril is with wretching in ydrawe,*  
Nay, suche abodis ben nat worthe an hawe: *at. best.*

Nece, allè thing hath time I dare avowe,  
For whan a chambre' a fire is, or an hall,  
G g g g Wel



*\* myghtes is sad.*

Wel more nede is it sodainly rescowe,  
Than to dispute and aske amongis all,  
How is this candil in the strawe yfall?  
Ah *benedicite!* for al among that fare  
The harne is done, and farwel feldfare.

And necce mine, ne take it nat agrese,  
If that ye suffre' him al night in this wo,  
God helpe me so, ye had him nevir lese;  
What dare I sain, now there is but we two;  
But wel I wote that ye wol nat so do,  
Ye ben to wise to don so gret folie,  
To put his life al night in jeopardy.

Had I him nevir lese? By God I wene  
Ye ne had nevir thing so lese, (qð she)  
Now by my thrifte (qð he) that shall be sene;  
For sithe ye make this ensample of me,  
If I al night would in him sorowe se  
For al the tresour in the tounce of Troie,  
I bidde God that I nevir mote have joie.

Now lokè than, if ye that ben his love  
Should put his life all night in jeopardy  
For thing of nought, now by that God above, 880  
Nat onely this delaie cometh of folie,  
But of malice, if that I should nat lie;  
What? platly and ye suffre' him in distresse,  
Ye neithir bounte done ne gentillesse. *l. bote.*

(Qð tho Creseide) wol ye done o thing,  
And ye therewith shal flinte al his disce  
Have here and berith him this blewè ring;  
For there is nothing might him bettir plesse,  
Save I my selfe, ne more his hert apese,  
And saie my derè herte, that his sorowe 890  
Is causelesse, that shal he sene to morowe. *be*

A ringe (qð he) ye hasilwodis shaken!  
Ye necce mine, that ring must have a stone,  
A stone which that might ded men alive maken,  
And suche a ring trowe I that ye have none;  
Discrecion out of your hed is gone,  
That fele I now (qð he) and that is routhe;  
O time ilost, wel maist thou cursin slouth!

Wote ye not wel that noble and hie corage  
Ne soroweth nat, ne flintith eke for lite; 900  
But if a sole were in a jelous rage,  
I n'olde settin' at his sorowe a mite,  
But fesse him with a fewè wordis white  
An othir daie, whan that I might him finde;  
But this thing stant al in anothir kinde;

This is so gentle and so tendir of herte,  
That with his deth he wol his sorowes wreke,  
For trust it wel, how fore so that him smerte,  
He wol to you no jelous wordis speke,  
And forthy nece, er that his hert to breke, or 910  
So speke your selfe to him of this matere,  
For with a wordè ye maie his hertè sterc.

Now have I tolde what peril he is in,  
And his coming unwist to every wight, of  
Ne parde harme maie there be none, ne sin,  
I wol my self be with you al this night;  
Ye knowe ke how it is your ownè knight, *he.*  
And by that right ye must upon him trifle,  
And I al prest to fetch him when you list.

This accident so pitous was to here,  
And eke so like a sothe, at primè face,  
And Troilus her knight, to her so dere,  
His prive comming, and the sikir place,

860

That though, she thought, she did him than a grace,  
Confidrid al thingis as thei stode,  
No wondir is, sens he did al for gode. *al. she.*  
*for she.*

Creseide answerde, as wisely God at rest  
My soule bring, as me is for him wo;  
And Eme iwis, faine would I don the best,  
If that I a grace had for to do so; 930  
But whethir that ye dwel, or for him go,  
I am, til God me bettir mindè fende, *al. wit.*  
At Dulcarnon, right at my witt's ende.

870

(Qð Pandarus) ye necce, wol ye here?  
Dulcarnon clepid is stemming of wretches;  
It semith hard, for wretchis wol nought lere  
For very slouth, or othir wilfull terches;  
This said is by them that ben't worth two fetches;  
But ye ben wise, and that ye han on honde *we*  
N'is neithir harde, ne skilful to withstonde. 940

Than Eme (qð she) doeth hereof as you list,  
But er he come, I wol up first arise;  
And for the love of God, sens al my trist  
Is on you two, and ye beth bothè wise,  
So werkith now, in so discrete a wise,  
That I honour maie have, and he plesaunce;  
For I am here al in your govirnaunce. *al. al. now.*

That is wel said (qð he) my necce dere,  
There gode thrifte on that wise gentill herte; *That*  
But liggith still, and takith him right here, 950  
It nedith nat no ferthir for him sterre,  
And eche of you ese othir sorowes smert,  
For love of God, and Venus I The herie;  
For sone hope I, that we shullin be merie. *al*

This Troilus full sone on knees him sette  
Ful sobrelly, right by her bedd'is hed;  
And in his bestè wife his Lady grette;  
But lord! so she woxe sodainliche all red;  
And thought anone how that she shulde be dede,  
She couldè nat o worde aright out bringe; 960  
So sodainly, for his sodaine cominge.

But Pandarus, that so wel couldè fele  
In every thing, to plaie anon began,  
And sayid, Nece, se how this Lord gan knele, *al. how well (lord!)*  
Now for your trouthe se this gentil man; *can he kn.*  
And with that worde, he for a quishin ran,  
And said, knelith now whilis that thou leste;  
There God your hertis bring sonè to reste.

Can I naught sain, for she bad him nat rise,  
If sorowe it put out of her remembraunce, 970  
Or ellis that she toke it in the wise  
Of ductie, as for his observaunce;  
But well finde I, she did him this plesaunce, *al. red. e.*  
That she him kist, although she sikid sore,  
And bad him sit adoun withoutin more.

(Qð Pandarus) now wol ye well begin,  
Now doth him sittin doune, gode necce dere,  
Upon your bedd'is side, al there within,  
That eche of you the bet maie othir here;  
And with that worde he drew him to the fere, 980  
And toke a light, and found his countinaunce, *al. fayne. first*  
As for to loke upon an old romaunce.

Creseide, that was Troilus lady right,  
And clere stode in a ground of sikirnesse, *on*  
All thought she that her servaunt and her knight  
Ne shulde of trouthe none unright of her gelle; *of right none with*  
Yet nathelless, confidrid his distresse,  
And

*961. She so wondrid of his sad. com.*



And that love is in cause of suche folie,  
Thus to him spake she of his jelousie.

Lo hertè mine,<sup>1</sup> as would the excellence 990  
Of love, aienst the whiche that no man maie,  
Ne ought eke godely makin resistance,  
And eke bicause I feltè wel and saie  
Your grete trouth, and service evèry daie,  
And that your hert al mine was, soth to saine,  
This droye me for to rewe upon your paine;

And your godenes have I founden<sup>2</sup> alway yet,  
Of whiche, my derè hert, and al my knight,  
I thanke it you, as ferre as I have wit,  
Al can I nat as much as it were right; 1000  
And I emforth my conning and my might  
Have, and aie shal, how sore so that me sinert,  
Ben to you trewe and whole with all mine hert;

And dredileffe that shal be founde at preve;  
But, hertè mine, what al this is to saine,  
Shal well be told, so that ye nought you greve,  
Though I to you right on your self complaine;  
For therewith mene I finally the paine,  
That halt your hert and mine in hevinesse,  
Fully to slaine, and every wrong redresse. 1010

My gode hert mine, n'ot I, for why, ne how,  
That jelousy alas! that wicked wivere,  
Thus causelesse is cropin into you,  
The harme of whiche I would fain deliver,  
Alas! that he all whole or of him slivere  
Should have his refute in so digne a place!  
Than Jove him sone out of your herte grace. 1020

But, o thou Jove, o Auctour of nature,  
Is this an honour to thy dignité, 1 dede  
That folke ungilty suffrin here injure, 1020  
And who that gilty is, al quit goeth he *salvage*  
O were it lesfull for to plaine of The, on  
That undeservid suffrist jelousie,  
Of that I would upon The plaine and crie.

Eke al my wo is this, that folke now usen  
To saine right thus; ye, jelousie is love, that  
And would a bushil of venim excusen,  
For that a grane of love is on it shove;  
But that wote high Jove that sittit above,  
If it be likir love, or hate, or grame, 1030  
And aftir that it ought to bere his name.

But certaine is, some manir jelousie  
Is excusable, more than some iwis,  
As whan cause is, and some suche fantasie, with  
With pite that so wel expresse is, repr  
That it unnethis doeth or saith amis,  
But godely drinkith up al his distresse;  
And that excuse I for the gentilnesse.

And some so ful of fury is, and dispite,  
That it surmountith his represson; 1040  
But hertè mine, ye be nat in that plite,  
That thonke I God, for whiche your passion  
I wol nat cal it, but illusion, *elpe*  
Of haboundaunce of love, and besy cure,  
That doth your hertè this disese endure;

Of which I am right sory, but nat wrothe;  
But for my devoir and your hert is reste,  
Where so you list, by ordal or by othe,  
By sorte, or in what wise so that you leste,  
For love of God, let preve it for the beste, 1050  
And if that I be gilty, do me die;  
Alas, what might I more or done or seie!

And tho with that a fewe bright teris newe  
Out of her eyin fel, and thus she seide,  
Now God thou wost, in thought ne dede untrewe  
To Troilus was never yet Crescide;  
With that her hed down in the bed she leide,  
And with the shete it wrie, and sighid sore, -1  
And held her pece, nat a word spake she more. 0/

But now helpe God, to quench al this sorow; 1060  
So hope I that he shal, for he beste may,  
For I have sene of a ful misty morow  
Folowen ful oft a mery somir's day,  
And aftir wintir foloweth grene May,  
Men sene all day, and redin eke in stories,  
That aftir sharpe floures ben victories.

This Troilus, when he her wordis herde,  
Have ye no care, him listè nat to slepe, for  
For it thought him no strokis of a yerde the  
To here or se Crescide his lady wepe; 1070  
But wel he felte about his hertè crepe,  
For every tere whiche that Crescide asterte,  
The crampe of deth, to straine him by the herte.

And in his minde he gan the time accurse  
That he came there, and that he was yborne;  
For now is wicke ytourmid into worse, 1080  
And all that labour he hath doen beforne,  
He wende it lost, he thought it n'as but lorne; *at. was forlorn.*  
O Pandarus, thought he, alas! thy wile  
Servith of nought, so welawaie the while! ah!

And therewithall he hing adoune his hedde,  
And fell on knees, and sorowfully sight, he  
What might he sain? he felt he n'as but dedde;  
For wroth was she that should his sorowes light;  
But nathelless, whan that he spekin might,  
Than said he thus, God wote that of this game *grame*  
Whan all is wist, than am I nat to blame.

Therwith the sorowe in his hert so shet,  
That from his eyin fell there nat a tere,  
And every spirite his vigour in knet, *cho* *unha-*  
So thei astonied and oppressed were, *el*  
The feling of his sorowe, or his fere,  
Or of aught ellis, fledde were out of rounce;  
Adoune he fell all sodainly in swounce.

This was no little sorowe for to se;  
But all was hush't, and Pandare up as fast, 1100  
O Necessite, or we be lost (qð he) *pece*  
Beth nat agast, but certain at the last  
For this or that, he into bedde him cast,  
And saied, O thefe, is this a mann's herte?  
And of he rent all to his bare sherte,

And sayid, nece, but and ye helpe us now,  
Alas! your owne Troilus is lorne;  
Iwis so would I, and I wistè how  
Full fain (qð she) alas that I was borne! 1110  
Ye Necessite, woll ye pullin out the thorne,  
That stickith in his hertè (qð Pandare)  
Saie all foryève, and stint is all this fare.

Ye that to me (qð she) full levir were  
Than all the gode the Sunne about gooth;  
And therewithall she swore him in his ere,  
Iwis my derè herte I am not wrothe,  
Have here my trouth, and many an othir othe,  
Now speke to me, for it am I Crescide;  
But all for naught, yet might he not abride.

Therwith his poulce, and paumis of his hondes, 1120 *at. face.*  
Thei gan to frote, and wete his templis twain,  
*at. chafe.* And



And to delivir him fro bittir bondes  
 She oft him kist, and shortly for to fain  
 Him to rewakin she did all her pain;  
 And at the last he gan his breth to drawe,  
 And of his swough sone aftir that adawe,

And gan bet minde, and reson to him take,  
 But wondir fore he was abashed iwis,  
 And with a sigh whan he gan bet awake  
 Hesaied, O mercie God, what thing is this? 1130  
 Why doe ye with your selvin thus amis?  
 (Q<sup>d</sup> tho Creseide) is this a mann's game?  
 What Troilus, woll ye doe thus for shame?

And therewithall her arme ovre him she laiid,  
 And all foryave, and oftin time him kest.  
 He thonkid her, and to her spake and saied  
 As fill to purpose, for his hert's rest;  
 And she to that answerde him as her lest,  
 And with her godelic wordis him disport  
 She gan, and oft his sorowes to comfort. 1140

(Q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) for aught I can asprien  
 This light nor I ne servin here of naught,  
 Light is nat gode for likè folkis eyen;  
 But for the love of God, sens ye ben brought  
 In this gode plite, let now non hevvy thought  
 Ben hangid in the hertis of you twey;  
 And bare the candle towards the chimney.

Sone after this, though it no nede ywere,  
 Whan she soche othis as her list devise  
 Had of him takin, her thought tho no fere 1150  
 Ne cause eke none, to bid him thennis rise;  
 Yet lessè thing than othis maie suffice  
 In many a case; for every wight I gesse,  
 That lovith well, menith but gentilnesse.

But in effect she would ywete anon  
 Of what man, and eke where, and also why  
 He jelous was, sens there was causè non;  
 And eke the signe whiche that he toke it by,  
 She bade him that to tell her busily;  
 Or ellis certain she bare him on honde 1160  
 That this was doen of malice her to fonde.

Withoutin more, shortly for to fain,  
 He must obeie unto his ladie's hest  
 And for the lassè harme he must somwhat fain;  
 He saied her, whan she was at soche a fest  
 She might on him have lokid at the lest;  
 N<sup>o</sup>t I nat what (all dere inough a rishe)  
 As he that nedis must a cause out fishe.

And she answerde, swete hert, all were it so,  
 What harme was that, since Inon evill mene? 1170  
 For by that God that wrought us bothè two,  
 In all manir thing is mine entent clene,  
 Soche argumentes ne be nat worthe a bene,  
 Woll ye the childish jelous counterfete?  
 Now were it worthy that ye were ibete.

Tho Troilus gan sorowfully fike,  
 Lest she be wrothe, him thought his hertè deide,  
 And saied, alas! upon my sorowes fike  
 Have mercie, o swete hertè mine Creseide;  
 And if that in tho wordis that I seide, 1180  
 Be any wrong, I woll no more trespase,  
 Doeth what you list, I am all in your grace.

And she answerde, of gilt misericorde,  
 That is to saine, that I foryeve all this,  
 And evirmore on this night you recorde,  
 And bethè well ware ye doe no more amis;

Naie dere hert mine no more (q<sup>d</sup> he) iwis.  
 And now (q<sup>d</sup> she) that I have you doe smerte  
 Foryeve it to me, mine owne swetè herte.

This Troilus with blisse of that supprised 1190  
 Put all in Godd's hande, as he that ment  
 Nothing but well, and sodainly avised  
 He her in his armis fast to him hent;  
 And Pandarus, with a full gode entent  
 Laiid him to slepe, and saied, if ye be wise,  
 Sownith not now, lest more folke arise.

What might or maie the sely Larkè saie  
 Whan that the sparhauke hath him in his fote?  
 I can no more, but of these ilkè twaie,  
 (To whom this talè sugre be or fote) 1200  
 Though I tary a yere, sometime I mote, that  
 After mine Authour tellin ther gladnesse, as  
 As well as I have tolde ther heviness.

Creseide, whiche that felt her thus itake, when she  
 (As writin clerkis in ther bokis old)  
 Right as an aspin lese she gan to quake,  
 Whan she him felt her in his armis fold;  
 But Troilus all whole of caris cold  
 Gan thankin tho the blisfull Goddis seven;  
 Thus sondry painis bringin folk to heven. 1210

This Troilus in armis gan her straine,  
 And sayid swete, as evir mote I gone, O  
 Now be ye caught, now here is but we twaine,  
 Now yeldith you, for othir bote is none.  
 To that Creseide answerid thus anone,  
 Ne had I er now, my swete hertè dere,  
 Ben yoldin, iwis, I were now not here.

O soth is saied, that helid for to be  
 Of a fevir, or othir grete siknesse,  
 Men must drinkin, as we may oftin se, 1220  
 Full bittir drinke; and for to have gladnesse  
 Men drinkin oft in pain, and in distresse: as  
 I mene it here, as for this avinture, he.  
 That through a pain hath foundin al his cure.

And now swetnesse yfemith ferre more swete,  
 That bittirnesse assayid was biforne,  
 For out of wo in blisse now thei flete,  
 Non soche thei feltin sithins thei were borne, as  
 Now is this bettir than bothe two be lorne; 1230  
 For love of God, take every woman hede  
 To werkin thus, if it come to the nede.

Creseide all quire from every drede and tene, as  
 As she that justè cause had him to trist,  
 Made him soche fest, it joie was for to sene,  
 Whan she his trouth and clene entent ywist;  
 And as about a tre with many a twist  
 Bitrent and writhin is the swete Wodbinde,  
 Gan eche of hem in armis othir winde.

And as the newe abashid Nightingale, as she begin to  
 That stintith first, whan she beginnith sing, 1240  
 Whan that she herith any herd's tale,  
 Or in the hedgis any wight stering,  
 And aftir sikir doeth her voice out ring,  
 Right so Creseide, whan that her drede stent,  
 Opened her hert, and told him her entent.

And right as he that seeth his deth ishapen,  
 And dyin more, in aught that he maie gesse,  
 And sodainly rescous doeth him escapen, as  
 And from his deth is brought in sikirnesse, as  
 For al this worlde in soche present gladnesse 1250  
 Was

1172. al. In all thing all mine ent. is done.



Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete:  
With no worse hap God let us nevir mete!

Her armis small, her back both streight and soft,  
Her sidis long, and fleshy, smothe, and white,  
He gan to stroke, and gode thrift bad full oft,  
Her snow-white throte, her brestis round and lite;  
Thus in this heven' he gan him to delite;  
And therwithall a thousande times her kist,  
That what to doen for joie unneth he wist.

Than saied he thus, O Love, O Charite, 1260  
Thy mothir eke, Citherea the swete,  
Aftir thy self, next heryid be she,  
Venus I mene, the wellwilly planete,  
And next that Hymeneus I The grete,  
For nevir man was to you, Goddis hold  
As I, whiche ye have brought fro caris cold.

Benigne Love, thou holy bond of thinges,  
Who so woll grace, and list The not honoure,  
Lo! his desire woll fle withoutin winges;  
For n'oldist thou of bounte' hem socoure 1270  
That servin best, and' moste alwaie laboure;  
Yet were all lost, that dare I well sain certes,  
But if thy grace ypassid our desertes.

And for thou me, that lest thonke coud deserve  
Of them that nombred ben unto thy grace,  
Hast holpin, there I likely was to sterue,  
And me bestowid in so high a place,  
That thilke boundis maie no blisse surpace,  
I can no more, but laude and reverence 1280  
Be to thy bounte' and thine excellence.

And therwithall Creseide anon he kist,  
Of whiche certain she ne felt no disese,  
And thus saied he, now would to God I wist,  
Mine herte swete, how I you best might plesse;  
What man (q' he) was evir thus at ese 1290  
As I, on whiche the fairist, and the best-  
That er I seie, deinith her hert to rest!

Here maie ye sene that mercie passith right,  
The experience of that is felt in me,  
That am unworthy to so swete a wight; 1290  
But hartè mine, of your benignite  
So thinkith, that though I unworthy be,  
Yet mote I nede amending in some wise,  
Right through the vertue of your hie service;

And for the love of God, my lady dere,  
Sith he hath wrought me for I shal you serve,  
As thus I mene: that ye woll be my fere 1300  
To doe me live, if that you list, or sterue;  
So techith me, how that I maie deserve  
Your thonke, so that I through min' ignorance  
Ne doe nothing that you be displeaunce.

For certis, freshe and womanliche wife,  
This dare I saie, that trouth and diligence,  
That shall ye findin in me all my life,  
Ne I woll not certain breke your defence;  
And if I doe, present, or in absence,  
For love of God, let slex me with the dede,  
If that it like unto your womanhede.

Iwis (q' she) mine owne hert'is lust,  
My ground of ese, and al mine herte dere, 1310  
Graunt mercie, for on that is all my trust:  
But let us fall awaie fro this matter,  
For it suffisith, this that saied is here,  
And at o worde, withoutin repentaunce,  
Welcome my knight, my pece, my suffisaunce.

Of ther delite or joies one of the lest  
Were impossible to my wit to saie,  
But judgith ye, that have ben at the fest  
Of soche gladnesse, if that him list to plaie;  
I can no more, but thus these ilke twaie 1320  
That night, betwixin drede and skirnesse,  
Feltin in love the gretist worthinesse.

O blisfull night, of them so long ifought,  
How blithe unto hem bothè two thou were! 1330  
Why ne' had I soche fest with my soule ibought,  
Ye, or but the lest joie which that was there?  
Awaie thou soule daungir and thou fere,  
And let hem in this hevin blisse ydwell,  
That is so high, that all he can I tell.

But sothe is, though I can not tellin all, 1330  
As can mine Authour of his excellence,  
Yet have I saied, and God tofornè shall  
In every thing all wholly his sentence; 1340  
And if that I at lov'is reverence,  
Have any worde in echid for the best,  
Doeth therwithall right as your selvin lest.

For all my wordis here, and every part, 1340  
I speke hem all undir correction  
Of you that feling have in lov'is art  
And put it all in your discrecion, hem whole  
To encrese or make diminicion  
Of my langage, and that I you beseeche;  
But now to purpose of my rathir speche.

These ilke two, that ben in armis last,  
So lothe to hem asondir gon it were,  
That eche from othir wending, ben biraft; 1350  
Or ellis lo! this was ther moste fere,  
That all this thing but nicè dremis were;  
For whiche full oft eche of hem said, o swete,  
Clippe I you thus, or els doe I it mete!

And Lorde! so he gan godelic on her se,  
That nevir his loke ne blent from her face,  
And saied, O my dere herte maie it be  
That it be sothe, that ye ben in this place? 1360  
Ye herte mine, God thanke I of his grace,  
(Q' the Creseide) and therwithall him kist,  
That where here spirite was, for joie she n'ist.

This Troilus full oft her eyin two  
Gan for to kille, and saied: O eyin clere,  
It werin ye that wrought me soche wo, 1370  
Ye humble nettis of my lady dere,  
Though there be mercie writtin in your chere;  
God wote the text full harde is for to finde,  
How couldin ye withoutin bonde me binde?

Therwith he gan her fast in armis take, 1380  
And well an hundred timis gan he like,  
Not soche sorowfull sighis as men make  
For wo, or ellis whan that folke be like;  
But esie sighis, soche as ben to like,  
That shewid his affection within; 1390  
Of soche manir/sighis could he not blin.

Sone aftir this thei spake of sondrie thinges,  
As fill to purpose of this avinture, 1400  
And playing enterchaungidin ther ringes,  
Of whiche I can not tellin no scripture;  
But well wor, a broche of gold and azure,  
In whiche a Rubie set was like an hert,  
Creseide him yave, and slacke it on his sherte.

Lorde! trowe ye that a coveitous wretche,  
That blamith love, and hate of it dispite, 1410  
H h h h



That of thō pens that he can muckre<sup>3</sup> and ketchē  
Was evir yet yēve to him soche delite,  
As is in love in o point in some plite? *al. of.*  
Naie doubtleſſe, forfall ſo God me ſave, *h*  
So parſite joie ne maie no nigard have.

*elopen*  
*al. urde.*  
Thei woll ſaie yes, but Lorde that ſo thei lie!  
Tho buſie wretchis full of wo and drede,  
That callin love a wodeneſſe or folie; *a ſury*  
But it ſhall fall 'hem, as I ſhall you rede; *now*  
Thei ſhall forgon the white and eke the rede, 1390  
And live in wo, there God yeve 'hem miſchaunce,  
And every lovir in his trouthe avaunce<sup>†</sup>

As would to God tho wretchis, that diſpiſe  
Service of love, had criſ all ſo long  
As had Midas, 'all full of covetiſe,' *for his cov.*  
And therto dronk'n had as horre and ſtrong  
As Cyrus did, for his affectis wrong,  
\* To tech'n 'hem that thei ben in the vice,  
\* And lovirs not, although thei hold 'hem nice.

*a ſome*  
Theſe ilke two, of whom that I you ſaie 1400  
Whan that ther hertis well aſturid were, *both.*  
Tho gonnin thei to ſpekin and to plaie,  
And eke rehercin how, and whan, and where  
Thei knewin fiſt, and every wo or fere,  
That paſſid was; but all ſoche hevineſſe,  
Ithonkid God, was tournid to gladneſſe. *into*

*d.*  
And evirmore, whan that 'hem fell to ſpeke  
Of any thing of ſoche a time agone,  
With kiſſing all that tale ſhould ybreke,  
And falin into a newe joie anone, 1410  
And biddin all ther might, ſens thei were one,  
For to recoveren bliſſe, and ben at eſe, *ea*  
And 'paiſid wo with joyis counterpaiſe. *ea*

*al. paſſid.*  
Reſon woll not that I ſpek'n of ſlepe,  
For it accordith not to my matiere,  
God wote thei toke of it full little kepe; *that*  
But leſt this night, that was to 'hem ſo dere,  
Ne ſhould in vaine eſcape in no manere,  
It was biſet in joie and buſineſſe  
Of all that ſounith into gentilneſſe. 1420

But whan the cocke, commune Aſtologer,  
Gan on his breſt to bete, and aſtir crowe,  
And Lucifer, the day's meſſaſger,  
Gan ſor to riſe, and out his bemis throwe,  
And Eſtward roſe, to him that could it know;  
*Fortuna major*, that anone Creſeide,  
With herte ſore, to Troilus thus ſeide.

*and*  
Mine hert'is life, my truſt, al my pleaſaunce,  
That I was borne alas! that me is wo,  
That daie of us mote make diſceveraunce, 1430  
For time it is to riſe, and 'hennis go,  
Or ellis I am loſt for evirmo;  
O night alas! why n'ilt thou ore us hove,  
As long as whan Alcmena laie by Jove?

*the.*  
O blacke night, as folke in bokis rede,  
That ſhapin art by God this worlde to hide,  
At certain timis, with thy derke wede,  
That undir that men might in reſt abide;  
Wel oughtin beſtes to plain, and folke to chide,  
That thereas daie with labor would us beſt, 1440  
That thou thus ſieſt, and deiniſt us not reſt.

*el*  
Thou doeſt alas! ſo ſhortly thine office,  
Thou racle night, that God makir of kinde  
The for thine haſt, and thine unkindē vice  
So faſt aie to our Hemispherē binde,  
*al. urde*

That nevirmore undir the ground thou winde,  
For through thy racle hying out of Troie — *el.*  
Have I forgone thus haſtily my joie.

This Troilus, that with tho wordis felt,  
As thought him tho, for piteous diſtreſſe, 1450  
The blodie teris from his hertē melt,  
As he that yet 'nevir ſoche hevineſſe  
Aſſayid had, out of ſo grete gladneſſe,  
Gan therewithall Creſeide his lady dere  
In armis ſtrain, and ſaid in this manere:

O cruill daie, accuſer of the joie,  
That night and love hath ſtolē, and faſt iwrien, *have, ha*  
Accurſid be thy comming into Troie,  
For every bowre hath one of thy bright eyen; *al. have*  
Envious daie, what liſt The ſo to ſpien, 1460  
What haſt thou loſt, why ſekiſt thou this place? *what, in*  
There God thy light ſo quenche for his grace.

Alas! what have theſe lovirs The agit?  
Diſpitous daie! thine be the painē of hell; *al. pit*  
For many a lovir haſt thou ſlain, and wilt;  
Thy poring in woll no where let 'hem dwell,  
What proſriſt thou thy light here for to ſel?  
Go ſell it them that ſmale felis grave,  
We woll The not, us nedith no daie have. *al. to*

*wolde*  
And eke the ſonnē Titan gan he chide, 1470  
And ſaid, O ſole, well maie men The diſpiſe,  
That haſt all night the Dauning by thy ſide, *the ſide.*  
And ſuffriſt her ſo ſone up fro The riſe,  
For to diſeſe us lovirs in this wiſe; *departen lov.*  
What? hold your bed, there thou and thy morow; *che.*  
I biddē God ſo yeve you both ſorowē.  
*praye to G.*

Therwith full ſore he ſighed, and thus he ſeide,  
My lady bright, and of my wele or wo  
The well and rote, O godely mine Creſeide;  
And ſhall I riſe (alas!) and ſhall I goe? *so.* 1480  
Now ſele I that mine hertē mote a-two; *abridge.*  
And how ſhould I my life an hourē ſave, *for*  
Sens that with you is all the life I have? *al. joye.*

What ſhall I doen? For certis I n'or how  
Ne whan alas! I ſhall the timē ſe, *youe.*  
That in this plite I maie ben eſt with you; *place.*  
And of my life God wote how ſhall that be;  
Sens that deſire right now ſo bitith me, *stirreth.*  
That I am dede anon, but I retourne;  
How ſhould I long (alas!) ſiro you ſojourne? 1490

But nathēleſſe, mine ownē ladie bright,  
'Yet were it ſo that I wiſt uttirly, *If it were so*  
That I your humble ſervaunt, and your knight  
Were in your herte iſet ſo fermly *set as*  
As ye in mine, the whiche thing truily  
Me levir were than have theſe worldis twain,  
Yet ſhould I bet endurin all my pain.

To that Creſeide answerid right anon, *thus*  
And with a ſigh ſhe ſaied, O hertē dere,  
The game iwiſſo ſerforth how 'is gon, 1500  
That fiſt ſhall Phœbus fallin from the ſphere, *erit*  
And everiche Egle ben the Dov'is fere,  
And every rocke out of his place aſterte,  
Er Troilus go out of Creſeide's herte. *al. be.*

Ye ben ſo depe within mine herte ygrave,  
That tho I would it turne out of my thought,  
As wiſſly very God my ſoulē ſave,  
To dyin in the pain, I couldē nought;  
And for the love of God, that us hath wrought  
Let

1398. To tech'n hem that covetiſe is vice  
of And love is covetiſe, though men hold it nice.



1510

1520

at.

44.

44.

44.

44.

44.

44.

Thou art at ese, and hold The well therin,  
For all so sure as redde is every fire,

As

153. 21. What would love you for, &c.







Al that now lovith asondir, should lepe,  
And lost were al, that love half now to hepe. 1770

So would to God, that authour is of kinde,  
That with his bonde love of his vertue list  
To ferchin hertis al, and fast to binde,  
That from his bonde no wight the wey out wist;  
And hertis colde them wold I that he twist  
To make 'hem love, and that list 'him aie rewe  
On hertis fore, and kepe 'hem that ben trewe.

In alle nedis for the toun's werre  
He was, and aie the first in armis dight;  
And certainly, but if that bokis erre, 1780  
Save Hector, most idradde of any wight;  
And this encrese of hardinesse and might  
Come him of love, his ladies thanke to win,  
That altirid his spirit so within.

In time of truce on hauking would he ride,  
Or ellis hunt the Bore, Beare, or Lioun;  
The smale bestis let he gon beside;  
And whan that he come riding into the toun, 1790  
Ful oft his lady from her window doun,  
As fresh as faucon, comin out of muce,  
Ful redy was him godely to salue.

And most of love and vertue was his speche,  
And in dispite had he al wretchidnesse;  
And doutlesse no nede was him to besече  
To honour them, that had worthinesse; 1800  
And esin 'hem, that werin in distresse;  
And glad was he, if any wight wel ferde;  
That lovir was, whan he it wist or herde.

For sothe to saine, he lost helde every wight,  
But if he were in lov's high service, 1800  
I mene folke that aught it ben of right;  
And ore al this, so wel coude he devise  
Of sentiment, and in fo uncouth wife  
Al his array, that every lovir thought,  
That al was well, what so he said or wrought.

And though that he be come of blode royal,  
Him list of pride at no wight for to chace;  
Benigne he was to eche in general,  
For which he gare him thanke in every place; 1810  
Thus would love, iheried be his grace,  
That Pride and Ire, Envie, and Avarice  
He gan to fle, and every othir vice.

Thou lady bright, the doughtir of Dione,  
Thy blinde and wingid sonne eke Dan Cupide,  
Ye sustrin nine eke, that by Helicone  
In hil Parnasso listin for to abide,  
That ye thus ferre han deinid me to gide  
I can no more, but sens that ye wol wende,  
Ye heried be for aie withoutin ende:

Through you have I said fully in my song 1820  
Th' effecte and joie of Troilus service,  
Al be that there was some disese among,  
As mine auctour listith to devise;  
My third boke now ende I in this wise,  
And Troilus in luste and in quiete  
Is with Creseide, his owne ladie swete.

Explicit liber tertius.

\*\*\*\*\*

Proamium libri quarti.

BUT all to litill, welaway the while!  
Lastith suche joie; ithonkid be fortune,  
That semith trewist, whan she wol begile,  
And can to folis so her songe entune  
That she 'hem hent, and blent; traitour commune;  
And whan a wight is from her whele ithrowe  
Than laughith she, and makith him the mowe.

From Troilus she gan her brighte face  
Away to writhe, and toke of him non hede;  
And caste him clene out of his ladie's grace, 1830  
And on her whele she set up Diomede,  
For which min hert right now ginnith to blede.  
And now my pen/ alas!! with which I write,  
Quakith for drede, of that I must endite.

For how Creseide Troilus forsoke  
Or at the lest, how that she was unkinde,  
Mote hennisforthe ben matir of my boke, 1840  
As writin folke, through which it is in minde;  
Alas! that thei should evir cause finde  
To speke her harme, and if thei on her lie  
Iwis them selfe should have the vilanie.

O ye Erinnyes, night's doughtirs thre,  
That endlesse complaine evir in paine, 1850  
Megara, Alecto, and Tysiphone,  
Thou cruil Mars eke, fathir of Quirine,  
This ilke fourth boke helpith me for to fine;  
So that the loos of love, and life ifere  
Of Troilus be fully shewid here.

\*\*\*\*\*

Incipit liber quartus.

LYgging in host, as I have saide er this, 1860  
The Grekis strong, aboutin Troie toun,  
Bitell, that whan that Phæbus shining is  
Upon the breste of Hercules Lioun,  
That Hector, with many a bold Baroun, 1870  
Cast on a daie with Grekis for to fight,  
As he was wont, to greve 'hem what he might.

N'ot I how long or short it was bitwene  
This purpose, and that day thei fightin mente; 1880  
But on a daie wel armid bright and shene  
Hector and many a worthy knight out wente  
With spere in honde, and with bigge bowis bente,  
And in the berde withoutin lenglir lette  
Ther fomen in the felde anon 'hem mette.

The longè day with speris sharpe igrounde,  
With arowes, dartis, sverdes, and macis fel  
Thei fight, and bringin horse and man to grounde,  
And with ther axis out the brainis quel,  
But in the last shoure, the sothe for to tel,  
The folke of Troie 'hem selvin so misliden,  
That with the worse at night homeward thei  
fleden.

At whichè day was takin Antenor, 1890  
Polydamas, and also Menestes,  
Xantippe, Sarpedon, Polytenor,  
Polite, or the Trojan, Dan Ruphes,  
I i i i And

St. Margre (B.) or Menestes



And othir lesse folk, as Phebus;—  
So that for harme that daie the folke of Troie  
Dredin to lese a grete parte of their joie.

Of Priamus was yeve, at Grekes request,  
A time of truce; and tho thei gonin trete  
Ther prisoners to chaungin most and lest,  
And for the surplus yevin sommis grete;  
This thing anon was couthe in every strete,  
Bothe in th' assege, in toun, and every where,  
And with the first it came to Calchas' ere.

When Calchas knew this tretise should holde,  
In confistorie amonge the Grekis sone  
He gan in thringe forth with the lordis olde,  
And set him there as he was wont to done,  
And with a chaungid face, 'hem bad a bone,  
For love of God, to done that reverence  
To flintin noise, and yeve him audience.

Than said he thus, lo! lordis, mine, I was  
Trojan, as it is knowin out of drede;  
And if that you remembre, I am Calchas,  
That aldirfirst yave comfort to your nede,  
And tolde wel howe that you shouldin spede,  
For dreddelesse through you shal in a stounde  
Ben Troie ibrent, and betin down to grounde.

And in what forme, or in what manir wise  
This toun to shende, and al your lust archeve,  
Ye have er this wel herde me you devise,  
This knowin ye, my lordis, as I leve;  
And for the Grekis werin me so leve,  
I came my selfe in my propir persone  
To teche in this how you was best to done.

Having unto my tresour, ne my rent  
Right no regarde in respecte of your ese;  
Thus al my gode I leste, and to you went,  
Wening in this you, lordis, for to plesse;  
But al that losse ne doth me no disesse;  
I vouchsafe do, as wisely have I joie,  
For you to lese, al that I have in Troie;

Save of a doughtir that I leste, alas!  
Sleping at home, when out of Troie I stert;  
Osterne, O cruil fathir that I was!  
Howe might I have in that so hard an hert!  
Alas that I ne had brought her in my shert!  
For sorow of which I wol nat live to morow,  
But if ye, lordis, rewe upon my sorow.

For bicause that I sawe no time er now  
Her to delivre, I holdin have my pees;  
But now or nevir, if that it like you,  
I may her have right sone now doutheles;  
O helpe and grace, amongis al this prees;  
Rewe on this olde cause in distresse,  
Sith I through you have all this hevinesse.

Ye have now caught, and fettrid in prison  
Troians inowe, and if your willis be,  
My childe with one may have redemption,  
Now for the love of God, and of bounte,  
One of so fele alas! so yefe him me,  
What nede were it this prayir for to werne,  
Sith ye shal have both folke and toun as yern?

On peril of my life I shal nat lie,  
Apollo hath me tolde ful faithfully,  
I have eke foundin by astronomy,  
By sort, and eke by augury trewely,  
And dare wel saie the time is faste by,  
That fire and flambe on all the toun shal sprede,

And thus shal Troie turne to ashin dede.

For certaine Phœbus and Neptunus bothe,  
That makidin the wallis of the toun,  
Ben with the folke of Troie alwaie so wroth,  
That thei wol bring it to confusioun,  
Right in dispite of king Laomedoun,  
Bicause he n'old payin 'hem ther hire,  
The toun of Troie shal ben set on fire.

Telling his tale alway this oldè grey,  
Humble in speche and in his loking eke,  
The saltè teris from his eyin twey  
Ful fast yronnin down by eithir cheke,  
So long he gan of focour 'hem beseke,  
That for to hele him of his forowes fore  
Thei gave him Antenor, withoutin more.

But who was glad inough but Calchas tho?  
And of this thing ful sone his nedis leide  
On them that shouldin for the tretise go,  
And them for Antenor ful oftè preide  
To bringin home king Thoas, and Creseide;  
And whan Priam his safe conduct sent,  
Th' embassadours to Troie streight thei went.

The cause i-tolde of ther comming, the olde  
Priam the king, ful sone in generall  
Gan hereupon his Parliement to holde,  
Of whiche th' effecte rehercin you I shal;  
Th' embassadours ben answerde for finall,  
The eschaunge of prisoners, and al this nede  
Hem likith wel, and forth in thei procede.

This Troilus was present in the place,  
Whan askid was for Antenor Creseide;  
For whiche ful sone to chaungin gan his face,  
As he that with tho wordis wel nigh deide,  
But nathèlesse he no worde to it seide,  
Lest men should his affection espie,  
With mann'is hert he gan his forowes drie.

And ful of anguish and of gresly drede,  
Abode, what othir lordes would to it sey;  
And if that thei would graunt, (as God forbede!)  
Th' eschaunge of her, then thought he thingis twey;  
First, how to save her honor, and what wey  
He mighte best th' eschaunge of her withstonde;  
Ful fast he cast how allè this might stonde.

Love him made allè prest to done her bide,  
And rathir dyin, than that she should go;  
But Reason said him on that othir side,  
Withoutin assent of her, do nat so,  
Lest for thy werkè she would be thy foe,  
And sain, that through thy medling is iblowe  
Your bothè love, ther it was erst not knowe.

For whiche he gan deliberen for the beste;  
And though the lordis wouldin that she went,  
He wouldè suffir them graunt what 'hem lest,  
And tel his lady first what that thei ment;  
And when that she had said him her entent,  
Therafter would he werkin all so blive,  
Tho al the world ayen it would strive.

Hector, with that full wel the Grekis herde,  
For Antenor, how thei would have Creseide,  
Gan it withstonde, and sobirly answerde;  
Sirs, she ne is no prisoner (he seide)  
I n'ot on you who that this charge leide,  
But on my parte, ye maie estones 'hem tell,  
We usin here no women for to sell.

The  
\* 166. al. Left thou her wrath & than she be thy fo.



The noise of people upstert then atones,  
As brimme as blase of strawe iset on fire;  
For infortune it woulde for the nones  
Thei shouldir ther confusion desire; *owne.*  
Hector (q<sup>d</sup> thei) what gost may you enspire  
This woman thus to shilde, and done us lese  
Dan Antenor? a wrong waie now ye chese;

That is so wise, and *leke* so bolde baroun, *190*  
And we have nede of folke, as men may se,  
He is one of thei thei gretest of this toun;  
O Hector lette suche thy fantasies be;  
O king Priam (q<sup>d</sup> thei) thus segge we,  
That all our voice is to forgone Creseide,  
And to delivir Antenor thei preide.

O Juvenal, lorde! *the* trewe is thy sentence,  
That litil wenin folke what is to yerne,  
That thei ne findin' in ther desire offence;  
For cloude of errour lette hem discern, *at. 10. d. 200*  
What best is, and lo, here ensample as yerne!  
These folke desirin now deliviraunce  
Of Antenor, that brought hem to mischaunce.

For he was aftir traitour to the toun  
Of Troy; alas! thei quitte him out to rathe;  
O nice world, lo thy discrecion!  
Creseide, which that nevir did hem scathe,  
Shal nowe no lengir in her blisse bathe;  
But Antenor, he shal come home to toun,  
And she shal out, thus said both heere and houn. *210*

For which delibered was by parliament,  
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,  
And it pronouncid by the President,  
Although that Hector nay ful offe praide,  
And finally, what wight that it withsaide,  
It was for naught, it must yben, and should,  
For substaunce of the Parliment it woulde.

Departid out o<sup>r</sup> th<sup>e</sup> Parliament echone,  
This Troilus, withoutin wordis mo,  
Unto his chambre spedde him fast alone, *220*  
But if it were a man of his or two,  
The whiche he bad out faste for to go,  
Bicause that he woulde slepin, as he saide;  
And hastily upon his bedde him laide.

And as in wintir levis ben birafte  
Eche aftir othir til the trees be bare,  
So that there n'is but barke and braunche ilafte;  
Lithe Troilus, biraft of eche welfare,  
Iboundin in the blacke barke of care, *with*  
Disposid wode out of his witte to breide; *230*  
So fore him fate the chaunging of Creseide.

He rist him up, and every dore he shette,  
And window eke; and tho this wofull man  
Upon his bedd'is side adoune him sette,  
Ful like a ded image, both pale and wan,  
And in his brest the hepid wo began  
Out brist, and he to workin in this wise, *on*  
In his wodenesse, as I shal you devise.

Right as the wildè Bulle beginnith spring  
Now here now there, idartid to the herre, *240*  
And of his deth rorith, in complaining;  
Right so gan he about the chambre sterre,  
Smiting his brest, aie with his fistis smerte;  
His hed to the wall, his body to the grounde  
Ful ofte he swapte, him selvin to confounde.

His eyin two for pite of his herte  
Out stremidin as swifte as wellis twey,

The highè fobbis of his sorowes smerte  
His speche him refte, unne this might he sey  
O deth alas! why n'ilt thou do me dey? *250*  
Acurtid be that day which that nature  
Yshope me to ben a liv'is creture.

But aftir whan the fury, and al the rage,  
Whiche that his herte twist, and faste threst,  
By length of tìme somewhat gan aswage,  
Upon his bedde he laide him down to rest;  
But tho begon his teres more out to brest,  
That wondir is the body maie suffise *well unthe - might.*  
To halfe this wo, whiche that I you devise.

Than saide he thus; Fortune, alas the while! *260*  
What have I done? what have I The agilt?  
How mightist thou for routhe thus me begile?  
Is there no grace? and shal I thus be spilt?  
Shal thus Creseide away for that thou wilt?  
Alas! how mightist thou in thine hert finde  
To ben to me thus cruil and unkinde? *at. 10*

Have I The nat honourid al my live,  
As thou well wotest, above the Goddis all? *not*  
Why wilt thou then of this joie me deprive?  
O Troilus, what may men now The call, *270*  
But wretche of wretchis, out of honour fal  
Into mise'ry, in whiche I wol bewaile  
Creseide (alas!) til that the brethe me faile.

Alas! Fortune! if that my life in joie  
Displeid had unto thy soule Envie,  
Why ne' haddist thou my fathir king of Troy  
Biraft the life? or done my brethrin die?  
Or slaine my selfe, that thus complaine and crie?  
I combre world, that maie of nothing serve, *the*  
But evir die, and nevir fully serve. *280*

If that Creseide alone werin me laste,  
Naught raught I whidir thou woldist me here, *not*  
And her (alas!) than hast thou me birafte;  
But evirmore (lo!) this is thy manere,  
To reve a wight that moste is to him dere,  
To preve in that thy gierfull violence; *not*  
Thus am I lost, there helpith no defence.

O very Lorde, O Love, O God, (alas!) *God of love*  
That knowist best min hert, and al my thought,  
What shal my so'rogfull life done in this caas *290*  
If I forgo that I so dere have bought?  
Sens ye Creseide and me have fully brought  
Into your grace, and both our hertis seled, *at. envid.*  
How maie ye suffre (alas!) it be repeled? *at. that.*

What I may done I shal, while I may dure  
On live, in turment and in cruill paine,  
This infortune, and this disavinture, *in*  
Alone as I was borne I wol complaine; *(alas!) 10*  
Ne nevir wol I sene it shine or raine,  
But ende I wol as Edippe in derknesse *300*  
My wofull life, and dyin in distresse.

O wery gost, that errist to and fro,  
Why n'ilt thou slien out of the wofullest *the*  
Body, that evir might on grounde ygo?  
O soule, lurking in this woful neste,  
Flee forth anon, and do mine herte to breste,  
And folowe Creseide thy lady dere; *forth.*  
Thy right place is no lengir (to ben) here. *new.* *8*

O woful eyin two, sens your disporte  
Was al to sene Creseide's eyin bright, *310*  
What shal ye done, but for my discomforte  
Stondin for naught, and wepin out your sight,  
Sens

212 To yeld anon for dert. Crys.

295 What shall I do? I shall not.



Sens she is queint, that wont was you to light?  
In veine from this forth have I eyin twey  
Ifornid, sens your vertue is away.

O my Creseide, O lady soveraine  
Of this sorowfull soule that thus crieth,  
Who shal now yevin comfort to thy paine? *al. my.*  
Alas! no wight; but whan mine hert ydieth,  
My spirit, whiche that so unto you bieth, 320  
Receve in gre, for that shall aie you serve;  
Forthy no force is, though the body sterue.

O ye lovirs, that high upon the whele  
Ben sette of Fortune, in gode avinture, *by*  
God lene that ye aie findin love of stele,  
And longe mote your life in joy endure; *aye*  
But when ye comin by my sepulture,  
Remembrith that your felowe restith *there, here,*  
For I loved eke, though I unworthy were.

O olde, unwholsome and mislivid man, *e/* 330  
Calchas I mene, alas! what cildid The  
To ben a Greke, sens thou art borne Trojan?  
O Calchas, whiche that wolt my banè be,  
In cildid timè was thou borne for me; *pharia.*  
As wouldè blisfull Jovè for his joye  
That I The had where that I would in Troie!

A thousande sighis hottir than the glede  
Out of his brest eche aftir othir wente,  
Medlid with plaintis newe, his wo to fede,  
For whiche his woful teris nevir stente; 340  
And shortly so his sorowes him to rente,  
He woxe so mate, that ne joy nor penaunce  
He felith none, but lyith in a traunce.

Pandarus, whiche that in the Parliement  
Had herde what every lord and burgeis seid,  
And how ful grauntid was by one assent  
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,  
Gan wel nigh wode out of his wit to breide;  
So that for wo he ne wist what he mente,  
But in a rage to Troilus he wente. *al. fast.* 350

A certaine knight, that for the timè kepte  
The chambre dore, undid it him anone,  
And Pandarus that ful tenderly wepte,  
Into the derke chambre as stil as stone  
Towarde the bedde gan softly for to gone,  
So confuse, that he ne wist what to say;  
For very wo his witte was nigh away. *al.*

And with his chere and loking al to torne  
For wo of this, and with his armis folden,  
He stode this woful Troilus beforen, 360  
And on his pitous face he gan beholden;  
But Lord! so oftin gan his hert to colden,  
Seyng his frende in wo, whose hevinessle  
His hertè slough, as thought him for distresse.

This woful wight, this Troilus, that felte  
His frende Pandare icomin him to se,  
Gan as the snow ayenst the sunne to melte;  
For whiche this woful Pandare, of pitè  
Gan for to wepe, as tenderly as he;  
And spechelesse thus ben these ilkè twey, 370  
That neithir might for sorow o worde sey.

But at the last, this wofull Troilus,  
Nigh ded for smert, gan brestin out to rore, *e/*  
And with a sorowful noise he said thus  
Amonges his sobbis, and his sighis sore,  
Lo! Pandare, I am ded; withoutin more,  
Hast thou nat herde at parliement, he seide,

For Antenor how losse is my Creseide?

This Pandarus ful ded and pale of hewe,  
Ful pitously answerid, and saide yes, 380  
As wisely were it false, as it is trewe,  
That I have herde, and wote al how it is!  
O mercy God! who would have trowid this?  
Who would have wende that in so lite a throw  
Fortune our joye would havin ovirthrow? *al. thus*

For O! in this world there is no creture,  
As to my dome, that evir sawe ruine  
Straungir then this, through case or avinture; *al. stronger*  
But who may al eschue or al devine? *al.*  
Suche is this world. Forthy I thus define; 390  
Ne trustith no wight to finde in Fortune  
Aie propertie; her yestis ben commune.

But tel me this, why thou art now so mad?  
To sorowen thus why lifte thou in this wise? *al. by the way*  
Sens thy desire al wholly hast thou had,  
So that by right it ought inough suffice;  
But I that nevir felte in my service  
A frendly chere, or loking of an eye, *al. by the way*  
Let me thus wepe and wailix til I dye. *al. that*

And ore al this, as thou wel wost thy selve, 400  
This toine is ful of ladies al aboute,  
And to my dome, fairir than suchè twelve  
As er she was, shall I finde in a route,  
Ye one or twey, withoutin any doute;  
Forthy be glade, mine ownè derè brother,  
If she be lost, we shal recovre an other. *al. al. by the way*

What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce *al. such*  
In o thing were, and in non othir wight;  
If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce;  
If this be godely, she is glad and light; *al. that.* 410  
And this is faire, and that can gode aright; *al. than*  
Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere, *al. for*  
Bothe heroner and faucon for riverse. *al. the.*

And eke as writ Zanis, that was full wise,  
The newè love out chafith oft the old,  
And upon newe case lyith newe avise;  
Thinke eke thy self to savin thou art hold; *al. by the way.*  
Soche fire by processe shall of kindè cold; *al. make.*  
For sens it is but casuèl plesaunce,  
Some case shal put it out of remembraunce. 420

For all so sure as daie cometh aftir night,  
The newè love, labour, or othir wo,  
Or ellis seldè seing of a wight,  
Doen old affections all ovir go;  
And for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho;  
To abredge with thy bittir painis smerte; *al. by the way*  
Absence of her shall drive her out of herte. *al. that*

These wordis saied he for the nonis all  
To helpe his frende, lest he for sorowe deide;  
For doubtelesse to doen his wo to fall 430  
He ne raught nat what unthrift that he seide;  
But Troilus, that nigh for sorowe deide,  
Toke little hede, of all that ere he ment;  
One ere it herd, at the othir out it went.

But at the last he answerde, and saide frend,  
This lechcraft, or yhelid thus to be,  
Were well sitting, if that I were a fend;  
To traisin her, that true is unto me; *al. by the way*  
I praie God let this counsaile nevir the,  
But doe me rathir sterue anon right here, 440  
Er I thus doen, as thou me wouldist lere.

She



She that I serve iwis, what so thou seie,  
To whom mine herte enhabite is by right,  
Shall have me wholly her's till that I deie;  
For, Pandarus, sens I have trowth her hight,  
I woll nat ben untrue for any wight,  
But as her man I woll aie live and sterue,  
And nevir wolle non forhir creature serve.

And there thou saiest thou shalt as faire find  
As she, let be; make no comparison  
To a creature iformid her by kinde;  
O leve, Pandarus, thy conclusion,  
I woll nat ben of thine opinion;  
Touching all this; for whiche I The beseeche,  
So holde thy pece, thou sleest me with thy speche.

Thou biddist me that I should love another  
All freshly newe, and let Creseide go,  
It lithe nat in my powir leve brother,  
And though I might, yet would I nat doe so;  
But canst thou playin raket to and fro,  
Nettle in docke out, now this, now that, Pandarus;  
Now soule fall her for thy wo that care.

Thou farist eke by me, thou Pandarus,  
As he, that whan a wight is wo bigon,  
He cometh to him apace, and saith right thus;  
Thinke not on smert, and thou shalt fele none;  
Thou maigest me first transnew in a stone  
And reve me of my passionis all,  
Or thou so lightly do my wo to fall.

The deeth maie well out of my brest depart  
The life, so long maie last this sorowe mine;  
But fro my soule shall Creseide's dart  
Out nevirmore; but doune with Proserpine,  
Whan I am dedde, I woll go won in pine;  
And there I woll eternally complain  
My wo, and how that twinnid be we twain.

Thou hast here made an argument full fine,  
How that it shoulde in false pain ybe  
Creseide to forgon, for she was mine,  
And lived in ese and in felicity;  
Why gabbist thou, that saidist erst to me;  
That him is wors that is fro wele ithrowe,  
Than he had erst none of that wele iknowe?

But tel me now, sens that The thinketh so light  
To chaungin so in love aie to and fro,  
Why hast thou nat doen busily thy might,  
To chaungin her, that doeth The al thy wo?  
Why n'lt thou let her fro thine herte go?  
Why n'lt thou love anothir lady swete,  
That maie thine herte settin in quiete?

If thou hast had in love aie yet mischaunce,  
And canst it hot out of thine herte drive,  
I that have lived in lust and in plesaunce  
With her, as moche as any wight on live,  
How should I that foryet, and that so blive?  
Where hast thou ben hid so long in mewe,  
That canst so well and formeliche argewe?

Naie, Pandarus, naught worth is all thy rede;  
But douteless, for ought that may befall,  
Withoutin wordis mo, I woll ben dedde;  
O deth, that endir art of sorowes all,  
Come now, sens I so oft astir The call;  
For sely is that deth, soth for to sain,  
That oft iclepid cometh and endith pain.

Well wote I, while my life was in quiete,  
Er thou me sue, I would have yevin hire;

But now thy comming is to me so swete,  
That in this worlde I nothing so desire;  
O deth, sens with this sorowe I am afire,  
Thou eithir doe me anon in teris drenche,  
Or with thy cold stroke mine herte quenche.

Sens that thou sleest so fele in sondry wise  
Ayenst ther will, unprayed, daie and night;  
Doe me at my requeste this service,  
Deliver now the worlde so doest thou right;  
Of me, that am the sorowfullist wight  
That evir was, for time is that I sterue,  
Sens in this world of right naught do I serve.

This Troilus in teris gan distill,  
As licour out of a limbeck full fast;  
And Pandarus gan hold his tonge still,  
And to the ground his eyin doune he cast;  
But nathelesse thus thought he at the last,  
What parde, rathir than my felowe deie,  
Yet shall I somewhat more unto him seie.

And sayid frend, sens thou hast soche distresse,  
And sens The list mine argumentis blame,  
Why n'lt thou thy selvin helpe doen redresse,  
And with thy manhode lettin all this game;  
Go ravishe her; ne canst thou not for shame?  
And eithir let her out of toun fare,  
Or hold her still, and leve thy nice fare.

Art thou in Troie, and hast non hardiment  
To take a woman, whiche that lovith The,  
And would her selvin ben of thine assent?  
Now is nat this a nice vanite?  
Rise up anon, and let this weping be,  
And kith thou art a man, for in this hour  
I woll ben dedde, or she shall bein our.

To this answerde him Troilus full soft,  
And saied, iwis, my leve brothir dere,  
All this have I my self yet thought full oft,  
And more thingis than thou devisist here;  
But why this thing is last, thou shalt well here;  
And whan thou hast me yevin audience,  
Therafter maigest thou tell all thy sentence.

First, sin thou wost this toun hath al this werre  
For ravishing of women so by might,  
It should not ben ystutrid me to erre,  
As it stont now, ne doen so grete unright;  
I should have also blame of every wight,  
My fathir's graunt if that I so withstode,  
Sens she is chaungid for the toun's gode.

I have eke thought, so it were her assent,  
To aske her of my fathir of his grace;  
Than thinke I, this were her accusement,  
Sens well I wot I maie her not purchase;  
For sens my fathir in so high a place  
As Parliamt, hath her eschaunge enfeled,  
He n'ill for me his lettir be repeled.

Yet drede I moste her herte to perturbe,  
With violence, if I doe soche a game;  
For if I would it opinly disturbe,  
It must be disclaundre unto her name;  
And me were levir die than her diffame;  
As n'olde God, but if that I should have  
Her honour levir than my life to save.

Thus am I lost, for aught that I can se,  
For certain is that sith I am her knight,  
I must her honour levir have than me shame;  
In every case, as lovir ought of right;

Thus

550. Than Pandarus, thus, it were accusation  
at the time of his, it is her acc.



Thus am I with desire and reson twight,  
Desire for to distourbin her me redeth,  
And reson n'll not; so mine hertè dredeth.

Thus weping, that he ne could nevir cese,  
He saied alas, how shall I wretchè fare!  
For well sele I alwaie my love encrese,  
And hope is lasse and lasse alway Pandare,  
Encresein eke the causis of my care,  
So welawaie, why n'll mine hertè brest? 580  
For why? in love there is but little rest.

Pandare answerid, frend, thou maiest for me  
Doen as The list, but had I it so hote,  
And thine estate, she should go with me,  
Tho all this toun cried on this thing by Note,  
I n'oldè set all that noise at a grote;  
For whan men have well cried than woll thei roun;  
Eke wondir last but ix daies n're in toun. 58

Devinith not in reson aie so depe,  
Ne curtisly, but helpe thy self anon; 590  
Bet is that othir than thy selvin wepe;  
And namly sens ye two ben jallone, bothe / 5  
Rise up, for by mine heide she shall not gone,  
And rathir be in blame a little found,  
Than sterue here as a gnat withoutin wound.

\* It is no shame unto you ne no vice \* al. more than  
Her to withholdin, that The lovith moste;  
Paravintyre she might holdè The for nice -- dyn.  
To lette her go thus to the Grekis hoste,  
Thinke eke Fortune, as well thy selvin wofte, 600  
Helpith the hardie man to his emprise,  
And weivith wretchis, for ther cowardise.

And though thy lady would alite her greve,  
Thou shalt thy self thy pece hereaftir make;  
But as to me certain I can not leve  
That she would it as now for evill take;  
Why shouldè than for fere thine hertè quake?  
\* Thinke how that Paris hath, that is thy brother,  
\* A love, and why shal thou not have another?

And Troilus, o thing I dare The swere, 610  
That if Creseide, whiche that is thy life,  
Now lovith The, as well as thou doest here,  
God helpe me so, she n'll not take agrese,  
Though thou do bore anon in this mischese; on  
And if she wilnith fro The for to passe,  
Than is she false, so love her well the lasse.

Forthy take hert, and thinke right as a knight,  
Through love is brokin aldaie every lawe,  
Kith now somwhat thy corage and thy might,  
Have mercie on thy self, for any awe 620  
Let not this wretchid wo thine hert ygnawe,  
But manly set the worlde on fixe and seven, at  
And if thou die a martyr, go to heaven.

I woll my self ben with The at this dede,  
Though I and all my kin upon a stound  
Should in a strete, as doggis, liggin dede, the  
Through-girt with many a wide blodie wound, 630  
In every case I woll a frend be found;  
And if The liste here stervin as a wretchè,  
Adieu, the devill spedè him that ketchè. 630

This Troilus gan with tho wordis quickè,  
And sayid, frend, graunt mercie, I assent;  
But certainly thou maiest nat so me prickè,  
Ne painè none ne maie me so tourment,  
That for no case, it is not mine entent,  
At short wordis, though that I dyin should,

To ravish her, but if her self it would. *selvyn w.*

Why, so mene I (qð Pandare) al this day,  
But tell me than, hast thou her well assaied, *al. will*  
That sorowest thus? and he answerde him naie; 640  
Whereof art thou (qð Pandare) than dismaied, *al. dismayed*  
That n'oste not that she wol ben il apaied of  
To ravishè her; sens thou hast not ben there,  
But if that Jove The tolde it in thine ere?

Forthy rise up, as naught ne were, anon,  
And washe thy face, and to the king thou wend,  
Or he maie wondrin whidir thou art gon;  
Thou must with wisdome him and othir blend,  
Or upon case he maie afir The send,  
Or thou be ware; and shortly, brothir dere, 650  
Be glad, and let me werke in this mattere. "

For I shall shape it so, that sikirly  
Thou shalt this night sometime in some manere  
Come spekin with thy Ladie privily,  
And by her wordis eke, as by her chere, 660  
Thou shalt full sone aperceve and well here  
Of her entent, and in this case the best; of  
And fare now well, for in this point I rest.

The swiftè fame, whiche that fals thingis  
\* Equall reportith (like) the thingis true, *was* 660 *gally*  
Was throughout Troie isled, with prest wingis,  
Fro man to man, and made his tale all newe; *al. these by daye - 120*  
How Calchas doughtir with her brightè hewe *al. this is 666, 17*  
At Parliement withoutin wordis more  
Igrauntid was, in chaunge of Antenore. for

The whiche tale anon right as Creseide  
Had herd, she whiche that of her fathir rought  
(As in this case) right naught, ne whan he deide,  
Full busily to Jupiter besought  
Yeve him mischaunce, that this treis brought; 670 *101*  
But shortly lest these talis sothe were  
She durst at no wight askin it for fere.

As she that had her hert and all her minde  
On Troilus iset so wondir fast,  
That all this world ne might her love unbind,  
Ne Troilus out of her hertè cast;  
She would ben his, while that her life maie last;  
And she thus brennith bothe in love and drede,  
So that she ne wist what was best to rede.

But as men sene in toune, and all about, *al. townis all ab.* 680  
That women use ther frendis to visite;  
So to Creseide of women came a rout  
For pitous joie, and wendin her delite; *al. wende herte d.*  
And with ther talis, dere inough a mite,  
These women, whiche that in the cite dwell,  
Thei set hem doune, and saied as I shall tell.

(Qð first that one) I am glad truely  
Bicause of you, that shall your fathir se;  
Anothir saied, iwis so am not I,  
For all to little hath she with us be; 690  
(Qð tho the thirde) I hope iwis that she  
Shall bringin us the pece on every side; to  
That whan she goth, almightie God her gide.

Tho wordis and tho womannishe thingis  
She herd hem right as though she thennis were,  
For God it wote, her herte on othir thing is,  
Although the body sat among hem there,  
Her advertence is alwaie ellis where,  
For Troilus full fast her soulè sought,  
Withoutin worde on him alwaie she thought. 700

These

608 Thinke how that Paris, which that is thy brother,  
I love hath wonne, and why not thou another?  
396 It was no rape in my dome ne. Se. al.



These women that thus wendin her to plesse,  
Aboutin naught gon all ther talis spende;  
Soche vanite ne can doen her none ese,  
As she that all this menè while brende  
Of othir passion than thei ywende, *that*  
So that she felte almoste her hertè die  
For wo, and werie of that companie. *their*

For whichè might she no lengir restrain  
Her teris, thei ganin so up to well,  
That gavin signis of her bittir pain, *the* 710  
In whiche her spirite was, and must ydwell;  
Remembring her from heaven unto which hel *i/*  
She fallin was, sens she forgo, the fight *-th-*  
Of Troilus; and so'rowfully she fight.

*that taken*  
And thilkè folis sittin<sup>g</sup> her about  
Wendin that she had wept and sighid sore  
Bicause that she shouldin out of the rout *-it*  
Departin, and nevir plaie with 'hem more;  
And thei that haddin knowin her of yore  
Se her so wepe, and thought it was kindnesse; 720  
And eche of 'hem wept eke for her distresse.

*of* And busilie thei gonin her comforte  
On thing God wor, on which she little thought,  
And with ther talis wendin her disporte,  
And to be glad thei oftin her befought,  
But soche an ese therwith thei in her wrought,  
Right as a man is esid for to fele, *the*  
For ache of hedde to clawey<sup>h</sup> him on his helc.

But after all this nicè vanite  
Thei toke ther leve, and home thei wentin all, 730  
Creseide full of sorowfull pitè  
Into her chambre<sup>h</sup> up/went out of the hall, *h*  
And on her bedde she gan for dedde to fall,  
In purpose nevir thennis for to rise;  
And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.

Her owndid heer, that sonnifhe was of hewe,  
She rent, and eke her fingirs long and smale  
She wrong ful oft, and bade God on her rue,  
And with the deyth to doe bore on her bale;  
*so* Her hewè whilom bright, that tho was pale, 740  
Bare witnesse of her wo, and her confreint;  
And thus she spake, sobbing in her compleint.

Alas (q<sup>d</sup> she) out of this region  
I wofull wretche and infortunid wight,  
And borne in cursid constellacioun,  
Mote gon; and thus departin fro my knight!  
Wo worthe alas, that ilke day is light,  
On which I sawe him first with eyin twain,  
That causith me, and I him, all this pain!

Therwith the teris from her eyin two 750  
Doun fell, as shouris full in Aprill twithe;  
Her whitè brest she bet, and for the wo  
Aftir the deth she cried a thousande sithe;  
Sens he that wont her wo was for to lithe  
She mote forgon; for whiche disavinture  
She helde her felfin a forlost creature. *-lorn*

She saied, how shall he doen and I also!  
How should I live, if that I from him twin!  
*21* O derè herte eke that I lovè so,  
Who shall that sorowe s<sup>h</sup>en, that ye ben in! 760  
O Calchas fathir, thine be all this sin;  
\* O mothir mine, that clepid wer Argive, *art*  
\* Wo-worth that daie, that thou me bare on live!

To what fine should I live and sorowen thus?  
How should a fische withoutin watir dure?

*And surely be the day which that Argive.  
Me of his bodie bare to ben on live.*

What is Creseide worth from Troilus?  
How should a plant or any othir creature *h*  
Livin withoute his kindly noriture;  
For whiche full oft, a byword here I seie,  
That ertheless mote grene medis sone deye. 770 *ertheless*

I shall doe<sup>h</sup> thus; sens neither swerd ne dart  
Dare I none handle, for the cruilte;  
That ilke daie that I fro you depart, *mote, shal*  
If sorowe of that nill nat my bane be,  
Than shall no mete ne drinke ycome in me, *-one-*  
Till I my soule out of my brest unshetli; *-br-*  
And thus my felvin woll I doen to deth!

And Troilus, my clothis everichone  
Shull blackè ben, in tokining, herte swete,  
That I am as out of this worlde agone, 780  
That wont ywas you to set in quiete; *holden*  
And of mine ordir aie, till deth me mete,  
The observaunce evir in your absence  
Shall sorowe ben, complaint, and abstinence.

Mine herte, and eke the wofull ghost therein,  
Biquest<sup>h</sup> I with your spirit<sup>h</sup> to complain  
Eternally, for thei shall nevir twin;  
For though in yerth ytwinnid be we twain,  
Yet in the felde of pitè, out of pain,  
That hight Elysium, we shall ben yfere 790  
As Orpheus and Eurydice his fere.

Thus hertè mine, for Antenor, alas!  
I sone shall be ychaungid, as I wene;  
But how shall ye doen in this wofull caas?  
How shall your tendir hertè thus sustein? *i/*  
But hertè mine, foryet this sorowe and tenè,  
And me also, for sothly for to seie,  
So ye well fare, I retche not for to deie.

How might it evir<sup>y-</sup> redde ben or ifong  
The plaintis that she made in her distresse, 800  
In'or; but as for me, my little tong,  
If I discrivin would her hevinessè,  
It should ymake her sorowe semè lesse  
Than that it was, and childishly deface  
Her hie complaint, and therefore I it pace. *h, etc.*

Pandarus, whiche that sent from Troilus  
Was to Creseide, as ye have herd devise,  
That for the best it was accordid thus,  
And he full glad to doen him that service,  
Unto Creseide in a full secrete wise, 810  
There as she laie, in tourment and in rage,  
Came her to tell all wholly his messlage.

And fonde that she her felvin gan to trete  
Full pitously; for with her saltè teres  
Her brest and face ibathid was full wete, *her, i more, etc.*  
Her mightie tressis of her sonnifhe heres  
Unbroidin hangin all about her eres; *h*  
Whiche yavin him very signall matire  
Of deth, whiche that her hertè gan desire.

Whan she him sawe, she gan for sorowe anon 820  
Her tery face atwixt her armis hide; *at hande*  
For whiche this Pandare is so wo bigon,  
That in the hous he might unneth abide,  
As he that felt sorowe on every side; *i side, h*  
For if Creseide had erst complainid fore,  
Tho gan she plain a thousande timis more.

And in her aspre plaintè thus she seide,  
Pandare my Ème of joyis mo than two  
Was causè, causing first to me Creseide,  
That now transmutid bin in cruil wo, *to* 830  
Wher?

*829. Man first cause causing unto me Co.*



Wher' shall I saie to you welcome or no?  
That aldirfirst me brought unto servise,  
Of love, alas! that endith in soche wise?

Endith than love in wo? Ye or men lieth,  
And every worldly blisse, as thinkith me,  
The ende of blisse aie sorowe occupieth;  
And who so trowith not that it so be,  
Let him upon me wofull wretchè se,  
That my self hate, and aie my birthè curse,  
Feling alwaie fro wicke I go to worse. 840

Whoso me seeth, seeth sorowe all atonis,  
Paine, turment, wo, and plaint, and eke distress,  
Out of my wofull bodie harme there none is,  
As langour, anguise, cruill bittirnesse,  
Annoie, smarte, drede, furie, and eke siknesse;  
I trowe iwis from hevin teris rain  
For pitè of my aspre and cruill pain.

O thou my sustir, full of discomfourt,  
(Qd Pandarus) what thinkist thou to doe?  
Why ne' hast thou to thy selvin some resport? 850  
Why wilt thou thus thy self alas! sordo?  
Leve all this werke, and take now heed to -  
That I shall sain, and herken' of gode entent  
This, that by me thy Troilus The sent.

Tournid her tho Creseide, a wo-making  
So grete, that it a deth was for to se;  
Alas! (qd she) what wordis maie ye bring,  
What woll my dere herte sendin unto me,  
Whiche that I dredè nevir more to se?  
Woll he have plaint or teris or I wende? 860  
I have inough, if he tleraftir sende.

She was right soche to fene in her visage,  
As is that wight that men on bere ybinde,  
Her face like of Paradis the Image  
Was all ichaungid in anothir kinde;  
The plaie, the laughtir, men wer wont to find  
In her, and eke her joyis everichone  
Ben fledde, and thus lieth Creseide alone.

About her eyin two a purple ring  
Bitrent, in sothfast tokening of her pain, 870  
That to behold it was a dedly thing;  
For whiche Pandarus ne might nat restrain  
The teris from his eyin for to rain;  
But nathèlesse, as he best might, he seide  
From Troilus these wordis to Creseide.

Lo! necc, I trowe well ye han herd all how  
The king with othir Lordis for the best  
Hath made eschaunge of Antenor and you,  
That cause is of this sorowe and unrest,  
But how this case doth Troilus molest 880  
This maie none yerthly mann'is tong ysaie,  
For very wo his wit is all awaie.

For whiche we have so sorowed, he and I,  
That into little it had bothe us slawe;  
But through my counsaile this daie finally  
He somewhat hath fro weping him withdrawe,  
And semith me that he desirith fawe  
With you to ben all night of to devise  
Remedie of this, if there were any wise. 890

This short and plain, th' effect of my meslage, 890  
As ferforthe as my wit can comprehend,  
For ye that ben of tourment in soche rage  
Maie to no long prologue as now entende;  
And hereupon ye maie answer him sende,  
And for the love of God, my neccè dere,

So leve this wo or Troilus be here. come.

Grete is my wo (qd she) and sighid fore,  
As she that felith dedly sharpe distress,  
But yet to me his sorowe is mokill more,  
That love him bet than he himself I gesse; 900  
Alas! for me hath he soche heviness?  
Can he for me so pitously complain?  
Iwis this sorowe doublith all my pain. 910

Grevous to me God wot it is to twin,  
(Qd she) but yet it hardir is to me  
To fene that sorowe which that he is in;  
For well wot I, it woll my banè be,  
And die I woll in certain tho (qd she)  
But bid him come, er deth that thus me threteth  
Drive out that ghost, which in min hert ybeteth. 910

These wordis saied, she on her armis two  
Fill gruffe, and gan to wepin pitously;  
(Qd Pandarus) alas! why doe ye so  
Sens ye well wote the time is faste by  
That he shall come? arise up hastily,  
That he you nat biwopin thus yfinde,  
But ye wol have him wode out of his minde.

For wist he, that ye fardè in this manere,  
He would himselfin flex: and if I wende  
To have this fare, he should not comin here 920  
For all the gode that Priam maie dispense;  
For to what fine he would anon pretende,  
That know I well; and forthy yet I seie  
So leve this sorowe, or plainly he woll deie; 930

And shapith you his sorowe for to abredge,  
And nat encrese, lest necc swete;  
Bethe rathir to him cause of plat than edge,  
And with some wisedom ye his sorowes bete;  
What helpith it to wepin full a strete,  
Or though ye bothe in saltè teris dreint? 930  
Bet is a time of cure than of pleint. 940

I menè thus, whan I am hithir bring, 940  
Sens ye be wise, and bothe of one assent,  
So shapith how to distourbe your going,  
Or come ayen sone aftir ye be went;  
Women ben wise in short avisement;  
And let fene how your wit shall now availe;  
And what that I maie help, it shall nat faile.

Go (qd Creseide) and, uncle, truly  
I shall doen all my might me to restrain 940  
From weping in his sight, and busily  
Him for to glad I shall doen all my pain,  
And in my herte sekin every vain;  
If to this fore there maie ben foundin salve,  
It shall not lacke certain on mine behalve. 950

Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he sought,  
Till in a temple he found him all alone,  
As he that of his life no lengir rought;  
But to the pitous Goddis everichone  
Full tendirly he praied, and made his mone, 950  
To doen him sone out of this worlde to pace;  
For wel he thought there was non othir grace.

And shortly all the sothè for to seie,  
He was so fallin in dispaire that daie,  
That uttirly he shope him for to deie;  
For right thus was his argument alwaie,  
He saied he n'as but lorne welawaie!  
For all that cometh, cometh by necessite,  
Thus to ben lorne it is my destinè.

For

\* 882. He shortly he that shapeth him to dye. al. \* 916. f. That he you thus biwopin may not be.  
\* 951. By asking him to send him this grace  
2. Is from this world to some happy land.



For certainly this wote I well, he saide,  
That foresight of the divine purveiaunce  
Had sene alwaie me to forgon Creseide,  
Sens God seeth every thing out of doutaunce,  
And them disposith through his ordinaunce.  
In his meritis sothly for to be,  
As thei shull comin by predestine.

But nathelless alas! whom shall I leve!  
For there ben gret clerkis many one,  
That destine through argumentis preve,  
And some, yfain that nedely there is none,  
But that fre choice is yeven us everichone.  
O welawaie! so slich arne clerkis old,  
That I n'ot whose opinion I maie hold.

For some men sain, that God seeth al biforne,  
Ne God maie nat decevid ben parde,  
Than mote it fallin, though men had it sworne,  
That purveiaunce hath sene before to be;  
Wherefore I saie, that from eterne if he  
Hath wist befor our thought eke as our dede,  
We have no fre choice, as these clerkis rede.

For othir thought, nor othir dede also  
Might nevir ben, but soche as purveiaunce,  
Whiche maie not ben discevid nevir mo,  
Hath seled biforne, withoutin ignoraunce;  
For if there might yben a variaunce  
To writhin out fro Godd's purveying,  
There n'ere no prescience of thing comming;

But it were rathir an opinion  
Uncertain, and no stedfast foreseing;  
And certis that were an abusion,  
That God should have no perfect clere weting  
More than we men, that have doutous wening;  
But soche an errour upon God to gesse  
Were false and foule, and wickid cursidnesse.

Eke this is an opinion of some,  
That have ther top ful high and-smoth isore,  
Thei sain right thus, that thing is nat to come,  
For that (the) prescience hath sene before  
That it shal come; but thei sain that therfore  
That it shal come, therfore the purveiaunce  
Wote it before withoutin ignoraunce.

And in this manir this necessite  
Retournith in his place contrary againe;  
For nedefully behovith it nat be  
That thilke thingis fallin in certaine  
That ben purveyed, but nedefully, as thei saine,  
Behovith it that thingis, which that fall,  
That thei in certaine ben purveyid all.

I mene as though I laboured me in this,  
To enquire which thing cause of which thing be;  
As whethir that the prescience of God is  
The certaine cause of the necessite  
Of thingis that to comin be, parde;  
Or if necessite of thing coming  
Be the cause certaine of the purveying.

But nowe ne' enforce I me not in shewing  
How (the) ord<sup>r</sup> of (the) causis stant, but wot I  
That it behovith, that the befalling  
Of thingis wiste before certainly  
Be necessarie, al seme it not therby  
That prescience put falling necessarye  
To thing to come, al fal it foule or faire.

For if there sit a man yonde on a se,  
Than by necessite behovith it

That certis thine opinion sothe be,  
That wenist or conjectist that he sit;  
And furthirovir now ayenwarde hit,  
Lo! right so is it on the part contrarie,  
As thus, now herkin, for I wol nat tarie;

I say that if the opinion of The  
Be sothe for that he sit, than say I this,  
That he mote sittin by necessite;  
And thus necessite in eithir is;  
For in him nede of sitting is iwis,  
And in The nede of sothe; and thus forsothe  
There mote necessite ben in you bothe.

But thou maist saine, the man sit nat therfore,  
That thine opinion of his sitting soth is;  
But rathir for the man fate there before,  
Therfore is thine opinion sothe iwis;  
And I say, though the cause of sothe is this  
Cometh of his sitting, yet necessite  
Is enterchaungid, bothe in him and The.

Thus in the same wise out of doutaunce  
I maie wel makin, as it semith me,  
My resoning of Godd's purveiaunce,  
And of the thingis that to comin be,  
By which reson men maie wel ise  
That thilke thingis, that in erthe befall,  
That by necessite thei comin all.

For although that this thing shal come iwis,  
Therfore is it purveyid certainly,  
Nat that it cometh for it purveyid is,  
Yet nathelless behoveth it nedefully  
That thing to come be purveyid trewely,  
Or ellis thingis that purveyid be  
That thei betidin by necessite.

And thus suffisith right inough certaine  
For to distroie our fre choise everydell,  
But now is this abusion to saine  
That falling of the thingis temporell  
Is cause of Godd's prescience eternell.  
Now trewely that is a false sentence;  
That thing to come should cause his prescience.

What might I wene and I had suche a thought?  
But that God purveith thing that is to come  
For that it is to come, and ellis nought?  
So might I wene that thingis all and some,  
That whilom ben bifall and ovircome,  
Ben cause of thilke soveraine purveiaunce,  
That forwote al, withoutin ignoraunce.

And ore al this yet say I more therto,  
That right as whan I wote there is a thing,  
Iwis that thing mote nedefully be so;  
Eke right so, whan I wote a thing coming,  
So mote it come, and thus the befalling  
Of thingis, that ben wiste before the tide,  
Thei more not ben eschewid on no side.

Than said he thus; almighty Jove in trone  
That wote of all this thing the sothfastnesse,  
Rewe on my sorowe, and do me dien sone,  
Or bring Creseide and me fro this distresse.  
And while he was in all this hevinesse,  
Disputing with himselfe in this matere,  
Came Pandare in, and saide as ye maie here.

O mighty God (q<sup>d</sup> Pandarus) in trone,  
Eigh, who saw er a wise man farin so?  
Why, Troilus, what thinkist thou to done?  
Hast thou such lust to ben thine owne foe?



What? parde, yet is not Creseide ago; 1090  
Why list The so thy selfe fardon for drede,  
That in thine hed, thine eyin semin dede.

Hast thou nat livid many a yere before  
Withoutin her, and fardes ful wel at ese?  
Art thou for her, and for none othir borne?  
Hath kinde The wrought al only her to plesse?  
Let be, and thinke right thus in thy disese;  
That in the dice right as there fallin chaunces,  
Right so in love there come and gon plesaunces.

And yet this is a wondir most of al, 1100  
Why thou thus sorowest, seth thou wost nat yit  
Touching her goyng how that it shal fal,  
Ne if she can her selfe distourbin it,  
Thou hast nat yet assayid al her wit,  
A man maie al bet me his necke bede  
Whan it shal ot, and forowen at the nede.

Forthy take hede of al that I shal say;  
I have with her spoke and longe ibe,  
So as accordid was betwixe us twey,  
And evirmore me thinkith thus, that she 1110  
Hath somwhat in her hert is privit,  
Wherwith she can, if I shal a right rede,  
Disturbe al this, of whiche thou art in drede.

For which my counsel is, whan it is night  
Thou to her go, and make of this an ende;  
And blisful Juno, through her gretè might  
Shal (as I hope) her grace unto us sende;  
Mine hert seith certaine that she shal nat wende;  
And forthy put thine hert a while in rest,  
And holde thy purpose, for it is the best. 1120

This Troilus answerde, and sighid fore,  
Thou saist right wel, and I wil do right so;  
And what him list, he said unto him more,  
And whan that it was time for to go,  
Ful privily him selfe withoutin mo  
Unto her came, as he was wont to done;  
And how thei wrought, I shal you tellin sone.

Soth is, that when thei gonin first to mete,  
So gan the paine ther hertis for to twiste,  
That neithir of hem othir mighte grete, 1130  
But hem in armis toke, and aftir kiste;  
The lasse wofull of hem bothe ne wiste  
Wher that he was, ne might o word out bring,  
As I said erst, for wo and for sobbing.

The woful teris, that thei letin fal,  
As bittir wer'n out of teris kinde,  
For paine, as is ligne aloes, or gal;  
So bittir teris wept nat, as I finde;  
The wofull Myrrha, through the barke and rinde;  
That in this world ther n'is so hard an hert 1140  
That n'old have rewid on her painis smert.

But whan ther wofull wery gostis twaine  
Returnid ben, there as hem ought to dwell,  
And that somwhat to wekin gan the paine  
By length of plainte, and ebbin gan the wel  
Of ther salt teris, and the hert unswel,  
With brokin voice, all horse for shright, Creseide  
To Troilus these ilke wordis seide:

O Jove, I die, and mercy The beseeche,  
Helpe, Troilus: and therwithal her face 1150  
Upon his brest she laid, and lost her speche,  
Her wofull spirite from his propir place  
Right with the worde away in point to pace,  
And thus she lith, with hewis pale and grene,

That whilom fresh and fairist was to sene.

This Troilus, that on her gan beholde,  
Cleping her name, and she lay as for dede;  
Withoutin answer, and felte her limmes colde,  
Her eyin throwin upwarde to her hed;  
This so'rouful man can now non othir rede; 1160  
But oftin time her coldè mouthe he kiste;  
Where him was wo, God and himself it wiste.

He risith up, and long straite he her leide;  
For signe of life, for aught he can or may,  
Can he none finde, in nothing of Creseide,  
For whiche his songe ful oft is welaway!  
But whan he sawe that spechelesse she lay,  
With so'rouful voice, and hert of blisse al bare  
He said, how she was fro this world ifare!

So aftir that he long had her complained, 1170  
His hondis wronge, and said that was to sey,  
And with his teris salt her brest berained,  
He gan tho teris wipin of full drey,  
And pitously gan for the soule prey,  
And said, O Lord, that set art in thy trone,  
Rewe eke on me, for I shal folow' her sone.

She colde was, and withoutin sentement,  
For aught he wote, for brethe yet felte he none;  
And this was him a preignant argument  
That she was forth out of this worlde agone; 1180  
And when he saw there was non othir wonne,  
He gan her limmis dresse in suche manere,  
As men don them that shall be laide on bere

And aftir this, with sterne and cruill herte,  
His swerd anon out of his sheeth he twight,  
Himselfe to fleen, how fore so that him smerte,  
So that his soule her soule folowin might,  
There as the dome of Minos would it dight,  
Sith love and cruil fortune it ne would  
That in this world he lengir livin should. 1190

Than said he thus, fulfild of high disdaine,  
O cruil Jove, and thou fortune adverse;  
This al and some is, falsely have ye slaine  
Creseide, and sith ye may do me no werse,  
Fie on your might and werkis so diverse;  
Thus cowardely ye shul me nevir winne;  
There shal no deth me fro my lady twinne.

For I this world, sith ye have slain her thus,  
Wol let, and folow' her spirit lowe or hic;  
Shal nevir lovir saine that Troilus 1200  
Dare nat for fere with his lady die;  
For certaine I wol bere her companie;  
But sithe ye wol nat suffre us livin here,  
Yet suffrith that our soulis ben ifere.

And thou, Citè, in whiche I live in wo,  
And thou Priam, and brethrin al ifere,  
And thou my mothir, farwel, for I go,  
And Atropos make redy thou my bere,  
And thou Creseide, o swete hertè dere,  
Receve thou now my spirit, would he sey 1210  
With swerde at hert, al redy for to dey.

But as God would of swough she tho abraide,  
And gan to fighe, and Troilus she cride;  
And he answerid, lady mine Creseide,  
Livin ye yet? and let his swerde doune glide;  
Ye hertè mine, that thankid be Cupide,  
(Q's she) and therwithal she fore sight;  
And he began to glade her as he might: 1220

Take

1138 So bitter is wept not through the rinde.  
The wofull Myrrha, written as I finde.



Toke her in armis two, and kiste her ofte,  
And her to glad he did al his entent,  
For whiche her gost, that flickered aie alofte,  
Into her wofull hert aien it went;  
But at the laste, <sup>as that</sup> her eyin glent <sup>she</sup>  
Aside, anon she gan his swerde aspie,  
As it lay bare, and gan for fere to crie, <sup>forde</sup>

And askid him, why he had it out drawe?  
And Troilus anon the cause her tolde,  
And how himself therwith he would have slawe:  
For whiche Creseide upon him gan beholde,  
And gan him in her armis fast to folde, <sup>1230</sup>  
And saide, o mercy God, lo whiche a dede!  
Alas, how nigh we werin bothè dede!

Than if I ne hadde spokin, as gràce was,  
Ye would have slaine your selfe anon, q<sup>d</sup> she;  
Ye doutlesse: and she answerde alas!  
For by that ilkè Lorde that madè me  
I n'olde a forlong waie on live have be  
Aftir your deth, to have ben crounid Quene  
Of al the londe the sunne on shinith shene.

But with this <sup>self same</sup> swerde, which that here is, <sup>1240</sup>  
My selfin I would have slaine (q<sup>d</sup> she) <sup>tho</sup>. <sup>al. 1240</sup>  
But ho! for we have right inough of this,  
And let us rise and straite to beddè go,  
And there let us yspekin of our wo;  
For by that mörter, whiche that I se brenne,  
Know I ful well, that day is nat far henne.

Whan thei wer in ther bedde in armis foldè,  
Naught was it like tho nightis here before;  
For p<sup>er</sup>etously eche othir gan beholdè,  
As thei that haddin al ther blisse ilorne, <sup>1250</sup>  
Bewailing al the daie that thei were borne;  
Till at the last this wofull wight Creseide  
To Troilus thesè ilkè wordis seide.

Lo! hertè mine, wel wote ye this (q<sup>d</sup> she)  
That if a wight alwaie his wo complaine,  
And sekith nat how holpin for to be,  
It n'is but folie, and encrece of paine;  
And fens that here assemblid be we twaine  
To findin bote of wo that we ben in,  
It were all time right sohe for to begin. <sup>1260</sup>

I am a woman, as ful wel ye wofte;  
And as I am avisid sodainly,  
So wol I telly you, while it is ho<sup>te</sup>; <sup>that</sup>  
Me thinkith thus, that neithir ye nor I  
Ought halfe this wo to makin skilfully;  
For there is art inough for to redresse  
That yet is misse, and seen this hevinesse.

Soth is, the wothe/whiche that we ben in,  
For aught I wote, for nothing ellis is,  
But for the cause that we should <sup>xtwinne</sup>, <sup>1270</sup>  
Considrid al, there n'is no more amis; <sup>al. 1270</sup>  
And what is than a remedy unto this,  
But that we shape us sonè for to mete?  
This al and some is, my dere hertè swete.

Now that I shal wel bringin it aboute  
To comen ayen, sone aftir <sup>that</sup> I go, <sup>al. 1270</sup>  
Therof am I no manir thing in doute;  
For dredèlesse within a weke or two  
I shal ben here, and that it may be so,  
By allè right, and that in wordis few, <sup>1280</sup>  
I shal you wel an hepe of wayis shewe. <sup>al. 1280</sup>

For whiche I woll nat makin longe sermon,  
For time iloste may not recovered be,

But I wol go to my conclusion,  
And to the beste, in aught that I can se; <sup>for</sup>  
And for the love of God forgeve it me <sup>forgeve me</sup>  
If I speke aught aienst your hert's rest;  
For trewily I speke it for the beste: <sup>al. 1280</sup>

Making alway a prötestacion,  
That in effect this thing that I shal say, <sup>1290</sup>  
N'is but to shewin you my mocion  
To find unto our helpe the beste way;  
And takith it none othirwise I pray;  
For finally, what so ye me commaunde, <sup>al. in effect</sup>  
That wol I done; for that is no demaunde.

Now herkenith this, ye have well understond  
My goyng grauntid is by parliment, <sup>al. 1290</sup>  
So ferforth that it may not ben withstond  
For al this world, as by my jugement;  
And sithe there helpith none avisement <sup>1300</sup>  
To lettin it, lette it passe out of mind,  
And let us shape a bettir waie to finde.

The sothe is this, the twinning of us twaine  
Wol us disese, and cruilly anoie;  
But him behovith somtime havin paine <sup>al. 1300</sup>  
That servith love; if that he wol have joie; <sup>al. 1300</sup>  
And sithe I shal no farthir out of Troie  
Than I maie ride aien on halfe a morowe, <sup>1310</sup>  
It ought the lasse causin us for to sorowe; <sup>al. 1310</sup>

So as I shal nat now ben hid in mewe, <sup>1310</sup>  
That day by day, min ownè hertè dere,  
Sens wel ye wote that it is nowè a trewe,  
Ye shal ful wel al mine estate yhere;  
And er that truce is done, I shal ben here;  
And thus have ye both Antenor iwonne,  
And me also, bethe glad now, if ye conne;

And thinke right thus; Creseide is now agon,  
But what? she shal come hastily ayen;  
And whan alas! by God, lo right anon,  
Er dayis ten, this dare I safely faine, <sup>1320</sup>  
And than as erlle shall we be bothè faine;  
So as we shall togethers evir dwell,  
That al this worlde ne might our blisse tell. <sup>al. 1320</sup>

I se that oft time, there as we ben nowè,  
That for the beste, our counsaile for to hide,  
Ye speke nat with me, nor I with you, <sup>al. 1330</sup>  
In fourtènight; ne se you go ne ride;  
And may ye nat ten dayis than abide  
For mine honour, in suche an avinture?  
I wis ye mowe, forjellis lite endure. <sup>al. 1330</sup>

Ye knowe eke howe that all my kin is here,  
But if that onely it my fathir be,  
And eke mine othir thingis al ifere,  
And namily my derè hertè ye,  
Whom that I n'olde levin for to se  
For al this worlde, as wide as it hath space,  
Or ellis se I nevir Jov's face.

Why trowin ye my fathir in this wise <sup>on</sup>  
Coverith so to se me, but for drede,  
Leste in this tounne that folkis me dispise <sup>1340</sup>  
Bicause of him, for his unhappy dede?  
What wote my fathir what life that I lede?  
For if he wist in Troie how wel I fare,  
Us nedid for my wending nat to care.

Ye sene that every day eke more and more  
Men trete of pece; and it supposid is  
That men the Quene Helena shal restore,  
And Grekis us restore that is amis; <sup>al. 1340</sup>

So

\* 1310. *Self that I shal not be hid in mewe.*

1. *That he.*

2. *Considered now that it is time of leave.*

3. *He may not fail of mine estate so here.*

1331. *Ye knowe wel eke how that my kin is here -  
Wholly but of my father be.*



So though there ne were comfort none but this,  
That men purposin pece on every side, 1350  
Ye may the bett at ele of herte abide.

For if that it be pece, mine herte dere,  
The nature of the pece mote nedis drive,  
That men must entrecommunin ifere,  
And to and fro eke ride and gone as blive,  
Al day as thicke as Been <sup>the</sup> ~~from~~ an hive,  
And every wight have liberty to bleve  
Where as him list the bet withoutin leve.

And though so be that pece ther maie be none,  
Yet hither, though ther never pece ne were, 1360  
I must ycome; for whi<sup>er</sup> should I gone?  
Or how (mischaunce) should I dwellin there  
Among tho men of armis evre' in fere?  
For whiche, as wisely God my soule rede,  
I can nat sene wherof ye shouldin drede.

Have here anothis way, if it so be  
That al this thing ne maie you not suffice;  
My fathir, as ye knowin wel parde,  
Is holdin olde, and ful of covitise;  
And I right nowe have foundin<sup>at</sup> the gise, 1370  
Withoutin netre wherwith I shal him hent;  
And herkenith now, if that ye wol assent;

Lo! Troilus, men saine full harde it is <sup>that</sup>  
The wolfe sul, and the wedir whole to have;  
This is to saine, that men full oft iwis  
Mote spendin parte the remnant (for) to save; 1380  
For aie with Golde men maie the hert ygrave  
Of him, that is set upon covitise;  
And how I mene, I shal it you devise:

The movable, whiche I have in this toun, 1380  
Unto my fathir shal I take, and saie,  
That right for trust, and for salvacioun,  
It sent is, from a frende of his or twaie,  
The which frendis do fervently him praie  
To sendin afir more, and that in hie,  
While that this toun stant thus in jeopardie;

And that shal be of golde huge quantite;  
Thus shal I sain, but lest folke it aspide,  
This maie be sent by no wight but by me;  
I shal eke shewin him, if pece betide, 1390  
What frendis that I have on every side  
To doe the wrathe of Priamus to pace  
Towardis him, and don him stand in grace.

So what for o thing and for othis, swete,  
I shal him so enchauntin with my sawes,  
That right in hevin his soule shal he mete,  
For al Apollo, or his clerkis lawes, 1400  
Or calculing, availith nat thre hawes;  
Desire of Golde shal so his soule blende,  
That as me hste I shal wel make an ende.

And if he would aught by his sort it preve  
If that I lie, in certaine I shal fonde  
Disturbin him, and plucke him by the sleeve,  
Makin his forte, and berin him on honde, 1410  
He hath nat (wely) the Goddis undirfonde;  
For Goddis speke in amphibologies,  
And for o sothe thei tellin twenty lies;

Eke dredè fond first Goddis, I suppose;  
Thus shal I saine, and that his cowarde herte  
Made him amis the Goddis text to glose, 1410  
Whan he for ferdè out of Troie sterte;  
And but I makin him sone to converte,  
And done my rede, within a day or twey,

I wol to you obligè me to dey. <sup>for</sup>

And trewily, as writtin wel I finde,  
That al this thing was said of gode entent,  
And that her herte trewe was and kinde. <sup>u. to goe. a. k.</sup>  
Towardis him, and spake right as she ment,  
And that she starfe for wo nigh when she went,  
And was in purpose evir to be trewe, 1420  
Thus writin thei that of her werkis knewe. <sup>gestis.</sup>

This Troilus, with hert and 'eris sprad, <sup>y-</sup>  
Herde al this thing devisid to and fro; <sup>sen</sup>  
And verily it semid that he had <sup>him</sup>  
The selvin witte; but yet to let her go, <sup>self-tame u.</sup>  
His herte misforyave him evirmo;  
But finally he gan his herte wrest  
To trustin her, and toke it for the best.

For whiche the grete fury of his penaunce  
Was queint with hope, and therwith hem bitwene 1430  
Began for joyè the amorous daunce;  
And as the birdis, when the sunne shene <sup>is</sup> - <sup>bird</sup>  
Delit in ther songe, in levis grene; <sup>el</sup>  
Right so the wordis, that thei spake ifere,  
Delitin them, and made ther hertis chere. <sup>- ed</sup>

But nathèlesse, the wending of Creside  
For al this world may nat out of his minde,  
For whiche ful oft he petously her preide,  
That of her heste he might her trewe yfinde,  
And saidepher, certis if ye be unkinde, 1440 <sup>that</sup>  
And but ye come at daie set into Troie,  
Ne shal I nere have hele, honor, ne joie.

For all so sothe as sunne uprist to morow, <sup>also</sup>  
And God, so wisely thou me wofull wretche  
To rest ybring, out of this cruil sorow,  
I wol my selvin sle, if that ye dretche;  
But of my deth though litil be to retche  
Yet er that ye me causin so to smerte,  
Dwel rathir here mine ownè dere swete herte.

For trewily mine ownè lady dere, 1450  
The sleightis yet, that I have herd you stere,  
Ful shapely ben to fallin al ifere, <sup>frelin</sup>  
For thus men saith, that one thinkith the bere, <sup>u</sup>  
But al anothis thinkith the levere; <sup>at his</sup>  
Your fire is wise, and said is out of drede, <sup>soth</sup>  
Men may the wise outrenne, and nat ourrede. <sup>but</sup>

It is full harde to haltin unespied  
Before a crepil, for he can the crafte;  
Your fathir is in sleight as Argus eied, <sup>si</sup>  
For al be' it that his moyble is him birafte, 1460 <sup>u</sup>  
His oldè sleight is yet so with him laste; <sup>si</sup> <sup>ben</sup>  
Ye shal not blende him for your womanhede, <sup>if</sup>  
Ne faine aright; and that is al my drede.

I n'ot, if pece shall evirmo betide;  
But pece or no, for earnest ne for game,  
I wote sith Calchas on the Grekis side  
Hath onis ben, and lost so soule his name,  
He dare no more come here ayen for shame;  
For whiche that we, for ought I can espy, <sup>wey</sup>  
To trustin on, n'is but a fantasie. 1470

Ye shal eke sene your fathir shal you glose  
To ben a wife, and, as he can wel preche,  
He shal some Greke so prese and wel alofe, <sup>hyc</sup>  
That ravishin he shal you with his speche,  
Or dō you done by force, as he shal teche;  
And Troilus, on whom you n'il have routh, <sup>at he</sup>  
Shal causèlesse so stervin in his trowth.

And

*x Golde & olde is f. a. c.  
at a newe g.  
h*

*+ Makin his forte, and berin him on honde, or  
at morning*

*\* 1364. It will not be & god so wisely rede.  
5. My soul as ye have cause none to drede.  
- no cause to drede.*



And ore al this your fathir shal dispise  
Us al, and saine this cite is but lorne, *mis*  
And that th' assiege nevir shal arise, *1480*  
(For why the Grekis have it alle, sworne) *y-*  
Til we ben slaine, and doun our wallis toine;  
And thus he shal you with his wordis fere,  
That aie drede I, that ye wol blevin there.:

Ye shall eke sene so many' a lusty knight  
Among the Grekis, ful of worthinesse,  
And eche of 'hem, with herte, wit, and might, *9*  
To plessh' you, done al his businesse; *will*  
That ye shull dullin of the rudinesse *cal*  
Of us the sely Trojans, but if routhie *1490*  
Remordin you, or vertue of your trouthe.

And this to me so grevous is to thinke,  
That fro my brest it wol my soule rende; *the*  
Ne dredlesse in me there may nat sinke  
Of gode opinion, if that ye wende; *A*  
For why? your fathir's sleightis wol us shende;  
And if ye gone, as I have tolde you yore,  
So thinke I n'am but ded' withoutin more:

For which with humble, true and pitous hert  
A thousande timis mercie I you praie, *1500*  
So'ewith on mine aspre painis smert; *at. p. upon*  
And doth somewhat, as that I shal you faie,  
And let us stele away betwixt us twaie;  
And thinke that foly' is, whan a man maie chese,  
For accident his substaunce for to lese: *ay.*

I menè thus, that fens we mowe or daie  
Well stele awaie, and ben together so,  
What wit were it to puttin in assaie, *it*  
(In case ye shouldin to your fathir go)  
If that ye mightin come aien or no? *1510*  
Thus' mene I, that 't were a grete folie  
To put that sikirnesse in jeopardie. *our*

And vulgarly to spekin of substaunce,  
Of tresour may we bothè with us iede  
Ynough to live in honour and plesaunce,  
Untill the time, that we shall ben dede;  
And thus we may eschewin all this drede;  
For every othir waie ye can recorde,  
Mine hert iwis maie' therwith 'nat acorde.

And hardily ne dredith no poverté, *1520*  
For I have kin and frendis ellis where,  
That though we comin in our bare sherte  
Us shoulde nevir lacke ne Golde ne gere;  
But ben honourid while we dweltn there; *that*  
And go we' anone, for as in mine entent *as for*  
This is the best, if that ye wol assent.

Creseide with a sighe, right in this wise  
Answerid him, iwis my dere hert trewe,  
We maie well stele away, as ye devise, *1530*  
And findin suche unthrifty wayis newe;  
But aftirwarde ful sore it wol us rewe;  
And helpe me God so at my moste nede, *at. late*  
As causelesse ye suffrin al this drede.

For thilkè day that I for cherishing  
Or drede of fathir, or for othir wight, *at. f*  
Or for estate, delite, or for wedding, *d.*  
Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight,  
Saturnus' doughtir Juno, through her might  
As wode as Atalanta do me dwell  
Eternally in Stryx the pit of Hell. *1540*

And this, on every God celestiall  
I swere it you, and eke on eche Goddesse,

On every Nymph, and deite infernall,  
On Satyrys and Faunys more and lesse;  
That halve Goddis ben of wildirnesse;  
And Atropos my thred of life to brest,  
If I be false; now trowe me if you lest. *c*

And thou Simois, that as an arowe clere  
Through Troie' rennist 'aie downward to the Se,  
Be witnesse of this worde, that said is here; *1550 Ben*  
That thilkè day that I untrewè be  
To Troilus, mine owne hertè fre,  
That thou returne backwarde unto thy well,  
And I with bddy and soule sinke to hell. *into*

But that ye speke awaie thus for to go,  
And lettin al your frendis, God forbede  
For any woman that ye shouldin so! *do*  
And namy sens Troy hath row such nede  
Of helpe; and eke of o thing takith hede,  
If this were wiste, my life laie in balaunce, *1560*  
And your honor; God shilde us fro mischaunce.

And if so be that pece hereaftir take,  
As al daie happith astir angre game,  
Why, lorde, the sorow' and wo ye woldin make,  
That ye ne durst comin ayen for shame!  
And er that ye' jeopardin so your name  
Beth nat to hally in this hottè fare;  
For hasty man ne wantith never care.

What trowe ye the peple eke al aboute  
Would of it say? it is ful light to arede; *1570*  
Thei woldin say, and swere it out of doute,  
That love ne drave you nat to don this dede, *- 15*  
But luste voluptuous, and cowarde drede;  
Thus were 'al losse iwis, mine hertè dere,  
Your honour, whiche that now so shinith clere.

And also thinkith on mine honestè,  
That flourish yet, how foule I shoulde it shende,  
And with what filth' it spottid shoulde be, *y. p. 11*  
If in this forme I shoulde with you wende; *forth.*  
Ne though I lived unto the world's ende *1580*  
My name shoulde 't nevir ayenward winne;  
Thus were I lost, and that were routh and sinne.

And forthy, she with reson al this hete;  
Men saine, the suffraunt overcometh, pardè; *d*  
Eke who so wol have lese, he lese mote lete; *at. h. p. leaf*  
Thus makith vertue of necessite  
By pacience, and thinke that lorde is he  
Of fortune aie, that naught woll of her retch;  
And she ne dauntith no wight but a wretch.

And trustith this, that certis, hertè swete, *1590*  
Or Phæbus sustir Lucina the shene  
The Lion passeth, out of this Arite, *at. p. 12*  
I woll ben here, withoutin any wenè;  
I mene, as helpe me Juno hevin's Quene, *at. mene*  
The tenth daie, but if [that] deth me' assaile, *mis. d. at. misp. aile.*  
I woll you sene, withoutin any faile.

And now so this be sothe (qð Troilus)  
I shall well suffre unto the tenth daie, *- 1600 at. by ad.*  
Sens that I se that nede it more ben thus; *s'*  
But for the love of God, if it be maie, *1600*  
So let us stelin privily awaie,  
For evre' in one as for to live in rest,  
Mine hertè saith that it woll be the best.

O mercie God, what life is this (qð she)  
Alas! ye slez me thus for very tene,  
I se well now that ye mistrustin me,  
For by your wordis it is well ifene:  
M m m m

Now



Now for the love of Cynthia the shene  
Mistrust me nat thus causelesse for routh,  
Sens to be true I have you plight my trowth. 1610

And thinkith wel, that somtime it is wit  
To spendin a time, a time for to win,  
Ne parde lorne am I nat fro you yet,  
Though that we ben a daie or two atwin,  
Drive out tho fantasies you have within,  
And trustith me, and levith eke your sorow,  
Or here my trowth, I wol nat live til morow.

For if ye wist, how fore it doeth me smerte,  
Ye wouldè ceste of this; for, God, thou wost  
The pure spirite ywepith in mine herte. 1620  
To sene you wepin, whiche that I love most,  
And that I mote gon to the Grekis hoste;  
Ye, n'ere it that I wist a remedie  
To come ayen, right here I wouldè die.

But certis I am not so nice a wight,  
That I ne can imaginis awaie  
To come ayen that daie that I have hight;  
For who maie holden a thing that wol awaie?  
My fathir naught, for all his queintè plaie;  
And by my thrift, my wending out of Troie, 1630  
Anothir daie shall tourne us all to joie.

Forthy with all mine herte I you beseke,  
If that you list doen aught for my praie,  
And for the love, whiche that I love you eke,  
That er that I departin fro you here,  
That of so gode a comfort and a chere  
I maie you sene, that ye maie bring at rest  
Mine hertè, whiche is at the point to brest.

And ore al this I praie you (qð she tho)  
Mine ownè hert'is sothfast suffisaunce, 1640  
Sith I am thine all whole withoutin mo,  
That while that I am absent no plesaunce  
Of othir doe me fro your remembraunce,  
For I am et agast, for why? men rede,  
That love is thing aie full of busie drede.

For in this worlde there livith ladie none,  
If that ye were untrue (as God defende!)  
That so betrayid were, or wo begon  
As I, that allè trouthe in you entende; 1650  
And douteles, if that I othir wende,  
I n'ere but dedde; and er ye cause yfinde,  
For Godd'is love, so beth me naught unkinde.

To this answerid Troilus, and seide,  
Now God, to whom there n'is no cause iwrie,  
Ne glad, as wis I nevir to Creseide,  
Sithe thilkè daie I sawe her first with eye,  
Was false, ne nevir shall till that I die,  
At short wordis well ye maie me bileve,  
I can no more, it shall be founde at preve.

Graunt mercy, gode hert mine, iwis (qð she) 1660  
And, blisful Venus, let me nevir sterve,  
Er I maie stonde of plesaunce in degre  
To quite him well, that so well can deserve;  
And while that God my wit will me conserve,  
I shall so doen, so true I have you found,  
That aie honour to me ward shall rebounde.

For trustith well, that your estate roiall,  
Ne veine delite, nor onely worthinesse  
Of you in werre, or turnaie marciall,  
Ne pompe, arraie, nobley, or eke richesse, 1670  
Ne madip me to rue on your distresse;  
But morall vertue, groundid upon trowth,

That was the cause I first had on you routh.

Eke gentle hert, and manhode that ye had,  
And that ye had (as me thought) in dispite  
Every thing that sownid into bad,  
As rudenesse, and peplishe appetite, *al. peptide*  
And that your reson bridlid your delite;  
This made abovyn every creature *me*  
That I was yours, and shall while I maie dure.

And this may length of yeris nat fordoe,  
Ne remuable fortunè deface;  
But Jupiter, that of his might maie doe  
The sorowfull be glade, so yeve us grace, *to*  
Er nightis tenne, to metin in this place,  
So that it maie your herte and mine suffise;  
And fare now well, for time is that ye rise.

And aftir that thei long iplainid had,  
And oft ikist, and straite in armis folde,  
The daie gan rise, and Troilus him clad, 1690  
And rufully his Ladie gan behold *al. rufully*  
As he that felt of deth'is caris cold;  
And to her grace he gan him recommaunde,  
Where he was wo, this hold I no demaunde:

For mann'is heðde imaginin ne can,  
Ne entendement confidir, ne tongue tell,  
The cruill painis of this wofull man,  
That passin every tourment doune in hell;  
For whan he sawe that she ne might ydwell, *al. not*  
Whiche that his soule out of his body rent, 1700  
Withoutin more out of the chambre he went.

*Explicit liber quartus.*

*Incipit liber quintus.*

**A** Prochin gan the fatall destine,  
That Jovis hath in disposicioun,  
And to you angrie Parca sustrin thre, *cas. al.*  
Committith to doen execucioun;  
For whiche Creseide must out of the toun,  
And Troilus shall dwellin forth in pine,  
Till Lachesis his threde no lengir twine.

The goldin-tressid Phœbus high on loft  
Thryis had allè with his bemis clere *ne. al. shene*  
The Snowis molte, and Zephirus as oft *to*  
Ibrought ayen the tendir levis grene,  
Sens that the sonne of Hecuba the Quene  
Began to love her first, for whom his sorowe  
Was all, that she departin should amorowe.

Full redy was at primè Diomede  
Creseide unto the Grekis hoste to lede,  
For sorowe of whiche she felt her hertè blede,  
As she that ne wist what was best to rede:  
And truly, as men in bokis rede, *to more*  
Men wistè nevir woman have the care,  
Ne was so lothe out of a toun to fare.

This Troilus withoutin rede or lore,  
As man that hath his joyis eke forlore,  
Was waiting on his ladie evirmore,  
As she that was the sothfast croppe and more *al. note*  
Of all his lust or joyis heretofore; *be*  
But Troilus, now farwell all thy joie,  
For shalt thou nevir sene her eft in Troie.

Soth



Soth is, [that] while he bode in this manere  
He gan his wo full manly for to hide,  
That well unneth it sene, was in his chere;  
But at the yate there she should out-ride  
With certain folke he hovid her to abide,  
So wo bigon, all would he not him plain,  
That on his hors unneth he fate for pain.

For ire he quoke, so gan his herte gnawe  
Whan Diomede on hors gan him to dight,  
And saied unto himself this ilke sawe;  
Alas! (quod he) thus foule a wretchidnesse  
Why suffre I it? Why nill I it redresse?  
Were it nat bet at onis for to die  
Than evirmore in langour thus to drie?

Why nill I make at onis riche and pore  
To have inough to doen er that she go?  
Why nill I bring all Troie upon a rore?  
Why nill I sizen this Diomede also?  
Why nill I rathir with a man or two  
Stele her awaie? Why woll I this endure?  
Why nill I helpin to mine owne cure?

But why he n'olde doen so fell a dede,  
That shall I sain, and why him list it spare;  
He had in herte alwaie a manir drede  
Left that Creseide, in rumour of this fare,  
Should have ben slain; lo! this was al his care,  
And ellis certain, as I sayid yore,  
He had it doen, withoutin wordis more.

Creseide, whan she redy was to ride,  
Full sorowfully sighed, and saied alas!  
But forthe she more, for aught that maie betide;  
And forthe she ritte a full sobirly pase,  
There is none othir remedy in this case;  
What wondir is, though that her fore smert,  
Whan she forgoith her owne swete herte.

This Troilus in gife of curtisie  
With hauke on hond, and with an huger rout  
Of knightis, rode and did her companie,  
Ypassing all the valey, ferre without,  
And ferthir would have riddin out of doubte  
Full faine, and wo was him to gone so sone,  
But tourne he must, and it was eke so doen.

And right with that was Antenor icome  
Out of the Grekis hoste, and every wight  
Was of him glad, and saied he was welcome,  
And Troilus, all n'ere his herte light,  
He painid him with all his full might  
Him to withholde of weping at the left;  
And Antenor he kist, and made grete fest.

And therewithall he must his leve ytake,  
And cast his eye upon her pitously,  
And nere he rode, his cause for to make,  
To take her by the hond all sobirly,  
And Lorde! so she gan wepin tendirlic,  
And he full soft and slyghly gan her seie,  
Now holde your daie, and doe me not to deie.

With that his coursir tournid he about  
With face full pale, and unto Diomede  
No worde he spake, ne none of all his rout;  
Of whiche the sonne of Tydeus toke hede,  
As he that kouthè more than the crede  
In soche a craft, and by the rain her hent;  
And Troilus to Troie homwardis went.

This Diomede, that lad her by the bridell,  
Whan that he sawe the folke of Troie awaie,

Thought, all my labor shall not ben on idell,  
If that I maie, for somewhat shall I saie,  
For at the worst, it shortin maie our waie,  
I have herd saie eke timis twise twelve,  
He is a fole that woll foryete him selve.

But nathelless, this thought he well inough,  
That certainly I am aboutin naught  
If that I speke of love, or make it tough;  
For doutiless if she have in her thought  
Him that I gesse, he maie not ben ibrought  
So sone awaie; but I shall finde a mene  
That she nat yet wete shall what that I mene.

This Diomede, as he that could his gode,  
Whan this was doen, gan fallin forth in speche  
Of this and that, and askin why she stode  
In soche disese, and gan her eke befeche,  
That if that he encrefin might or eche  
With any thing herese, that she should  
Commaunde it him, and said he doen it would.

For truely he swore her as a knight  
That ther n'as thing, with which he might her plesse,  
That he n'olde doen his pain, and al his might,  
To doen it, for to doen her herte an ese;  
And prayid her she would her sorowe apese,  
And saied, iwis we Grekis can have joie  
To honour you, as well as folke of Troie.

He said eke thus, I wot you thinkith straunge,  
(No wondir is, for it is to you newe)  
Th'acquaintaunce of these Trojans for to chaunge  
For folke of Grece, which that ye nevir knewe;  
But wouldè nevir God, but if as true  
A Greke ye should among us all yfinde  
As any Trojan is, and eke as kinde.

And by the cause I swore you, lo! right now,  
To ben your frende, and help you to my might;  
And for that more acquaintaunce eke of you  
Have I had, than anothir straungir wight,  
So fro this forth I praie you daie and night  
Commaundith me, how sore so that me smerte,  
To doen all that maie like unto your herte.

And that ye me wold, as your brothir trete,  
And takith not my frendship in dispite;  
And though your sorowes ben for thingis grete,  
N'ot I nat why, but out of more respite,  
Mine hert hath for to amende it grete delite;  
And if I maie your harmis nat redresse,  
I am right forie for your heviness.

For though ye Trojans with us Grekis wroth  
Have many a daie ben; alwaie yet parde,  
O God of love, in sothe we servin bothe;  
And for the love of God, my Ladie fre,  
Whom so ye hate, as beth not wroth with me;  
For truely there can no wight you serve,  
That halfe so loth your wrathè would deserve.

And n'ere it that we ben so nere the tent  
Of Calchas, whiche that sene us bothè maie,  
I would of this you tell all mine entent;  
But this enselid, till anothir daie;  
Yeve me your honde, I am and shall be aie,  
God help me so, while that my life maie dure,  
Your owne, abovin every cature.

Thus said I n'ere er now to woman borne;  
For God mine herte as wisly glade so,  
I lovid nevir woman here beforne  
As paramour, ne nevir shall no mo;

And



And for the love of God be not my fo,  
All can I not to you, my Ladie dere,  
Complain aright, for I am yet to lere.

And wondrith nought mine ownè lady bright,  
Though that I speke of love to you thus blive;  
For I have herd or this of many' a wight,  
That lovid thing he nere saw in his live;  
Eke I am not of powir for to strive  
Ayenst the God of Love, but him obaie  
I woll alwaie, and mercie I you praie.

There beth so worthy knightis in this place,  
And ye so faire, that everiche of 'hem all  
Woll painin him to stondin in your grace;  
But might to me so faire a grace befall  
That ye me for your servaunt wouldè call,  
So lowly, ne so truily you serve  
N'll none of 'hem, as I shall till I sterve.

Creseide unto that purpose lite answerde,  
As she that was with sorowe' oppressid so,  
That in effect she naught his talis herde,  
But here and there, now here a worde or two;  
Her thought her sorowfull herte braist atwo,  
For whan she gan her fathir ferre espie,  
Well nigh doune of her hors she gan to sie.

But nathèlesse she thonkith Diomede  
Of all his travaile and his godè chere,  
And that him list his frendship to 'her bede,  
And she acceptith it in gode manere,  
And woll do fain that is him lese and dere,  
And trustin him she would, and well she might,  
As sayid she, and from her hors she' alight.

Her fathir hath her in his armis, none,  
And twentie times he kist his doughtir swete,  
And saied: o derè doughtir mine welcome;  
She saied eke, she was fain with him to mete,  
And stode forth still, mild, muet, and manfucte;  
But here I leve her with her fathir dwell,  
And forthe I woll of Troilus you tell.

To Troie is come this wofull Troilus,  
In sorowe abovin all sorowes sinert,  
With felon loke, and with face dispitous,  
Tho sodainly doune from his hors he stert,  
And through his paleyse with a swollin hert,  
To chambir went, of noth'ing toke he hede,  
Ne none to him dare speke o worde for drede.

And there his sorowes that he sparid had  
He yave an issue large, and deth he cride,  
And in his throwis, frenetike and mad,  
He cursith Jove, Apollo, and Cupide,  
He cursith Bachus, Ceres, and Cypride,  
His birthe, himself, his fate, and eke nature,  
And save his Ladie, evèry creature.

To bed he goth, and weilith there and turneth  
In furie, as doth Ixion in hell;  
And in this wise he nigh till daie sojourneth;  
But tho began his herte alite unswell  
Through teris, which that gonin up to wel;  
And pitously he cried upon Creseide,  
And to himself right thus he spake and seide;

Where is mine ownè ladie lese and dere?  
Where is her whitè brest? where is it? where?  
Where ben her armis, and her eyin clere  
That yesterdaie this timè with me were?  
Now maie I wepe alone many a tere,  
And graspe about I maie, but in this place,

Save a pilowe, I find naught to embrace.

How shall I doen? whan shall she come again?  
I n'ot alas! why let I her so go?  
As wouldè God, I had as tho be slain!  
O herte mine Creseide! O swete so!  
O Ladie mine, that I love and no mo,  
To whom for evirmore mine herte I yowe,  
Se how I die, ye n'll me not rescowe!

Who seith you now, my right lodèsterre?  
Who sittith now or stant in your presence?  
Who can comfortin now your hert'is werre?  
Now I am gon, whom ye've audience?  
Who spekith for me now in my absence?  
Alas! no wight, and that is all my care,  
For well wote'l, as ill as I ye fare.

How should I thus ten dayis full endure,  
Whan I the first night havin all this tene?  
And how shall she eke sorowfull creature  
For tendirnesse, how shall she this sustene?  
Soche wo for me! o pitous, pale, and grene  
Shall woxin ben her freshe womanly face,  
For langour, er she tourne unto this place!

And whan he fill in any slombringis,  
Anon begin he shouldè for to grone,  
And dremin of the dredfullist thingis  
That might yben; as mete he were alone  
In place horrible, making aie his mone;  
Or metin that he was emongis all  
His enemies, and in their hondis fall.

And therewithall his bodie shouldè sterte,  
And with the starte all sodainly awake,  
And soche a'tremour'fele about his herte,  
That of the fere his bodie shouldè quake;  
And therewithall he should a noise ymake;  
And semin as though he should fallin depe,  
From high aloft, and than he wouldè wepe,

And rewin on himself so pitously  
That wondir was to here his fantasie;  
Anothir time he shouldè mightily  
Comfort himself, and fain it was folie,  
So causèlesse soche drede and wo to drie;  
And eft begin his aspre sorowes newe,  
That every man might on his painis rewe.

Who could tell all aright, or full discrive  
His wo, his plaint, his langour, and his pine?  
Nat all the men that han or ben on live;  
Thou, redir, maieft thy self full well devine  
That soche a wo my wit can not define;  
On idell for to write it should I swinke,  
Whan that my wit is werie it to thinke.

On hevyn yet the steris werin fene,  
Although full pale iwoxin was the Mone,  
And whitin began the Horizon shene  
All Estwardis, as it is wont to doen,  
And Phœbus with his rosie cartè sone  
Can afir that to dresse him up to fare,  
Whan Troilus hath sent afir Pandare.

This Pandare, that of all the daie before  
Ne might have comin Troilus to se,  
Although that he on his hedde it had sworne,  
For with the King Priam al daie was he,  
So that it laie nat in his libertè  
No where to gon; but on the morowe' he went  
To Troilus, whan that he for him sent.

For



For in his herte he couldè well devine  
That Troilus all night for sorowe woke,  
And that he wouldè tell him of his pine, 290  
This knewe he well inough withoutin boke;  
For which to chambir streight the way he toke,  
And Troilus tho sobirly he grette,  
And on the bedde full sone he gan him sette.

My Pandarus (quod Troilus) the sorowe,  
Whiche that I drie, I maie not long endure;  
I trowe I shall not livin till to morowe;  
For whiche I would alwaies on avinture  
To The devisin of my sepulture  
The forme; and of my movble thou dispoñe, 300  
Right as The semith best is for to doñe.

But of the fire and flambe funèrall, *al. flammes*  
In whiche my body brennin shall to glide,  
And of the fest and playis palestrall *al. pale*  
At my vigile, I praie The take gode hede - *al. hede*  
That that be well; and offir Mars my stede,  
My swerde, mine helme; and levè brothir dere,  
My shelde to Pallas yeve, that shinith clere.

The poudre, in which min hert ibrend shal turn,  
That praie I The thou take, and it conserve 310  
In a vessell that men clepith an urne, *al. in*  
Of golde, and to my lady that I serve,  
For love of whom thus pitously I serve,  
So yeve it her; and doe me this plesauñce  
To praie her kepe it for a remembraunce.

For well I felin by my maladie,  
And by my dremis, now, and yore ago,  
All certainly, that I mote nedis die;  
The oule eke, whiche that hight Ascalapho,  
Hath astir me shright all these nightis two; 320  
And, God Merc'urie, now of me woful wretch  
The soule guide, and whan The list it fette.

Pandare answerid, and saied, Troilus,  
My derè frende, as I have told The yore,  
That it is folie for to sorowen thus,  
And causelesse, for whiche I can no more,  
But who so woll not trowin rede ne lore,  
I can not sene in him no remedie,  
But let him worchin with his fantasie.

But Troilus, I praie The tell me now, 330  
If that thou trowe er this that any wight  
Hath lovid paramours as well as thou;  
Ye God wor, and fro many' a worthie knight  
Hath his Ladie forgon a fourtènight,  
And he nat yet made halvindele the fare;  
What nede is The to makin all this care?

Sens daie by daie thou maicst thy selvin se,  
That from his love, or ellis from his wife  
A man mote twinnin of necessite,  
Ye, though he love her as his ownè life; 340  
Yet n'ill he with himself thus makin strife;  
For well thou wost, my levè brothir dere,  
That alwaie frendis maie not ben ifere.

How doen this folke, that sene ther lovis wedded  
By frendis might, as it betideth oft,  
And sene hem in ther sponsis bedde ibedded?  
God wote thei take it wisely faire and soft;  
For why? gode hope halt up ther herte aloft;  
And for thei can a time of sorowe endure,  
As time hem hurtith, a time doeth hem cure. 350  
*al. time will hem cure.*  
So shouldist thou endure, and lettin slide  
The time, and fondè to ben glad and light;

Tenne dayis n'is not so long to abide;  
And sens she to comin The hath behight *al. she has to come again the night, al. behight.*  
She n'ill her hest brekin for any wight;  
For drede The nat, that she n'ill finde a waie *al. but she will.*  
To come ayen, my life that durst I laie.

Thy swevines eke, and all soche fantasie  
Drive out, and let hem farin to mischaunce;  
For thei procede of thy melancolie, 360  
That doeth The fele in slepe all this penaunce;  
A strawe for all swevenis signifaunce;  
God helpe me so, I coumpt hem not a bene;  
There wot no man aright what dremis mene.

For prestis of the temple te'llin this  
That dremis ben the revelacions  
Of Goddis, and als well thei tell iwis *al. and*  
That thei ben infernalte illusions;  
And Lechis saine, that of complections  
Procedin thei, of fast, or glotonie; 370  
Who wot in sothe thus what thei signifie?

Eke othir sain, that through impressiõs,  
As if a wight hath tast a thing in minde,  
That thereof comith soche avisiõs;  
And othir sam, as thei in bokis finde,  
That astir timis of the yere by kinde  
Men dreme, and that th' effect goth by the mone;  
But leve no dreme, for it is nat to doñe. *al. leve*

Well worth of dremis aie these oldè wives,  
And truly eke augurie of these foulis, 380  
For fere of which men wens, lese ther lives;  
As ravin's qualm, or schriching of these oulis,  
To trowin on it, bothè false and foule is;  
Alas! alas! that so noble a creature  
As is a man, should dredin soche ordure.

For whiche with all mine hert I The beseeche  
Unto tui self that all this thou foryeve,  
And rise now up, withoutin morè speche,  
And let us cast how forth maie best be drive,  
The time, and eke how fleshly we maie live, 390  
Whan the comith, the which shall be right sone;  
God helpe me so, the best is thus to doñe.

Rise, let us speke of lustie life in Troie  
That we have lid, and forth the timè drive,  
And eke of timè coming us rejoice,  
That bringin shall our blisc, now so blive,  
And langour of these twise dayis five  
We shall therwith so for, or oppresse,  
That well unnethe it doen shall his durese.

This tounè is full of lordis all about, 400  
And truis lastith all this menè while,  
Go we play n us in so ne lustie rout,  
To Sarpèdon, not hannis but a mile; *al. half*  
And thus thou shalt the timè well begile,  
And drive it forth unto that blisfull morowe,  
That thou her se, that cause is of thy sorowe.

Now rise my derè brothir Troilus;  
For certis it non honour is to The  
To wepe, and in thy bedde to roukin thus;  
For truly of o thing trust to me, 410  
If thou thus ligge, a daie, or two or thre,  
The folke wol wene, that thou for cowardise  
The fainist sick, and that thou darst not rise.

This Troilus answerde; o brothir dere,  
This knowin tolke that have istrid pain, *al. endured.*  
That though he wepe, and make sorowfull chere, *al. very ch.*  
That felith harme and sinerte in every vain,  
N n n n No



No wondir is; and though I evir plain,  
Or alwaie wepe, I am nothing to blame,  
Sens I have lost the cause of al my game.

420

But sithins of fine force I mote arise,  
I shall arise, as sone as er I maie,  
And God, to whom mine herte I sacrifice,  
So sende us hastily the tennith daie,  
For was there nevir foule so faine of Maie,  
As I shall ben, whan she comith in Troie,  
That cause is of my tourment and my joie.

But whiſir is thy rede (qð Troilus)  
That we maie plaie us best in all this toun?  
By God, my counsaile is (qð Pandarus)  
To ride and plaie us with King Sarpedoun.  
So long of this thei spekin up and down,  
Till Troilus gan at the last assent  
To rise, and forth to Sarpedon thei went.

430

This Sarpedon, as he that honourable  
Was all his live, and full of hie prowesse,  
With all that might iservid ben on table,  
That deintē was, all coste it grete richesse,  
He fedde hem daie by daie, that soche noblesse,  
As saidin bothe the moſte and eke the leſt,  
Was nēre er that daie wiſte at any feſt.

440

Nor in this worlde there is none instrument  
Delicious, through winde, or touch on corde,  
As ferre as any wight hath er iwent,  
That tonge tell, or hertē maie recorde,  
But at that feſt, it was well herd acorde;  
Ne' of Ladies eke so faire a companie  
On daunce, er tho was never sene with eye.

450

But what availith this to Troilus  
That for his sorowe nothing of it rought;  
But evir in one his hertē pitous  
Full busily Creſeide his Ladie sought;  
On her was evir all that his herte thought;  
Now this, now that so fast imagining,  
That gladin' iwis can him no festing.

These Ladies eke, that at this festē bene,  
Sens that he sawe his Ladie was awaie,  
It was his sorowe on hem for to sene,  
Or for to here on instrumentis plaie;  
For she that of his hert berith the kaie  
Was absent; lo! this was his fantasie,  
That no wight shouldē makin melodie.

460

Nor there n'as hour in all the daie or night,  
Whan he was there as no man might him here,  
That he ne saied, o lovesome Ladie bright,  
How have ye farin sins that ye were there?  
Welcome iwis, mine ownē ladie dere;  
But welawaie! all this n'as but a mafe,  
Fortune his love entendid but to glafe.

470

The lettirs eke, that she of oldē time  
Had him isent, he would alone ſrede  
An hundrid siſhe atwixtin none and prime;  
Refiguring her shape, and womanhede  
Within his hert; and every worde and dede,  
That passid was; and thus he drove to an ende  
The ferthē day, and thennis wolde he wende.

480

And saidē levē brothir Pandarus,  
Intendist thou that we shall here byleve  
Til Sarpedon wol forth conveyin us?  
Yet were it fairir that we toke our leve;  
For Godd'is love, let us now sone at eve  
Our levē take, and homwarde let us tourne;

For trewely I n'il nat thus sojourne.

Pandare answerid, be we comin hither  
To fetchin fire, and rennin home again?  
God helpe me so, I can nat tellin whither  
We mightin gone, if I shal sothly faine,  
There any wight is of us morē faine  
Than Sarpedon, and if we hennis hie  
Thus sodainly, I holde it vilanie;

490

Sith that we seydin we wouldin byleve  
With him a wekē, and now thus sodainly  
The ferthē day to take of him our leve,  
He wouldē wondrin on it trewely;  
Let us holde forth our purpose fermely;  
And sents that ye behightin him to abide,  
Holde forward now, and aftir let us ride.

This Pandarus with mochil pine and wo  
Made him to dwel; and at the wek'is ende  
Of Sarpedon thei toke ther leve to go;  
And on ther way they spedin hem to wende:  
(Qð Troilus) now lorde me grace sende  
That I maie findin at mine home-comming  
Creſeide comin, and therwith gan he sing:

Ye halif wode; thought ywis Pandare,  
And to him selfe ful softly he seide,  
God wote refroidin may this hottē fare  
Er Calcas sendē Troilus Creſeide;  
But nathēlesse he japid thus, and seide,  
And swore iwis, his hert him wel behight  
She wouldin come, as sone as er she might.

Whan thei unto the paleis were icomen  
Of Troilus, thei doun of horse alight,  
And to the chambre ther waie have thei nommen,  
And unto time that it gan to night  
Thei spekin of Creſeide the lady bright;  
And aftir this, whan that hem bothe leſte,  
Thei spedē hem fro the suppir unto rest.

On morow' as sone as day began to clere  
This Troilus gan of his slepe to abreide,  
And to Pandarus his owne brothir dere,  
For love of God ful pitously he seide,  
As go we sene the paleis of Creſeide,  
For sents we yet maie have none othir feſt,  
So let us sene her paleis at the leſt!

And therwithall his meinē for to blende  
A cause he fonde into the toun to go;  
And to Creſeid's paleis thei gon wende;  
But lorde! this fely Troilus was wo,  
Him thought his sorouful hert braſt atwo,  
For when he saw her doris sperrid all,  
Wel nigh for sorow' adoun he gan to fall.

Therwith when he was ware, and gan behold  
How shet was every window of the place,  
As froſt him thought his hert began to cold;  
For whiche with chaungid dedly palē face  
Withoutin worde he forth by gan to pace;  
And as God would, he gan so fast to ride,  
That no wight of his countinaunce aspide.

Than saide he thus: O paleis desolate,  
O house of housis whilom best ydight,  
O paleis empty and disconsolate,  
O thou lanterne, of which queint is the light,  
O paleis whilom day, that now art night,  
Wel oughtist thou to fal, and I to die,  
Sens she is went, that wont was us to gie.

O paleis



O paleis whilom croune of housis al,  
Enluminid with sunne of allè blisse;  
O ring, of whiche the rubie is out fall, *al. yf-*  
O cause of wo, that cause hast ben of blisse; 550  
Yet sens I may no bet, faine would I kilte  
Thy coldè doris, durst I for this route, *al. if I d.*  
And farwel shrine, of whiche the faint is out.

Therwith he cast on Pandarus his eie  
With chaungid face, and pitous to beholde;  
And whan he might his time aright aspie,  
Aie as he rode, to Pandarus he tolde  
His newe sorow, and eke his joyis olde,  
So pētously, and with so ded<sup>e</sup> a<sup>n</sup> hewe  
That every wight might on his sorow rewe. 560

Fro thennis forth he ridith up and doune,  
And every thing came him to remembrance,  
As he rode forth by placis of the toun  
In whiche he whilom had all his plesaunce;  
Lo! yondir saw I mine owne lady daunce;  
And in that temple with her eyin clere  
Me captive caught first my right lady dere.

And yondir have I herde ful lustily  
My dere hert Creseide laugh; and yondir plaie  
Sawe I her onis eke ful blisfully, *al. desirly.* 570  
And yondir onis to me gan she saie,  
Now gode swete, lovith me wel I you praye;  
And yonde so godely gan she me beholde,  
That to the deth mine hert is to her holde:

And at the cornir in the yondir house  
Herde I mine aldirlevist lady dere  
So womanly with voice melodious  
Singin so wel, so godely and so clere,  
That in my soule yet me thinkith I here  
The blisful sowne; and in that yondir place 580  
My lady first me toke unto her grace.

Than thought he thus; o blisful lorde Cupide,  
Whan I the processe have in memorie  
How thou me hast weried on every side,  
Men might a boke make of it like a storie;  
What nede is the to seke on me victorie,  
Sens I am thine, and wholly at thy will, *all.*  
What joy hast thou thine owne folke to spill?

Wel hast thou, lorde, iwroke on me thine ire,  
Thou mighty God, and dredful for to greve, 590  
Now mercy, lorde, thou wost wel I desire  
Thy grace moste, of allè lustis leve,  
And live and die I wol in thy beleve; *al. is. al. that.*  
For whiche I ne aske in guerdon but a bone,  
That thou Creseide aien me sende sone.

Distrainin her hert as fast to returne,  
As thou doest mine to longin her to se,  
Than wote I wel that she n'il nat sojourne; *long*  
Now blisful lorde, so cruil thou ne be  
Unto the blode of Troie, I praie the, *al. to* 600  
As Juno was unto the blode Thebane,  
For whiche the folke of Thebis caught ther bane.

And aftir this he to the yatis wente,  
Ther as Creseide but rode, a full gode paas;  
And up and down there made he many a wente,  
And to him selfe ful oft he said alas!  
Fro hennis rode my blisse and my solas;  
As wouldè blisful God now for his joie  
I might her sene ayencomin to Troie.

And to the yondir hil I gan her gide,  
Alas! and there I toke of her my leve,

And yonde I sawe her to her fathir ride,  
For sorow of whiche mine hert shal to cleve, *al. to*  
And hithir home I came whan it was eve,  
And here I dwel, out cast from allè joie,  
And shal, til I maie sene her este in Troie.

And of him selfe imaginid he, ofte  
To ben defaite<sup>d</sup> pale, and woxin lesse  
Than he was wonte, and that men saidin softe  
What may it be? who can the sothè geile 620  
Why Troilus hath al this heviness?  
And al this n'as but his melancolie,  
That he had of him selfe fuche fantasie.

Anothir time imaginin he would  
That every wight that went by the wey  
Had of him routhe, and that thei fainè should,  
I am right sory, Troilus wol dey:  
And thus he drove a daie yet forth or twey,  
As ye have herde; fuche life gan he to lede  
As he that stode betwixin hope and drede. 630

For which him likid in his songis shewe  
Th' enchefon of his wo, as he best might;  
And made a songe, of wordis but a fewe,  
Somwhat his wofull hertè for to light;  
And whan he was from every mann's sight,  
With softè voice he of his lady dere,  
That absent was, gan sing, as ye maie here.

O sterre, of whiche I lost have all the light,  
With hertè fore wel ought I to bewaile  
That evir derke in turment, night by night, 640  
Towarde my deth with winde I stere and saile; *al. al. sterre. 2. sa.*  
For whiche the tennith night, if that I faile *al. al. the tennith night.*  
The giding of thy bemis bright an houre, *al. al. the tennith night.*  
My ship and me Carybdis woll devour.

This songè when he thus songin had, sone *al. had the songin.*  
He fil aien into his sighis olde,  
And every night, as was his wont to done, *al. he was*  
He stode the bright monè to beholde,  
And al his sorowe he to the mone tolde; *al. to the mone he tolde.*  
And said, iwis whan thou art hornid newe, 650  
I shal be glad, if al the world be trewe.

I saw thine hornis olde eke by that morow *al.*  
Whan hennis rode my bright lady dere, *al. that from h.*  
That cause is of my turment and my sorow;  
For whiche, o bright Lucina the clere,  
For love of God ren fast about thy sphere;  
For whan thine hornis newe ginnin to spring *al. begin*  
Than shal she come that maie my blisse bring.

The daie is more, and lengir every night  
Than thei ben wont to be, him thoughtè tho; 660  
And that the sunnè went his course unright *al. eke*  
By lengir waie than it was wonte to go;  
And said, iwis I drede me evir mo *al. me. drede. al.*  
The sunnè's sonne Phaeton be on live, *al. yet*  
And that his fathir's carre amisse he drive.

Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,  
And on the Grekis host he would yfe,  
And to him selfe right thus he would ytalke:  
Lo! yondir is mine owne lady fre; *al. my. l. lady. 2. 1. 1.*  
Or ellis yondir, there the tentis be; 670  
And thence comith this ayre that is so sore,  
That in my soule I fele it doth me bore.

And hardily this winde, that more and more  
Thus stoundemele encrefith in my face,  
Is of my ladies depè sighis sore; *al. lady the do. 2. 1. al. lady the do. 2. 1.*  
I preve it thus, for in none othir space



Of al this toun, save onely in this place,  
Fele I no winde, that sounith so like paine;  
It saith, alas! why twiñid be we twaine?

This longè time he drivith forth right thus, 680  
Til fully passid was the ninthè night;  
And aie beside him was this Pandarus,  
That besily did allè his full might  
Him to comfort, and make his hertè light;  
Yeving him hope alway the tenthè morow - *nt* -  
That she shal comen, and stintin al his sorow.

Upon that othir side eke was Creseide  
With women fewe, among the Grekis strong;  
For whiche ful oft a day, alas! she seide,  
That I was borne, wel maie mine hertè long 690  
Aftir my deth; for now live I to long,  
Alas! and I ne may it hot amende;  
For now is worfe than evir yet I wende.

My father n'il for nothing do me grace  
To gone ayen, for aught I can him quemes;  
And it so be, that I my termè pace,  
My Troilus [alas!] shal in his hertè deme  
That I am false, and so it maie wel seme;  
Thus shal I have unthonke on every side;  
That I was borne so welaway the tide! 700

And if that I me put in jeopardie  
To stele awaie by night, and it befall  
That I be caught, I shal be holde a spie;  
Or ellis lo! this drede I most of al,  
If in the hondis of some wretche I fal  
In'am but lost, al be mine hertè trewe;  
Now mighty God, thou on my sorow rewe.

Ful pale iwoxin was her brightè face,  
Her limmis lene, as she that al the daie  
Stode whan she durst, and lokid on the place 710  
There she was borne, and she had dwellid aye, *st. there she dwellid*  
And al the night weping alas! she laie;  
And thus dispeirid out of allè cure  
She lad her life, this sorowfull creature. *st. sorowfull*

Ful oft a daie she sighed eke for distresse;  
And in her selfe she went aie purtraying  
Of Troilus the grete worthinesse,  
And al his godely wordis recording, *st. ac-*  
Sens first that daie her love began to spring,  
And thus she sette her wofull hert afire 720  
Through remembraunce of that she gan desire.

In all this world there n'is so cruil hert  
That her had herd complainin in her sorow,  
That n'old have wepin for her painis smert;  
So tenderly she wept, both eve and morow,  
Her nedid not no teris for to borow;  
And this was yet the worst of all her paine,  
Ther was no wight, to whom she durst complaine.

Ful rewfully she lokid upon Troie,  
Behelde the Touris high, and eke the Hallis; 730  
Alas! (q's she) the plesaunce and the joie,  
The whiche that now al turnid into gal is,  
Have I had oft within yondir wallis;  
O Troilus, what doest thou now, she seide?  
Lord, whethir thou yet think upon Creseide!

Alas! that I ne had trowid on your lore,  
And went with you, as ye me redde er this,  
Than had I now not sighid halfe so sore,  
Who might have said, that I had don amis  
To stele awaie with suche one as he is? 740  
But al to late comith the lectuarie,

Whan men the corse unto the grave carie:

To late is now to speke of that matere;  
Prudence, alas! one of thine eyin thre  
Me lackid alway, er that I came here;  
For on time passid wel remembrid me, *past J. 20.*  
And present time eke coude I wel yse;  
But future time, er I was in the snare,  
Could I not sene, that causith now my care.

But nathèlesse, betide what may betide, 750  
I shal to morow' at night, by est or west,  
Out of this hoste stele, on some manir side, *st. by*  
And gon with Troilus, where as him left;  
This purpose wol I holde, and this is best;  
No force of wickid tongis jonglerie; *st. a*  
For er on love have wretchis had Envie:

For who so wol of every worde take hede,  
Or rusht him by every wight's wit, *self*  
Ne shal he nevir thrivin out of drede;  
For that that some men blamin ever yet, 760  
Lo! othir manir folke commendin it;  
And as for me, for al suche variaunce,  
Felicite clepe I my suffisaunce.

For whiche, withoutin any wordis mo,  
To Troie I wol, as for conclusioun;  
But God it wote, er fully monthis two,  
She was ful ferre fro that entencioun;  
For bothè Troilus and Troie toun  
Shall knotelesse thorought her hertè slide; *st. through out*  
For she wol take a purpose (for) to abide. *st. to abide, to abide.* 770

This Diomede, of whom I you tel gan,  
Goth now within himselfe aie arguing,  
With al the sleight and al that er he can,  
How he maie best, with shortist taryng,  
Into his nette Creseid's herte bring;  
To this entent he couthe nevir fine, *st. a*  
To fishin her, he laide out hoke and line.

But nathèlesse, wel in his hert he thought  
That she n'as nat without a love in a roie;  
For nevir sithin he her thennis brought 780  
Ne couthe he sene her laugh, or makin joie;  
He n'ist how best her hert for to acore;  
But for t'asley, he said nought it ne greveth; *st. ne*  
For he that naught assayith, naught atcheve:h. *st. chee.*

Yet said he to him selfe upon a night,  
Now am I nat a sole, that wote wel howe  
Her wo'is, for love of anothir wight, *st. knight*  
And herupon to gon assaie her now?  
I maie well were it n'il nat ben my prowé;  
For wise folke in bokis it expresse; *st. these.* 790  
Men shal nat worwe a wight in hevinesse.

But who so might ywinnin suche a flouré  
Fro him, for whom she mournith night and daie,  
He might wel saine he were a conqueroure;  
And right anone, as he that bold was aie,  
Thought in his hert, happin what happin may, *st. happy man*  
Al should I die, I wol her hertè seche;  
I shal no more lesin but my speche. *own.*

This Diomede, as bokis us declare,  
Was in his nedis prest and coragous, 800  
With sternè voice, and mighty limmis square,  
Hardy and testife, strong, and chevairous,  
Of dedis like his fathir Tydeus;  
And some men saine, he was of tongè large,  
And heire he was of Calydon and Aige.  
*st. lord.*

Creseide



Creseide<sup>me</sup> ywas of her stature;  
Therto of shape, of face, and eke of chere  
There ne mightin ben no fairir creature;  
And ofin timis this was her manere  
To gone itressid with her heris clere 810  
Doune by her colere, at her backe behinde,  
Which with a threde of gold she wouldè binde.

And save<sup>her</sup> browis joynedin ifere,  
There n'as no lacke, in aught I can espie;  
But for to spekin of her eyin clere,  
Lo! truly thei writtin that her feien,  
That paradys stode formid in her cien;  
And with her richè beautè evirmore  
Strove love in her, aie which of hem was more.

She sobre was, simple, and wise withall,  
The best inorishid eke that might be;  
And godely of her speche in generall,  
Charitable, estately, lusty, and fre;  
Ne nevirmore ne lackid her pitè  
Tendreherid, and sliding of corage;  
But truly I can nat tel her age.

And Troilus wel woxin was in hight,  
And complete, formid by proporcioun  
So wel, that kinde it naught amending might,  
Yong, fresh, and strong, and hardy as Lioun, 830  
And trewe as stele, in eche condicioun,  
One of the best enterchid creature  
That is or shal, while that the world maie dure.

And certainly in story it is fonde  
That Troilus was nevir to no wight,  
As in his time, in no degre seconde,  
In daring do, that longith to a knight;  
Al might a Giaunt passin him of might,  
His hert aie with the first and with the best  
Stode peregall to dare done what him lest. 840

But for to tellin forth of Diomede,  
It fly, that astir on the the tennith daie  
Sens that Creseide out of the cite yede,  
This Diomede, as fresh as braunche in Maie,  
Came to the tentè there as Calchas laie,  
And fainid him with Calchas have to done;  
But what he mente, I shal you tellin sone.

Creseide, at shorte wordis for to tel,  
Welcomid him, and down him by her sette;  
And he was ethe inough to makin dwel; 850  
And afir this, withoutin longe lette,  
The spicis and the wine men forth hem sette;  
And forthe thei speke of this and that ifere,  
As frendis done, of whiche some shal ye here.

He gan first fallin of the warre in speche  
Betwixin them and the folke of Troie toun,  
And of th' assiege he gan eke her beteche  
To tellin him what was her opinioun;  
Fro that demaunde he so descendith down  
To askin her, if that her straungè thought 860  
The Grekis gife, and werkis that thei wrought:

And why her fathir taryith so long  
To weddin her unto some worthy wight;  
Creseide, that was in her painis strong  
For love of Troilus her ownè knight,  
So ferforth as she conning had or might,  
Answerde him tho; but as of his entente  
It semid that she ne wist what he mente.

But nathèlesse this ilkè Diomede  
Gan on him selfe assure, and thus he seide; 870

If I aright have takin on you hede,  
Me thinkith thus, o lady mine Creseide,  
That sens I first hond on your bridil leide,  
When I out came of Troie by the morow,  
Ne might I nevir sene you but in sorow.

I can nat saine what maie the cause be,  
But if for love of some Trojan it were,  
The whiche right fore wouldin athinkin me,  
That ye for any wight that dwellith there  
Shuldin yspil a quartir of a tere, 880  
Or pitously your selvin so begile;  
For dredèlesse it is nat worth the while.

The folke of Troie, as who saith al and some,  
In prison ben, as ye your selvin se,  
Fro thennis shal nat one on live come,  
For al the Golde atwixin sunne and se;  
Trustith wel this, and understondith me,  
There shal nat one to mercy gone on live,  
Al were he Lord of worldis twis five.

Such wrech on them for fetchin of Heleine 890  
There shal be take, er that we hennis wende,  
That Manes, whiche that Goddis ben of peine,  
Shal ben agast that Grekis wol hem shende;  
And men shal drede unto the world's ende  
Fro hennis forthe to ravish any Quene;  
So cruel shal our wreche on them be tene.

And but if Calchas led us with ambages,  
That is to saine, with double wordis slic,  
Suche as men clepen a word with two visages,  
Ye shal wel knowin that I do nat lie, 900  
And al this thing right sene it with your eie,  
And that anon ye n'il nat trowe how sone;  
Now takith hede, for it is for to done.

What wenin ye that your wise fathir would  
Have yevin Antenor for you anon,  
If he ne wist that the cite should  
Distroyid ben? why may? so mote I gone,  
He knew ful wel there shal nat scapin one;  
That Trojan is; and for the gretè fere  
He durst nat that ye dwellid lengir there. 910

What wol ye more, o lovesome lady dere?  
Let Troie and Trojans fro your herte passe,  
Drive out the bittir hope, and make gode chere,  
And clepe ayen the beautè of your face,  
That ye with saltè teris so deface;  
For Troie is brought in such a jeopardie  
That it to save is now no remedie.

And thinkith wel, ye shal in Grekis finde  
A love more parfite, er that it be night,  
Than any Trojan is, and more kinde,  
And bet to servin you wol don his might; 920  
And if that ye vouchsafe my lady bright,  
I wol ben he, to servin you my selve,  
Ye levir than be lorde of Grekis twelve.

And with that word he gan to waxin red;  
And in his speche a litil while he quoke,  
And cast aside a litil with his hed,  
And stente a while, and afirwarde he woke,  
And sobrelly on her he threwe his loke;  
And said, I am, al be it to you no joie, 930  
As gentle a man, as any wight in Troie.

For if my fathir Tydeus, he seide,  
Ilivid had, tho I had ben er this  
Of Calidony and Arge a king, Creseide,  
And so hope I that I shal yet iwis;  
O o o o But



But he was slaine (alas!) the more harm is,  
Unhappily at Thebis al to rathe;  
Polynices, and many' a man to scathe.

But hertè mine, siche that I am your man,  
And ye ben the first, of whom I seeke grace, 940  
To servin you as hertely as I can,  
And evir shal while I to live have space,  
So that, 'er I depart out of this place,  
Ye wol me grauntin that I maie to morow  
At bettir laisir tel you of my sorow.

What should I tell his wordis that he seide?  
He spake inough for o daie at the mest;  
It previth wel he spake so, that Creseide  
Grauntid on the morow at his request  
Forthy to spekin with him at the leste; 950  
So that he n'olde spekin of suche matere;  
And thus she to him said, as ye mowe here.

As she that had her hert on Troilus  
So fast yset, that none might it arace;  
And straungely she spake, and seide thus:  
O Diomede, I love that ilke place  
There I was borne; and Jovis of thy grace  
Delivre' it sone of al that doth it care;  
God for thy might so leye it wel to fare;

That Grekis wold ther wrath on Troyè wreke, 960  
If that thei might, I know it wel iwis;  
But it shal naught befallin as ye speke,  
And God toforne; and farthir ovir this,  
I wote my fathir wife and redy is,  
And that he me hath bought, as ye me tolde,  
So dere; I am to him the more yholde.

That Grekis ben of high condicioun  
I wote eke well; but certaine men shall finde  
As worthy folkè within Troie toun,  
As conning, as parsite, and eke as kinde, 970  
As ben betwixtin Orcades and Inde;  
And that ye couldin wel your lady serve  
I trowe eke wel, her thonke for to deserve.

But as to speke of love, iwis she seide,  
I had a lorde, to whom I weddid was,  
The whose mine hert was al til that he deide; *until*  
And othir love, as helpe me now Pallas,  
There in mine hert ne is, ne nevir was;  
And that ye ben of noble' and high kinrede  
I have wel herde it tellin out of drede. 980

And that doth me to have so gret a wonder  
That ye wol scornin any woman so;  
Eke God wote, love and I ben fer asonder,  
I am disposid bet, so mote I go,  
Unto my deth to plaine and makin wo;  
What I shal astir done, I can nat saie,  
But truly as yet me liste nat plaie. *th. 1/2*

Mine hert is now in tribulacioun,  
And ye in armis, besy daie by daie; *ben*  
Hereastir when ye wonnin have the toun, 990  
Paravintur than so it happin maie  
That whan I se that I nevir ere saie; *yet never, 1/2*  
Than wol I werke that I nevir ere wrought;  
This word to you inough suffisin ought.

To morow eke wol I speke with you faine,  
So that ye touchin nought of this matere;  
And whan you list, ye maie come here againe;  
And er ye gon thus muche I saie you here,  
As helpe me Pallas with her heris clere,  
Yf that I should of any Greke have routh, 1000

It should *gbe* your selvin by my trouthe.

I saie nat therfore that I wol you love,  
Ne saie nat naie, but in conclusioun,  
I menè wel by God that sit above;  
And therwithal she cast her eyin down,  
And gan to sigh, and saide O Troyè toun,  
Yet bidde I God, in quiet and in rest  
I maie The fene or do mine hertè brest.

But in effeete, and shortely for to saie;  
This Diomede al freshly newe againe 1010  
Gan pressin on, and fast her mercy praie;  
And astir this, the sothè for to faine,  
Her glove he toke, of which he was ful faine;  
And finally, whan it was woxin eve,  
And al was wel, he rose and toke his leve.

The bright Venus solowid and aie taught  
The waie there brode Phœbus doune alight,  
And Cytherea her chare-horse o'r raught  
To whirle into the Lioun, if she might,  
And Signifer his candils shewith bright, 1020  
Whan that Creseide unto her bed wente, *al. rest.*  
Within her fathir's faire brighte tente,

Retourning in her soule aie up and down  
The wordis of this fodaine Diomede,  
His gret estate, and peril of the toun,  
And that she was alone, and haddè nede *brode*  
Of frendis helpe; and thus began to drede *al. cause.*  
The causis why, the sothè for to tell,  
That she toke fully purpose for to dwell.

The morow came, and gostly for to speke 1030  
This Diomede is come unto Creseide,  
And shortly, lest that ye my talè breke,  
So wel he for himselfin spake and seide,  
That al her sighis sore adoun he leide,  
And finally, the sothè for to faine,  
He rest her of the grete of alle her pain.

And astir this, the story tellith us  
That she unto him yave the faire baie stede,  
The whiche she onis wan of Troilus, *al. had*  
And eke a broche (and that was litil nede) 1040  
That Troilus was, she yave this Diomede;  
And eke the bet from sorowe him to releve  
She made him were a pence of her fleve.

I finde eke in the story ellis where,  
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede  
Of Troilus, tho wepte she many' a tere,  
Whan that she saw his widè woundis blede,  
And that she toke to kepin him gode hede;  
And for to helpi him of his woundes smerte, *al. 1/2*  
Men faine, I n'ot, that she yave him her herte.

But truly the story tellith us, *therewithal.*  
There madin nevir woman more wo  
Than she, whan that she falsid Troilus;  
She saide, alas! for now, is clene ago  
My name in trouthe of love for evirmo;  
For I have falsid one the gentillest  
That ever was, and one the worthiest. *al. 1/2*

Alas! of me unto the world's ende  
Shall neithir ben iwritin or ifong, *al. never* 1060  
No gode worde; for these bokis woll me shende;  
Irollid shall I ben on many' a tong; *al. it*  
Throughout the world my bell shall be yrong;  
And women moste woll hatin me of all;  
Alas, that soche a caas me should befall!



Thei woll fain, in as moche as in me is,  
I have 'hem doen dishonour, welawaie!  
All be I not the first that did amis,  
What helpith that, to doen my blame awaie?  
But sens I se there is no bettir waie,  
And that to late is now for me to rue,  
To Diomedé I woll algate be true. 1070

But, Troilus, sens I no bettir maie,  
And sens that thus departin ye and I,  
Yet praie I God so yeve you right gode daie,  
As for the gentillist knight, truely  
That er I sawe, to servin faithfully,  
And best can aie his ladie's honour kepe,  
(And with that worde she braist anon to wepe)

And certis you ne hatin shall I never,  
And frend's love that shall ye have of me, 1080  
And my gode worde, all shoud I livin ever,  
And truely I would right forie be  
For to fein you in adversite, *al. To se y. in my ado.*  
And gilitesse I wot well I you leve;  
And all shall passe, and thus take I my leve.

But truely how long it was bitwene  
That she forsoke him for this Diomedé,  
There is none auethour tellith it, I wene;  
Take every man now to his bokis hede,  
He shall no termé findin, out of drede; 1090  
For though that he began to wowe her sone,  
Er he her wan yet was there more to done.

Ne me ne list this felie woman chide,  
Ferthir than that the storie woll devise;  
Her name alas is publishid so wide,  
That for her gilt it ought inough suffise;  
And if I might excuse her in some wise,  
For she so forie was for her untrouthe,  
Iwis I would excuse her yet for routhe.

This Troilus, as I before have told, 1100  
Thus drivith forth, as wel as he, hath might;  
But oftin was his herte hore and cold,  
And namily that ilke ninithe night,  
Whiche on the morowe she had him behight,  
To come ayen, God wote full little rest  
Had he that night; nothing to slepe him left.

The laurir-crownid Phoebus with his herte  
Gan in his course, aie upward as he went,  
To warmé of the Est se the wavis were,  
And Circe's doughtir song, with freshe entent, 1110  
Whan Troilus his Pandaré aftir sent;  
And on the wallis of the tounne thei pleide,  
To loke if thei can sene aught of Creseide,

Till it was none thei stodin for to se  
Who that there came; and every manir wight;  
That came fro ferre, thei saidin it was she,  
Till that thei couldin knowin him aright; 1120  
Now was his herte dull, now was it light;  
And thus bejapid stodin for to stare  
About naught, this Troilus and Pandaré.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seide,  
For aught I wot, before none skirly  
Into this tounne ne comith not Creseide;  
She hath inough to doin, hardily *there*  
To twinnin from her fathir, so trowe I;  
Her oldé fathir woll yet make her dine  
Er that she go, God yeve his herte pine.

Pandare answerd, it maie well ben certain,  
And forthy let us dine, I The besече;

And aftir none than maist thou come again; 1130  
And home thei go, withoutin more speche;  
And comin ayen; but long maie thei seche  
Er that thei findin that thei aftir gape;  
Fortune 'hem bothe ythinkith for to jape.

(Q<sup>d</sup> Troilus) I se well now that she  
Is taryid with her old fathir so,  
That er she come it woll nigh evin be,  
Come forthe, I woll unto the yate go,  
These portirs ben unkonning evirmo,  
And I woll doen 'hem' holdin up the yate, 1140 *al. holde open & holden ope.*  
As naught ne were, although she comin late.

The daie goth fast, and aftir that came eve,  
And yet came nat to Troilus Creseide;  
He lokith forth by hedge, by tre, by greve,  
And ferre his hekke ovir the wall he leide; *al. out of*  
And at the last he tournid him, and seide,  
By God I wote her mening now, Pandaré;  
Almoste iwis all newe was all my care.

Now doutilef; this Ladie can her gode;  
I wote she comith riding privily; 1150 *al. meneth riding, al. ladden*  
I commendin her wisdome by mine hode,  
She woll nat makin, peple nicily *al. the*  
Gauce on her whan she cometh; but softily *al. the*  
By night into the tounne she thinkith ride;  
And dere brothir, thinke nat long to abide;  
*al. the*

We have naught ellis for to doen iwis,  
And Pandarus, now wilt thou throwin me,  
Have here my trouthe, I se her, yond she is,  
Heve up thine eyin, man, maist thou nat se?  
Pandaré answerid, naie so mote I The; 1160 *t*  
All wrong by God, what saist thou man? wher art?  
That I se yonde asarre n'is but a carte.

Alas! thou saiest right sothe (q<sup>d</sup> Troilus)  
But hardly it is not all for nought  
That in mine herte I now rejoice thus,  
It is ayenst some gode; I have a thought,  
N'ot I nat how, but sens that I was wrought  
Ne felt I soche a comfort dare I saie;  
She cometh to night, my life that durst I lay.

Pandaré answerde, it maie be well inough, 1170  
And helde with him of all that er he saied,  
But in his herte he thought, and soft he lough,  
And to himself full sobirly he saied,  
From hasilwodde, there joly Robin plaied,  
Shall come all that that thou abidist here,  
Ye, farwell all the snowe of ferné yere. *al. farryore.*

The Wardein of the yatis gan to call  
The folke, which that without the yatis were,  
And badde 'hem drivin in ther bestis all,  
Or all the night thei must bylevin there;  
And ferre within the night, with many' a tere, 1180  
This Troilus gan homward for to ride,  
For well he seeth it helpith nat to abide. *al. it*

But nathelless he gladdid him in this, *al. the*  
He thought he misaccomptid had his daie;  
And saied, I underlande have all amis;  
For thiike night I last Creseide saie, *al. the*  
She saied I shall ben here, if that I maie,  
Er that the Mone, O my dere herte swete,  
The Lion passe out of this Ariete.

For whiche she maie yet hold' all her behest; 1190  
And on the morowe to the yate he went,  
And up and doune, by West and eke by Est,  
Upon the wallis made he many' a went;

But

1162. *al. That the yonder n'is but a fare cart.*  
*al. ... yonde n'is but a sorry cart.*



نہیں

- mid -

1210

there

1220

1230

*Hydr.*

1240

1250

write at your ad.

As

Will you withdraw your horse & leave from me!



As oft as mattir occupyth place,  
Me recommaunde unto your noble grace.

Likith it you to wetin, swetè herte,  
As ye well knowin, how long time agon  
That ye me left in aspre painis smerte,  
Whan that ye wentin, of whiche yet bore non  
Have I now had, but evir worse bigon  
Fro daie to daie am I, and so mote dwell,  
While it you list, of wele and wo my well.

For whiche to you, with dredefull hertè true 1330  
I write, as he that sorowe driveth to write,  
My wo, that every houre encrefith newe,  
Complaining as I dare, or can endite,  
And that defacid is, that maie ye wite  
The teris, which that from mine eyin rain,  
That wuldin speke, if that thei durst, and plain.

You first besече I, <sup>with I coude complaine.</sup> that your eyin clere  
To loke on this defoulid ye nat hold; <sup>al. Unfold.</sup>  
And ore all this, that ye, my ladie dere,  
Woll vouchsafin this lettir to behold; 1340  
And by the cause eke of my caris cold,  
That flæth my wit, if aught amis me sterre,  
Foryevith it me, mine owne swetè herte.

If any servaunt durst or ought of right  
Upon his ladie pitoussly complain,  
Than wene I that I ought to be that wight,  
Confidrid this, that ye these monthis twain  
Have taried, there ye faldin/sothe to fain)  
But tenne dayis ye n'olde in hoste sojourne;  
But in two monethis yet ye not retourne. 1350

But for as moche, as me mote nedis like  
All that you list, I dare nat plainin more;  
But humbly with sorowfull sighis fike,  
You write I mine unrestie sorowes fore;  
Fro daie to daie desiring evirmore  
To knowin fully, if your will it were,  
How ye have fared and don, while ye be there.

The whose welfare and hele eke God encrese  
In honour soche, that upward in degre  
It growe alwaie, so that it nevir cese, 1360  
Right as your herte aie can, my ladie fre,  
Devise, I praie to God so mote it be;  
And graunt it, that ye' sone upon me rewe,  
As wisely as in all I' am to you true.

And if you likith knowin of the fare  
Of me, whose wo there maie no wight disrive;  
I can no more, but chest of every care, -e./  
At writing of this lettir I' am on live; <sup>was</sup>  
All redy out my wofull ghost to drive,  
Whiche I delaie, and holde him yetin honde 1370  
Upon the sight of mattir of your sonde.

Mine eyin two, in vain with whiche I se,  
Of sorowfull teres salt arn woxin wellis,  
My song in plaint of mine adversitè,  
My gode in harme, mine ese eke woxin hel is,  
My joie in wo, I can sey now nought ellis, <sup>al. you.</sup>  
But tournid is, for whiche my life I warie,  
Evèry joie or ese in his contrarie.

Which with your coming home ayen to Troy  
Ye maie redresse, and more a thousande fith, 1380  
Than er I had, encreffin in me joie,  
For was there nevir hertè yet so blithe  
To have his life, as I shall ben as swithe  
As I you se, and though no manir routh  
Can mevin you, yet thinkith on your trouthe.

And if so be my gilt hath deth deserved,  
Or if you list no more upon me se,  
In guerdon yet of that I have you served,  
Besече I you, mine owne ladie fre, <sup>herte;</sup>  
That hereupon ye woulidin write to me, 1390  
For love of Jovis, my right lodè sterre, <sup>al. sterre.</sup>  
That deth maie make an ende of al my werre. <sup>werre.</sup>

If othir cause aught doeth you for to dwel,  
That with your lettir ye me recomfort;  
For though to me your absence is an hell, <sup>the</sup>  
With pacience I woll my wo comfort, <sup>al. comfort, support.</sup>  
And with your lettir of hope I woll disport;  
Now writith, swete, and let me thus nat plain;  
With hope or deth deliverith me fro pain.

Iwis mine owne derè hertè true 1400  
I wote that whan ye next upon me se,  
So lost have I mine hele, and eke mine hewe,  
Creseide shall not conne tho knowin me;  
Iwis, mine hert's daie, my ladie fre,  
So thurstith aie mine hertè to behold  
Your beauté, that unneth my life I hold.

I saie no more, all have I for to sey  
To you well more than that I tellin maie,  
But whethir that ye doe me live or dey,  
Yet praie I God, so yeve you right gode daie, 1410  
And farith well, thou godely faire freshe Maie,  
As ye that life or deth me maie commaunde,  
And to your trouth aie I me recommaunde,

With helè soche, that but ye yevin me  
The famin hele, I shall non hele yhave;  
In you lieth, whan you list that it so be,  
The daie, in whiche me clothin shall my grave;  
And in you my life, in you might to save  
Me fro difese of all my painis smerte;  
And farith now wele, myne own dere swete herte. 1420  
[Le vostre T.]

This lettir forthe was sent unto Creseide,  
Of whiche her answee in effect was this;  
Full pitoussly she wrote ayen, and seide,  
That all so sone as she might iwis <sup>al. as she might.</sup>  
She would come, and amende that was amis;  
And finally she wrote and sayd then, <sup>al. then.</sup>  
She would ycome; ye, but she n'ist not when. <sup>al.</sup>

But in her lettir madin she soche festes,  
That wondir was, and swore she loved him best;  
Of whiche he found but boromles bihelles; 1430  
But, Troilus, thou maiest now Est and West <sup>al. or</sup>  
Pipe in an Ivie lese, if that The lest;  
Thus goth the world, God shild us fro mischaunce,  
And every wight that menith trouth avaunce.

Encreffin gan the wo fro daie to night  
Of Troilus, for taryng of Creseide,  
And lessin gan his hope and eke his might,  
For whiche al down he in his bedde him leide,  
He ne'ete, dronke, ne slept, ne worde seide; <sup>al. no</sup>  
Imagining aie that she was unkinde; 1440  
For which well nigh he wext out of his mind.

This dreame, of which I told have eke beforne, <sup>al. beforne.</sup>  
Maie nevir come out of his remembraunce;  
He thought aie well he had his ladie lorn,  
And that Jovis, of his hie purveiaunce,  
Him shewed had in slepe the signifaunce  
Of her untrouth, and his disavinture,  
And that the bore was shewed him in figure.

For whiche he for Sibylle his listir sent  
P P P P

That



That callid was Cassandre' eke all about, 1450  
 And all his dreame he told her er he stent,  
 And her besought assoilin him the doubt  
 Of the strong Bore, with all his tuskis stour;  
 And finally, within a litil stounde,  
 'Cassandra him gan thus his dreame expound.

She gan first smile, and said, O brothir dere,  
 If thou a sothe of this desirest to knowe,  
 Thou must a fewe of oldè stories here;  
 To purpose, how that fortune ovirthrowe 1460  
 Hath lordis old, through which within a throwe  
 Thou shalt this Bore well know, and of what kinde  
 He comin is, as men in bokis finde.

Diana, whiche that wrothe was and in ire,  
 For Grekis n'olde doin her Sacrifice,  
 Ne encens on her Altar set on fire,  
 She, for that Grekis gon her so dispise,  
 Ywrake her in a wondir cruill wise;  
 For with a Bore as grete as oxe in stall  
 She made up-frete ther corne and vinis all.

To flea the Bore was all the countrie reised, 1470  
 Emongis whiche there came this Bore to se,  
 A maid, one of this worlde the best ipraised;  
 And Meleager, lorde of that countrè,  
 He lovid so this freshe maidin fre,  
 That with his manhode, er he wouldè stent  
 This Bore he slough, and her the hed he sent.

Of whiche, as oldè bokis tellin us,  
 There rose a conteke and a grete envie;  
 And of this Lorde discendid Tydeus 1480  
 By ligne, or ellis oldè bokis lie;  
 But how this Meleager gan to die  
 Thorough his mothir, woll I you not tell,  
 For all to long it werin for to dwell.

She tolde eke how Tydeus, er she stent,  
 Unto the strongè citè of Thebes  
 (To claimin kingdome of the citè) went,  
 For his felawe dan Polynices;  
 Of whiche the brothir dan Eteocles  
 Full wrongfully of Thebis held the strength;  
 This tolde she by processe all by length. 1490

She tolde eke how Hemonides astarte,  
 Whan Tydeus slough fiftie knightis stoute;  
 She tolde eke all the Prophecies by herte,  
 And how that seven kingis with ther rout  
 Besiegedin the citè all aboute;  
 And of the holie Serpent, and the well,  
 And of the furies, all she gan him tell.

*Associat profugus Tydeus primo Polynicem,  
 Tydea legatum docet, insidiasque secundus,  
 Tertius Harmoniden cauit, & vatem latitantem,  
 Quartus habet Reges ineuntes praelia septem,  
 Lemniadum Furia quinto narrantur, & angues,  
 Archemori bustum sexto, ludique leguntur,  
 Dat Thebis vatem Graiorum septimus umbris,  
 Octavo cecidit Tydeus, spes, vita Pelasgum,  
 Hippomedon nono moritur cum Parthenopao,  
 Fulmine percussus decimo Capaneus superatur,  
 Undecimo sese perimunt per vulnera fratres,  
 Argivum fletum narrat duodenus, & ignem.*

Of Archinorie's burying, and the plaies,  
 And how Amphiaras fill through the grounde;  
 How Tydeus was slain, lorde of Argeies; 1500  
 And how Hipome'don in a litil stounde  
 Was dreint; and dedde Parthenope of wound;  
 And also how Capaneus the proude

With thonder-dint was slain, that cryid loude.

She gan eke tell him, how that eithir brother;  
 Eteocles and Polynice also,  
 At a scarmishe eche of 'hem slough the other;  
 And of Argivis weping and 'ther mo; *her wo.*  
 And how the toun was brent, she told eke tho;  
 And tho discendid doune from jettis old 1510 *so*  
 To Diomede, and thus she spake and told:

This ilkè Bore betokenith Diomede  
 Tydeus sonne, that doune discendid is  
 Fro Mele'ager, that made the Bore to blede;  
 And thy Ladie, where so she be iwis,  
 This Diomede her herte hath, and she his;  
 Wepe if thou wolt, or leve, for out of dout  
 This Diomede is in, and thou art out.

Thou faiest nat sothe (qð he) thou forcereffe,  
 With all thy falsè ghost of Prophecies; 1520  
 Thou wenist ben a grete devincreffe,  
 Now seest thou nat this sole of fantasie  
 Painin her upon ladies for to lie;  
 Awaie (qð he) there Jovis yeve The sorowe,  
 Thou shalt be fals para'vntyre er to morow. *...*

As well thou mightist lien on gode Alceste,  
 That was of all ceturis (but men lie) *a*  
 That evir weris, kindist and the beste; *the*  
 For whan her husbonde was in jeopardie  
 To die himself, but if she wouldè die, 1530  
 She chese for him to die, and gon to hell,  
 And starfe anon, as us the bokis tell.

Cassandre goeth, and he with cruill herte  
 Foryate his wo, for angre of her speche;  
 And fro his bedde all sodainly he sterte,  
 As though all whole him had imade a leche;  
 And daie by daie he gan enquire and feche  
 A sothe of this, with all his besy cure,  
 And thus he drivith forth the his avinture.

Fortune, whiche that the permutacion 1540  
 Of all thinges hath, as it is her committed  
 Through purveiaunce and disposicion  
 Of high Jove, as reignis shall ben yflitted  
 Fro folk to folk, or whan thei shal ben smitted,  
 Gan pull awaie the fethirs bright of Troie  
 Fro daie to daie, till thei ben bare of joie.

Emong all this, the fine of the' jeopardie *perodie*  
 Of Hector gan approchin wondir blive;  
 The fatis would his soule should unbodie,  
 And shapin had a mene it out to drive; 1550  
 Ayenst whiche fate him helpith not to strive;  
 But on a daie to fightin gan he wende,  
 At whiche alas! he caught his liv'is ende. *...*

For whiche me thinkith every manir wight,  
 That hauntith armis, oughtin to bewaile  
 The deth of him that was so noble' a knight;  
 For as he drough a king by th' aventail  
 Unware of this, Achilles through the maile  
 And through the bodie gan him for to rive;  
 And thus the worthy knight was rest of live. 1560

For whom, as oldè bokis tellin us,  
 Was made soch wo, that tong it maie nat tel,  
 And namily the sorowe' of Troilus,  
 That next him was of worthinesse the well,  
 And in this wo gan Troilus to dwell,  
 That what for sorowe, love, and for unrest,  
 Full oft a daie he had his herte brest. *b.*

But



But nathèlesse, though he gon him dispaire,  
And drede aie that his ladie was untrue;  
Yet aie on her his hertè gan repaire, 1570  
And as these lovirs doen, he fought aie newe  
To get ayen Creseidè bright of hewe;  
And in his herte he went her excusing,  
That Calchas causid all her tarying.

And oftin time he was in purpose grete  
Him selvin like a pilgrim to disgise, "  
To fene her; but he maie not counterfete,  
To ben unknowen of folke that werin wise,  
Ne finde excuse aright that maie suffice, 1580  
If he among the Grèkis knowin were;  
For whichè he wept full oft many a tere.

To her he wrote yet oftin time all newe  
Full pitoussly, he left it nat for slouthè)  
Beseching her, fithins that he was true  
That she would come ayen and hold her trouth:  
For whichè Creseide upon a daie for routh,  
(I take it so) touching all this mattere  
Wrote him ayen, and saied as ye maie here.

Cupid's sonne, ensample of godelihede,  
O swerde of knighthode, fours of gentilnesse, 1590  
How might a wight in turment and in drede  
And helelesse you sendin, as yet gladnesse?  
I hertilese, I sicke, I in distresse,  
Sens ye with me, nor I with you maie dele,  
You neithir sende I maie ne herte ne hele.

Your lettirs full the papir all iplainted "  
Commevid havin myne hert's pite;  
I have eke senè with teris all depainted "  
Your lettir, and how ye requirist me "  
To come ayen, whichè yet ne maie not be: 1600  
But why, lest that this lettir foundin were,  
No mencion ne make I now for fere.

Grevous to me (God wote) is your unrest,  
Your hast, and that the Goddis ordinaunce  
It semith nat ye take it for the best;  
Nor othir thing n'is in your remembraunce,  
As thinkith me, but onely your plesaunce;  
But beth nat wroth, and that I you beseeche;  
For that I tarie' is all for wickid speche.

For I have herd well more than I wend 1610  
Touching us two, how thingis have istond,  
Whiche I shall with dissimuling amende;  
And beth not wroth; I have eke undirstond  
How ye ne doe but holdin me in honde;  
But now no force, I can nat in you gesse  
But allè trouthè and allè gentilnesse. "  
at. B. a. b. c. d. e. f. g. h. i. j. k. l. m. n. o. p. q. r. s. t. u. v. w. x. y. z.

Comin I woll, but yet in soche disjoints  
I stond as now, that what yere, or what daie  
That this shall be, that can I nat appointe; "  
But in effect I praie you as I maie 1620  
Of your gode worde, and of your frendship aie;  
For truly, while that my life maie dure,  
As for a frende ye maie in me assure.

Yet praie I you no evill ye ne take  
That it is short, whichè that I to you write;  
I dare nat there I am well lettirs make,  
Ne nevir yet ne could I well endite;  
Eke grete effect men writin in place lite;  
Th'entent is all, and nat the lettirs space,  
And farith well, God have you in his grace. 1630  
[Le vostre C.]

This Troilus thought this lettir al straunge

Whan he it sawe, and so'roufully he sight,  
Him thought it like a kalendes of eschaunge; "  
But finally he ful ne trowin might  
That she ne would him holdin that she high;  
For with ful evill wil liste him to leve,  
That lovith wel, in such case, though him greve.

But nathèlesse, men sain that at the last  
For any thing men shal the sothe se; 1640  
And suchè a case betide, and that as fast,  
That Troilus wel understode that she  
N'as nat so kinde, as that her ought to be;  
And finally he wote now out of dout  
That al is lost, that he hath ben about.

Stode on a daie in his melancolie  
This Troilus, and in suspectioun  
Of her, for whom he wenid for to die,  
And so besil, that throughout Troie town  
As was the gife, iborne was up and down  
A manir cote armoure, as saithe the storie, 1650  
Before Deiphobe, in signe of his victorie. "

The whichè cote, as tellith Lollus, "  
Deiphobe; it had yrente fro Diomede "  
The samè daie, and when this Troilus  
It sawe, he gan to takin of it hede,  
Avising of the length and of the brede, "  
And al the werke; but as he gan beholde,  
Ful sodainly his herte began to colde;

As he that on the coler sonde within  
A broche, that he Creseidè yave at morow 1660  
That she from Troie toun must nedis twin,  
In remembraunce of him, and of his sorow;  
And she him laide ayen her faith to borow  
To kepe it aie; but now ful wel he wist  
His lady n'as no longir on to trift. "

He goyth him home, and gan ful sonè sende  
For Pandarus; and al this newè chaunce  
And of this broch he tolde him orde and end;  
Complaining of her hert's variaunce,  
His longè love, his trouth, and his penaunce; 1670  
And aftir deth withoutin wordis more  
Ful fast he cried, his rest him to restore.

Than spake he thus, O lady mine Creseide,  
Where is your faith, and where is your behest?  
Where is your love? where is your trouth? he seide,  
O Diomede, have ye now al this fest?  
Alas! I would have trowid at the lest,  
That sens ye n'olde in trouthè to me stonde,  
That ye thus n'olde have holdin me in honde.

Who shal now trowen on any othis mo? 1680  
Alas! I never would have wende er this  
That ye, Creseide, coulde have chaungid so;  
Ne but I had agilte, and done amis,  
So cruel wende I nat your herte iwis  
To flee me thus; alas! your name of trouthè  
Is now fordone, and that is al my routhe.

Was there none othir broche you list to lere  
To fesse with your newè love? (q' he)  
But thilke broche that I with teris wete  
You yave, as for a remembraunce of me? 1690  
None other cause (alas!) ne haddin ye  
But for dispite; and eke for that ye mente  
All uttirly to shewin your entente;

Through which I se, that clene out of your minde  
Ye have me cast, and I ne can nor maie  
For al this world within mine herte finde

To'



To uniovin<sup>g</sup> you a quartir of a daie;  
In curtid time I bo. ne was, welawaie!  
That you that done me all this wo endure;  
Yet love I the best of any creature. 1700

Now God (q<sup>x</sup> he) <sup>me</sup> sendin yet the grace  
That I maie metin with this Diomedes;  
And truly, if I have might and space,  
Yet shal I make I hope his tidis blide;  
Now God (q<sup>x</sup> he) that aughtist takin hede  
To forthrin trouthe, and wrongis to punice,  
Why n<sup>t</sup> it thou don a vengeance of this vice?

O Pandarus, that in drem<sup>s</sup> for to triste  
Me blam d hast, and wonte ait oft upbreide; <sup>to</sup>  
Now maist thou sene thy selfe, if that The list, 1710  
How trewe is now thy nece bright Creseide;  
In fondry formis (God it wote) he seide,  
The Goddis shewin bothe joie and tene  
In slepe, and by my dreame it is now sene. <sup>al. yf</sup>

And certainly, withoutin more speche  
From hennis forth, as ferforth as I maie,  
Mine owne deth in armis wol I seche,  
I ne reche nat how sonè be the daie;  
But trewily Creseide, swete Maie,  
Whom I have ay with al my might iserved, 1720  
That ye thus done, I have it nat deserved.

This Pandarus, that at these thingis herde,  
And wiste wel that he said a sothe of this,  
He nat a worde ayen to him answerde,  
For fory of his fren<sup>d</sup>'s sorow' he is,  
And shamid for his nece hath done amis;  
And stante astonied of these causis twaie  
As til as stonè; o worde ne coude he saie.

But at the last thus he yspake, and seide,  
My brothir dere, I may do The no more; 1730  
What should I saie? I hate iwis Creseide,  
And God (it) wote I wol hate her ex-more; <sup>ever</sup>  
And that thou me besoughtist don of yore, <sup>to</sup>  
Having unto mine honour ne my reffe  
Right no regarde, I did al that The leste.

Yf I did aught, which that might likin The,  
It is me lefe, and of this treson now  
God wote that it a sorow is to me;  
And dredelisse, for hert's ese of you,  
Right faine I would amende it, wilt I how; 1740  
And fro this world almighty God I praie,  
Delivir her sene, I can no more saie.

Great was the woe and plaint of Troilus,  
But forthe her course fortune aie gan to holde,  
Creseide lovith the sonne of Tydeus,  
And Troilus mote wepe in caris colde;  
Such is this worlde, who so it can beholde,  
In eche estate is litill hert's reffe,  
God leve us to takin it for the beste. <sup>al.</sup>

In many cruil bataile out of drede 1750  
Of Troilus this ilke noble knight,  
(As men maie in these oldè bokis rede)  
Was sene his knighthod, and his grete might;  
And dredelisse his ire daie and night  
Ful cruilly the Grekis aie abought;  
And alwaie most this Diomed he fought.

And oftin timis I finde that thei mette  
With bloody strokis, and with wordis grete,  
Aflaying how ther speris werin whette, <sup>y-</sup>  
And God it wote, with many' a cruil hete 1760  
Gan Troilus upon his helme to bete,

But nathè'esse, fortune it naught ne would  
Of eithir's honde that eithir dyin should.

And if I had itakin for to write  
The armis of this ilke worthy man,  
Than would I of his battailis endite;  
But for that I to writin first began  
Of his love, I have saidin as I can:  
His worthy dedis, who so liste 'hem here,  
Rede Dares; he can tel 'hem al ifere. 1770

Beseching every lady bright of hewe,  
And every gentil woman, what she be,  
Al be it that Creseide was untrewé,  
That for that gilt ye be nat wroth with me;  
Ye maie her gilde in othir bokis se;  
And glad<sup>ly</sup> I would writin if you leste, <sup>gladly</sup>  
Of Penelope's trouthe, and gode Alceste.

Ne saie I nat this <sup>she</sup> only for men;  
But most for women that betrayid be <sup>al</sup>  
Through fals folke, God yeve 'hem sorow, Amen, 1780  
That with ther grete witte and subtilte  
Betrayin you; and this comewith me, <sup>al</sup>  
To speke, and in effecte you al I praie,  
Beth warc of men, and herkenith what I saie.

Go litil boke, go litill tragedie;  
There God my makir yet er that I die  
So sende me might to make some comedie;  
But litill boke, make thou The none envie;  
But subject ben unto al poesie;  
And kisse the steppes, wher as thou seist pace 1790  
[Of] Virgil, Ovide, Homer, Lucan, Stace. <sup>al. yf</sup>

And for there is so grete diversite  
In English, and in writing of our tonge,  
So praie [l] to God, that none miswrite The, <sup>al</sup>  
Ne The misse-metre, for defaute of tonge;  
And redde where so thou be, or ellis songe,  
That thou be undirfonde God I beseche;  
But yet to purpose of my rathir speche;

The wrathe, as I began you for to seie,  
Of Troilus the Grekis boughtin dere, 1800  
For thousandis his hondis madin deye, <sup>al</sup>  
As he that was withoutin any pere,  
Save in his time Hector, as I can here;  
But welawaie! (save onely Godd's wil)  
Dispitously him slough the fierse Achill.

And whan that he was slain in this manere,  
His lightè goste ful blisfully is went  
Up to the holownesse of the seventh sphere, <sup>ly-</sup>  
In his place leting everiche element; <sup>counted</sup>  
And there he lawe, with ful avisement, 1810  
The erratike sterres, herkening harmonie,  
With sownis ful of hevins melodie. <sup>ly-</sup>

And down from thennis fast he gan avise <sup>first</sup>  
This litil spotte of erth, that with the se  
Enbracid is, and fully gan dispise  
This wretchid world, and helde al vanite  
In respecte of the plaine felicitè <sup>sync</sup>  
That is in heven above; and at the last  
There he was slaine his loking down he cast.

And in him selfe he lough right at the wo 1820  
Of them that weptin for his dethe so fast;  
And dampnid all our werkes, that foloweth so  
The blindè lust, which that ne may nat last, <sup>al</sup>  
And shuldin al our herte on hevin cast; <sup>that</sup>  
And forthe he went, shortly for to tell,  
There as Mercury sortid him to dwel.



Suche fine hath lo! this Troilus for love,  
 Suche fine hath all his grete worthinesse,  
 Suche fine hath his estate royal above,  
 Suche fine his lust, such fine hath his noblesse, 1830  
 Suche fine hath this false world's brotilnesse,  
 And thus began his loving of Creseide,  
 As I have tolde, and in this wise he deide.

O yonge and freshe folkis, he or she,  
 In whiche that love up growith with your age,  
 Repairith home from worldely vanite,  
 And of your hertes up castith the visage  
 To thilke God, that aftir his image  
 You made, and thinkith al n'is but a faire,  
 This world that passith sone, as flouris faire: 1840

And lovith him, the whiche that right for love  
 Upon a crosse, our soulis for to bey,  
 First starfe and rose, and sit in heaven above,  
 For he n'il fallin no wight, dare I sey,  
 That wol his hert al wholly on him ley,  
 And sens he best to love is, and most meke,  
 What nedith fainid lovis for to seke? 1850

Lo! here of painims cursid olde rites!  
 Lo! here what al ther goddis maie availe!  
 Lo! here this wretchid world's appetites! 1850  
 Lo! here the fine and guerdon for travaile  
 Of Jove, Apollo, Mars, and such raskaille!  
 Lo! here the forme of olde clerkis speche.  
 In poetrie, if ye ther bokis seche!


O moral Gower, this boke I directe  
 To The, and to the Philosophicall Strode,  
 To vouchsafe there nede is for to correcte  
 Of your benignities and zelis gode;  
 And to the forthfast Christ, that starfe on rode,  
 With al mine hert of mercy er I praie, 1860  
 And to the sorde right thus I speke and saie,

Thou one and two, and thre, eterne on live,  
 That raignist aie in thre, and two, and one,  
 Uncircumscript, and all maist circumscribe,  
 From visible and invisible sone  
 Defende us in thy mercy everichone;  
 So make us, Jesus, to thy mercy digne,  
 For love of maide and mothir thine benigne.

Thus endeth the fift boke, and last of TROILUS.

Here foloweth the piteful and dolorous Testament of faire CRESEIDE.

The Author of the Testament of CRESEIDE, which might pass for the sixth Book of this Story, I have been informed by Sir James Eriskin, late Earl of Kelly, and diverse aged Scholars of the Scottish Nation, was one Mr. Robert Henderson, chief Schoolmaster of Dumferlin, a little time before Chaucer was first printed, and dedicated to King Henry VIII, by Mr. Thynne, which was near the end of his Reign. Mr. Henderson wittily observing that Chaucer in his fifth Book had related the Death of Troilus, but made no mention what became of Creseide; he learnedly takes upon him in a fine Poetical way to expresse the Punishment and End due to a false unconstant Whore, which commonly terminates in extream Misery.

 Doly seson till a carefull dite  
 Should coresponde, and be equivalent,  
 Right so it was, whan I began to write  
 This tragedy, the we'ir right fervent,  
 Whan Aries in middis of the lent  
 Showris of haile gan fro the North discende,  
 That scantly fro the cold I might me defende.

Yet nerthelesse within mine orature  
 I stode, whan Titan had his bemis bright  
 Withdrawin down, and scylid undir cure, 10  
 And faire Venus, the beaute of the night,  
 Upraise, and sette unto the Weste ful right  
 Her goldin face, in oppositioun  
 Of God Phæbus directe descending down.

Throughout the glasse her bemis brast so faire,  
 That I might se on every side me by,  
 The northrin winde hath purified the aire,  
 And shedde his misty cloudis fro the skie,  
 The froste fresid, the blastis bittirly  
 Fro pole Artike came whisking loud and still, 20  
 And causid me remove ayenst my will.

For I trustid that Venus, lov'is quene,  
 To whom somtime I hight obedience,

My fadid hert of love she would make grene,  
 And therupon with humble reverence  
 I thought to praie her hie magnificence,  
 But for grete colde as than I lettid was,  
 And in my chambre to the fire gan pas.

Though love be hore, yet in a man of age  
 It kindlith nat so sone as in youthed, 30  
 Of whom the blode is flowing in a rage,  
 And in the olde the corage dul and ded,  
 Of whiche the fire outwarde is best remed,  
 To helpe by pynlike wher that nature failed  
 I am experte, for bothe I have assailed.

I made the fire and bekid me aboute,  
 Than toke I drinke my spirites to comforte,  
 And armid me wel fro the colde theroute,  
 To cutte the wintir night and make it shorte  
 I toke a quere, and leste al othir sporte, 40  
 Writin by worthy Chaucer glorious,  
 Of faire Creseide, and lusty Troilus.

And there I founde aftir that Diomede  
 Recevid had that lady bright of hewe,  
 How Troilus nere out of his witte abrede,  
 And wept full sore, with visage pale of hewe,  
 Q q q q For



For which wanhope his teris gan renewe  
 While Esperus rejoyfid him againe,  
 Thus while in joie he lived, and while in paine.

Of her beheft he had grete comforting, 50  
 Trusting to Troie that she wold make retour,  
 Whiche he desired most of al erthly thing,  
 For why? she was his onely paramour;  
 But whan he sawe passid both day and hour  
 Of her gaincome, in sorowe gan oppresse  
 His woful herte, in care and hevinesse.

Of his distresse me nedith nat reherse,  
 For worthy Chaucer in that samè boke  
 In godely termis, and in joly verse 60  
 Compilid hath his caris, who will loke;  
 To breke my slepe anothir quere I toke,  
 In which I founde the fatal destiny  
 Of faire Creseide, which endid wretchidly.

Who wote if all that Chaucer wrate was trewe?  
 Nor I wote nat if this narracion  
 Be authorisid, or forgid of the newe,  
 Of some Poete by his invencion  
 Made to reporte the lamentacion  
 And wofull ende of this lusty Creseide,  
 And what distresse she was in, or she deide. 70

Whan Diomedes had al his appetite  
 And more fulfillid of this faire lady  
 Upon anothir sette was his delite,  
 And sende to her a libel repudy,  
 And her excludid fro his company,  
 Than desolate she walkid up and down,  
 As some men faine, in the courte as commune.

O faire Creseide, the flour and a per fe,  
 Of Troie and Grece, how were thou fortunate, 80  
 To chaunge in filthe al thy feminite,  
 And be with fleschly lust so maculate,  
 And go among the Grekes erly and late  
 So giglotlike, taking thy foule plesaunce!  
 I have pite The should fall suche mischaunce.

Yet nerthelasse, what er men deme or say  
 In scornfull langage of thy brutillnesse,  
 I shall excuse, as ferforth as I may,  
 Thy womanhed, thy wisdom, and fairnesse,  
 The which fortune hath put to suche distresse  
 As her plesid, and nothing through the gylte 90  
 Of The, through wickid langage to be spilt.

This faire lady on this wise destitute  
 Of al comforte and consolatioun,  
 Right prively without felowship or refute  
 Dishevelid, passid out of the toun  
 A mile or two unto a mansioun  
 Bildid ful gaie, wher her fathir Calchas,  
 Which than among the Grekis dwelling was.

Whan her he saw, the cause he gan enquire 100  
 Of her comming, she said sighing ful fore,  
 For Diomedes had gottin his desire  
 He woxe wery, and would of me no more.  
 Qd Calchas, doughtir, wepe thou nat therfore,  
 Paraventure al comith for the best,  
 Welcome, to me thou art ful dere a gest.

This olde Calchas, astir the lawe was tho,  
 Was kepir of the temple as a preste,  
 In whiche Venus and her sonne Cupido  
 Were honourid, and his chambre was nest,  
 To which Creseide with bale enewed in brest 100  
 Ufid to passe, her prayirs for to saie,

While at the last upon a solempne daie  
 As custome was, the peple ferre and nere,  
 Before the none, unto the temple went,  
 With sacrifice devout in ther manere,  
 But stil Creseide, hevy in her entent,  
 Into the Church would nat her self present,  
 For giving of the peple any deming  
 Of her expulse fro Diomedes the King,

But passid into a secrete oratore, 120  
 Where she might wepe her wofull destiny,  
 Behinde her backe she closid fast the dore,  
 And on her kneis bare fel down in hie,  
 Upon Venus and Cupide angirly  
 She cryid out, and sayid in this wise,  
 Alas that er I made you sacrifice!

Ye gave me ones a divine responsaile,  
 That I should be the flour of love in Troie,  
 Now am I made an unworthy outwaile,  
 And al in care translatid is my joie, 130  
 Who shal me gide? who shal me now convoie,  
 Sithe I fro Diomedes, and noble Troilus  
 Am clene excluded, abject, odious?

O false Cupide, none is to wite but thou,  
 And the mothir of love, that blinde goddace,  
 Ye caused me undirstande alwaie and trow  
 The fede of love was sowin on my face,  
 And aie grewe grene thorough your sope grace,  
 But now alas! that fede with frost is flaine,  
 And I fro lovirs leste, and all forlaine. 140

Whan this was said, down in an extasy  
 Ravished in spirite in a dreame she fel,  
 And by apparaunce herde where she did lie  
 Cupide the King tinging a sivil bel,  
 Which men might here fro hevin into hel,  
 At whose sounde before Cupido aperes  
 The seven planets disceding fro the spheres,

Whiche hath powir of al thing generable,  
 To rule and stee by their gret influence  
 Weðir and winde, and course variable, 150  
 And first of al Saturne gave his sentence,  
 Whiche gave to Cupide litil reverence,  
 But as a boistous chorle in his manere  
 Came crabbidly with austreine loke and chere.

His face frounsid, his lere was like the lede,  
 His tethe chatterid, and shivered with the chin,  
 His eyin drouped whole sonkin in his hede,  
 Out at his nose the mildrop fast gan rin,  
 With lippis blew, and chekis lene and thin,  
 The liseickils, that fro his heer doune honge, 160  
 Was wondir grete, and as a spere as longe.

Attour his belte his liart lockis laie  
 Feltrid unfaire, or fret with frostis hore,  
 His garment and his gite ful gay of graie,  
 His wiðrid wede fro him the winde out wore,  
 A boustous bowe within his honde he bore,  
 Undir his girdle a fashe of felone flains  
 Feðrid with ise, and hedid with holstains.

Than Jupiter right faire and amiable, 170  
 God of the sterris in the firmament,  
 And norice to al thing generable,  
 Fro his fathir Saturne farre different,  
 With burly face, and browis bright and brent,  
 Upon his hed a garlonde wondirs gaie  
 Of flouris faire, as it had ben in Maie,

His



His voice was clere, as cristal was his eien,  
As goldin wier so glittering was his here,  
His garment and his gite ful gaie of grene,  
With goldin listis gilte on every gere,  
A burly brande about his middle he bere, 180  
And in his right hand he had a groundin spere,  
Of his fathir the wrothe fro us to bere.

Next aftir him came Mars the God of ire,  
Of strife, debate, and all discencioun,  
To chide and fight, as fierse as any fire,  
In harde harnesse hewmonde and habergiouni,  
And on his haunch a roufty fel fauchoun,  
And in his hande he had a roufty sworde,  
Writhing his face, with many angry worde,

Shaking his brande before Cupide he come, 190  
With red visage, and grisly glowing eien,  
And at his mouth a blubbir stode of fume,  
Like to a bore, whetting his tuskis kene,  
Right tulsurelike, but temperaunce in tene,  
An horne he blewe with many boustous bragge,  
Whiche al this world with warre hath made to  
wagge.

Than faire Phœbus, lanterne and lampe of light,  
Of man and best, both frute and florishing  
Tendir norice, and banishir of night,  
And of the worlde causing by his moving 200  
And influence life in al erthly thing,  
Without comforte of whom of force to nought  
Must go dyin, all that this world hath wrought.

As king royall he rode upon a chare,  
The whiche Phacton somtime gidid unright,  
The brightnesse of his face, whan it was bare,  
Non might beholde, for persing of his sight,  
This goldin carte with fry bemis bright  
Foure yokid stedes ful different of hewe  
But baite or tiring through the spheris drew. 210

The first was forde, with mane as red as rose,  
Callid Eoye in the orient,  
The seconde stede to name hight Ethiose,  
Whitely and pale, and somdele ascendent,  
The third Pyrois, right hote, and fervent,  
The fourth was blak, and callid Phlegone,  
Which rollith Phœbus down into the se.

Venus was there present, that goddes gay,  
Her sonn's quarrel to defende, and make  
Her owne complaint, cladde in a nice aray, 220  
The one halfe grene, th' othir halfe sable blake,  
White heer as Gold, kembit and shede abake,  
But in her face semid grete variaunce,  
Whiles parfite Truth, and whilis Inconstaunce.

Undir smiling she was dissimulate,  
Provocative with blinkis amorous,  
And sodainly chaungid and alterate,  
Angry, as any serpent venomous,  
Right pungitive with wordis odious,  
Thus variaunt she was, who list take kepe, 230  
With one eye laugh, and with the othir wepe.

In tokening that al fleshely paramour,  
Which Venus hath in rule and govirnaunce,  
Is somtime swete, somtime bittir and sour,  
Right unstable, and ful of variaunce,  
Mingid with careful joye, and false plesaunce,  
Now horte, now colde, now blith, now ful of wo,  
Now grene as lefe, now wiðrid and ago.

With boke in hand, than come Mercurious,

Right eloquent and ful of rethorie, 240  
With polite termis, and delicious,  
With penne end inke to reporte al redie,  
Setting longis, and singing merily,  
His hode was red heclid attour his crouni,  
Like til a Poete of the olde fasioun.

Boxis he bare with fine clestuares,  
And sugrid siropes for digestion,  
Spicis belonging to the potiquares,  
With many whollome swete confection,  
Doctur in phisike cledde in scarlet gown, 250  
And furrid wel, as such one ought to be,  
Honest and gode, and nat a worde counth lie.

Next after him come lady Cynthia,  
The lasse of al, and swiftist in her sphere,  
Of colour blake, buskid with hornis twa,  
And in the night she listith best t' apere,  
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,  
For al the light she boroweth at her brother  
Titan, for of her selfe she hath non other.

Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake, 260  
And on her brest a chorle paintid ful even,  
Bering a bushe of thornis on his bake,  
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heven.  
Thus when thei gaðrid were the goddis seven,  
Mercurius thei chosed with one assent  
To be fore-spekir in the parliment.

Who had ben there and liking for to here  
His faconde tonge, and termis exquisite,  
Of rethorike the praðike he might lere,  
In brefe sermon a preignant sentence write; 270  
Before Cupide valing his cappe a lite  
Speris the cause of that vocacioun,  
And he anon shewde his entencioun.

Lo, qð Cupide, who wol blasfeme the name  
Of his owne God, either in worde or dede,  
To al goddis he doeth bothe losse and shame,  
And should have battir painis to his mede,  
I saie this by yondir wretche Creseide,  
The whiche through me was somtime flour of love  
Me' and my mothir she stately can reprove, 280

Saying of her gret infelicite  
I was the cause, and my mothir Venus  
She called a blinde goddes and might nat se,  
With sleaundir and defame injurious,  
Thus her living unclene and lechirous  
She would retorte on me and my mother  
To whom I shewde my grace above al other.

And sithe ye are al fevin deficate  
Participant of divine sapience,  
This gret injury done to our hie estate 290  
Me thinke with paine we shuld make recompence,  
Was ner to goddis done suche violence,  
As wel for you as for my selfe I saie,  
Therefore go help to revenge, I you praie.

Mercurius to Cupide gave answere,  
And said, sir king, my counsaile is that ye  
Referre you to the hyist planet here,  
And take to him the lowist of degre,  
The paine of Creseide for to modifie,  
As God Saturne with him take Cynthia! 300  
I am content (qð he) to take thei twa.

Than thus procedid Saturne and the Mone,  
Whan thei the matir ripely had digest,  
For the dispire to Cupide that she had done,

And



And to Venus opin and manifest,  
In al her life with pain to be oprest,  
And turment fore, with sikenesse incurable,  
And to al lovirs be abhominable.

This doleful sentence Saturne toke in hande,  
And passid down where carefull Creseide laie, 310  
And on her hed he laide a frosty wande,  
Than lausfully on this wise gan he saie,  
Thy grete farenesse, and al thy beauty gaie,  
Thy wanton blode, and eke thy goldin here,  
Here I exclude fro The for evirmere;

I chaunge thy mirth into melancoly,  
Whiche is the mothir of al pensivenesse,  
Thy moistir and thy hete to colde and dry,  
Thine insolence, thy plaie and wantonnesse  
To grete disese, thy pompe and thy richesse 320  
Into mortal nede and grete penurie,  
Thou suffre shalt, and as a beggir die.

O cruil Saturne, froward and angrie,  
Harde is thy dome, and to malicious,  
Of faire Creseide why hast thou no mercie  
Whiche was so swete, gentill, and amorous?  
Withdrawe thy sentence, and be gracious,  
As you were ner, so shewith through thy dede,  
A wrekeful sentence givin on Creseide.

Than Cynthia, whan Saturne past awaie, 330  
Out of her sete descendid downe blive,  
And red a bill on Creseide where she laie,  
Containing this sentence definitive,  
Fro hele of body here I The deprive,  
And to thy sikenesse shal be no recure,  
But in dolour thy dayis to endure.

Thy cristal eyen mengid with blode I make,  
Thy voice so clere unplefant here and hace,  
Thy lustie lere orspred with spottis blake,  
And lumpis have appering in thy face, 340  
Where thou comist eche man shall fle the place,  
Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous  
With cuppe and clappir like a Lazarous.

This dolie dreame, this ugly visioun  
Brought till an ende, Creseide fro it awoke,  
And all that courte and convocacioun  
Vanished awaie, than rose she up and toke  
A polished glaile, and her shadowe couth loke,  
And whan she sawe her visage so deformate,  
If she in hette were wo, I n'ote, God wate. 350

Weping ful sore, lo! what it is (q's she)  
With froward langage for to move and stere  
Our crabbid Goddes! and so' is sene on me,  
My blaspheming now have I bought ful dere,  
All yerthly joie and mirth I set arere  
Alas! this daie! alas! this wofull tide,  
Whan I began with my Goddis to chide!

By this was saied, a childe came fro the hal,  
To warne Creseide the suppir was redie,  
First knockid at the dore, and eft couth call, 360  
Madame, your fathir biddeth you cum in hie,  
He hath marveile so long on grose ye lie,  
And saith your bedis beth to long somdele,  
The Goddis wote all your entent full wele.

Q's she, faire child, go to my fathir dere,  
And praie him come to speke with me anon;  
And so he did, and saied, doughtir, what chere?  
Alas! (q's she) fathir, my mirth is gone.  
How so? (q's he) and she gan all expone,

As I have told, the vengeaunce, and the wrake,  
For her trespass Cupide on her couth take.

He lokid on her ugly Lepir's face,  
The whiche before was white as Lily flour,  
Wringing his handes oftimis saied alace  
That he had lived to se that wofull hour!  
For he knewe well, that there was no focour  
To her siknesse, and that doublid his pain;  
Thus was there care inow betwixt 'hem twain.

Whan thei togisir mournid had full lang,  
Q's Creseide, fathir, I would nat be kende, 380  
Therefore in secrete wise ye let me gange  
To yon Hospitall at the roun's ende,  
And thi'sir some mete for charite me fende  
To live upon, for all mirth in this yerth  
Is fro me gone, soche is my wickid werth.

Whan in a mant'll, and a Bevir hat,  
With cuppe and clappir, wondir privily  
He' opened a secrete gate, and out therat  
Conveyid her, that no man should espie, 390  
There to a village halfe a mile therebie,  
Delivered her in at the Spittill hous,  
And daily sente her part of his almous.

Sum knew her well, and sum had no knowlege  
Of her, bicause she was so deformate,  
With bilis blake orspred in her visage,  
And her faire colour fadid and alt'erate;  
Yet thei presumid for her hie regrate,  
And still mourning, she was of noble kin,  
With bittir will there thei tokin her in.

The daie passid, and Phœbus went to rest, 400  
The cloudis blake orwhelid all the Skie,  
God wote if Creseide were a so'rowfull gest,  
Seing that uncouth fare and herborie,  
But mete or drinke she dressid her to lie  
In a darke cornir of the hous alone,  
And on this wise weping she made her mone.

#### Here foloweth the Complaint of Creseide.

O Soppe of sorowe sonkin into care.  
O caitife Creseide now and evirmare,  
Gon is thy joie and al thy mirth in yerth,  
Of all blithnesse now art thou blake and bare,  
There is no salve that helpin maie thy fare,  
Fell is thy fortune, wickid is thy werthe,  
Thy blisse is banished, and thy bale unberde,  
Undir the grete God if I gravin ware  
Wher men of Grece ne yet of Troie might herd!

Where is thy chambir wantonly besene, 410  
With burly bed, and blankits broudid bene,  
Spicis and wine to thy colatioun,  
The cuppis all of gold and silvir shene,  
Thy swete metis servid in platis clene,  
With savorie sauce of a gode fashioun,  
Thy gaie garmentes with many godely gown,  
Thy plefant laune pinnid with goldin pene!  
All is arere thy grete roiall renoun.

Where is thy gardein with thy grecis gaie,  
And freshe flouris, which the quene Floraie 420  
Had paintid plefantly in every paine,  
Where thou were wont full merily in Maie  
To walke, and take the dewe by it was daie,

And



And here the Merle and Mavise many one,  
With ladies faire in carolling to gone,  
And se ther roiall renkis in ther raie!

This lepir loge take for thy godely boure,  
And for thy bed take now a bounche of stro,  
For wailid wine and metis thou had tho  
Take mouldid bred, pirates, and fidir soure,  
But cuppe and clappir is all now ago.

My clere voice and my courtly carolling  
Is ranke as roke, full hidous, here and hace,  
Deformid is the figure of my face,  
To loke on it no peple hath liking,  
So sped in sight, I saie with fore fighing  
Lying emong the lepir folke, alas!

O ladies faire of Troie and Grece, attende  
My freile fortune, mine infelicite,  
My grete mischefe which no man can amend,  
And in your minde a mirrour make of me,  
As I am now paravinture that ye,  
For al your might, may come to the same ende,  
Or ellis worse, if any worse maie be,  
Beware therefore, approachith nere your ende.

Nought is your fairnesse but a fading floure,  
Nought is your famous laude and hie honour  
But winde inflate in othir mennis eres,  
Your rosing redde to roting shall retoure,  
Exemple make of me in your memoure,  
Which of soche thingis wofull witnes beres,  
Al welth in yerth as wind awaie it weres,  
Beware therefore, approachith nere your hour.

Thus chiding with her drerie destine,  
Weping she woke the night fro ende to ende,  
But all in vain, her dole, her carefull crie,  
Might not remede, ne yet her mourning mend,  
A lepir ladie rose, and to her wende,  
And saied, why spurnist thou again the wall  
To fle thy self, and mende nothing at all?

Sith that thy weping but doublith thy wo,  
I counsaile The make vertue of a nede,  
Go lerne to clappe thy clappir to and fro,  
And lerne aftir the lawe of lepirs lede.  
There was no bote but forwith than she yede  
Fro place to place, while cold and hungir fore  
Compellid her to be a ranke beggore.

That same time of Troie the garnifoun,  
Whiche had the chieftain worthy Troilus  
Through jeopardy of warre had strikin doun  
Knightis of Grece in nombir marveilous,  
With grete triumphe, and laude victorious  
Again to Troie right roially thei rode,  
The waie wher Creseide with the lepir stode.

Seing that companie come with o steven,  
Thei gave a crie, and shoke cuppis, gode spede,  
Worthie lordis, for Godd's love of heven  
To us lepirs, part of your almofe dede.  
Than to her crie noble Troilus toke hede,  
Having pite, nere by the place gan pas  
Wher Creseide sat, nat weting what she was.

Than upon him she kest up bothe her eyen,  
And with a blinke it come intill his thought,  
That he somtime her face before had sein,  
But she was in soche plight he knew her nought,  
Yet than her loke into his minde he brought,  
The swete visage, and amorous blenking  
Of faire Creseide, somtime his own derling.

No wondir was, suppose in mind that he  
Toke her figure so sone, and lo! now why  
The' Idea of a thing in case maie be  
So depe enprintid in the fantasie  
That it deludith the wittes outwardly,  
And so appereth in forme and like estate  
Within the minde, as it was figurate.

A sparke of love than til his hert couth spring,  
And kindilid his bodie in a fire  
With hore fevir, in swette, and trembling  
Him toke, while he was redie to expire,  
To bere his shilde his brest begon to tire,  
Within a while he chaungid many' a hewe,  
And nertheles nat one anothir knewe.

For knightly pite and memoriell  
Of faire Creseide, a girdill gan he take,  
A purse of golde, and many' a gaie jewell,  
And in the skirte of Creseide doun gan shake,  
Than rode awaie, and nat a worde he spake,  
Pensife in herte, while he came to the tounce,  
And for grete care oft sith almofe fell dounce.

The lepre folke to Creseide then couth draw,  
To se the equall distribucioun  
Of the almofe, but whan the golde they sawe  
Eche one to othir privily gan roun,  
And saied, yon lorde hath more affectioun  
Hower it be, unto yon Lazarous,  
Than to us all, we knewe by his almous.

What lorde is yon (qð she) have ye no fele?  
That doeth to us so grete humanite.  
Yes, qð a lepre man, I knowe him wele,  
Troilus it is, a knight gentle and fre.  
Whan Creseide undirstode that it was he,  
Stiffir than stele there sterte a bittir stound  
Throughout her hert, and fill dounce to the ground.

Whan she, orcome with fighing fore and sad,  
With many' a carefull crie and cold atone,  
Now is my brest with stormie stoundis stad,  
Wrappid in wo, oh wretchfull will of one!  
Than fell in swoun ful oft, or she would fone,  
And evir in her swouning cried she thus,  
O false Creseide, and true knight Troilus!

Thy love, thy laude, and all thy gentinesse  
I comptid small in my prosperite,  
So eflatid I was in wantonnesse,  
And clambe upon the sickle whele so hie,  
All faithe and love I promittid to The  
Was in thy self fikill and furious,  
O false Creseide, and true knight Troilus!

For love of me thou kept thy countinaunce  
Honest and chaste in conversacion,  
Of all women protectour and defence  
Thou were, and helpid ther opinion,  
My minde on fleshly foule affection  
Was enclinid to lustis lecherous,  
Fie false Creseide! o true knight Troilus!

Lovirs, beware, and take gode hede about  
Whom that ye love, for whan ye suffre pain,  
I let you wit there is right fewe throughout,  
Whom ye maie trust to have true love again,  
Prove whan you woll, your labour is in vain,  
Therefore I rede ye take them as ye finde,  
For thei are sad as Weðircocke in winde.

Bicause I knowe the grete unstablenesse  
Brittle as glasse, unto my selfe I saie,  
R r r r

Trusting



Trusting in othir as grete brutilnesse,  
As inconstaunt, and as untrue of faie;  
Though some be true, I wot right few ar thei;  
Who findith truthe, let him his lady ruse,  
None but my self as now I woll accuse.

Whan this was said, with papir she fat doun,  
And in this manir made her testament; 160  
Here I bequeth my corse and carioun  
With wormis and with todis to be rent,  
My cuppe, my clappir, and mine ornament,  
And all my gold, these lepre folke shall have,  
Whan I am dedde to burie me in grave.

This roiall ring, set with this Rubie redde,  
Whiche Troilus in dowrie to me sende,  
To him again I leve it whan I am dedde,  
To make my carefull deth unto him kende;  
Thus I conclude shortly and make an ende, 170  
My sp'rit I leve to Diane, where she dwelles,  
To walke with her in wast wodis and welles.

O Diomedes, thou hast bothe broche and belte,  
Whiche Troilus gave me in tokining  
Of his true love; and with that worde she swelt.  
And sone a lepirman toke off the ring,  
Than buried her withoutin tarying;

To Troilus forthwith the ring he bare,  
And of Creseide the deth he gan declare.

Whan he had herd her grete infirmite, 180  
Her legacie, and lamentacioun,  
And how she endid in soche poverté,  
He swelt for wo, and fell doune in a swoun,  
For sorowe his hertè to braft was boun,  
Sighing full sadly saied I can no more,  
She was untrue, and wo is me therfore.

Some faith he made a tombe of marble graie,  
And wrote her name and superscripcioun,  
And laid it on her grave whereas she laie, 190  
In golden lettirs, conteining this resoun,  
Lo! faire ladies, Creseide of Troie toun,  
Somtime comptid the floure of womanhed,  
Under this stone, late lepir, lyith dedde!

Now worthy women, in this balade short,  
Made for your worship and instruction,  
Of charite I monishe and exhorte,  
Minge nat your love with false discepcion,  
Bere in your minde this fore conclusion  
Of faire Creseide, as I have saied before, 200  
Sith she is dedde, I speke of her no more.

Thus endeth the pitefull and dolorous Testamente of faire CRESEIDE.



## The Legende of good Women.

Some Ladies in the Court took offence at *Chaucer's* large Speeches against the untruth of Women; therefore the Queen enjoind him to compile this Book in the commendation of sundry Maidens and Wives, who shew'd themselves faithful to faithless Men. This seems to have been written after the *Flower and the Leaf*.



Thousande timis I have herd men tell  
That there is joie in heven and pain in hell,  
And I acord it wele that it is so,  
But nathelless yet wot I wele also,  
That there n'is non dwelling in this coundre,  
That eithir hath in heven or hell ibe,  
Ne maie of it none othir waies wittin  
But as he herd saied, or found it writtin,  
For by assaie there maie no man it preve.

But God forbode but that men shuldin leve  
Well more thing than thei han seen with eye,  
Men shall nat wenin every thing a lie  
But if himself it seeth, or els it doeth,  
For God wote thing is never the less soth,  
Though every wight ne maie it not ise.

Bernarde the Monke ne saugh not all parde,  
Than mote we to bokis that we finde,  
(Through which the oldè thingis ben in minde)  
And to the doctrine of these oldè wise  
Yeve credence, in every skillfull wise,  
That tellin of these old apprevyd stories  
Of holines, of reynis, of victories,  
Of love, of hate, and othir sondric thinges,  
Of whiche I maie not makin reherfinges:  
And if that oldè bokis were awaie,  
Ilorne were of all remembraunce the kaie.

Well ought us than honourin and beleve  
These bokis, there we han none othir preve.

And as for me, though that I can but lite,  
On bokis for to rede I me delite, 30  
And to hem yeve I faithe and full credence,  
And in mine herte have hem in revèrence  
So hertily, that there is gamè none  
That fro my bokis makith me to gone,  
But it be seldome, on the holie daie,  
Save certainly whan that the month of Maie  
Is comin, and I here the foulis sing,  
And that the flouris ginnin for to spring,  
Farwell my boke, and my devocion.

Now have I than eke this condicion, 40  
That above all the flouris in the mede  
Than love I moste these flouris white and rede,  
Soche that men callin Daiesies in our toun,  
To them have I so grete affectioun  
As I saied erst, whan comin is the Maie,  
That in my bedde there dawith me no daie,  
That I n'am up, and walking in the Mede, 50  
To sene this floure ayenst the Sunnè sprede,  
Whan it uprisith erly by the morowe,  
That blisfull sight sofinith all my sorowe,  
So glad am I, whan that I have presence  
Of it, to doin it all revèrence,  
As she that is of all flouris the floure,  
Fulfillid of all vertue and honoure,  
And evir ilike faire, and freshe of hewe,  
As wel in wintir, as in summir newe,

This



This love I evre', and shall until I die,  
All swere I not of this, I woll nat lie.

There lovid no wight hottir in his life,  
And whan that it is eve I renne blithe,  
As sone as evir the Sunne ginnith West,  
To sene this flour, how it woll go to rest,  
For fere of night, so hatith she derknesse,  
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse  
Of the Sunne, for there it woll unclofe:  
Alas that I ne' had Englishe, rime, or prose,  
Suffisaunt this flour to praise aright!  
But helpith ye, that han conning and might,  
Ye lovirs, that can make of sentiment,  
In this case ought ye to be diligent  
To forthrin me somewhat in my labour,  
Whether ye ben with the lese or the flour,  
For well I wore, that ye han here beforne  
Of making ropen, and lad awaie the corne,  
And I come aftir, glening here and there,  
And am full glad, if I maie finde an ere  
Of any godely worde that ye han leste;  
And though it happe me to reherfin eft  
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,  
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,  
Sith that ye se I doe it in the' honour  
Of love, and eke in service of the flour,  
Whom that I serve, as I have wit or might,  
She is the clerenesse and the very light,  
That in this derke world me windith and ledeth,  
The hert within my wofull brest you dredeth,  
And loveth so fore, that ye ben verily  
The maistris of my wit, and nothing I,  
My worde, my workes, is knit so in your bonde,  
That as an harpe obeyith to the honde,  
And makith soun aftir his fingiring,  
Right so mowe ye out of mine herte bring  
Soch voice, right as you list, to laugh or pain,  
Be ye my guide, and ladie soverain,  
As to mine yerthly God, to you I call,  
Bothe in this werke, and my sorowis all.  
But wherfore that I spake to yeve credence  
To old stories, and doen 'hem reverence,  
And that men mustin more thing bileve,  
Than men may sene at eye, or ellis preve,  
That shall I sein, whan that I se my time,  
I maie not all at onis speke in rime,  
My busie ghost, that thurstith alwaie newe  
To sene this flour so yong, so freshe of hewe,  
Constrainid me with so greedie desire,  
That in mine herte I felin yet the fire,  
That made me to rise er it were daie,  
And this was now the first morowe of Maie,  
With dredfull herte, and glad devocion  
For to ben at the resurrection  
Of this flour, whan that it should unclofe  
Again the Sunne, that rose as redde as rose,  
That in the brest was of the best that daie  
That Agenor's doughtir ladde awaie,  
And doune on knees anon right I me sette,  
And as I could this freshe flour I grette,  
Knelling alwaie, till it unclosid was,  
Upon the small, and soft, and swete gras,  
That was with flouris swete embroudid al,  
Of soche swetnesse, and soche odour oer all,  
That for to spekin of gomme, herbe, or tre,  
Comparison maie none imakid be,  
For it surmountith plainly all odoures,  
And of riche beaute the most gaye of floures,  
Forgottin had the yerth his pore estate  
Of Wintir, that him nakid made and mate,  
And with his sworde of colde so fore greved,  
Now hath the' atempre sonne al that releved  
That nakid was, and clad it newe again,  
The small foulis, of the seson fain,

That of the panter and the net ben scaped,  
Upon the foulir, that 'hem made awlhaped  
In Wintir, and distroyid had ther brode,  
60 In his dispite them thought it did 'hem gode  
To sing of him, and in ther song dispise  
The foulle chorle, that for his covitise  
Had 'hem betrayid with his Sophistrie;  
This was ther song: The foulir we desie,  
And all his crafte; and some yfongin clere  
Lays of Love, that joie it was to here, 140  
In worshipping and praising of her make,  
And for the newe blisfull Somir's sake,  
Upon the braunchis full of blofms soft  
70 In ther delite thei tournid 'hem full oft,  
And songin, Blissid be saint Valentine,  
For on his daie I chese you to be mine,  
Withoutin repenting, mine herte swete,  
And therwithall their beekis gonin mete,  
Yelding honour, and humble obeisaunce  
To love, and didden ther othir observaunce, 150  
That longith unto love, and to nature,  
Constrewe that as you list, I doe no cure,  
And tho that had doin unkindenesse,  
80 As doeth the Tidife for newefangelnesse,  
Befoughtin mercie of ther trespassing,  
And humilly songin ther repenting,  
And sworin on the blofms to be true,  
So that ther makis would upon 'hem rue,  
And at the last thei madin ther acorde,  
All found thei Daungir for the time a lorde, 160  
Yet Pite, thorough his strong gentill might,  
Foryave, and made mercie passin right  
Through Innocence, and rulid Curtisie,  
90 But I ne clepe nat Innocence folie,  
Ne false pite, for vertue is the mene,  
As Ethicke seieth, in soche manir I mene.  
And thus these foulis, voide of all malice,  
Accordidin to Love, and lastin vice  
Of hate, and songin all of one acorde,  
Welcome Sommir, our govirnour and lorde: 170  
And Zephyrus, and Flora gentilly  
Yave to the flouris soft and tendirly  
Ther sote breth, and made 'hem for to sprede,  
100 As God and Goddesse of the flourie Mede,  
In whiche me thought I mighte daie by daie  
Dwellin alwaie, the joly monthe of Maie,  
Withoutin slepe, withoutin mete or drinke,  
Adoune full softly I gan to sinke,  
And lening on my elbowe and my side,  
The longe daie I shope me for to abide 180  
For nothing ellis, and I shall nat lie,  
But for to lokin upon the Daisie  
That well by reson men it calle maie  
110 The Daisie, or els the eye of the daie,  
The emprise, and the flour of flouris all,  
I praie to God that faire mote she fall,  
And all that lovin flouris, for her sake!  
But nathelesse, ne wene nat that I make  
In praising of the flour again the lese,  
No more than of the corne again the shefe, 190  
For as to me n'is levir none ne lother,  
I n'am withholdin yet with neithir nother,  
Ne' I n'ot who servith lese, ne who the flour;  
120 Well broukin thei ther service or laboure;  
For this thing is all of anothir tonne,  
Of old storie, er soche thing was begonne.  
Whan that the Sunne out of the South gan West,  
And that this flour gan clofe, and gon to rest,  
For derknes of the night, the which she drede,  
Home to mine house full swiftly I me sped, 200  
To gone to rest, and erly for to rise,  
To sene this flour to sprede, as I devise;  
And in a little herbir that I have,  
130 That benchid was of turvis freshe igrave,

I had



I bad men shouldin me my couchè make,  
 For deinte of the newè Sommir's sake  
 I bad 'hem strawin flouris on my bedde;  
 Whan I was laied, and had mine eyin hedde,  
 I fell aslepe, and slept an houre or two;  
 Me met how I laie in the Medowe tho  
 To sene this floure, that I love so and drede,  
 And from aserre came walking in the Mede  
 The God of Love, and in his hande a Quene,  
 And she was clad in roiall habite grene,  
 A fret of goldè she had next her here,  
 And upon that a white coroune she bere  
 With flourounis small, and I shall nat lie,  
 For all the worldè right as a Daisie  
 Icrounid is, with whitè levis lite,  
 So were the florouns of her crounè white,  
 For of o perlè fine orientall  
 Her white coroune was imakid all,  
 For which the white coroune above the grene,  
 Ymade her like a Daisie for to sene,  
 Contidrid eke her fret of gold above:  
 Icethid was this mightie God of Love  
 In lilke embroidid, full of grenè greves,  
 In whiche there was a fret of red rose leves,  
 The freshifl sene the worldè was first begon;  
 His gilt here was yecrounid with a son  
 In stede of gold, for hevinessè and weight,  
 Therwith me thought his facè shone so bright,  
 That well unnethis might I him behold,  
 And in his hand methought I sawe him hold  
 Two frie dartis, as the gledis rede,  
 And Angelike his wingis sawe I sprede,  
 And all be that men sain, that blinde is he,  
 Algatis me thought that he might wele se,  
 For sternly on me he gan behold,  
 So that his loking doeth min' hertè cold,  
 And by the hande he helde this noble Quene,  
 Crounid with white, and clothid al in grene,  
 So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,  
 That in this worldè, though that men woldin seke,  
 Halfe her beaute ne shouldin thei nat finde  
 In cature that yformid is by kinde,  
 And therefore maie I sain, as thinkith me,  
 This song in praising of this Ladie fre.

Hide Absolon thy giltè tressis clere,  
 Hester laie thou thy mekenesse all adoun,  
 Hide Jonathas all thy frëndly manere,  
 Penelope, and Marcia Catoun,  
 Make of your wifchode no comparifoun,  
 Hide ye your beauties, Ifoude and Helein,  
 My ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

Thy faire bodie ne let it not appere  
 Lavine, and thou Lucrece of Romè toun,  
 And Polyxene, that boughtin love so dere,  
 And Cleopatra, with all thy passoun,  
 Hide ye your trouthe of love, and your renoun,  
 And thou Thisbe, that hast of love soche pain,  
 My Ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

Hero, Dido, Laodomia', ifere,  
 And Phyllis, hanging for Demophoon,  
 And Canace, espyid by thy chere,  
 Hyppipyle betrayid by Jafon,  
 Makith of your trouthe neithir boste ne soun,  
 Nor Hypermnest'ra', or Ariadne, ye twaine,  
 My Ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

This balade maie full well isongin be,  
 As I have said crst, by my ladie fre,  
 For certainly, all these mowe not suffice  
 To' apperin with my Ladie in no wise,

For as the Sunnè woll the fire distain,  
 So passith all my Ladie soverain,  
 That is so gode, so faire, so debonaire,  
 I przie to God that evir fall her faire!  
 For ne had comfort ben of her presence  
 I had ben dedde, without any defence,  
 For drede of Lov's wordis, and his chere,  
 As, whan time is, hereaftir ye shall here.  
 Behinde this God of Love upon the grene  
 I sawe coming of Ladyis ninetene,  
 In roiall habit, a full esie pace,  
 And aftir them of women soche a trace,  
 That sene that God Adam had made of yerth  
 The thirde part of mankinde, or the ferth,  
 Ne wende I nat by possibilite  
 Had evir in this wide worlde ibe;  
 And true of love these women were echon,  
 Now whether was that a wondir thing or non,  
 That right anon, as that thei gonne espie  
 This floure, whiche that I clepe the Daisie,  
 Full sodainly thei stintin all at ones,  
 And knelid doune, as it were for the nones,  
 And songin with o voice, *hele and honour*  
*To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour,*  
*That berith our aldir prife in figuring,*  
*Her white coroune berith the witnessin;*  
 And with that worde, a compas environ  
 Thei sittin 'hem full softly adoun.  
 First sat the God of Love, and sith his quene,  
 With the white coroune, yclad all in grene,  
 And sithin all the remnaunt by and by,  
 As thei were of estate, full curtisly,  
 Ne nat a worde was spokin in the place,  
 The mountenance of a furlong waie of space.  
 I kneling by this floure, in gode entent,  
 Abode to knowin what this peple ment,  
 As still as any stone, till at the last  
 This God of Love on me his eyin cast,  
 And said, who knelith there? and I answerd  
 Unto his asking, whan that I it herde,  
 And said, sir it am I, and come him nere,  
 And salued him (q'ð he) what doest thou here,  
 So nigh mine owne floure, so boldily?  
 It werin bettir worthy truily  
 A worme to nighin nere my flour than thou.  
 And why sir (q'ð I) and it likith you?  
 For thou (q'ð he) art therto nothing able;  
 It is my relike, digne and delitable,  
 And thou my fo, and all my folke werriest,  
 And of mine old servauntis thou misfaiest,  
 And hindrist 'hem, with thy translacon,  
 And lettist folke from ther devocion  
 To servin me, and holdist it folie  
 To servin Love, thou maiest it nat denie,  
 For in plain text, withoutin nede of glose,  
 Thou' hast translatid the Romaunt of the Rose,  
 That is an heresie ayenst my lawe,  
 And makist wife folke fro me to withdrawe,  
 And of Creseide thou hast saide as The list,  
 That makith men to women lesse to trife,  
 That ben as trewe as er was any stele.  
 Of thine answer avisin The right wele,  
 For though that thou renyid hast my laie,  
 As othir wretchis have done many' a daie,  
 By seint Venus, which that my mothir is,  
 If that thou live, thou shalt repentin this  
 So cruilly, that it shal wel be sene.  
 Tho spake this lady, clothid all in grene,  
 And sayid, God, right of your curtisie  
 Ye mote herkin if that he can replie  
 Ayenst al this, that ye have to him meved,  
 A God ne shoulde nat be thus agreved,  
 But of his deite he shal be stable,  
 And therto gracious and merciabile,

And



And if ye n'ere a God, that knowin all,  
Than might it be, as I you tellin shall,  
This man to you maie falsely ben accused,  
That as by right him oughtin ben excused,  
For in your court is many' a losingeour,  
And many a queint totoler accusour  
That tabouren in your eris many' a soun,  
Right astir ther imaginacioun,  
To have your daliaunce, and for envy,  
These ben the causis, and I shal nat lie;  
Envie is lave'ndir of the court alwaie,  
For she ne partith neithir night ne daie  
Out of the house of Cæsar, thus saith Dant,  
Whò so that goeth, algate she wol nat want.

And eke peraunder for this man is nice  
He mightin done it, gessing no malice,  
But for he usith thingis for to make,  
Him reckith nought of what matir he take,  
Or him was bodin makin thilkè twey  
Of some persone, and durst it nat withsey,  
Or him repentith uttirly of this,  
He ne' hath nat done so greuously amis  
To translatin that oldè clerkis writen,  
As though that he of malice would enditen  
Dispite of love, and had himselfe it wrought;  
This should a rightwise lorde have in his thought,  
And nat be like tirauntes of Lombardie,  
That han no rewarde but at tirannie;  
For he that king or lorde is naturel,  
Him ought not be a tiraunt ne cruel  
As a fermour, to done the harme he can,  
He must thinkin it is his liegè man,  
As is his tresour, and his golde in cofer,  
This is the sentence of the Philosopher;  
A kinge to kepe his liegis in justice,  
Withoutin doute that is his office,  
Al wol he kepe his lordes in ther degre,  
As it is right and skil, that thei shulde be,  
Enhaunsid and honourid, and most dere,  
For thei ben halfegoddis in this world here,  
Yet mote he done both right to pore and riche,  
Al be that ther estate be nath bothliche,  
And have of povir folke compassion;  
For lo the gentil kinde of the lion!  
For whan a flie offendith him or biteth,  
He with his taile awaie the flie ysmitheth  
Al esily, for of his genterie  
Him deinit nat to wreke him on a flie,  
As doeth a curre, or els anothir best,  
In noble corage ought to ben arest,  
And wayin every thing by equite,  
And have regarde unto his owne degre,  
For sir, it is no maistrise for a lorde  
To dampne a man, without answere of word,  
And for a lorde that is ful foule to use;  
And it so be, he maie him nat excuse,  
But askith mercy with a dredeful herte,  
And profirith him, right in his bare sherte,  
To ben right at your owne jugement,  
Than ought a God by short avisement  
Confidre' his owne honour, and his trespass;  
For sith no cause of deth lieth in this case,  
You ought to ben the lightlier merciabie;  
Lettith your ire, and beth somewhat tretable;  
The man hath servid you of his conninges,  
And forthrid well your law in his makinges,  
Al be it that he can nat wel endite,  
Yet hath he madin leude folke delite  
To servin you, in preisng of your name,  
He made the boke, that hight the House of Fame,  
And eke the deth of Blaunchè the Duchesse,  
And the' Parliment of Foulis, as I gesse,  
And al the love of Palamon and Arcite  
Of Thebis, though the storie is knowen lite,

And many an hymne, for your holy daies,  
That hightin balades, rondils, virèlaies;  
And for to speke of othir holiness,  
He hath in prose translatid Boece,  
And made the life also of saint Cecile,  
He madin also, gon is a grete while,  
Origines upon the Maudelaine,  
Him oughtin now to have the lessè paine,  
He hath made many' a ley, and many' a thing. 430

Now as ye be a God, and eke a King,  
I your Alceste, whilom quene of Thrace,  
I askè you this man right of your grace,  
That ye him nevir hurte in al his live,  
And he shal swerin to you, and that blive,  
He shal ner more agiltin in this wise,  
But shal makin as ye wol him devise  
Of women trewe in loving al their life,  
Where so ye wol, of maidin or of wife,  
And forthrin you, as muche as he misseide, 440  
Or in the Rose, or ellis in Crescide.

The God of Love answerde her thus anon,  
Madame (q'ð he) it is so longe agon  
That I you knew, so charitable' and trewe,  
That nevir yet, sithin the worlde was newe,  
To me ne founde I bettir none than ye;

If that I wol yfavin my degre,  
I may nor wol nat wernè your request,  
Al lieth in you, doth with him as you lest:  
I al foryeve withoutin lengir space, 450  
For who so yeveth a yeste or doth a grace,  
Do it betime, his thanke shal be the more,  
And demith ye what he shal do therefore:

Go, thankith now my lady here (q'ð he)  
I rose, and down I set me on my kne,  
And sayid thus: Madame, the God above  
For yeldè you that ye the God of Love  
Have makid me his wrathè to foryeve,  
And give me grace so longè for to live,  
That I maie know sothily what ye be, 460  
That have me holpen, and put in this degre!

But trewily I wende as in this caas  
Nought have agilte, ne done to love trespass;  
For why? a trewe man withoutin drede  
Hath nat to partin with a thev's dede:  
Ne a trewe lovir ought me not to blame,  
Though that I speke a false lovir some shame,  
Thei ought'n rather with me for to holde,  
For that I of Crescide wrote or tolde,  
Or of the Rose, what so mine author ment, 470  
Algatis God wote it was mine entent  
To forthrin trouth in love, and it cherice,  
And to ben ware fro falseness and fro vice  
By whiche ensample, this was my mening.

And she answerde, let be thine arguing,  
For love ne wol not countirpletid be  
In right ne wrong, and lerne that of me,  
Thou hast thy grace, and holde The right therto;  
Now woll I saine what penaunce thou shalt do  
For thy trespass, understandith it here, 480  
Thou shalt while that thou livist yere by yere  
The moste partie of thy timè spende  
In making of a glorious legende

Of gode women, both maidinis, and wives,  
That werin trewe in loving all ther lives,  
And tellin of false men that hem betraien,  
That al ther life ne do nat but assaien  
How many women thei maie done a shame;  
For in your world that is now holde a game,  
And though that The like nat a lovir be, 490  
Speke wel of love, this penaunce yeve I The,  
And to the God of love I shal so praie,  
That he shal charge his servantes by' any waie  
To forthrin The, and wel thy labour quite;  
Go now thy waie, this penaunce is but lite;

S f f f

And



And when th's boke is made, yewe it the quene  
 On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Shene.  
 The God of love gan smile, and than he saide,  
 Wolt thou (q<sup>ue</sup>ne) wher this be wife or maide,  
 Or quene, or countesse, or of what degre, 500  
 That hath so litill penaunce yevin The,  
 That hath deservid forely for to smerte?  
 But pite rennith sone in gentle herte,  
 That maist thou sene, she kithith what she is.  
 And I answerde, naie sir so have I blis  
 No more, but that I se wel she is gode.  
 That is a trewe tale by mine hode  
 (Q<sup>ue</sup>ne Love) and that thou knowist wel, parde,  
 If it be so that thou avise The;  
 Hast thou nat in a bokè in thy cheste  
 The grette godenesse of the quene Alceste,  
 That turnid was into a daiesie,  
 She that for her husbonde chese to die,  
 And eke to gone to hell, rathir than he  
 And Hercules rescud her, parde,  
 And brought her out of hel againe to blis?  
 And I answerde againe, and sayid yes,  
 Now know I her, and is this gode Alceste  
 The daiesie, and mine owne hert's rest?  
 Now se I wel the godenesse of this wife, 520  
 That both astir her deth, and in her life  
 Her grette bounte doublith her renoun,  
 Wel hath she quit me mine affectioun,  
 That I have to her floure the daiesie,  
 No wondir is though Jove her stellisfe,  
 As tellith Agaton, for her godenesse,  
 Her white corowne berith of it witnesse,  
 For all so many virtuis had she  
 As smal florounis in her corowne be,  
 In remembraunce of her, and in honour,  
 Cybilla made the daiesie, and the flour,  
 Icrownid al with white, as men maie se,  
 And Mars yave her a corown red, parde,  
 In stede of Rubies set among the white.  
 Therwith this quene woxe red for shame alite,  
 Whan she was praisid so in her presence.  
 Than sayid Love, a ful grete negligence

Was it to The, that ilkè time thou made  
 (*Hide Absolon thy tressis*) in balade,  
 That thou forgette her in thy songe to sette, 540  
 Sith that thou art so gretly in her dette,  
 And wotist wel that kalender is she  
 To any woman, that wol lovir be,  
 For she taught all the crafte of trewe loving,  
 And namily of wifehode the living,  
 And all the bondis that she ought to kepe;  
 Thy litil witte was thilkè time aslepe;  
 But now I chargè The upon thy life  
 That in thy legende thou make of this wife,  
 Whan thou hast othir smale imade before; 550  
 And fare now wel I chargè The no more,  
 But er I go, thus muche I wol The tel,  
 Ne shal no trewe lovir come in hel.  
 These othir ladies sitting here arowe  
 Ben in my balade, if thou const 'hem knowe,  
 And in thy bokis al thou shalt 'hem finde,  
 Have 'hem now in thy legende al in minde,  
 I mene of them that ben in thy knowing,  
 For here ben twenty thousande mo sitting  
 Than that thou knowist, and gode women al, 560  
 And trewe of love, for ought that maie befall;  
 Makith the metris of 'hem as The leste,  
 I mote gone home, the sunnè drawith weste,  
 To paradis, with al this companie  
 And servin alwaie the fresh daiesie;  
 At Cleopatra' I wol that thou beginne,  
 And so forthe, and my love so shalt thou winne;  
 For let se now what man that lovir be  
 Wol done so strong a paine for love as she;  
 I wote wel that thou maiest not al it rime, 570  
 That suche loviris diddin in ther time,  
 It were to longe to redin and to here,  
 Suffisith me thou make in this manere,  
 That thou reherce of al ther life the grete,  
 Astir these olde authors liste for to trete;  
 For who so shal so many' a storie tel,  
 Sey shortily, or he shal to longe dwell.  
 And with that worde my bokis gan I take,  
 And right thus on my legende gan I make.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

Here beginneth the Legende of CLEOPATRA Quene of Egypte.



After the dethe of Ptolemy the king,  
 That all Egypt had in his governing,  
 Reignid his suster Quene Cleopatras;  
 Til on a time bifel there suche a caas,  
 That out of Rome was sent a Senatour  
 To conquerin relmis, and bring honour  
 Unto the toune of Rome, as was usaunce,  
 To have the worlde at her obisaunce;  
 And sothe to saie, Antonius was his name;  
 So fil it, as fortune him ought a shame,  
 Whan he was fallin in prosperite,  
 Rebel unto the toune of Rome is he,  
 And or al this, the suster of Cæsare  
 He left her falsly, er that she was ware,  
 And would algatis han anothir wife,  
 For whiche he toke with Rome, and Cæsar strife.  
 Nathelesse, for sothe this ilkè Senatour  
 Was a ful worthy gentil verriour,  
 And of his deth it was ful grete damage,  
 But love had brought this man in such a rage, 20  
 And him so narrow boundin in his laas,  
 And al for the love of Cleopatras,

That al the world he set at no value,  
 Him thought there was nothing to him so due  
 As Cleopatras for to love and serve,  
 Him roughtè nat in armis for to sterve  
 In the defence of her, and of her right.  
 This noble quene eke lovid so this knight,  
 Through his deserte, and for his chivalrie,  
 As certainlie, but if that bokis lie, 30  
 He was of person, and of gentilnesse,  
 And of discretion, and of hardinesse,  
 Worthy to any wight that livin maie,  
 And she was faire, as is the rose in Maie,  
 And, for to makin shortè is the best,  
 She woxe his wife, and had him as her lest.  
 The wedding and the festè to devise,  
 To me, that have itakin suche emprise  
 Of so many a storie for to make,  
 It were to longe, lest that I shouldè flake 40  
 Of thing that berith more effecte and charge;  
 For men maie ovirlade a shippe or barge,  
 And forthy to effecte than wol I skippe,  
 And al the remnaunt I wol let it slippe.

Octavian,



Ostavian, that wode was of this dede,  
Shope him an hoste on Antony to lede,  
Al uttirly for his distruction,  
With stoute Romainis, cruil as Lion,  
To ship thei went, and thus I let 'hem faile.

Antonius was ware, and wol not faile  
To metin with these Romaines, if he maie,  
Toke eke his rede, and both upon a daie  
His wife and he, and al his host forth went  
To ship anone, no lengir thei ne stent,  
And in the se it happid 'hem to mete,  
Up goeth the trumpe, and for to shoute and there,  
And painin 'hem to set on with the sunne,  
With grisly sounc out goith the grete gonne,  
And hertily thei hurtlin al at ones,  
And fro the top doane comith the grete stones, 60  
In gorth the grapinel so ful of crokes,  
Among the ropis ran the shering hokes,  
In with the polaxe presith he and he,  
Behinde the maste beginnith he to fle,  
And out againe, and drivith him or borde,  
He stickith him upon his sper's orde,  
He rent the saile with hokis like a sith,  
He bringeth the cuppe, and biddith 'hem be blith,  
He pourith pesen upon the hatchis slider,  
With pottis ful of lime, thei gon togither, 70  
And thus the longè daie in fight thei spende,  
Til at the last, as every thing hath ende,  
Antonius is sient, and put to flight,  
And al his folke to go, that best go might,  
Fleeth eke the Quene, with al her purple saile,  
For strokis, whiche that went as thicke as haile,  
No wondir was, she might it nat endure;  
And whan Antony sawe that avinture,  
Alas (q'ð he) the daie that I was borne!  
My worship in this daie thus have I lorne, 80  
And for dispaire out of his witte he sterre,  
And rose himselfe anon throughout the herte,  
Er that he ferthir went out of the place;  
His wife, that could of Casar have no grace,  
To Egypt fled, for drede and for distresse;

But herkenith ye that spekin of kindenesse.  
Ye men that falsely swerin many' an othe  
That ye wol die, if that your love be wrothe,  
Here maie ye sene of women such a trouth, 90  
This woful Cleopatre' had made suche routh  
That there n'is tonge none that maie it tel,  
But on the' morowe she wol no lengir dwel,  
But made her subtil werkmen make a shrine  
Of al the rubies and the stonis fine  
In al Egypt, which that she coude espie,  
And she put ful the shrine of spicèrie,  
And lette the corse enbaume, and forth she sette  
This ded corse, and she in the shrine it sette,  
And next the shrine a pit than doth she grave, 100  
And al the serpentis that she might have  
She put 'hem in that grave, and thus she seide,  
Now love, to whom my so'rowful hert obeide  
So ferforthly, that fro that blisful hour  
That I you swore to ben al frely your,  
I menè you, Antonius my knight,  
That nevir waking in the daie or night  
Ye n'ere out of mine hert's remembraunce,  
For wele or wo, for carole, or for daunce,  
And in my selfe this covenant made i tho, 110  
That right suche as ye felin, wele or wo,  
As ferforth as it in my powir laie,  
Unreprovable' unto my wifchode aie,  
The same would I felin, in life or dethe,  
And thiike covenant, while me lastith brethe,  
I wol fulfil, and that shal wel be sene,  
Was ner unto her love a trewir Quene,  
And with that word, nakid, with ful gode hert,  
Among the serpentis in the pitte she stert,  
And there she chese to have her burying,  
Anone the nedirs gonne her for to sting; 120  
And she her deth recevith with gode chere,  
For love of Antony that was her dere.  
And this is storial sothe, it is no fable.  
Now er I finde a man thus trewe and stable,  
And wol for love his deth so frely take,  
I praie God let our hedis nevir ake.

Here endeth the Legende of CLEOPATRA.



Here foloweth the Legende of THISBE of Babylone.

**A**T Babylone whilom fil it thus,  
The which toun the Quene Simiramus  
Let dichin al about, and wallis make  
Ful hie, of hardè tilis wel ibake,  
There werin dwelling in this noble toun  
Two lordis, which that were of grete renoun,  
And wonidin so nigh upon a grene,  
That there n'as but a stone wal 'hem bitwene,  
As oft in grete tounis is the wonne,  
And sothe to saine, that one man had a sonne, 10  
Of al that londe one of the lustyist,  
That othir had a doughtir, the fairist  
That estward in the world was tho dwelling;  
The name of everiche gan to othir spring,  
By women that were neighbouris aboute,  
For in that countre yet withoutin doute  
Maidinis ben ikepte for jelousie  
Ful straitely, lest thei diddin some folie.

This yongè man was clepid Pyramus,  
And Thisbe hight the maide (Naso saith thus) 40  
And thus by reporte was ther name ishove,  
That as thei woxe in age, so woxe ther love,  
And certaine, as by reson of ther age,

Ther might have ben betwixt 'hem mariage,  
But that ther fathirs n'olde it nat assent;  
And thei in love ylike fore bothè brent,  
That none of al ther frendis might it lette,  
But privily somtimis yet thei mette  
By sight, and spakin some of ther desire,  
As wrie the glede, and hottir is the fire; 30  
Forbid a love, and it' is ten times so wode.

This wal, which that betwixt 'hem both yfode,  
Was cloven atwo, right fro the top adoun,  
Of olde time, of his foundacioun,  
But yet this clifte was so narow and lite,  
It was nat sene (dare enough a mite)  
But what is that, that love can not espie?  
Ye lovirs two, if that I shal nat lie,  
Ye foundin first this litle narowe clifte, 40  
And with a sounce, as softe as any shrifte,  
Thei let ther wordis through the clifte pace,  
And toldin, while that thei stoden in the place,  
Al ther complaint of love, and al ther wo,  
At every time whan thei durstin so.

Upon that one side of the wal stode he,  
And on that other side stode Thisbe,

The



The swete soun of othir to receve,  
 And thus ther wardeins wouldin thei disceve,  
 And every daie this wal thei wouldin threte,  
 And wish to God, that it were doun ibete,  
 Thus would thei saine; alas! thou wickid wal,  
 Thorough thine envie thou us lettist al,  
 Why n'ilt thou cleve, or fallin al atwo,  
 Or at the lest, but thou wouldist so,  
 Yet wouldist thou but onis let us mete,  
 Or onis that we mightin kissin swete,  
 Than were we curid of our caris colde;  
 But nathelless, yet be we to The holde,  
 In as muche as thou suffrist for to gone  
 Our wordis through thy lime and eke thy stone, 60  
 Yet oughtin we with The ben wel apaide.

And whan these idil wordis werin saide,  
 The colde wal thei woldin kisse of stone,  
 And take ther leve, and forth thei woldin gone:  
 And this was gladly in the evintide,  
 Or wondir erly, lest men it espide.  
 And longe time thei wrought in this manere,  
 Til on a daie, whan Phœbus gan to clere,  
 Aurora with the stremis of her herte  
 Had dryid up the dewe of herbis wete,  
 Unto this chste, as it was wonte to be,  
 Come Pyramus, and astir come Thisbe,  
 And plighten trouth, right fully in ther faie,  
 That ilke same night to stele awaie,  
 And to begile ther wardeins everichone,  
 And forth out of the Cite for to gone;  
 And for the feldis ben so brode and wide,  
 For to metin in o place at o tide  
 Thei settin markes ther metingis should be  
 There king Ninus was graven, undir a tre,  
 For olde painims, that idollis heried,  
 Usidin tho in feldis to ben beried,  
 And faste by his grave was a wel,  
 And shortly of this tale for to tel,  
 This covenant was affirmid wondir fast,  
 And longe hem thoughtin that the sonne last,  
 That it n'ere gone undir the se adoun.

This Thisbe hath so grete affectioun,  
 And so grete liking Pyramus to se,  
 That whan she sawe her time might ybe,  
 At night she stalle awaie ful privily,  
 With her face iwimplid full subtilly,  
 For al her frendis (for to save her trouthe)  
 She hath forsake alas! and that is rounthe,  
 That evir woman would ybe so trewe  
 To truflin man, but she the bet him knewe;  
 And to the tre she goeth a ful gode pace,  
 For love made her so hardy in this case,  
 And by the welle adoun she gan her dresse.  
 Alas! than comith a wilde Lionesse  
 Out of the wode, withoutin more arest,  
 With bloody mouthe, of strangling of a best,  
 To drinkin of the wel there as she sat.  
 And whan that Thisbe had espyid that,  
 She rist her up, with a ful drery herte,  
 And in a cave with dredful fore she sterte.  
 For by the mone she sawe it wel withall,  
 And as she ran, her wimple let she fall,  
 And toke none hede, so fore she was awhaped,  
 And eke so glad for that she was escaped:  
 And thus she sat, and lurkith wondir still.  
 Whan that his Lionesse hath dronke her fill,  
 Aboutin the well gan she for to winde,  
 And right anon the wimple gan she finde,  
 And with her bloody mouthe it al to rente,  
 Whan this was done, no lengir she ne stente,  
 But to the wode her way than hath she nome.

And at the last this Pyramus is come,  
 But al to longe alas! at home was he  
 The mone shone, men mightin wel ise,

And in his waie, as that he come ful fast,  
 His eyin to the grounde adoun he cast,  
 And in the sonde, as he behelde adoun,  
 He saw the steppis brode of a Lioun,  
 And in his hert he sodainly agrofe,  
 And pale he wexte, therwith his hert arose,  
 And nere he came, and founde the wimple torne:  
 Alas (qð he) the daie that I was borne!  
 This o night wol both us loviris se,  
 How should I askin mercy of Thisbe, 130  
 Whan I am he that have you slaine? alas!  
 My biding hath you slaine in this caas.  
 Alas! to bidde a woman gone by night  
 In place there as perill fallin might,  
 And I so slowe, alas! I ne had be  
 Here in this place, a furlonge waie er ye.  
 Now what Lioun that is in this forest  
 My body more he rentin, or what best  
 That wilde is, gnawin mote he now mine herte.  
 And with that worde, he to the wimple sterte, 140  
 And kiste it ofte, and wepte on it ful fore,  
 And said, wimple, alas! there n'is no more,  
 But thou shalt fele as wel the blode of me,  
 As thou hast felte the bleding of Thisbe,  
 And with that worde he smote him to the herte,  
 The blode out of the wounde as brode asterte  
 As watir, whan the conduite brokin is.

Now Thisbe, which that ne wist not of this,  
 But sitting in her drede, she thoughte thus,  
 Yf it so fallin that my Pyramus 150  
 Be comen hithir, and may me nat ifinde,  
 He maie me holdin false, and eke unkinde,  
 And out she cometh, and astir him gan spien  
 Both with her herte, and eke with her eien,  
 And thought, I wol him tellin of my drede,  
 Both of the lionesse and of my dede;  
 And at the last her love than hath she founde  
 Ybering with his helis on the grounde  
 Al bloody, and therwithal abacke she sterte,  
 And like the wawis quappe began her herte, 160  
 And pale as boxe she woxe, and in a throwe  
 Avisid her, and gan him wel to knowe,  
 That it was Pyramus her herte dere.  
 O! who could writin whiche a dedly chere  
 Hath Thisbe now, and how her here she rent,  
 And how she gan her selfin to turment,  
 And how she lieth and swounith on the ground,  
 And how she wept of teris ful his wounde,  
 How medlith she his blode with her complaint,  
 How with her blod her selvin gan she paint, 170  
 How clippith she the red ded corse, alas!  
 How doth this woful Thisbe in this caas!  
 How kissith she his frosty mouthe so colde!  
 Who hath don this? and who hath ben so bolde  
 To seen my lefe? o speke my Pyramus,  
 I am thy Thisbe, that The callith thus;  
 And therwithal she listith up his hed.

This wofull man, that was nat fully ded,  
 Whan that he herde the name of Thisbe crien,  
 On her he cast his hevy dedly eyen, 180  
 And doun againe, and yeldith up the gost.  
 Thisbe rist up, withoutin noise or bost,  
 And saw her wimple and his empty sheth,  
 And eke his sverde, that him hath don to deth,  
 Than spake she thus, my woful hande (qð she)  
 's stronge inough in suche a werke to me,  
 For love shal yeve me strength and hardinesse,  
 To make my wounde large inough I gesse,  
 I wol The folowen ded, and I wol be  
 Felawe, and cause eke of thy deth (qð she) 190  
 And though that nothing save the deth only  
 Might The fro me departin trewily,  
 Thou shalt no more departin now fro me  
 Than fro the deth, for I wol go with The.

And



And now ye wretchid jelouse fathirs our,  
We that ywerin whilom childrin your,  
We prayin you, withoutin more envie  
That in o grave we both motin lie,  
Sens love hath brought us to this pitous ende,  
And rightwif God to every lovir sende,  
That lovith trewly, more prosperite,  
Than evir had Pyramus and Thisbe,  
And let no gentil woman her assure  
To puttin her in suche an avinture  
But God forbid but that a woman can  
Ben as true and as loving as a man,

And for my part, I shal anon it kith,  
And with that word, his sverd she tokè swith,  
That warne was of her lov'is blode, and hote,  
And to the herte she her selvin smote.  
And thus are Thisbe' and Pyramus agd.  
200 Of trewe men I findin but fewe mo  
In al my bokis, save this Pyramus,  
And therfore have I spokin of him thus,  
For it is deinte to us men to finde  
A man that can in love be trewe and kinde.  
Here maie ye sene, what lovir so he be,  
A woman dare, and can as wel as he.

Here endeth the Legende of THISBE of Babylone.



Here foloweth the Legende of Dido Quene of Carthage.

**G**lorie and honour, Virgile Mantuan,  
Be to thy name, and I shal as I can  
Folowe thy lanterne, as thou goest biforn,  
How Æneas to Dido was forsworne  
In thine Æneide, and Naso wol I take  
The tenour and the gret effectis make.  
Whan Troie ybrought was to destruction  
By Grekis sleight, and namely by Sinon  
Faining the horse offrid unto Minerve,  
Through which that many a Trojan must sterve, 10  
And Hector had afir his deth apered,  
And fire so wode, that it might nat ben stered,  
In al the noble toure of Ilion,  
That of the cite was the chefe dongcon,  
And al the countre was so lowe ibrought,  
And Priamus the king fordone and nought,  
And Æneas was chargid by Venus  
To flien awaie, he toke Ascanius,  
That was his son, in his right hande, and fledde,  
And on his backe he bare, and with him ledde 20  
His oldè fathir, clepid Anchises,  
And by the waie his wife Crensa he lese,  
And mokil sorow had he in his minde;  
Er that he could his felawship yfinde,  
But at the last, whan he had 'hem yfounde,  
He made 'hem redy in a certaine flounde,  
And to the se ful fast he gan him hie,  
And sailith forth, with al his companie,  
Towards Itailè, as wold destine.  
But of his aventuris in the se  
N'is nat to purpose for to speke of here;  
For it accordith nat to my matere,  
But as I said, of him and of Dido  
Shal be my talè, til that I have do.  
So longe he sailid in the saltè se,  
Til in Libye unneth arrivid he,  
With shippis sevin, and no more navie,  
And glad he was to londè for to hie,  
So was he with the tempest al to shake;  
And whan that he the havin had itake,  
He had a knight was callid Achates;  
And him of all his felowship he chese  
To gone with him, the countre for t' espie,  
He ne toke with him no more companie,  
But forthe thei gon, and left his shippis ride,  
His fere and he, withoutin any guide.  
So long he walkith in this wildirnesse,  
Till at the last he met an huntireffe,  
A bowe in honde, and arowis had she,  
Her clothis cuttid were unto the kne,  
But she was yet the fairist creature,  
That evir was iformid by nature,

And Æneas and Achates she grette,  
And thus she to 'hem spake, whan she 'hem met.  
Sawe ye (qð she) as ye han walkid wide,  
Any of my fultrin walke you beside,  
With any wildè Bore, or othir best,  
That thei have huntid to in this forest,  
Ituckid up; with arowes in ther caas?  
Naie sothly Ladie (qð this Æneas)  
But by thy beaute, as it thinkith me, 60  
Thou mightist nevir yerthly woman be,  
But Phœbus sustir art thou, as I gesse,  
And if so be, that thou be a Goddesse,  
Have mercie on our labour and our wo.  
I n'am no Goddesse sothly qð she tho,  
For maidins walkin in this countre here  
With arowes and with bow, in this manere,  
This is the relme of Libye, there ye ben,  
Of whiche that Dido ladie is and quene,  
And shortly tolde all the occasion, 70  
Why Dido came into that region,  
Of whiche as now me listith nat to rhyme,  
It nedith nat, it n'ere but losse of time,  
For this is all and some, it was Venus,  
His owne methir, that spake with him thus,  
And to Carthage she bade he should him dight,  
And vanishid anon out of his sight.  
I could folowin worde for worde Virgile,  
But it would lastin all to longè while.  
This noble Quene, that clepid was Dido, 80  
That whilom was the wife of Sichæo,  
That fairir was by ferr than the bright sonne,  
This noble toune of Carthage hath begonne,  
In whiche she reignith in so grete honour,  
That she was holdin of all Quenis flour,  
Of gentillese, of fredome, and beaute,  
That well was him, that might her onis se;  
Of Kingis and of Lordis so desired,  
That all the worlde her beaute had isired,  
She stode so well in every wight's grace.  
Whan Æneas was come unto the place, 90  
Unto the maistr temple' of all the toun,  
There Dido was in her devocioun,  
Full privily his waie than hath he nome,  
Whan he was into the large temple come,  
I can not saine, if that it be possible,  
But Venus had him makid invisible  
Thus saith the boke, withoutin any lese.  
And whan this Æneas and Achates  
Haddin in this temple ben ovir all,  
Than foundin thei depaintid on a wall 100  
How Troie and all the lande distroyid was,  
Alas that I was borne! (qð Æneas)  
50

T t t t

Thorough



Thorough the world our shame is kid so wide,  
Now it is paintid upon every side:  
All we that werin in prosperite  
Ben now disclaundrid, and in soche degre,  
No lengir for to livin I ne kepe;  
And with that word he braist out for to wepe  
So tendirly, that routh it was to sene.

This freshe ladie, of the cite Quene,  
Stode in the temple, in her estate roiall,  
So richily, and eke so faire withall,  
So yong, so lustie, with her eyin glade,  
That if that God, that hevin and yerth made,  
Would have a love, for beaute and godenesse,  
And womanhede, and trouth, and semelinese,  
Whom should he lovin, but this ladie swete?  
There n'is no woman to him half so mete.  
Fortune, that hath the world in govinaunce,  
Hath sodainly brought in so newe a chaunce,  
That nevir was there yet so frened a caas;  
For all the companie of Æneas,  
Which that we wenid have lorne in the se,  
Arivid is nought ferre fro that cite,  
For whiche the gretist of his lordis, some  
By avinture ben to the cite come,  
Unto that samè temple for to seke  
The Quene, and of her socour her beseke,  
Soche renome was ther sprong of her godenes.

And whan that thei had roide all ther distres, 130  
And all ther tempest, and all ther hard case,  
Unto the Quene apperid Æneas  
And opinly beknewe that it was he;  
Who haddin joie than, but his meine  
That haddin found ther lorde, ther govinnour?

The Quene saw that thei did him soche honour,  
And had herd oft of Æneas, er tho,  
And in her hertè she had rounthe and wo,  
That evir soche a noble man as he  
Shall ben disheritid in soche degre,  
And save the man, that he was like a knight,  
And sustifaunt of persone and of might,  
And like to ben a very gentilman,  
And well his wordis he besettin can,  
And had a noble visage for the nones,  
And formid well of brawne and eke of bones,  
And astir Venus had soche fairèness,  
That no man might be halfe so faire I-gesse,  
And well a lorde him semid for to be;  
And for he was a straungir, somwhat she  
Ylikid him the bet, as God doe bote,  
*To some folke of sin newe thing is sote;*  
Anon her herte hath pite of his wo,  
And with that pite Love ycame also,  
And thus for pite and for gentilnesse  
Refreshid must he ben of his distresse.

She sayid certis, that she sorie was,  
That he hath had soche perill and soche caas,  
And in her frendly speche in this manere  
She to him spake, and saied as ye maie here.

Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises?  
In gode faith all the worship and encrese  
That I maie godely doen you, ye shall have,  
Your shippis and your meinè shall I save;  
And many' a gentill worde she spake him to,  
And commaundid her messangirs to go  
The samè daie withoutin any faile,  
His shippis for to seke, and 'hem vitale,  
Full many' a best she to the shippis sent,  
And with the wine she gan 'hem to present,  
And to her roiall paleis she her spedde,  
And Æneas alwaie with her she ledde.

What nedich you the festis to discrive?  
He nevir bet at ese was in his live,  
Full was the fest of deinties and richesse,  
Of instrumentes, of song, and of gladnesse,

And many' an amo'rous loking and devise.

This Æneas is come to Paradise  
Out of the swolowe' of hell, and thus in joie  
Remembrith him of his estate in Troie, 180  
To daunsing chambris, full of paramentes,  
Of riche beddis, and of ornamentes,  
This Æneas is ledde aftir the mete,  
110 And with the Quene whan that he had yfete,  
And spicis partid, and the wine agon,  
Unto his chambir was he lad anon,  
To take his ese, and for to have his rest,  
With all his folke, to doen what so 'hem left.

There ne was courfir well ibridlid none,  
Ne stedè for the Justing well to gone, 190  
Ne largè paulfrey, ese for the nones,  
Ne jewill yfret full of richè stones,  
Ne sackis full of gold, of largè wight,  
120 Ne Rubie none that shinith bright by night,  
Ne gentill hautin faukon heronere,  
Ne hounde for Harte, or wildè Bore, or Dere,  
Ne cuppe of gold, with florens newe ibette,  
That in the londe of Libye maie ben gette,  
That Dido ne' hath Æneas it isent,  
And all is payid, what that he hath spent, 200  
Thus can this worthy Quene her gestis call,  
As she that can in fredome passin all.

Æneas sothely eke, withoutin lese  
Hath sent to his shippis by Achates  
Aftir his sonne, and aftir richè thinges,  
Both sceptre, clothis, brochis, and eke ringes,  
Some for to were, and some for to present,  
To her, that all these noble thinges him sent,  
And bad his sonne how that he should ymake,  
The presentig, and to the Quene it take. 210

Repairid is this Achates again,  
And Æneas full blisfull is and fain  
To sein his yonge sonne Ascanius,  
140 For unto him it was reportid thus,  
That Cupido, that is the God of Love,  
At prayir of his mothir hie above,  
Yhad the likeness of the childe itake,  
This noble Quene enamoured for to make  
On Æneas, but as to that scripture  
Be as be maie, I make of it no cure, 220  
But soth is this, the Quene hath made soch chere  
Unto this childe, that wondir was to here,  
And of the present that his fathir sent  
150 She thankid him full oft in gode entent.

Thus is this Quene in plesauce and in joie  
With all these newè lustie folke of Troie,  
And of the dedis hath she more enquired  
Of Æneas, and all the storie lered  
Of Troie, and all the longè daie thei twaie  
Entendidin for to speke and to plaie, 230  
Of whiche there gan to bredin soche a fire,  
That selie Dido hath now soche desire  
With Æneas her newè gest to dele,  
160 That she hath lost her hewe and eke her hele.

Now to the' effect, now to the fruite of all,  
Why I have told this storie, and tellin shall.

Thus I beginne, it fell upon a night,  
Whan that the Mone upreisid had her light,  
This noble Quene unto her rest ywent,  
She sighid sore, and gon her self tourment, 240  
She walkith, waloweth, and made many braied,  
As doen these lovirs, as I have herd saied,  
And at the laste, unto her sustir Anne  
170 She made her mone, and right thus spake she than.

Now derè sustir mine, what maie it be,  
That me agastith in my dreame? (qð she)  
This ilke newe Trojan is so in my thought,  
For that me thinketh he is so we' i wrought,  
And eke so likely for to ben a man,  
And therwithall so mikill gode he can, 250

That



That all my love and life lieth in his cure,  
Have ye nat herd him tell his avinture?

Now certis, Anne, if that ye redè me,  
I woldin fain to him iweddid be;  
This is the effect, what should I more seine,  
In him lieth all, to doe me live or deine.

Her sustir Anne, as she that coud her gode,  
Said as her thought, and somdele it withtode;  
But hereof was so long a sermoning,  
It were to long to makin reherfing,  
But finally, it maie not be withstonde,  
Love woll ylove, for no wight woll it wonde;  
The dawning uprist out of the false se;  
This amorous Quene chargith her meinè  
The nettis dresse, and speris brode and kene,  
An hunting woll this lustie frische Quene,  
So prickith her this newè jolie wo,  
To horse is all her lustie tolke igo,  
Unto the court the houndis ben ibrought,  
And upon coursir swift as any thought,  
Her yongè knightis hevin all about,  
And of her women eke an hugè roat;  
Upon a thickè palfraie, papirwhite,  
With sadill redde, enbroudid with delite,  
Of golde the barris, up enbossid high,  
Sate Dido, all in golde and perreywrich,  
And she is faire, as is the brightè morowe,  
That helith sick folkis of night's sorowe,  
Upon a coursir, startling as the fire,  
Men mightin tourne him with a little wire.

But Æneas, like Phœbus to devise,  
So was he fresh arayid in his wife,  
The fomic bridill, with the bitte of gold,  
Govirnith he right as himself hath would;  
And forthe this noble Quene, this ladie ride  
On hunting, with this Trojan by her side.  
The herde of Hartis foundin is anon,  
With hey go bet, pricke thou, let gon, let gon,  
Why n'il the Lion comin or the Bere,  
That I might him ones metin with this spere,  
Thus fain this yongè folke, and up thei kill  
The wilde Hartis, and have 'hem at ther will.

Emong all this to romblin gan the heven,  
The Thondir rorid with a grisly steven,  
Doun come the rain, with haile and slet so fast,  
With hevin's fire, that made so sore agast  
This noble Quene, and also her meinè,  
That eche of 'hem was glad awaie to fle,  
And shortly fro the tempest her to save,  
She fled her self into a little cave,  
And with her went this Æneas also,  
I n'ot with 'hem if ther went any mo,  
The auctour makith of it no mencion,  
And here began the depe affection  
Bitwixt 'hem two, this was the firstè morowe  
Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her sorowe,  
For there hath Æneas iknelid so,  
And tolde her all his hert, and all his wo,  
And sworne so depè to her to be true,  
For well or wo, and chaungin for no newe,  
And as a false lovir so well can plain,  
That felie Dido rewid on his pain,  
Toke him for husbond, and became his wife  
For evirmore, while that 'hem last shulde life:  
And afir this, whan that the tempest stente,  
With mirth out as thei came, homeward thei went,  
The wickid fame uprofe, and that anon,  
How Æneas hath with the Quene igon  
Into the cave, and demid as 'hem list.  
And whan the king (that Yarbass hight) it wist, 320  
As he that had her loved evir his life  
And wowid her to havin to his wife,  
Soche sorow' as he hath makid, and soche chere,  
It is a routhe and pite for to here;

But as in love all daie it happith so,  
That one shall laughin at an othir's wo,  
Now laughith Æneas, and is in joie,  
And more richesse, than evir was in Troie.

O felie woman, full of innocence, 330  
Full of pite, of truthe, and continence,  
What makid you to men to trustin so?  
Have ye soche routhe upon ther fainid wo,  
And have soche old ensamplis you before?  
Se ye nat all how that thei ben forsworne?  
Where se ye one, that he ne' hath lasse his lefe,  
Or ben unkinde, or doen her some mitchese,  
Or pillid her, or bollid of his dede?

Ye maie as well it sene as ye maie rede.  
Takith hede now of this grete gentilman,  
This Trojan, that so well her pæsin can, 340  
That fainith him so true and obeising,  
So gentill, and so privie' of his doing,  
And can so well doen all his obeisaunce,  
And waitith her at festis and at danee,  
And whan she goeth to temple, and home again,  
And fastin till he hath his ladie sein,  
And beren in his devisis for her sake,  
N'ot I nat what, and longis would he make,  
Juslin, and doen of armis many thinges,  
Sende her lettins, tokins, brochis, and ringes. 350

Now herkenith how he shal his lady serve;  
There as he was in perill for to sterve  
For hungir and for mitchese in the se,  
And desolate, and fledde fro his countre,  
And all his folke with tempest all to driven,  
She hath her body and eke her relme yeven  
Into his honde, there as she might have ben  
Of othir lande than of Carthage a Quene,  
And lived in joy inough, what would ye more?

This Æneas, that hath thus depe iswore, 360  
Is werie of his craft within a throwe,  
And the hote ernest is all ovirblowe,  
And privily he doeth his shippis dight,  
And shapith him to flele awaie by night.

This Dido hath suspèction of this,  
And thoughtin well that it was all amis;  
For in his bedde he lieth anight and siketh,  
She askith him anon, what The misliketh,  
My dere herte, whiche that I lovin mosse?

Certis (q's he) this night my lathir's ghosle 370  
Hath in my slepe me so sorely tourmented,  
And eke Mercurie' his messlage hath presented,  
That nedis to the conquest of Itaile  
My destime is sone for to saile,

For which me thinkith, brostin is mine hert,  
Therwith his false teris out thei stert,  
And takith her within his armis two.

Is that in ernest (q's she) woll ye so?  
Have ye not sworne to wise me for to take?  
Alas! what woman woll ye of me make? 380  
I am a gentill woman, and a Quene,  
Ye woll not sio your wife thus toul yllene,  
That I was borne alas! what shall I do?

To telle in short, this noble Quene Dido,  
She sekith halowes, and doeth Sacrifice,  
She knelth, crieth, that routh is to devise,  
Conjurith him, and prof'rih him to be  
His thrall, his sereant, in the best degre,  
She fallith him to fote, and fownith there  
Dischevilid with her bright gildid here, 390  
And saieth, have mercy, let me with you ride,  
These lordis, whiche that wonnin me beside,  
Woll me distroyin onely for your sake;  
And if ye wolke me now to wife ytake,  
As ye have sworne, than woll I yeve you leve,  
To slaen me with your swerde, now sone at eve,  
For than yet shall I dyin as your wife;  
I am with childe, and yeve my childe his life,

O mercie



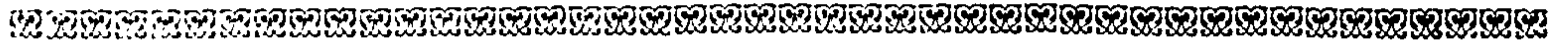
O mercie lorde, have pite in your thought,  
But al this thing availith her right nought,  
For on a night he sleping let her lie,  
And stole awaye into his cumpany,  
And as a traitour forthe he gan to faile  
Towardis the large countre of Itaile,  
And thus hath he laft Dido' in wo and pine,  
And weddid there a ladie hight Lavine;  
A clothe he laft, and eke his sworde standing,  
Whan he fro Dido stale in her sleping,  
Right at her bedd'is hedde, so gan he hie,  
Whan that he stale awaie to his navie.

Which cloth, whan felie Dido gan awake,  
She hath it kille ful oftin for his sake,  
And said, swete cloth, while Jupiter it left,  
Take my soule, unbinde me of this unrest,  
I have fulfilled of fortune all the course,  
And thus alas, withoutin his focourse,  
Twentie timis isfounid hath she than,  
And whan that she unto her sustir Anne  
Complainid had, of which I maie not write,  
So grete routh I have it for to endite,

400 And bad her norice and her sustir gon  
To fetchin fire, and othir thinges anon,  
And sayid that she wouldè Sacrifice,  
And whan she might her timè well aspie,  
Upon the fire of Sacrifice she sterte,  
And with his sworde she rofe her to the herte.  
But as mine auctour saith, yet this she seide,  
Or she was hurtin, beforne or she deide,  
She wrote a lettre' anon, and thus began.

Right so (qð she) as the milkwhite Swan 430  
Ayenst his deth beginnith for to sing,  
Right so to you I make my complaining,  
Not that I trowe to gettin you again,  
For well I wote that it is al in vain,  
Sens that the goddes ben contrarious to me,  
But sin my name is lost through you (qð she)  
I maie well lese a worde on you or letter,  
All be it I shall be nevir the better,  
For thilkè wind, that blewe your ship awaie;  
The samè winde hath blowe awaie your faie; 440  
But who so wol al this lettre' have in minde,  
Rede Ovide, and in him he shall it finde.

Thus endeth the Legende of DIDO Quene of *Carthage*.



Here foloweth the Legende of HYPsipyle and MEDEA.

**T**hou rote of false loviris Duke Jason,  
Thou sleer, devourir, and confusion  
Of gentill women, gentil creatures,  
Thou madist thy reclaiming and thy lures  
To Ladies, of thy scathliche aparaunce,  
And of thy wordis falsid with plesaunce,  
And of thy fainid trowth, and thy manere,  
With thine obeisaunce and humble chere,  
And with thine counterfeitid pain and wo,  
There othir fallin one, thou falsid two  
O oftin swore thou, that thou wouldist die  
For love, whan thou ne feltist maladie,  
Save soule delite, whiche that thou callist love,  
If that I live, thy name shall be yshove  
In Englishe, that thy deceit shall be knowe,  
Have at The Jason, now thin horn is blow.  
But certis, it is bothè routh and wo,  
That Love with false lovirs werkith so,  
For thei shal have well bettir love and chere  
Than he that hath aboughtin love full dere,  
Or had in armis many' a blodie boxe,  
For ay as tendre' a Capon creth the Fox,  
Though he be fals, and hath the foule betrayed,  
As shall the gode man that therefore hath paid,  
Although he have to the' capon skill and right,  
The false Foxe woll have his part at night.  
On Jason this ensample' is well isene  
By Hyppisyle', and Medea the Quene.

In Thessalie, as Ovide tellith us,  
There was a knight that hightin Peleus,  
That had a brothir, whiche that hight Æson,  
And whan for age he might unnethis gon,  
He yave to Peleus the govirning  
Of all his reigne, and made him lorde and king,  
Of whiche Æson, this Jason gettin was,  
That in his time, in all that land there n'as  
Nat soche a famous knight of gentillesse,  
Of fredome, of strengthe, and of lustinelle,  
Aftir his fathir's deth, he bare him so,  
That there n'as none that list to ben his foe,  
But did him all honour and companie;  
Of whiche this Peleus hath grete envie,  
Imagining that Jason might ybe

Enhaunsid so, and put in soche degre,  
With love of lordis of his regioun,  
That from his reigne he maie be put adoun;  
And in his wit anight compassid he  
How this Jason might best distroyid be  
Withoutin sclaudir of his compasment:  
And at the last he toke avisement, 50  
That to sende him into some ferre countre,  
Theras this Jason maie distroyid be,  
10 This was his wit, all made he to Jason  
Grete chere of loke, and of affection,  
For drede lest that his lordis it espide.  
And so bifell it, as fame ronith wide,  
There was soche tiding or all, and soche loos;  
That in an Isle, that callid was Colchos,  
That stonte beyonde Troie Estward in the Se,  
There was a Ram, which that men mightin se, 60  
That had a Flees of golde, that shone so bright,  
That no where was there soche an othir sight;  
20 But it was kept alwaie with a Dragoun,  
And many othir marvailles up and doun,  
And with two Bullis, makid all of bras,  
That spittin fire, and mochil thing ther was;  
But this was eke the talè nathèles,  
That who so would ywinnin thilkè Flees,  
He must bothe, or that he it winnin might,  
With the Bullis and with the Dragon fight. 70  
And king Oëtus lorde was of that Ile.  
This Peleus bethought upon this while,  
30 That he his nevewe Jason would exhort  
To sailin to that londe, him to disport,  
And sayid, nevewe if it might ybe  
That soche a worship might befallin The,  
That thou this famous trefure mightist win,  
And bringin it my region within,  
It were to me grete plesaunce and honour,  
80 Than were I holdin to quite thy labour,  
And all thy costis I woll my self make,  
And chesith what folke thou wolt with The take;  
40 Let se now, darste thou takin this voiage.  
Jason was young, and lustie of corage,  
And undirtoke to doen this ilke emprise;  
Anon Argus his shippis gan devise.

With



With Jason went the strong stout Hercules,  
And many' an othir, that he with him ches,  
But who so askith, who is with him gon,  
Let him rede the boke Argonauticon,  
For he woll tel a talè long inough.  
Philocrates anon thei faile up drough,  
Whan that the winde was gode, and gan him hie  
Out of his countre, callid Thessalie.  
So long thei sailid in the saltè se,  
Till in the Ile of Lemnos arived he;  
All be this nat rehersed of Guido,  
Yet saith Ovide in his Epistlis so;  
And of this Ileland ladie was and Quene,  
The faire and yonge Hypsipyle the shene,  
That whilom Thoas doughtir was the king.

Hypsipyle was gon in her playing,  
And roming on the clevis by the se;  
Undir a banke anone espyid she  
Where laie the shippe, that Jason gon arive;  
Of her godenesse adoune she sendith blive  
To wetin, if that any straungè wight  
With tempest thiðir were iblowe anight,  
To doen hem socour, as was her usaunce  
To furthrin every wight, and don plesaunce,  
Of very bounte, and of curtisic.

This messangir adoune him gan to hie,  
And founde Jason and Hercules also,  
That in a cogge to londe werin igo  
Hem to refreschin, and to take the aire;  
The morowning attempre was and faire,  
And in ther waie this messangir hem mette,  
Full conningly these lordis two he grette,  
And did his meslage, asking hem anon  
If thei wer brokin, or ought wo begon,  
Or had nede of lodesmen, or of vitaile,  
For of succour they shouldin nothing faile,  
For it was uttirly the Quen's will.

Jason answerid mekily and still,  
My ladie (qð he) thanke I hertily  
Of her godenesse, us nedith truely  
Nothing as now, but that we werie be,  
And comin for to plaie out of the se,  
Till that the winde be bettir in our waie.

This ladie romith by the cliffe to plaie  
With her meinè, endlong upon the stronde,  
And findith Jason, and this othir, stonde  
In speking of this thing, as I you told.

This Hercules and Jason gan behold,  
How that the Quene it was, and faire her grete,  
Anon right as thei with this ladie mete,  
And she toke hede, and knewe by ther manere,  
By ther araie, by wordis, and by chere,  
That it were gentillmen of grete degre,  
And to the castle with her ledith she  
These straungè folke, and doith hem gret honor,  
And askith hem of travaile and of labor,  
That thei have suffrid in the saltè se,  
So that within a daie, or two or thre  
She knewe by the folke that in his shippis be  
That it was Jason full of renomè,  
And Hercules, that had the grete loos,  
That soughtin the adventures of Colchos,  
And did hem honour, more than before,  
And with hem deled evir longir the more,  
For thei ben worthy folke withoutin lese,  
And namely moste she spake with Hercules,  
To him her herte she bare, an he should be  
Sadde, wise, and true, of wordis avisè,  
Withoutin any othir affection  
Of love, or othir imaginacion.

This Hercules hath this Jason so preised,  
That to the Sunnè he hath him up reised,  
That halfe so true a man there n'as of love  
Undir the cope of heven that is above,

And he was wise, hardie, secrete, and riche,  
Of these iii. pointis, there n'as non him liche,  
Of fredome passid he, and lustichedde  
All tho that livin, and all tho ben dedde,  
Thereto so grete a gentillman was he,  
And of Thessalie likely king to be,  
There n'as no lacke, but that he was agast  
To love, and for to spekin shamèfast,  
Him had levir himself murdir and die,  
Than that men should a lovir him espie,  
As woldè God above that I had give  
My blode and fleshe, so that I might live  
With the bones, that he had aught where a Wife

For his estate, for soche a lustie life  
She shouldin ledin, with this lustie knight;  
And all this was compassid on the night  
Betwixin Jason, and this Hercules,  
Of both these two here was a shreudè lese  
To come to house upon an innocent,  
For to bedote this Quene was ther entent;  
And Jason is as coie as is a maide,  
He lokith pitoufly, but naught he saied,  
But frely yave he to her counsaillers

Yestis full grete, and to her oslicers;  
As would God that I lesir had and time,  
By proccesse all his woeing for to rime,  
But in this house if a false lovir be,  
Right as himself now doeth, right so did he,  
With faining, and with every subtrill dede;  
Ye get no more of me, but ye woll rede  
Thi' originall, that tellith all the caas.

The sothe is this, that Jason weddid was  
Unto this Quene, and toke of her substaunce,  
What so him list, unto his purveiaunce,  
And upon her begate he childrin two,  
And drough his faile, and sawe her nevir mo.  
A lettir sent she unto him certain,  
Which were to long to writin and to sain,  
And him reprovith of his grete untrouth,  
And prayith him on her to have some routh,  
And on his childrin two, she saied him this  
That thei be like of allè thing iwis

To Jason, save that thei couth nat begile,  
And prayid God, or it were longè while,  
That she, that had his herte ireft her fro,  
Mote findin him untrue, and false also.  
And that she mustè both her childrin spill,  
And allè tho that suffrith him his will;  
And true to Jason was she all her life,  
And evir kept her chaste, as for his wife,  
Ne nevir had she joie at her herte,  
But dyid for his love of sorowes smerte.

To Colchis comin is this Duke Jason,  
That is of love devourir and dragon,  
As Matire appetitith forme alwaie,  
And from forme into forme it passin maie;  
Or as a wellè that were botomles,  
Right so can false Jason have no pees,  
For to desirin through his appetite  
To doen with gentilwoman his delite,  
This is his luste, and his felicite.

Jason is romid forth to the cite,  
That whilom clepid was Jasonicos,  
That was the maistirtoun of all Colchos,  
And hath itolde the cause of his coming  
Unto Æeta, of that countre king,  
Praying him that he must doen his assaie,  
To gette the Fiese of golde, if that he maie,  
Of whiche the king assentith to his bone,  
And doth him honour, as it is to done,  
So ferforth, that his doughtir and his heire  
Medea, whiche that was so wise and sure,  
That fairir sawe there nevir man with eye,  
He made her doen to Jason companie



At mete, and sittin by him in the hall.

Now was Jason a femely man withall,  
And like a Lorde, and had a grete renoun,  
And of his loke roiall as a Lioun,  
And godelie of his speche, and familiere,  
And coud of love the craft and art plene  
Withoutin boke, with everiche observaunce,  
And as fortune her ought a foule mischaunce,  
She woxe enamorid upon this man.

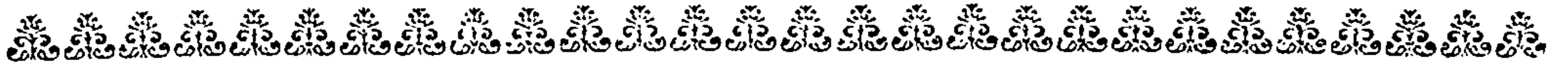
Jason (qð she) for ought I se or can  
As of this thing, the whiche ye ben about,  
Ye and your self ye put in mochil doubt,  
For who so woll this avinture archeve,  
He maie nat wele avertin, as I leve,  
Withoutin deth, but I his helpè be;  
But nathèles it is my will (qð she)  
To forthrin you, so that ye shall nat die,  
But turnin sounde home to your Thessalie.

My right fair lady (qð this Jason tho)  
That ye have of my deth or of my wo  
Any regarde, and doen me this honour,  
I wot wel that my might, ne my labour  
May nat deservin it my liv'is daie,  
God thankè you, there I ne can ne maie,  
Your man am I, and lowely you besече  
To ben my helpe, withoutin more speche,  
But certis for my deth shal I not spare.

Tho gan this Medea to him declare  
The peril of this case, fro point to point,  
Of his batayle, and eke in what disjoyn  
He motè stonidin, of whiche no cecture  
Save onely she, ne might his lyfe assure;  
And shortly, right to the poynt for to go,  
They ben accordid full betwyxe 'hem two,  
That Jason shal her wedde, as her true knight,  
And terme yset to comin sone at night  
Unto her chambre, and make there his othe  
Upon the goddes, that he for lefe or lothe  
Ne shulde her nevir falsin nyght ne daye,

To ben her husbonde whyle he lyvin maye,  
As she that from his deth him savid here.  
And hereupon at night they mette yfere,  
And doth his othe, and goth with her to bedde,  
And on the morowe upwarde he him spedde,  
240 For she hath taught him how he shal nat fayle  
The flees to wyne, and stintin his bataile, 280  
And savid hym his life, and his honour,  
And gate him a name, as a Conquerour,  
Right through the sleight of her enchantement.  
Now hath Jason the flese, and home is went  
With Medea, and tresours full grete wonne.  
But unwylte of her fathir she is gonne  
To Thessalye, with duke Jason her lefe,  
That aftirwarde hath brought her to mischefe.  
250 For as a traytour he is from her go,  
And with her leste yonge childrin two, 290  
And falsely hath betrayid her, alas!  
And er in love a chefe traytour he was,  
And weddid yet the thirde wyfe anon,  
That was the doughtir of the kyng Creon.  
This is the mede of lovyng and guerdon,  
That Medea receved of duke Jason  
Right for her trouthe, and for her kyndinesse,  
That loved him bettir than her self, I gesse,  
260 And leste her fathir, and her herytage;  
And of Jason this is the vassalage, 300  
That in his dayes n'as nevir non yfoude  
So false a lovyr goyng on the grounde;  
And therefore in her lettir thus she sayd,  
First when she of his falsnesse him upbrayd,  
Why lykid me thy yelowè here to se  
More than the boundis of myn honeste?  
Why lykid me thy youth and thy fayrnesse  
And of thy tonge the' infynite gracynesse?  
270 O! haddest thou in thy conquest ded ybe,  
Ful mikil untrouth had there dyed with The. 310  
Wel can Ovide her lettre' in verse endyte,  
Whiche were as now to longè for to write.

Here endeth the Legende of HYPsipyle and MEDEA.



Here foloweth the Legende of Lucrece of Rome.

**N**owe mote I sain th'exilyng of kyngis  
Of Rome, for ther horrible doyngis,  
Of the lasse kyng Sextus Tarquinius,  
As faith Ovid, and Titus Lyvius;

But for that cause tel I nat this storye,  
But for to prayse, and drawe in memorye  
The very wyfe, the very true Lucrese,  
That for her wischode, and her stedfastnesse,  
Nat onely that these panymes her commende,  
But that yclepid is in our legende,  
The gret Austyn, that hath compassioun  
Of this Lucrece, that starfe in Romè toun,  
And in what wise, I woll but shortly trete,  
And of this thing I touch not but the grete.

Whan Ardea bessegid was aboute  
With Romainys, that ful sterne werin and stout,  
Ful longè lay the siege and litil wroughten,  
So that they wer halfe ydil, as 'hem thoughten,  
And in his play Tarquinius the yonge  
Gan for to jape, for he was lyght of tonge,  
And sayid, that it was an ydle lyfe,  
No man dyd there no more than did his wife,  
And let us speke of wivis, that is best,  
Praise everie man his own, as him leste,  
And with our spechis let us cse our herte.

A knight (yclepid Colatin) up sterte,  
And sayid thus, nay, sir, it is no nede  
To trowin on the worde, but on the dede,  
I have a wife (qð he) that as I trowe  
Is holdin gode of al that er her knowe, 30  
Go we to Rome to nyght, and we shul se.  
Tarquinius answerde, that lykith me;  
To Rome they be comin, and fast 'hem dighte  
To Colatyn's house, and downe they light,  
10 Tarquinius, and eke this Colatine;  
The husbonde knewe the eftirs wel and fyne,  
And ful prively into the house thei gone;  
Nor at the gate ne portir was there none,  
And at the chambre dorè they abyde;  
This noble wife sate by her bedd'is fyde 40  
Discheveled, for no malyce she ne thought,  
And soft wol, faith Livy, that she wrought  
To kepin her from slouth and ydilnesse,  
And bad her servautes done ther besinesse,  
20 And askith 'hem, What tidinges herin ye?  
How faith men of the siege, howe shal it be?  
God wolde the wallis were fallin adowne,  
Myn husbond is to long out of this towne,  
For whichè drede doth me sorely to smerte,  
Right as a sworde it styngith to mine hert, 50  
Whan



When I thinkin on this or of that place,  
 God save my lorde, I pray him for his grace;  
 And therewithal so tendirly gan wepe,  
 And of her werke she toke no more kepe,  
 But mekily she let her eyin fal,  
 And thilkè semblant fate her wel withal,  
 And eke her teris ful of honestè  
 Embelissid her wifely chastitè,  
 Her countinaunce is to her hertè digne,  
 For thei accordidin in dede and signe.  
 And with that worde her husbonde Colatin,  
 Or she of him was ware, came sterling in,  
 And sayid, drede The nat, for I am here;  
 And she anone up rose, with blisful chere,  
 And kyssed him, as of wivis is the wonne.  
 Tarquinius, this proude king's sonne,  
 Concevid hath her beautie and her chere,  
 Her yelowè here, her bountie, and her manere,  
 Her hewe, her wordis, that she hath complained,  
 And by no craft her beautie was nat fained,  
 And caught unto this lady soche desire,  
 That in his hert he brent as any fire  
 So wodely, that his witte was all forgotten,  
 For wel thought he she shuldè nat be gotten,  
 And aye the more that he was in dispaire,  
 The more he coverith, and thought her faire,  
 His blindè luste was al his coveting.  
 On morowe, whan the birde began to syng,  
 Unto the sieg he cometh ful privily,  
 And by himselfe he walkith sobirly,  
 The ymage of her recording alway newe,  
 Thus lay her here, and thus fresh was her hew,  
 Thus fate she, thus she spake, this was her chere,  
 Thus faire she was, and this was her manere;  
 Al this conceite his herte hath newe ytake,  
 And as the se, with tempest al to shake,  
 That astir whan the storme is al ago,  
 Yet wolle the watir quappe a daie or two,  
 Right so, though that her formè were absent,  
 The plesaunce of her formè was present,  
 But nathellessè nat plesaunce, but delite,  
 Or an unrightful talent with dispite,  
 For maugre her, she shal my lemmán be,  
*Hap helpith hardy man alway* (qð he)  
 What endè that I make, it shal be so.  
 And gyrtè him with his sworde, and gan to go,  
 And he forth ritt til he to Rome is come,  
 And al alone his way that he hath nome  
 Unto the house of Colatin ful right;  
 Down was the sunne, and day hath lost his lyght,  
 And in he come, unto a privie halke,  
 And in the night ful thefely gan he stalke,  
 Whan every wight was to his rest ybrought,  
 Ne no wight had of treson soche a thought,  
 Whethir by windowe, or by othir gin,  
 With swerde ydrawe shortly he comith in  
 There as she lay, this noble wife Lucrece,  
 And as she woke, her bedde she feltin presse;  
 What best is that (qð she) that wayith thus?  
 I am the king's sonne Tarquinius,  
 (Qð he) but and thou crie, or noise ymake,  
 Or if thou any creature awake,  
 By thilkè God, that formid man of lyve,  
 This swerdè through thyne hertè shal I ryve,  
 And therewithal unto her throte he sterre,  
 And set the swerde al sharpe upon her herte.  
 No word she spake, she hath no might therto,  
 What shal she saine, her witte is al ago,  
 As when a wolfe findith a lambe alone,  
 To whom shal she complaine or make her mone?  
 What, shal she fightin with an hardie knight?  
 Wel wotte men that a woman hath no might;  
 What shal she crie, or how shal she asterte?  
 That hath her by the throte with swerde at herte;

She askith grace, and said al that she can.  
 No, wolt thou nat tho (qð this cruil man)  
 As wisely Jupiter my souldè save  
 As I shal in thy stable fle thy knave,  
 And lay him in thy bedde and loudè crie  
 That I The fyrdin in soche avoutrie; 130  
 And thus thou shalt be ded, and also lese  
 Thy name, for that thou shalt none othir chese.  
 This Romains wives lovidin so ther name  
 At thilke tyme and dredidin so the shame,  
 That what for fere of flaundre, and dred of deeth,  
 She lost at onis both her wit and breth,  
 And in a swough she lay, and woxe so ded,  
 Men mightin smitin of her arme or hed,  
 She felith nothing, neithir foule ne feyre.  
 Tarquinius, that art a king's heyre, 140  
 And shuldist, as by linage and by right,  
 Done as a lorde, and as a very knight,  
 Why hast thou done dispite to chivalrye?  
 Why hast thou done thy lady vilanie?  
 Alas, of The this was a vila'inous dede!  
 But nowe to the purpose, in the story I rede.  
 Whan he was gonne, and this mischaunce is fal,  
 This lady sent astir her frendis al,  
 Fathir, mothir, and husbonde, al yfere,  
 And dischevilid with her herè clere, 150  
 In habyt soche as women usid tho  
 Unto the buryeng of ther frendis go  
 She fate in hal, with a sorowful syght,  
 Her frendis askin what her aylin myght,  
 And who was ded? and she fate aye wepyng,  
 A worde for shame ne may she forth out bring,  
 Ne upon them she durstè nat behold;  
 But at the laste of Tarquin she hem tolde  
 This ruful case, and al this thyng horrible,  
 The wo to tellin were impossible, 160  
 That she and al her frendis make at ones,  
 Al haddin folkis hertis ben of stoncs,  
 It might have makid hem upon her rewe,  
 Her hert ywas so wisely and so trewe,  
 She said, that for her gylte ne for her blame  
 Her husbonde shulde nat have the souldè name,  
 That woldè she nat sutrin by no waye.  
 And they answerid al unto her faye  
 That they foryave it her, for it was right,  
 It was no gylte, it lay nat in her myght, 170  
 And saydin her ensamplis many one,  
 But al for naught, for thus she said anone,  
 Be as be may (qð she) of forgivyng,  
 I will nat have no forgifte for nothing,  
 But privily she coughtin forth a knife,  
 And therewithal she rafte her selfe her life,  
 And as she fel adowne she cast her loke,  
 And of her clothis yet gode hede she toke,  
 For in her fallyng yet she had a care  
 Leste that her fete, or soche thingis lay bare; 180  
 So wel she lovid clennesse, and eke trouthe.  
 Of her had all the towne of Rome routhe,  
 And Brutus hath by her chaste blode yswore  
 That Tarquin shulde ybanished be therfore,  
 And al his kinne, and let the peple cal,  
 And opinly the tale he tolde hem al,  
 And opinly let cary her on a bere  
 Through al the towne, that men may se and here  
 The horrible dede of her oppressioun.  
 Ne nevir was there kyng in Rome toun 190  
 Sens thylkè day, and she was holdin there  
 A saynt, and evre her day yhalowed dere,  
 As in ther lawe: and thus endith Lucrese,  
 The noble wyfe, Titus berith witnesse.  
 I tel it for she was of love so trewe,  
 Ne in her wil she chaungid for no newe,  
 And in her stable herte, sadde and kinde,  
 That in these women men may al day finde,

There



There as they cast ther hert, there it dwellith;  
For wel I wote, that Christ himselfe tellith,  
That in Israel, as wide as is the londe,  
He so grete faith in al the londe ne fonde,

200 As in a woman, and this is no lie;  
And as for men, loke ye, soche tyrannie  
Thei done al daie, assay 'hem who so list,  
The trewist is ful brotil for to triste.

Here endeth the Legende of LUCRECE of Rome.



Here foloweth the Legende of ARIADNE of Athens.



Inos infernal judge of Crete the kyng,  
Now cometh thy lotte, thou comist on the  
ryng;  
Nat for thy sake alone writen is this storye,  
But for to clepe ayen unto memorie  
Of Theseus the gret untrouthe of love,  
For whiche the goddis of hevin above,  
Ben wroth, and wrath have takin for thy synne,  
Be red for shame, nowe I thy lyfe beginne.  
Minos that was the mighty king of Crete,  
That had an hundrid cities strong and grete,  
To schole hath sent his sonne Androgeus  
To Athenes, of the whiche it happid thus  
That he was slayne, lerning philosophie,  
Right in that cyte, nat but for envie.  
The grete Minos, of the whiche that I speke,  
His sonnis deth is comin for to wreke.  
Alcathoe' he besiegid harde and longe,  
But natheles the wallis be so stronge,  
And Nisus, that was kyng of that cite,  
So chivalrous, that litil dredith he,  
Of Minos or his hoste toke he no cure,  
Tyl on a daie besil an'avinture,  
That Nisus doughtir stode upon the wal,  
And of the siege behelde the manir al,  
So happid it, that at a scarmishing,  
She caste her hert upon Minos the king,  
For his beaute, and for his chivalrye,  
So forely that she wenid for to die.  
And shortly of this processe for to pace,  
She made Minos to winnin thilke place,  
So that the cite was al at his wyl,  
To save whom him liste, or ellis spill.  
But wickidly he quit her kyndenesse,  
And let her drenche in sorowe and distresse,  
Nere that the goddis had of her pite,  
But that tale were to longe as nowe for me.  
Athenis was this king Minos also,  
As Alcathoe', and othir townis mo,  
And this th' effect, that Minos hath so driven  
Them of Athenis, that thei mote him yeven  
Fro yere to yere ther ownè childrin dere  
For to be slaine, as ye shal aftir here.  
This Minos hath a monstre', a wickid best,  
That was so cruil, that without arest  
Whan that a man was brought into' his presence  
He wolde him ete, there helpith no defence;  
And every thirde yere withoutin doute  
Thei castidin lotte, as it came aboute,  
On riche and pore, he must his sonne take,  
And of his childe he must a presente make  
To Minos, for to save him or to spill,  
Or let his best devour him at his will.  
And this hath Minos don right in dispite,  
To wreke his sonne was set al his delyte,  
And makin 'hem of Athenis hys thral,  
Fro yere to yere, while that he livin shal,  
And hom he sailith whan this toun is won.  
This wickid custome is so long yron,  
Till that the king of Athenes Aegrus

Mote sendin his owne sonne Theseus,  
Sens that the lotte is fallin him upon,  
To ben devourid, for grace is there non.  
And forth is ladde this woful yongè knight  
Unto the countre' of Minos ful of might,  
And in a prison fettrid fast is he,  
Tyl that ilke time he shulde yfretin be.  
Wel maist thou wepe, o woful Theseus,  
That art a king's sonne, and damnid thus,  
Me thinkith this, that thou art depe yholde,  
To whom that favid The fro caris colde,  
And nowe yf any woman helpè The,  
Wel oughtist thou her servaunt for be,  
And ben her trewe lovir yere by yere.  
But nowe to come aien to my matere.  
The tourè, there this Theseus is throwe,  
Downe in the bottom derke, and wondir lowe,  
Was joyning to the wal of a foreine  
That longing was unto the doughtrin tweine.  
Of Minos, whiche that in ther chambris grete  
Dweltin above toward the maistirstrete  
Of thilke towne, in joy and in solas,  
N'ot I nat howe, it happinid per caas  
As Theseus complainid him by night,  
The king's doughtir, that Ariadne hight,  
And eke her sustir Phædra, herdin al  
His complainte, as thei stodin on the wall,  
And lokid up upon the brightè mone,  
'Hem listin nat to go to bedde so sone,  
And of his wo thei had compassion,  
A king's sonne to be in soche prison,  
And ben devourid, thought 'hem grete pite,  
Than Ariadne spake to' her sustir fre,  
And sayid, Phædra, my lefe sustir dere,  
This woful lord's sonne maie ye nat here  
Howe pitoussly he complainith his kinne,  
And eke his pore estate that he is inne,  
And giltlesse? certis nowe it is routhe,  
And if ye wol assentin by my trouthe  
He shal ben holpin, howe so that we do.  
Phædra answerde, ywis me is as wo  
For him, as er I was for any man,  
And to his helpe the best rede that I can  
Is, that we done the gailir privily  
To come and spekin with us hastily,  
And done this woful man with him to come,  
For if he maie this monstir ovrcome,  
Than were he quite, there is none othir bote;  
Let us wel taste him at his hert's rote,  
That if so be that he a wepon have,  
Where that he dare, his life to kepe and save,  
Fightin with this fende, and himself defende;  
For in the prison, there he shal discende,  
Ye wote wel, that the best is in a place  
That is not derke, and hath roume and eke space  
To welde an axe, or sverde, a staffe, or knife,  
So that me thinkith he shulde save his life,  
If that he be a man, he shal do so.  
And we shal make him ballis eke also

Of



Of wexe and towe, that whan he gapith fast  
 Into the best's throte he shal 'hem caste,  
 To fleke his hongir, and encombre' his tethe,  
 And right anon whan that Theseus fette  
 The best achekid, he shal on him lepe,  
 To fleen him, or they comin more to hepe.  
 This wepon shal the gailir or that tyde  
 Ful privily within the prision hyde;  
 And for the house is crenclid to and fro,  
 And hath so queintè wayis for to go,  
 For it is shapin as the mase is wrought,  
 Therto have I a remedy' in my thought,  
 That by a clewe of twyne, as he hath gon,  
 The samè way he may returne anon,  
 Folo'wing alway the threde, as he hath come  
 And whan that he this best hath ovrcome,  
 Than may he flien away out of this stede,  
 And eke the gailir may he with him lede,  
 And him avaunce at home in his countre,  
 Sens that so gret a lord's sonne is he.  
 This is my rede, if that ye dare it take,  
 What shulde I lengir sermon of it make?  
 The gailir cometh, and with him Theseus;  
 And whan these thingis ben accordid thus,  
 Adowne fate Theseus upon his kne,  
 O the right lady of my life (qð he)  
 I so'rowfull man, ydamnid to the dethe,  
 Fro you, whilis that me ylastith brethe,  
 I wol nat twinne, aftir this avinture,  
 But in your service thus I wol endure,  
 That as a wretche unknow, I wol you serve  
 For evirmore, tyl that min hertè sterve,  
 Forsake I wol at home min heritage,  
 And as I said, ben of your courte a page,  
 If that ye vouchsafin that in this place  
 Ye grauntin me to havin soche a grace  
 That I may have nat but my mete and drinke,  
 And for my sustinaunce yet wol I swinke,  
 Right as you list, that Minos, ne no wight  
 Sens that he saw me nevir with eyensight,  
 Ne no man ellis shal me nat espye,  
 So sily, and so wel I shal me gye,  
 And me so wel disfigure, and so lowe,  
 That in this world there shal no man me knowe,  
 To have my lyfe, and to have the presence  
 Of you, that done to me this excellence;  
 And to my fathir shal I sendin here  
 This worthy man, which that is your gaylere,  
 And him so guerdon, that he shal wel be  
 One of the gretist men of my countre,  
 And if I durste sayne, my lady bright,  
 I am a kyng's sonne and eke a knight,  
 As woldè God, if that it might ybe  
 Ye werin in my countre alle thre,  
 And I with you, to bere you companye,  
 Than shuld ye sene if that I therof lye,  
 And if I profir you in lowe manere  
 To ben your page, and servin you right here,  
 But I you serve as lowly in that place,  
 I pray to Mars to yeve me soche grace,  
 That sham's deth on me there mote fall,  
 And deth and poverté to my frendis all,  
 And that my spritè by night mote go  
 Aftir my deth, and walkin to and fro,  
 That I mote of foule traitour have a name,  
 For whiche my sprit mote go, to do me shame,  
 And if I clayme evir othir degre  
 But ye vouchsafin to grauntin it me,  
 As I have said, of sham's deth I dey,  
 And mercy lady, I can naught els sey.  
 A femely knight was this Theseus to se,  
 And yongè, but of twenty yere and thre,  
 But who so had yfene his countinaunce,  
 He would have wept, for routh of his penaunce,

For which this Ariadne' in this manere  
 Answerde to his profre and to his chere.  
 A kyng's sonne, and eke a knight (qð she)  
 To ben my servaunt in so low degre  
 God shild it, for the shame of women al,  
 And lene me nevir soche a case befall,  
 And sende you grace, and sleight of hert also  
 You to defende, and knightly fleen your foe, 200  
 And lene here aftir that I may you finde  
 To me, and to my sustir here so kynde,  
 That I ne repent nat to yeve you lyfe;  
 Yet were it bettir that I were your wife,  
 130 Sirhe that ye ben as gentil borne as I,  
 And have a relme nat ferre but faste by,  
 Than I suffrid your gentillesse to sterve,  
 Or that I let you as a page to serve,  
 It is no profite unto your kinrede,  
 But what is that, that men n'll do for dred. 210  
 And to my sustir, syth that it is so  
 That she more gone with me, if that I go,  
 Or ellis suffre deth as wel as I,  
 140 That ye unto your sonne as trewily  
 Done her be weddid at your homecomming;  
 This is the synal ende of al this thing,  
 Ye swere it here on all that may be sworne.  
 Ye, lady myn (qð he) or els to torne  
 Mote I be with the Minotaure to morowe,  
 And havith here of min hertblod to borowe, 220  
 If that ye wol, if I had knife or spere,  
 I wolde it lettin out, and thereon swere,  
 For than at erste I wot ye would me leve,  
 150 By Mars, that is the chiefe of my beleve,  
 So that I mightin lyvin, and nat faile,  
 To morowe for to takin my bataile,  
 I ne wolde nevir fro this place flye  
 Tyl that ye shulde the very profè yse,  
 For now, in that the loth I shal you say,  
 I have lovid you ful many a daie, 230  
 Though ye ne wist it nat, in my countre,  
 And aldirmoste desyrid you to se  
 Of any erthly living creature,  
 160 Upon my trouthe I swere, and you assure,  
 This sevin yere I have your servaunt be,  
 Nowe have I you, and also have ye me,  
 My derè hert, of Athenis Duchesse.  
 This lady smilith at his stedfastnesse,  
 And at his hertely wordes, and at his chere,  
 And to her sustir sayd in this manere. 240  
 And sothely leve all sustir myn (qð she)  
 Nowe be we Duchessis both I and ye,  
 And sikerde to the regals of Athenes,  
 170 And bothe hereaftir likely to be Quenes,  
 And favid fro his deth a kyng's sonne,  
 As er of gentilwomen is the wonne  
 To save a gentilman, enforth ther might,  
 In honcst cause, and namely in his right,  
 Me thinkith no wight ought us hereof blame,  
 Ne berin us therfore an evil name; 250  
 And shortly of this matir for to make,  
 This Theseus of her hath leve ytake,  
 And every point was performid in dede,  
 180 As ye have in this covenaut herde me rede;  
 His wepen, his clewe, his thing that I have said,  
 Was by the gailir in the house ylaide,  
 There as the Mynotaure hath his dwellyng,  
 Right faste by the dore, at his entring,  
 And Theseus is lad unto his dethe,  
 And forth unto this Minotaure he gethe, 260  
 And by the teching of this Adriane,  
 He ovrcome this best, and was his bane,  
 And out he comith by the clewe againe  
 Ful privily, whan he this best hath slaine,  
 190 And by the gailir gottin hath a barge,  
 And of his wiv's trefure gan it charge,  
 And



And toke his wife, and eke her sustir fre,  
 And eke the gailir, and with 'hem al thre  
 Is stole away out of the londe by night,  
 And to the countre of Enupie him dight,  
 Thereas he had a frende of his knowing.  
 There festin thei, there daunsin thei and sing,  
 And in his armis hath this Adriane,  
 That of the best hath kept him fro his bane,  
 And get him there a noble barge anone,  
 And of his countre folke a ful gret wone,  
 And taketh his leve, and homwarde sailith he,  
 And in an yle, amiddis the wilde se,  
 Thereas there dwellid nevir cature none,  
 Save wild bestis, and that ful many one,  
 He made his shippe alondè for to sette,  
 And in that yle halfe a daie he lette,  
 And sayd, that on the londe he must him reste,  
 His mariners have done right as him leste;  
 And for to tellin shortly in this case,  
 Whan Ariadne his wife aslepe was,  
 For that her sustir fayrir was than she,  
 He taketh her in his honde, and forth goth he  
 To shyppe, and as a traitour stole away,  
 While that this Ariadne aslepe lay,  
 And to his countre warde he sailith blive,  
 A twenty dyvil way the winde him drive,  
 And found his fathir drenchid in the se.  
 Me lyfte no more to speke of him, parde,  
 These false lovirs, poison be ther bane.  
 But I wol turne againe to Adriane,  
 That is with slepe for weriness ytake  
 Ful sorowfully her hert may awake.  
 Alas! for The myne herte hath grete pite;  
 Right in the dawining awakith she,  
 And gropith in the bed, and fond right nought.  
 Alas (qð she) that evir I was wrought!  
 I am betrayid, and her here to rente,  
 And to the stonde all barefore fast she wente,

And cryid: Theseus myn hertè swete,  
 Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete,  
 And might thus with the bestis ben yllaine?  
 270 The halowe rockis answerde her againe,  
 No man she sawe, and yet yshone the mone,  
 And hye upon a rocke she wentin sone, 310  
 And sawe his barge ysailing in the se,  
 Colde woxe her hert, and right thus sayid she;  
 Mekir than ye finde I the bestis wylde.  
 Hath he nat synne, that he her thus begylde?  
 She cried, o turne againe for routhe and sinne,  
 Thy barge ne hath nat al his meinè inne;  
 Her couverchefe on a pole styckid she  
 280 Ascaunce that he shulde it wele yse,  
 And him remembre that she was behinde,  
 And turne againe, and on the stonde her finde. 320  
 But all for naught, his way he is ygone,  
 And downe she fel a swowne upon a stone,  
 And up she risse, and kyssed in all her care  
 The steppis of his fete, there he hath fare,  
 And to her bed right thus she spekith tho:  
 Thou bed (qð she) that hast recevid two,  
 Thou shalt answer of two, and not of one,  
 290 Where is the gretir partè? away gone.  
 Alas! wher shal I wretchid wight become?  
 For though so be that botè none here come, 330  
 Home to my countre dare I nat for drede,  
 I can my selfin in this case nat rede.  
 What should I tellin more here complaining?  
 It is so long it were an hevy thing;  
 In her epistle Naso tellith all.  
 But shortly to the ende tellin I shall,  
 The Goddis have her holpin for pyte,  
 300 And in the sygne of Taurus men may se  
 The stonis of her corowne shynè clere.  
 I will no more spekin of this matere, 340  
 But thus this false lovir can begile  
 His trew love, the Devil quit him his while.

Here endeth the Legende of ARIADNE.



### Here foloweth the Legende of PHILOMELA.

**T**Hou yevir of the formis that hast wrought  
 The fayrè world, and bare it in thy thought  
 Eternally, er thou thy werke began,  
 Why madist thou to the laundir of man,  
 Or allbe that it was not thy doying,  
 As for that ende, to makin soche a thing,  
 Why suffredest thou that Tereus was bore,  
 That is in love so false and so forswore,  
 That fro this world up to the first hevin  
 Corruptith, whan that folke his name nevin? 10  
 And as to me so grisly was his dede,  
 That whan that I this foulè storie rede,  
 Myne eyin wexin foule, and sore also,  
 Yet lasteth the venyme of so long ago,  
 That it enfectith him, that wolde beholde  
 The storie of Tereus, of which I tolde.  
 Of Thrace was he the lorde, and kyn to Marte  
 The cruil God, that stante with bloody darte,  
 And weddid had he with full blisfull chere  
 King Pandion's faire doughtir dere,  
 That hight Progne, the floure of her countre,  
 Though Juno liste not at the fest to be,  
 Ne Hymen, that the God of Weddyng is,  
 But at the feste redy ben iwis  
 The furis three, with all ther mortall bronde,  
 The Oule all night above the balkis wonde,

That Prophete is of wo, and of mischaunce;  
 This revill, full of song and full of daunce,  
 Lastid a fourtènight, or little lasse;  
 But shortlie of this storie for to passe, 30  
 (For I am werie of hym for to tell)  
 Five yere his wife and he togithir dwell,  
 Till on a daie she gan so sore to long  
 To sene her sustir, that she sawe not long,  
 That for desire she ne wist what to saie,  
 But to her husbonde gan she for to praie  
 For Godd's love, that she mote onis gone  
 To sene her sustre, and come ayen anon,  
 Or ellis but she motè to her wende,  
 She praied him that he would astir her sende; 40  
 And this was daie by daie all her praie,  
 With all humbleste of wifehode, worde and chere.  
 This Tereus let make his shippis yare,  
 And into Grece hymself is forthe ifare,  
 Unto his fathir in lawe gan he praie  
 20 To vouchesafin, that for a moneth or twaie,  
 That Philomela his wife's sustir might  
 On Progne's wife but onis have a sight,  
 And she shall come to you again anon,  
 My self with her I will bothe come and gon, 50  
 And as my hert's life I will her kepe.  
 This olde Pandion, this kyng gan to wepe,



For tendirnesse of herte for to leve  
His doughtir gon, and for to yeve her leve;  
Of all this worlde he lovid nothyng so;  
But at the laste leve hath she to go,  
For Philomela with salt teris eke  
Gan of her fathir his grace to beseke  
To sene her sustir, that her longith so,  
And hym enbracith with her armis two,  
And therewithal so yonge and faire was she,  
That when that Tereus sawe her beaute,  
And of arraie that there was none her liche,  
And yet of beaute was she to so riche,  
He cast his fierie herte upon her so  
That he woll have her, how so that it go,  
And with his wilis knelid, and so praied,  
Till at the last Pandion thus ysaied.  
Now sonne (q<sup>d</sup> he) that art to me so dere,  
I The betake my yonge doughtir here  
That bereth the keie of all myne hert's life,  
And grete me well my doughtir, and thy wife,  
And yeve her levè somtyme for to pleie,  
That she maie se me onis or I deie.  
And sothly he hath made hym richè fest,  
And to his folke, the moste and eke the lest,  
That with him came, and yave him yestris grete,  
And him conveyith through the mastirstrete  
Af Athenis, and to the se hym brought,  
And tournich home, no malice he ne thought.  
The oris pullith forth the vessil fast,  
And into Thrace arrivith at the last,  
And up into a Forest he her led,  
And to a cave full privily hym sped,  
And in this darkè cave, if that her lest  
Or ne list nought, he bad her for to rest,  
Of whiche her herte agrose, and sayid thus.  
Where is my sustir, brothir Tereus?  
And there withall she wept full tendirlye,  
And quoke for fere all pale and pituousslye,  
Right as the lambe, that of the Wolfe is bitten,  
Or as the Culver, that of the'Egle is smitten,  
And is out of his clawis forthe escaped,  
Yet it is still aserde, and fore awhaped,  
Lest it be hent c<sup>o</sup>sonis; so fate she:  
But uttirlye it maie none othir be,  
By force hath this traitour ydoen a dede,  
That he hath rest her of her maidinhede,  
Maugre her hed, by strength and by his might.  
Lo here a dede of men, and that aright!  
She cryith sustir with full loudè steven,  
And fathir dere, O helpe me God in heven;  
All helpith not, and yet this false these  
Hath doen his Ladie yet a more mischese,  
For fere, lest that she should his shame crie,  
And doen him opinlie a villanie,  
And with his swerd her tong of kerfith he,  
And in a Castill made her for to be  
Full privily in prisone evirmore,  
And kept her to his usage and his store,

So that she ne might nevir more asterte.  
O sely Philomela, wo' is thine herte,  
Huge ben thy sorowis, and wondir smerte,  
God wreke The, and sende The thy bone.  
Now it is time I make an ende sone.  
This Tereus is to his wife icome,  
And in his armis hath his wife inome,  
And pitoussly he wept, and shoke his healde,  
And swore her, that he found her sustir dedde,  
For whiche this sely Progne hath soche wo, 120  
That nigh her sorowfull herte brake atwo;  
And thus in teris let I Progne dwell,  
And of her sustir forthe I woll you tel.  
This wofull Ladie lernid had in youth  
So that she workin and enbrandin couth,  
And wevin in her stole the radèvore,  
And it of women hath be wovid yore.  
And sothly for to saine, she hath her fill 70  
Of mete and drinke, of clothing at her will,  
And couth eke rede well inough and endite, 130  
But with a pennè she ne could not write,  
But lettirs can she wevin to and fro,  
So that by that the yere was all ago  
She had ywovin in a stamen large  
How she was brought fro Athens in a barge,  
And in a cave how that she was ybrought,  
And all the thyng that Tereus ywrought,  
She wove it wel, and wrote the storie' above 80  
How she was servid for her sustir's love  
And to a knave a ring she yave anon, 840  
And prayid him by signis for to gon  
Unto the quene, and berin her that clothe;  
And by signis swore him many an othe  
She should him yevin what she gettin might.  
This knave anon unto the Quene him dight,  
And toke it her, and all the manir tolde.  
And when that Progne hath this thing behold,  
No worde she spake, for sorowe and for rage,  
But fainid her to gon on pilgrimage 150  
To Bacchus temple, and in a little stounde  
Her dombe sustir ysittyng hath she founde,  
Weping in the castill her self alone;  
Alas the wo, the constraint, and the mone  
That Progne upon her dombe sustir maketh!  
In armis everiche of 'hem othir taketh.  
And thus I let 'hem in ther sorowe dwell,  
The remenaunt is no charge for to tell,  
For this is all and some, thus was she served,  
That nevir ought agiltid ne deserved 160  
Unto this cruill man, that she of wiste.  
Ye maie beware of men, if that you liste,  
For all be that he woll not for his shame  
Doin as Tereus, to lese his name,  
Ne serve you as a murderer or a knave,  
Full little while shullin ye trewe him have,  
That woll I fain, al wer he now my brother,  
But it so be that he maie have none other.

Here endeth the Legende of PHILOMELA.

Here



## Here foloweth the Legende of PHYLLIS.

**B**Y prove, as well as by aucthorite,  
 That wickid fruiſte commeth of a wickid  
 tre,  
 That maie ye find, if that it likith you;  
 But for this ende I ſpeke this as now,  
 To tellin you of falſe Demophoon,  
 In love a falſir herd I nevir non,  
 But it werin his fathir Theſeus,  
 God for his grace fro ſoche one kepin us,  
 Thus theſe women yprayin, that it here.  
 Now to the' effeſte tourne I of my matere.  
 Deſtroyid is of Troie the Cite;  
 This Demophon came ſailiſg in the ſe  
 Toward Athenis, to his palcis large;  
 With him came many' a ſhip, and many' a barge,  
 All full of folke, of whiche full many one  
 Is woundid fore, and ſike, and wo begone,  
 And thei have at the ſiege long ilaine;  
 Behinde him came a winde, and eke a raine,  
 That ſhoſe ſo fore, his ſaile ne might not ſtonde;  
 Hym were levir then all the worlde a londe,  
 So huntith hym the tempeſt to and fro,  
 So darke it was, he could no where ygo  
 And with a wave to bruſtin was his ſtere,  
 His ſhip was rent ſo lowe, in ſoche manere,  
 That Carpenter ne could it not amende,  
 The ſe by night as any Torchè brende  
 For wodè, and poſſith him up and down,  
 Till Neptune hath of hym compaſſioun,  
 And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and thei all,  
 And madin him upon a londe to fall  
 Whereof that Phyllis Lady was and Quene,  
 Lycurgus doughtir, fairir unto ſene  
 Then is the floure again the brightè Sonne.  
 Unneth is Demophon to londe ivonne,  
 Weke and eke werie, and his folke forpined  
 Of werineſſe, and alſo enſamined,  
 And to the deth he was almoſte idriven,  
 His wiſe folke counſaile have him yyeven  
 To ſekin helpe and ſuccour of the Quene,  
 And lokin what his grace mightin bene,  
 And makin in that lande ſome cheveſaunce,  
 And kepin him fro wo, and fro miſchaunce:  
 For ſike he was, and almoſte at the deth,  
 Unnethis might he ſpeke, or drawin breth,  
 And lieth in Rhodopeia hym to reſte;  
 When he may walkin, him thought it was beſte  
 Unto the Courte to ſekin for ſuccour;  
 Men knewe him welc, and diddin hym honour,  
 For at Athenis Duke and Lorde was he,  
 As Theſeus his fathir hath ibe,  
 That in his tymè was of grete renoun,  
 No man ſo grete in all his regioun,  
 And like his fathre' of face and of ſtature,  
 And falſe of love, it came hym of nature,  
 As doeth the Foxe Renarde, the Fox'is ſonne,  
 Of kinde he could his oldè fathir wonne  
 Withoutin lore, as can a Drake ſwimme,  
 When it is caught, and caried to the brimme.  
 This honorable Phyllis doth him chere,  
 Her likith well his porte and his manere;  
 But I am all agrotid here beforne  
 To write of 'hem that in love ben forſworne,  
 And eke to haſtin me in my Legende,  
 Whiche to performè, God me grace yfende,  
 Therefore I paſſin ſhortly in this wiſe;  
 Ye have well herd of Theſeus the giſe,  
 In the betraying of faire Adriane,  
 That of her pite kept him fro his bane;

At ſhort wordis, right ſo Demophoon  
 The ſamè waie, and the ſame pathe hath gon, 70  
 That did his falſe fathir Theſeus,  
 For unto Phyllis hath he ſwornè thus  
 To weddin her, and her his trouth yplight,  
 And pikid of her all the gode he might,  
 Whan he was whole and ſounde, and had his reſte,  
 And doeth with Phyllis what ſo that him leſt,  
 As well I could, if that me liſtè ſo,  
 Tellin of all his doying to and fro.  
 He ſaied that to his countre mote hym ſaile,  
 For there he would her weddingg appaile, 80  
 As fill to her honour, and his alſo,  
 And opinly he toke his levè tho,  
 And to her ſwore that he would not ſojourne,  
 But in a moneth again he would retourne,  
 And in that londe let make his ordinaunce  
 As very Lorde, and toke the obeifaunce  
 Well and humbly, and his Shippis ydight,  
 And home he goith the next waie he might;  
 But unto Phyllis again came he nought,  
 And that hath ſhe ſo harde and ſore ibought, 90  
 Alas! as the ſtorie doeth us recorde,  
 That ſhe was her owne deth right with a corde,  
 When that ſhe ſaw that Demophon her traied.  
 But firſt wrote ſhe to him, and faſt him praied  
 He would come, and delivir her of pain,  
 As I reherſin ſhall a worde or twain,  
 Me liſte not to vouchſafe on him to ſwinke,  
 Diſpendin on him a penne full of ynke,  
 For falſe in love was he, right as his fire, 100  
 The Devill ſet ther ſoulis both on fire,  
 But of the lettre' of Phyllis woll I write  
 A worde or twain, although it be but lite.  
 Thine hoſteſſe (qð ſhe) O Demophoon,  
 Thy Phyllis, whiche that is ſo wo begon,  
 Of Rhodopeie upon you mote complain,  
 Ovir the terme yſet betwixt us twain  
 That ye ne holdin forwarde, as ye ſaied;  
 Your ancre, whiche ye in our havin laied,  
 40 Hight us, that ye would comin out of doubt,  
 Or that the Monè onis went about, 110  
 But timis lower the Mone hath hid her face,  
 Sens thilkè daie ye wentin fro this place,  
 And fowir timis light the worlde again;  
 But for all that, yet ſhall I ſothly ſain  
 Yet hath the ſtreme of Scython not ybrought  
 From Athenis the ſhip, yet came it nought;  
 And if that ye the termè rekin would,  
 As I or othir true lovirs doe ſhould,  
 50 I plainin not (God wot) before my daie.  
 But all her lettir writin I ne maie 120  
 By ordir, for it were to me a charge,  
 Her lettir was right long, and thereto large,  
 But here and there in rhyme I have it laied;  
 There as me thought that ſhe hath wel yſaied.  
 She ſaied, the ſailis comith not again,  
 Ne to the worde there n'is no fey certain,  
 But I wot why ye comin not (qð ſhe)  
 For I was of my love to you ſo fre,  
 60 And of the Goddis that ye have yſwore  
 If that ther vengeaunce fall on you therefore, 130  
 Ye be not ſuffiſaunt to bere the pain;  
 To mochil truſtid I, well maie I ſain,  
 Upon your linage, and your fairè tong,  
 And on your teris, falſly out ywrong,  
 How could ye wepin ſo by craft? (qð ſhe)  
 Maie there ſoche teris evir ſainid be?

Now



Now certis, if ye would have in memorie,  
It oughtin be to you but little glorie  
To have a felie maidin thus betraied;  
To God (qð she) praie I, and oft have praied, 140  
That it be now the gretist price of all  
And moste honour, that er you shall befall;  
And when thine old auncetirs paintid be,  
In whiche men maie ther worthinesse yse  
Then praie I God thou paintid be also,  
That folke maie redin, fortheby as thei go:  
Lo this is he, that with his flattiry  
Betrayid hath, and doen her villany,  
That was his true love, in thought and dede!  
But sothly of o point yet maie thei rede; 150  
That ye ben like your fathir, as in this,  
For he begilid Ariadne' iwis

With soche an arte, and soche a subtilte  
As thou thy selvin hast begilid me;  
As in that point, although it be not feire;  
Thou folowist certain, and art his heire.  
But sens thus sinfully ye me begile,  
My bodie mote ye fene, within a while,  
Right in the haven of Athenis fletyng  
Withoutin Sepulture and burying, 160  
Though ye ben hardir then is any stone.  
And when this lettir was forth sent anone,  
And knewe how brotill and how fals he was,  
She for dispaire fordid her self, alas!  
Soche sorowe' hath she, for she beset her so.  
Beware ye women of your subtil to,  
Sens yet this daie men maie ensample se;  
And trustith now in love no man but me.

Here endeth the Legende of PHYLLIS.

Here foloweth the Legende of HYPERMNESTRA.

**I**N Grece whilom were dwelling bretherne  
two,  
Of whiche that one was callid Danao,  
That many' a sonne hath of his bodie  
wonne,  
As soche false loviris oftimis conne;  
Eamongis his sonnys all there was one,  
That aldirmoste he loved of everychone;  
And when this child was borne, this Danao  
Shope him a name, and callid hym Lino;  
That othir brothir callid was Egiste,  
That was of love as false as er him lisse,  
And many' a daughtir gate he in his lisse,  
Of whiche he gate upon his righte wife  
A daughtir dere, and did her for to call  
Hypermnestira, the yongist of 'hem all;  
The whichè childe of her nativite  
To alle gode thewis yborne was she,  
As likid to the Goddes or she was borne,  
That of the shefe she should be the corne,  
The werdis, that we clepin destine,  
Hath shapin her, that the must nedis be  
Pitrous, and sad, and wise, and true as stele,  
And to this woman it accordith wele,  
For though that Venus yave her grete beute,  
With Jupiter compownid so was she,  
That conscience, and trouthe, and drede of shame,  
And of her wifehode for to kepe her name,  
This thought her was felicity as here,  
And red Mars was at that tyme of the yere  
So feble, that his malice is him rafte,  
Repressid hath Venus his cruill crafte,  
And what with Venus, and othir oppression  
Of housis, Mars his Venime is adon,  
That Hypermnestira dare not handle' a knife  
In malice, though she shouldin lese her life;  
But nathelasse, as hevyn gan tho turne,  
Two bad aspectis hath she of Saturne,  
That made her for to dyin in prison;  
And I shall astir makin mencion  
Of Danao and Egistis also,  
And though so be that thei were brethrin two, 40  
For thilke tyme n'as sparid no linage,  
It likid 'hem to makin mariage  
Betwixt Hypermnestira, and him Lino,  
And castin soche a daie it shall be so,  
And full accordid was it uttirly,  
The' araie is wrought, the tyme is faste by:

And thus Lino hath of his fathir's brother  
The daughtir wedded, and ech of 'hem hath other.  
The torchis brennin, and the lampis bright,  
The Sacrificis ben full redy dight, 50  
Th' ensence out of the fire out rekith sore,  
The floure, the lese, is rent up by the rote,  
To makin garlandis and crounis hie;  
Full is the place of sound of Minstralcie,  
Of songis amorous of mariage,  
As thilke tyme was the plain usage;  
And this was in the paleis of Egiste,  
That in his hous was lord, right as him lisse;  
And thus that daie thei drivin to an ende,  
The frendis takin leve, and home thei wend; 60  
The night is come, the bride shall go to bed,  
Egistis to his chamber fast him sped,  
And privily he let his daughtir call,  
When that the hous voidid was of 'hem all,  
He lokith on his daughtir with glad chere,  
And to her spake, as ye shall astir here.  
My right daughtir, the tresour of mine herte,  
Sens first that daie, that shapin was my sherte,  
Or by the fatal fustir had my dome, 70  
So nye myne herte nevir thing ne come  
As thou my Hypermnestira, daughtir dere,  
Take hede what thy fathir sayith The here,  
And werke astir thy wisir evirmo,  
For aldirfirst daughtir, I love The so,  
That all the woulde to me n'is halfe so lese,  
Ne I n'olde rede The to thy mischefe  
For all the gode undir the coldè Mone,  
And what I mene, it shal be said right sone, 80  
With protestacion, as saine these wise,  
That but thou doe, as I shall The devise,  
Thou shalt be ded, by him that al hath wrought,  
At shortè wordis thou ne scapist nought  
Out of my paleis, or that thou be dede,  
But thou consent, and werke astir my rede,  
Take this to The for full conclusioun.  
This Hypermnestira cast her eyin down,  
And quoke, as dooth the lese of Aps grene,  
Ded wext her hew, and like ashin to fene,  
And sayid: Lorde and fathir, all your will,  
Astir my might, God wore I shall fulfill, 90  
So it be to me no confusion.  
I n'ill (qð he) have non excepcioun;  
And out he caught a knife, as rasour lene,  
Hide this (qð he) that it be nat isene,  
Y y y y And



And when thine housbonde is to bed ygo,  
While that he slepith, cut his throte atwo,  
For in my dreame it is ywarnid me  
How that my nevewe shall my bane ybe,  
But whiche I n'ot, wherefore I woll be fiker, 100  
If thou saie naie, we two shall have a biker,  
As I have faied, by him that I have sworne.  
This Hypermnestra' hath nigh her wit forlorn,  
And for to passe harmeleffe out of that place  
She grauntid him, there was non othir grace;  
And therewithall a costrill takith he,  
And faied, hereof a draught or two or thre,  
Yeve him to drinke, when he goith to reste,  
As he shall slepe as long as er The leste,  
The narcotikes and apies ben so strong;  
And go thy waie, lest that him thinke to long. 110  
Out cometh the bride, and with full sobre chere,  
As is of maidins oft in the manere  
To chambir brought, with revil and with song;  
And shortlie, leste this tale be to long,  
This Lino and she beth bin brought to bed,  
And every wight out at the dore him sped.  
The night is wastid, and he fell aslepe,  
Full tendirly beginnith she to wepe,  
She rist her up, and dredefully she quaketh,  
As doeth the braunch, that Zephyrus yshaketh, 120  
And husht were all in Aragone that cite,  
As coide as any Froste now wexith she,  
For pite by the herte strainid her so,  
And drede of deth doith her so moche wo,  
That thryis doune she fill, in soche a were,  
She rist her up, and stakereth here and there,  
And on her handis faste lokith she,  
Alas, q'ð she, shall myne handes blodie be!

I am a maidin, and by my nature,  
And by my semblaunt, and by my vesture, 130  
Myne handis ben not shapin for a knife,  
As for to revin no man fro his life,  
What Devill have I with the knife to do?  
And shall I have my throte ycorve atwo?  
Then shall I blede alas! and be yshende  
And nedis of this thing mote have an ende,  
Or he or I mote nedis lese our life;  
Now certis (q'ð she) sens I am his wife,  
And hath my faith, yet is it bette for me 140  
For to be dedde in wifely honeste,  
Then be a traitour, living in my shame;  
Be as be maie, for earnest or for game  
He shall awake, and rise and go his waie  
Out at this guttir, er that it be daie;  
And wept full tendirly upon his face,  
And in her armis gan him to embrace,  
And him she roggith, and awakith soft,  
And at the windowe lepe he fro the loft,  
When she hath warnid him, and doen him bote. 150  
This Lino swift ywas, and light of fore,  
And from his wife he ran a full gode pace.  
This felie woman is so weke, alas!  
And helplesse, so that er she ferrè went  
Her cruill fathir did her for to hent.  
Alas! Lino, why art thou so unkinde?  
Why ne hast thou remembrid in thy minde  
And takin her, and led her forthe with The?  
For when she sawe that gone awaie was he,  
And that she ne might not so fast ygo,  
Ne folowin him, she fate doune right tho, 160  
Til she was caught, and fettrid in prison,  
This tale is faied for this conclusion.

Thus endeth the Legende of gode Women.



Here foloweth a godely Balade of CHAUCER.

**M** Othir of norture, best beloved of all,  
And freshe floure, to whom gode thrift  
God sende,  
Your childe, if it luste you me so to call,  
All be' I unable my self so to pretende,  
To your discrecion I recomende  
Mine herte and all, with every circumstaunce,  
All wholly to be' undir your govirnaunce.

Moste desire I, and have, and evir shall 170  
Thing, which that might your hert'is ese amende,  
Have me excused, my powir is but small,  
Nathelesse of right ye ought for to commende  
My gode will, whichè faine would entende  
To doe you service for my suffisaunce  
Is wholly to be' undir your govirnaunce.

*Mentis un* in herte, whiche nevir shall apall,  
Aie freshe and new, and right glad to dispende  
My time in your service, what so befall,  
Besechyng your excellence to defende 180  
My simplenesse, if ignoraunce offende  
In any wise, sith that myne affiaunce  
Is whollie to be' undir your govirnaunce.

Daie of light, very ground of comfort,  
The Sunn'is doughtir ye hight as I rede,  
For when he westrith, farwell your disport,  
By your nature anone right for pure drede  
Of the rude night, that with his boistous wede

Of derkenesse shadowith our Hemisphere,  
Then closin ye, my liv'is Ladie dere. 190

Daunying the daie unto his kinde resort,  
And Phœbus your fathir with his stremes rede  
Adorneth the morowe, consuming the sort  
Of mistie cloudes, that wouldin ovirlede  
True humble hertis with ther mistie hede,  
Nere comfort adaies when your eyin clere  
Disclose and sprede, my liv'is Ladie dere.

*Je wouldray*: but the grete God disposeth,  
And makith casuell by his providence  
Soche thing, as mann'is frele wit purposeth, 200  
All for the best, if that your conscience  
Not grutche it, but in humble pacience  
It receve, for God saieth withoutin fable  
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

Cautelis, whoso usith gladlie gloseth,  
To eschewe soche it is right high prudence,  
What ye saied onis, mine herte opposeth,  
That my writyng Japis in your absence  
Plesid you moche bettir than my presence, 210  
Yet can I more, ye be not excusable,  
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

Quakith my penne, my spirite supposeth  
That in my writing ye find woll offence,  
Min hert welknith thus sone, anon it riseth,

Now



Now hotte, now colde, and eft in grete fervence,  
That mille is, is caufid of negligence,  
And not of malice, therefore beth merciable,  
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

*L'envoye.*

Forthe complaint, forthe thou lacking eloquence,

Forthe litil lettir of enditing lame, 220  
I have befought my ladie's Sapience  
Of thy behalfe, for to accept in game  
Thine inabilite, doe thou the fame:  
Abide, have more yet: Je serve Joveffe;  
Now forth, I close The' in holy Venus name,  
The shall unclofe my hert's govirneffe.

Thus endeth this Ballade.



Here foloweth the Boke of

# BOETHIUS

DE

## CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIÆ.

In this Book are handled high and hard obscure Points, viz. The Purveyance of God, the Force of Destiny, the Freedom of our Wills, and the infallible Prescience of the Almighty; and that the Contemplation of God himself is our *Summum Bonum*.

*Metrum primum.*

*Carmina qui quondam studio florente peregi,  
Flebilis, heu, mæstos cogor inire modos. &c.*

**A**las! I wepyng am constrained to begin  
verse of sorowfull matter, that whilom in  
florishyng studie made delitable dities.  
For lo! rendyng muses of Poetes enditen  
to me thinges to be writen, and drierie teres. At laste  
no drede ne might overcame tho muses, that thei ne  
werren fellowes, and foloweden my waie, that is to  
saie, when I was exiled, thei that weren of my youth  
whilom welfull and grene, comforten now sorowfull  
wierdes of me olde man: for elde is comen unware-  
ly upon me, hasted by the harmes that I have, and  
sorowe hath commaunded his age to be in me. Heres  
hore aren shad overtimeliche upon my hed: and the  
slacke skinne trembleth of mine emptied bodie. Thilke  
deth of men is welcfull, that ne cometh not in yeres  
that be swete, but cometh to wretches often icleped:  
Alas, alas! with how dese an ere deth cruell turneth  
awaie fro wretches, and naicth for to close wepyng  
eyen. While fortune unfaithfull favoured me with  
light godes, that sorowfull houre, that is to saie, the  
deth, had almoſte drente myne hedde: but now for  
fortune cloudie hath chaunged her decevable chere to  
mewarde, myne unpituous life draweth along ungre-  
able dwellynges. O ye my frendes, what, or where-  
to avaunted ye me to ben welfull? For he that hath  
fallin, stode in no stedfast degre.

*Prosa prima.*

*Hæc dum mecum tacitus ipse reputarem, que-  
rimoniamque lacrymabilem styli officio de-  
signarem, astitisse mihi supra verticem visa  
est mulier reverendi admodum vultus, oculis  
ardentibus, & ultra communem, &c.*

**I**N the mene while, that I stil recorded these  
thynges with my self, and marked my wepelie  
complainte with office of poinctell: I saugh stond-  
yng aboven the hight of myn hed a woman of full  
grete reverence, by semblaunt. Her eyen brennyng,  
and clere, seyng over the common might of menne,  
with a lively colour, and with soche vigour and  
strength that it ne might not be nempned, all were it  
so, that she were full of so grete age, that menne  
woulden not trowen in no manere, that she were of  
our elde.

The stature of her was of doutous Judgemente,  
for sometyme she constrained and shronke her selven,  
like to the common mesure of menne: And some-  
tyme it semed, that she touched the heaven with the  
hight of her hedde. And when she hove her hedde  
higher, she perced the self heaven, so that the sight of  
menne lokyng was in ydell: her clothes wer maked  
of right delie thredes, and subtel craft of perdurable  
matter. The whiche clothes she had woven with  
her owne handes, as I knewe well after by her self  
declaryng, and shewyng to me the beantie: The  
whiche



whiche clothes a darkenesse of a forleten and dispi-  
fed elde had dusked and darked, as it is wonte to  
darke by smoked Images.

In the netherest hemme or border of these clothes  
menne redde i woven therein a Grekishe A. that sig-  
nifieth the life active, and above that letter, in the hi-  
est bordure, a Grekishe C. that signifieth the life con-  
templative. And betwene these two letters there  
were seen degrees nobly wrought, in maner of lad-  
ders, by whiche degrees menne might climben from  
the netherest letter to the upperest: nathelesse handes  
of some men hadden kerve that clothe, by violence  
or by strength, and everiche manne of hem had borne  
awaie soche peces, as he might getten. And for-  
sothe this foresaied woman bare smale bokes in her  
right hande, and in her left hand she bare a scepter.  
And when she sawe these Poeticall muses approch-  
yng about my bed, and endityng wordes to my we-  
pynges, she was a litle amoved, and glowed with  
cruell eyen. Who (qð she) hath suffered approchen  
to this like manne these commen strompettes, of  
which is the place that menne callen Theatre, the  
whiche onely ne asswage not his sorowes with re-  
medies, but thei would feden and norishe hym with  
swete venime? Forsothe, that ben tho that with  
thornes, and prickynges of talentes of affections,  
whiche that ben nothyng fructuous nor profitable, di-  
stroyen the Corne, plentuous of fructes of reson. For  
thei holden hertes of men in usage, but thei ne deli-  
ver no folke fro maladie. But if ye muses had with-  
drawen fro me with your flatteries any unconnyng  
and unprofitable manne, as ben wont to finde com-  
menly among the peple, I would well suffre the lasse  
grevoutly. For why, in soche an unprofitable man  
myne ententes were nothyng endamaged. But ye  
withdrawen fro me this man, that hath ben nourish-  
ed in my studies or scoles of Eleaticis, and of Acade-  
miciis in Grece. But goeth now rather awaie ye  
Mermaidens, whiche that ben swete, till it be at the  
last, and suffreth this man to be cured and heled by  
my muses, that is to say, by my notefull sciences.  
And thus this companie of muses iblamed casten  
wrothly the chere downward to the yerth, and shew-  
yng by rednesse ther shame, thei passeden sorowfully  
the thretholde. And I of whom the sight plounged  
in teres was darked, so that I ne might not know  
what that woman was, of so Imperial auctoritie, I  
woxe all abashed and stoned, and cast my sight  
doun to the yerth, and began still for to abide what  
she would doen afterward. Then came she nere, and  
set her doun upon the utterest corner of my bed,  
and she beholdyng my chere, that was cast to the  
yerth, hevie and grevous of wepyng, complained  
with these wordes (that I shall saine) the perturba-  
cion of my thought.

~~~~~

*Metrum secundum.*

*Hec! quàm præcipiti mersa profundo  
Mens hebet, & propria luce relicta  
Tendit in externas ire tenebras,  
Terrenis quoties flatibus æta  
Crescit in immensum noxia cura!  
Hic quondam Cælo liber aperto, &c.*

**A**Las! howe the thought of this man, dreinte in  
overthrowyng depenesse, dulleth and forleteth  
his proper clerenesse, mintyng to gone into forain  
darkenesse, as oft as his anioous besines wexeth  
without mesure, that is driven with worldlie Windes.  
This man that whilome was fre, to whom the heaven

was open and knowen, and was wont to gone in he-  
venly pathes, and sawe the lightnesse of the redde  
Sunne, and behelde the Sterres of the colde Mone,  
and whiche Sterre in heaven useth wanderyng recour-  
ses islitte by divers spheres. This manne overcomer  
had comprehended all this thyng, by number of ac-  
compting in Astronomie. And over this, he was  
wont to seken the causes, whens the sownyng windes  
moven, and besien the smoth water of the Se. And  
what spirite tourneth the stable heaven. And why  
the sterre riseth out of the red Est, to fallen in the  
Westeren waves. And what attempreth the lustie  
houres of the firste Sommer feson, and dighteth and  
apparailleth the yerth with rosie floures. And who  
maketh the pluntuous Autumpne in full yerres fleten  
with hevie Grapes. And eke this manne was wonte  
to tell the divers causes of nature that were hidde.  
Alas! how lightlie is emptied the light of his thought,  
and his necke is pressed with hevie chaines, and be-  
reth his chere enclined adowne for the grete weight,  
and is constrained to loken on the sole yerth.

~~~~~

*Sed Medicina, inquit, potius tempus est, quàm  
Querela. Tum verò totis in me intentis lu-  
minibus. Tu ne ille es (ait) qui nostro  
quondam lacte nutritus, nostris educatus a-  
limentis, in virilis animi robur evase-  
ras, &c.*

**B**UT tyme is now of Medicine (qð she) more  
then complainte. Forsothe then she entendyng  
to me warde, with all the lokyng of her eyen saied,  
Art not thou he (qð she) that whilome ynourished  
with my Milke, and fostred with my metes, were  
escaped and commen to the courage of a parfaite  
manne? Certes, I yave The soche armoures, that if  
thou thy self ne haddest firste caste hem awaie, thei  
shoulde have defended The in sikernesse, that maie  
not be overcomen. Knowest thou not me? Why  
art thou still? Is it for shame, or for astonyng? It  
were me lever it were for shame, but it semeth me  
that astonyng hath oppressed The. And when she  
sawe me not onely stil, but rather without office of  
tongue, and all dombe, she laied her hande soletie  
upon my brest, and saied: Here is no perill (qð she)  
he is fallen into a Lethargie, whiche that is a com-  
mon sikenesse to hertes that ben deceived. He hath  
a litle foryeten hymself. But certes he shall lightlie  
remembren hymself, if so be that he hath knowen me  
er now. And that he maie doen so, I will wipe  
his eyen a litle, that be darked by the cloude of  
mortal thynges. These wordes saied she, and with  
the lappe of her garmente, iplited in a frounce she  
dried myne eyen, that weren full of the waves of  
my wepynges.

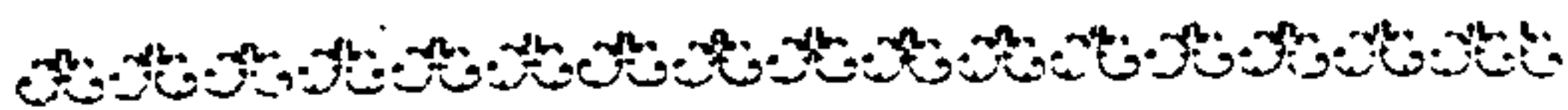
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*Tunc me discussâ liquerunt nocte tenebræ,  
Luminibusque prior rediit vigor;  
Ut cum præcipiti glomerantur sidera Coro,  
Nimbosque polus stetit imbris,  
Sol latet, ac nondum Cælo venientibus astris, &c.*

**T**HUS when that Nighte was discussed awaie,  
Derkenesse forlete me, and to my eyen repaired  
againe ther first strength. And right as by ensam-  
ple, as the Sunne is hidde when the Sterres ben co-  
verde with Cloudes, by a swifte winde that hight  
Chorus, and the Firmament stante derked by wete  
plungie



plungie Cloudes, and that the Sterres not apperen upon the heven, so that the Night semed sprad upon the yerth, if then the wind that hight Boreas, isent out of the Cave of the Countre of Thrace, bereth this night, that is to saine, chaserh it awaie, and discovereth the closed daie, than shineth Phœbus, ishaken with sodaine light, and smiteth with his bemes in marveilyng eyen.



*Prosa tertia*

*Haud aliter tristitia nebulis dissolutis, hausi cælum, & ad cognoscendam medicantis faciem, mentem recepi. Itaque ubi in eam deduxi oculos, intuitumque defixi, respicio nutricem meam, in cuius ab adolescentiâ, &c.*

**R**ight so and none otherwise, the Cloudes of sorrowe dissolved, and doen awaie, I toke heven, and received mynde to knowen the face of my Philicien: so that I sette myne eyen upon her, and fastened my lokyng. I beheld my Norice Philosophie, in whose house I had conversed fro my youthe, and I saied thus. O thou Maistresse of all vertues, descended from the soverain sete, why art thou comen into this solitarie place of myne exile? Art thou comen, for thou art made culpable with me of false blames? O (qð she) my nourice, should I forsake The now, and should I not parten with The by comen travaile the charge that thou haste suffered for envie of my name? Certes, it were not lesfull ne sitting to Philosophie, to leten without companie the waie of him that is innocente: Should I then redout my blame, and agrife as though there wer befallen a newe tuing? For trowest thou that Philosophie be now aldirfirst assailed in perilles by folke of wicked maner? Have I not striven with full grete strif, in olde tyme, before the age of my Plato, ayenst the folehardinesse of toly? And eke the same Plato living, his Maister Socrates deserved victorie or unrightfull deth in my presence. The heritage of the whiche Socrates, the heritage is to saine the Doctrine of the whiche Socrates, in his opinion of felicity, that I clepe welesfulness, when that the people of Epicuriens and Stoiciens, and many other, enforced them to go ravish, every man for his parte, that is to saine, that everich of hem would drawn to the defence of his opinion the wordes of Socrates, thei as in partie of their praie, to droune me cying and debatyg there ayenst, and corven and renten my clothes, that I had woven with myne own handes, and with tho clothes that thei had araced out of my clothes thei wentin awaie, wenyng that I had gone with hem every dele. In whiche Epicuriens and Stoiciens for as moche as there semed some traces and steppes of my habite, the folie of wenyng tho Epicuriens and Stoiciens my familiers perverted some, through the errour of the wicked multitude of hem: This is to sain, for thei semed Philosophers, thei weren pursued to the deth and flaine. So if thou hast not knowen the exilyng of Anaxagoras, ne the enpoisoning of Socrates, ne the tourmentes of Zeno, for thei weren straungers, yet mightest thou have knowen the Senecas, the Canios, and the Soranos: Of whiche folke the renome is neither over olde ne unsolempne. The whiche menne nothyng els ne brought to the deth, but onely for thei were enformed of my maners, and semeden moste unlike to the studies of wicked folke. And forthy thou oughtest not to wondren, though that I in the bitter Se be driven with tempestes blowing about. In the whiche this is my moste purpose, that is to sain, to disple-

sen wicked men. Of whiche shrewes, all be the hoste never so giete, it is to dispise, for it is not governed with no leder of reton, but it is ravished onely by tietyng errour, folhie and lightlie. And if thei sometyme make an hoste ayenst us, assaile us as stranger, our leder draweth together his riches into his Toure, and thei ben ententise about sarplers or fachelles, unprofitable for to taken. But we then ben high aboven, liker from all tumulte and wode noise, warenestored and enclosed in soche a Paleis, whither as the clateryng or anoying folie, maie not attaine, we scorne soche raveners, and henters of foulest thynges.

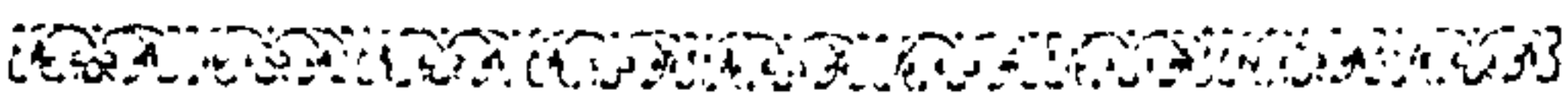


*Metrum quartum.*

*Quisquis composito serenus ævo  
Fatum sub pedibus dedit superbum,  
Fortunamque tuens utramque rectus  
Invictum potuit tenere vulnere, &c.*

**W**HO so it be that clere of vertue, sadde, and well ordinate of living, that hath sette under tote the proude wierdes, and loketh upright upon either Fortune, he maie holden his chere undisturbed.

The rages ne the manaces of the S, commovyn and chalyng unware hete from the bottome, ne shall not move that manne, ne the unstable Mountaigne that hight Vesuvius, that writheth out through his broken Chimeneis smokyng Fires, ne the waie of Thonder leste, that is wonte to smiten high Toures, ne shall not move that man. Whereto then wretches drede ye Tirauntes, that ben wode, and feloous without any strenght? Hope after nothyng, ne drede thou not: and so shalt thou disarmen the ire of thine unmightie Tiraunte. But who that quakyng dredeth, or desireth thyng that is not stable of his right, that manne, that so dooth, hath caste awaie his shilde, and is removed fro his place, and enlatheth hym in the chaine, with the whiche he maie be drawn.



*Prosa quarta.*

*Sentisne, inquit, hæc, atque animi illabuntur tui? Epe ἐν τοῖς πόσιν λυγρὰ; Quid fies? Quid lacrymis manas? Si operam medicantis expectas, oportet ut vulnus detegas tuum, &c.*

**F**elest thou (qð she) these thynges? And entren thei aught in thy courage? Art thou like an Ass to the harp? Why wepest thou? Why spilest thou teres? If thou abidest after helpe of the Leche, The beboveth discover thy wounde? Tho I had gathered strenght in my courage, and answered and saied. And nedeth it (qð I) of rehersyng, or of amonicion, and sheweth it not inough by hymself the sharpenes that wexeth wode against me? Ne moveth it not The to se the face, or the maner of this place? Is this the librarie that thou haddest chosen for a right certain liege to The in mine Loue, there as thou disputest oft with me, of the science of thynges, touchyng divinite, and touchyng mankynde? Was then myne habite soche as it is now, was my face or chere soch as is now, when I fought with The the secretes of nature, when thou enformedest my maners and the reson of all my life, to the ensample of th' order of heven? Is not this the querdone that I referre to The, to whom I have be obdissant?

Z. z. z. z.

Certes,



Certes, thou enformedest by the mouthe of Plato this sentence, that is to saie, that comen thynges or communalities weren blisfull, if thei that had studied all fully to wisedome, governeden thilke thynges: or els if it so befall, that the governours of communalities studien to gette wisedome. Thou saidist eke by the mouthe of the saied Plato, that it was a necessarie cause, wise menne to taken and desiren the governaunce of comen thynges, for that the governaunce of citees, ileft in the handes of felonous tourmentors, citzeins ne shoulde not bringen in pestilence and distruccion to gode folke. And therefore I followyng thilke aucthous, desired to put forth in execucion and in acte of comen administracion thilke thynges, that I had lerned of The, among my secrete resting whiles; thou and God, that put in the thoughtes of wise folke, ben knowne with me, that nothyng ne brought me to mastreie or dignitie, but the comen studie of all godenesse. And therefore cometh it, that betwene wicked folk and me have ben grevous discordes, that ne mighten not be relefed by praiers: for this libertie hath the fredome of conscience, that the wrathe of more mightie folke hath alwaie ben dispised of me, for savacion of right. How oft have I resisted and withstande, that man that hight Conigast, that made alwaie th'assaut ayenst the prosper fortunes of pore feble folke? How oft eke have I put of or cast out hym Triguill, Provoste of the Kyng's hous, bothe of the wronges that he had begonne to doen, and eke fully performed? How often have I covered and defended by the aucthoritie of me, put ayenst perilles, that is to saie, put myne aucthoritie in perill, for the wretched pore folke, that the covetise of straungers unpunished turmenteden alwaie with miseses; and grevaunces out of nomber? Never manne yet drowe me fro right to wrong. When I sawe the Fortunes and the riches of the peple of the Provinces ben harmed and amended, either by privie ravines, or by comen tributes or cariages, as fory was I as thei that suffreden the harme. *Glosa.* When Theodorike kyng of Gothes in a dedde yere had his garners full of corne, and commaunded that no man should buye no corn, till his corne wer sold, and at a grevous dere prife: Boece withstode that ordinaunce, and overcame it, knowyng all this the kyng Theodorike himself. Coempcion is to saie, comen achate or buying together, that were established upon the peple, by soche a manner imposicion, as who so bought a bushell of Corne, he must yeven the kyng the fiveth parte. *Textus.* When it was in the fore hongrie tyme, there was established grevous and unprofitable coempcion, that men seen well, it should gretly tourmente and endomagen all the Province of Campaine. I toke strife ayenst the Provost of the Pretorie, for the common profite. And the King knowyng of it, I overcame it, so that the coempcion was not asked, ne toke effecte.

Pauline a Counsaillour of Rome, the riches of the whiche Pauline the houndes of the Paleis, that is to saie, the officers woulde have devoured by hope and covetise, yet drowe I out of the jawes of hem that gapeden. And for as moche as the paine of the accusacion adjudged before ne should not sodainly henten, ne punishen wrongfully Albine a Counsaillour of Rome, I putte me ayenst the hates, and indignacions of the accusour Cyprian. Is it not then inough, sens that I have purchafed grete discordes ayenst my self? But I ought be more assured ayenst other folke, that for the love of rightwisnesse I never reserved nothyng to my self, to themwarde of the kyng's halle, by whiche I were the more siker. But through the same accusours accusyng, I am condemned. Of the number of whiche accusours, one

Basilus that whilom was chased out of the Kyng's service, is now compelled in accusyng of my name, for nede of foraine money.

Also, Opilion and Gaudentius, have accused me: All be it so that the Justice Regall had whilome demed them bothe to gone into exile, for ther trecheries and fraudes without nomber. To whiche judgement thei n'olden not obeye, but defended hem by the sikernes of holie houses, that is to saie, fledden into Seintewarie: And then when this was apperceived by the Kyng, he commaunded, but if thei avoided the Cite of Ravenne, by certayne daye assigned, that menne should marken hem on the foreheade, with an hotte yron, and chafen hem out of the toun. Now what thyng semeth might be likened to this crueltie, for certes this same daie was received the accusyng of my name, by thilke same accusours? What maie be saied hereto? Hath my studie and my connyng deserved thus, or els the foresaied dampnacion of me, made them rightfull accusours or no? Was not fortune ashamed of this? Certes, all had not fortune ben ashamed, that innocence was accused, yet ought she have had shame of the filthe of myne accusours. But askest thou in summe of what gilte I am accused? Men saie that I would save the companie of the Senatours. And desiredst thou to heren in what maner I am accused? that I should have distourbed the accusour to beren Letters, by whiche he should have made the Senatours gilty, ayenst the Kyng's roiall Majestie. O Maistresse, what demest thou of this? Shall I forsake this blame, that I be no shame to The? Certes, I have would it (that is to saie) the savacion of the Senate, ne I shall never let to wilne it, and that I confesse and am aknowe, but the entente of the accusour to ben distourbed shall cese. Shall I clepe that a felonie or a synne, that I have desired the savacion of the order of the Senate? And certes had thilke same Senate doen through ther decretes and ther judgements, as though it were a sinne and a felonie, that is to wilne the savacion of them. But folie, that lieth alwaie to hymself, maie not chaunge the merite of thynges; ne I trowe not by the judgemente of Socrates, that it were lesfull to me, to hide the sothe, ne assente to lesynges: but certes, how so ever it be of this, I putte it to gessen or prisen, of the judgement of The, and of wise folke, of whiche thyng all the ordinaunce and the sothe (for as moche as folke that ben to comen after our daies, shal knowen it) I have putte it in Scripture, and in remembrance. For touchyng the Letters falsely made, by whiche Letters I am accused, to have hoped the fredome of Rome, what appertaineth me to speken thereof? Of whiche Letters the fraude had ben shewed apertly, if I had had libertie for to have used, and ben at confession of mine accusours, the whiche thyng in all nedes hath grete strength. For what other fredome maie menne hopen? Certes, I would that some other fredome might be hoped, I would then have answered, by the wordes of a man, that hight Canius: For when he was accused of Canius, Caesar Germane's sonne, that he was knowyng and consentyng of a conjuracion made ayenst hym. This Canius answered thus: if I had wiste it, thou haddest not wiste it. In whiche thyng, sorow hath not so dulled my witte, that I plain onely, that shreude folke apparailen Felonies againste vertue, but I wonder gretly, how that thei maie performe thynges that thei have hoped for to doen; for why? to wilne shreudnesse, that cometh paraventure of our defeaute: But it is like a Monster and a marveile, how that in the presente sight of GOD maie ben achieved and performed soche thynges, as every felonous manne hath conceived in his thought against innocentes. For



For whiche thyng, one of thy familiers not unskilfull asked thus, If GOD is, whens comen wicked thynges? But all had it ben lesfull that felonous folk, that now desiren the blode, and the deth of all gode menne, and eke of the Senate, have wilned to gone distroyen me, whom thei have seen alwaie batailen and defenden gode men and eke all the Senate, that had not deserved of the fathers (that is to saie of the Senatours) that thei shoulde will my destruction. Thou remembredest well as I gesse, that when I would doen or saie any thyng, thou thy self alwaie presente ruledest me.

At the cite of Verone, when that the king gredie of comen slaughter, caste hym to transporten upon al th' order of the senate the gilte of his roiall Majestie, of the whiche gilte that Albin was accused, with how grete sikernesse or perill to me defended I all the Senate? Thou woteest well that I saie sothe, ne I ne avaunted me never in praisyng of my self: For alwaie, when any wight receiveth precious renowne, in avaunting of hymself, or his werkes, he amenuseth the secre of his conscience.

But now thou maigest well seen, to what ende I am comen for myne innocencie, I receive paine of false Felonie, for guerdone of verie vertue. And what open confession of felonie had ever Judges, so accordaunte in cruelte, that is to saie, as myne accusyng hath, that either errour of manne's witte, or els condicion of Fortune, that is uncertaine to all mortall folke, ne submitted some of hem, that is to saie, that it ne enclined some Judge to have pite or compassion? For although I had ben accused, that I would brenne holie houses, and strangle Priestes with wicked sward, or that I had greithed deth to all gode menne, algates the sentence should have punished me presente confessed and convicted.

But now I am removed from the Cite of Rome, almoste five hundred thousand paas, I am without defence dampned to proscricion and to deth, for the studies and bounties that I have doen to the Senate. But o well ben thei worthie of merite, as who saierh: naie, there might yet never none of hem be convict of soche a blame as mine is. Of whiche trespase mine accusours seen full wel the dignitie, for thei would darken it with meddling of some felonie. Thei baren me on hond and saied, that I had poluted and defouled my conscience with Sacrilege, for covetise of dignitie: and certes, thou thy self that art planted in me, chacedest out of the siege of my corage all coverise of mortall thynges, ne Sacrilege ne had no leve to have a place in me before thine eyes. For thou droppedest every daie in mine eres, and in my thought, thilke commaundemente of Pythagoras, that is to saie: Menne shall serven to God, and not to Goddes. Ne it was not conveniente ne none nede, to taken help of the foulest spirites, I that thou hast ordeined, and set in soche excellence, that thou madest me like to God: And over this, the right clene secrete chamber of myne hous, that is to saie, my wife, and the companie of mine honest frendes, and my wife's father, as well holie as worthy to be reverensd for his dedes, defenden me from all soche suspeccion of soche blame. But oh malice! For thei that accusen me, taken of The, Philosophie, faith of so grete blame, for thei trowen that I have had affinite to malice or enchauntment, bicause that I am replenished, and fulfilled with thy techynges, and enformed of thy manners. And thus it suffiseth not onely, that thy reverence ne availe me naught, but if thou of thy frewill rather be blemished with mine offencion. But certes, to the harmes that I have there betideth yet this encrese of harme, that the gessyng and the judgemente of moche folke ne loken nothyng to the

desertes of thynges, but onely to the aventure of fortune, and judgen that only soche thynges ben purveied of God, which that temporalle wilfulness commaundeth. *Glosa.* As thus, that if a wight have prosperite, he is a gode manne, and worthie to have that prosperite, and who so hath adversitie, he is a wicked manne, and God hath forsake hym, and he is worthie to have that adversitie. This is the opinion of some folke, and therof cometh the gode-gessyng first of all thing forsaketh wretches. Certes, it greveth me to thinke right now on divers sentences that the peple saith of me: and thus moche I saie, that the last charge of contrarious Fortune is this, that when any blame is laied upon a caitive, men wenen that he hath deserved that he suffereth. And I that am put awaie from gode men, and dispoiled of dignities, and defouled of my name by gessyng, have suffered turmentes for my gode dedes. Certes, me semeth that I se the felonous covines of wicked men habounden in joie and in gladnesse, and I se that every lorell shapeth hym to finde newe fraudes, for to accuse gode folk, and I se that gode folke be overthrowen, for drede of my perill, and every luxurious turmentour dare doen all felonie unpunished, and be excited thereto by yestes, and innocentes be not onely dispoiled of sikernesse, but of defence, and therto me list to crien to God in this maner.

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*Metrum quintum.*

*O stelliferi conditor orbis,  
Qui perpetuo nixus solio,  
Rapido Cælum turbine versas,  
Legemque pati sidera cogis,  
Ut nunc pleno lucida cornu,  
Totis fratris & obvia flammis,  
Condat stellas Luna minores;  
Nunc obscuro pallida cornu,  
Phæbo propior, lumina perdat, &c.*

**T**HOU maker of the whele, that bereth the sterres, which that are fastened to thy perdurable chaire, and turnest the heven with a raveshyng sweigh, and constrainest the sterres to suffre thy Lawe, so that the Mone sometyme shining with her full hornes, and metyng with al the bemes of the Sunne her brother, hideth the sterres that ben lesse: And sometime when the Mone pale with her darke hornes approacheth the Sunne, lesseth her lightes: and that the evin sterre Hesperus, which that in the first tyme of the night bringeth firste her colde arising, cometh eft ayen her used course, and is pale by the Morowe at risinge of the Sunne, and is then icleped Lucifer. Thou restrainest the daie by shorter dwellyng, in the tyme of the colde Winter, that maketh the leves fall. Thou dividest the swifte tides of the night, when the hote Sommer is comen. Thy might attempreth the variaunt sasons of the yere, so that Zephyrus, the debonaire winde, bringeth ayen in the first Sommer sason the leves that the winde, that highte Boreas, hath rest awaie in Autumpne, that is to saie, the last ende of Sommer, and the sedes that the sterre that hight Arcturus sew, be woxen high cornes, when the sterre Sirius enchaseth hem. There is nothyng unbounden from this olde Lawe, ne foretetteth the werke of his proper estate.

O thou governour, governing all thynges by certaine ende, why refuseth thou onely to governe the werkes of menne by due maner? Why sufferest thou, that slidyng fortune tourneth so grete enterchaunges of



of thynges, so that anyous paine that should duellie punishe Felones, punisheth Innocentes: And folke of wicked maners sitten in high chaires, and annoying folke, treden (and that unrightfully) on the neckes of holy men, and vertue clere and shynynge naturally, is led in derke derkenettes, and the rightful man bereth the paine and the blame of the felons? Ne the forsweringe, ne the fraude couerde and kempt with a false coloure, ne annoyeth not to shrewdes, the which shrewdes, whan 'hem list usen ther strength, they rejoycen 'hem to put under 'hem the soveraine kynges, which that the peple without nombre dreden. O thou whatsoever thou be, that knyttest al bondes of thynges, loke on these wretches erthes; we men that ben not a foule partie, but a fayre parte of so gret a werke, we ben tourmented in this se of fortune. Thou governour, withdrawe, and restraine the ravishing floods, and fasten and ferme these yerthes stable, with thilke bonde, wyth which thou governeste heven that is so large.



*Prosa quinta.*

*Ilac ubi continuato dolore delatravi, illa vul-  
tu placido, nihilque meis questibus mota.  
Cum te, inquit, mortuum, lacrymantemque  
vidissem, ilico miserum exulemque cognovi;  
sed quàm id longinquum esset exilium, &c.*

WHAN I had with a contynuall sorowe sobbed, or broken oute these thynges, she with her chere pesible and nothynge amoved with my complaints, said thus. Whan I say The (qð she) sorrowful and weping, I wist anon that thou wer a wretch and exiled: But I wist never how fere thin exile was, yf thy tale ne had yshewed it me. But certes al be thou ferre fro thy countrey, thou n'art not put oute of it, but thou hast failed of thy way and gone amyss. And if thou hast lever for to wene that thou be put out of thy countrey, than haste thou put out thy selfe, rather than any other wight hath, for no wight (but thou thy self) ne might never have done that to The: For yf thou remembre The of what countrey thou art borne, it n'is nat governed by emperours ne by gouvernement of multitude, as weren the countreis of 'hem of Athenes, but one lorde and one kyng, and that is God, that is lord of thy countrey, which that rejoyseth him of the dwelling of his cytezens and not for to put 'hem in exile. Of the which lord it is a fredome to be governed by the bridle of hym, and obey to his justice. Hast thou forgotten thilke olde lawe of thy cyte, in the which cyte it is ordeined and established, that what wyght hath lever founde therein his sete or his house than els whar, he maie nat be exiled by no righte from that place? For who so that is contened within the paleis of thilke cyte, there is no drede that he maye deserve to be exiled. But who that letteth the wil t' enhabite there, he forletteth also to deserve to be a citezein of thilke cite. So that I say, that the face of this place ne moveth me not so mykel, as thyne owre face. Ne I ne aske not rather the walles of thy librarie, apparayled and wrought with yvory and with glasse, than after the sete of thy thought, in whiche I put nat whilom bokes, but I put that, that maketh bokes worthy of price or precious, that is to say, sentence of my bokes. And certainly of thy deserttes bestowed in comen gode, thou haste sayd soth, but after the multitude of thy gode dedes, thou haste sayd fewe. And of the honestie or of the falsenesse of thynges that ben opposed against The,

thou haste remembred thynges that be knowen to all folke. And of the felonies and fraudes of thin accusers, it semeth The to have touched it forsoth rightfully and shortly; al mighten tho same thynges better and more plentuously ben couthe in the mouthe of the peple, that knoweth all this. Thou haste eke blamed gretlye and complained of the wrongesfull dede of the Senare. And thou haste sorowed for my blame, and thou hast wopen for the damage of thy renoun that is apeired; and thy last sorowe enchased ayen fortune, thou complaynest the guerdons ne be not evenly yolden to the deserts of folke. And in thy latter ende of thy wode muse thou praydeste that thylke pece that governeth the heven, shulde governe the erthe. But for that many tribulacions of affecciions have assailed The, and sorowe and yre and weping to drawen The diversly, as thou art now teble of thought, mightier remedies ne shullen not yet touchen The, for which we willen fomdele usen lyghter medicynes, so that thylke passions that be waxen harde in swellynge by perturbacions flowynge into thy thoughte, mowen wexe esy and softe, to receve the strength of a more mighty and more egre medicyne by an esier touchyng.



*Metrum sextum.*

*Cum Phœbi radiis grave  
Cancris Sidus inastuat,  
Tum qui larga negantibus  
Sulcis semina credidit,  
Elusus Cereris fide  
Quernas pergat ad Arborea.  
Nunquam purpureum Nemus  
Lecturus violas petas, &c.*

WHAN that the hevy sterre of the Cancre en- chaseth by the bemes of Phæbus: that is to saine, whan that Phæbus the sonne is in the signe of of Cancre, who so yeveth than larglie his sedes to the felds that refusen to receve 'hem, let him gon begiled of trust that he had to his corne, to akehorns of okes. Yf thou wilt gather violettres, ne go thou nat to the purple wodde, when the feld chirkinge agrifethe of colde, by the felnesse of the winde that hight Aquilone. Yf thou desyrest or wilt usen grapes, ne seke thou nat a gloutons honde to straine and presse the stalkes of the vyne in the firste sommer ceson. For Bacchus the god of wine hathe rather yeven his yestes to Autumpne the latter ende of sommer. God tokeneth and assygneth the times, ablynge 'hem to ther propre offyces, ne he suffreth not the stoundes, which that himselfe hath devyded and constrayned, to ben ymedled togidder: and forthy he that forletteth certayne ordinance of doynge by overthrowing way, he ne hath no glad illue or ende of his werkes.



*Prosa sexta.*

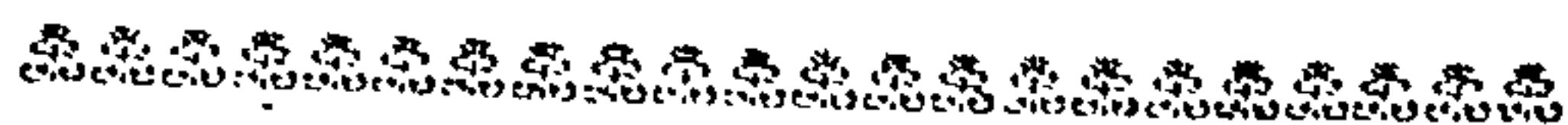
*Primum igitur, paterisne me pauculis roga-  
tionibus statum tue mentis attingere, atque  
tentare, ut quis modus sit tue curationis  
intelligam, &c.*

FIRSTE woldest thou suffre me to touche and assaye the estare of thy thought by a fewe demaundes, so that I may understand the maner of thy curacion? Aske me (qð I) at thy will, that thou wolt, and I shal



shal answer. Tho saide she thus: Whether wenest thou (qð she) that this world be governed folishly by happes and fortunes, or els wenest thou that there be in it any governement of reson? B. Certes (qð I) I ne trowe nat in no maner that so certaine thinges shulde be moved by fortunous fortune, but I wote wel that God, maker and maister, is governor of his werke, ne was never yet day that might put me out of the sothnesse of that sentence. P. So is it (qð she) for the same thinge fange thou a litel here beforne, and bewailedest and wepest, that onely men were put out of the cure of God, for of all other thinges thou ne douteest nat, that they n're governed by reson. But ough! I wonder certes gretly why that thou art sike, sens that thou arte put in so wholsome a sentence: But let us seken deper. I coniecte that there lacketh I n'ot what. But say me this. Sens that thou ne douteest not that this worlde be governed by God, with whiche governayle takest thou hede that it is governed? Unneth (qð I) know I the sentence of thy question, so that I ne maie not yet answeren to thy demaundes. I was not disceved (qð she) that there ne failed somewhat by whiche the malady of perturbacion is crepte into thy thought, so as the strength of thy paleys shynge is open: but saye me this. Remembrest thou what is th'ende of thynges? and whiçer th' entencion of al kinde tendeth? I have herde tolde it some tyme (qð I) but drerinesse hath dulled my memory. Certes (qð she) thou wotest well whence all thinges be comen and proceden. I wote wel (qð I) and answerde, that God is beginninge of al. And howe may this be (qð she) that sens thou knowest the beginning of thinges, that thou knowest nat what is the ende of thinges? but soche ben the customes of perturbacion, and this power thei han that they may move a man from his place, that is to say, from the stablenesse and perfection of his knowinge, but certes thei may nat al arace him, ne alien him in all: but I wold that thou woldest answer to this. Remembrest thou that thou arte a man? B. Why shulde I not remembre that (qð I). Phi. Mayst thou not tel me than (qð she) what thing is a man? Askest thou not me (qð I) whether that I be a resonable mortall best? I wote well and confesse that I am it. Wiste thou never yet that thou were anye other thinge (qð she). No (qð I). Nowe wel knowe I (qð she) other cause of thy maladye, and that righte grete! Thou haste lesie for to knowen thy selfe what thou art, through whiche I have plainly founden the cause of thy maladie, or els the entre of recovering of thy hele. For why? For thou art confounded with forgetyng of thy selfe: Thou sorowdeste that thou art exiled of thy propre godes. And for thou ne wyste what is th'ende of thinges, forthy demest thou that felonous and wikid men be mighty and welful: and for thou hast forieten by which governementes the world is governed, forthy wenest thou that these mutacions of fortune fleten without governor. These ben the causes not onely to malady, but certes gret causes to deth: But I thanke the actour, and the maker of hele, that nature hath not al forleten The. I have grete nourishyng of thin hele, and that is the sothe sentence of governaunce of the world, that thou bilevest that the governing of it is not subiecte ne underput to the folie of these happes aventurous, but to the reson of God; and therefore doute The nothing, for of this litel spark thine here of lyfe shall shyne. But for as moch as it is not time yet of faster remedies, and the nature is of thoughtes thus disceved, that as ofte as thei caste awaye sothe opinions, they clothen hem in false opinions, of the which false opinions the derkenesse of perturbacion wexeth up, that confoundeth the very insight, that

derkenesse shal I somewhat assaye to maken thinne and weke, by lyght and meaneliche remedies, so that after that the derkenesse of discevyng thinges be doen awaie, thou maye knowe the shyning of very lyght.

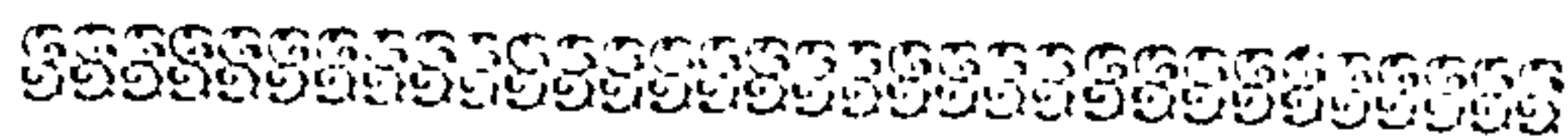


*Metrum septimum.*

*Nubibus atris  
Condita nullum  
Fundere possunt  
Sidera lumen.  
Si mare volvens  
Turbidus Auster  
Misceat astum,  
Vitrea dudum  
Parque serenis, &c.*

THE sterres covered with blacke cloudes ne mowe yeven adoun no light, if the trouble wynde that hyght Auster, turnyng and walowyng the se medeleth the hete, that is to sayne the boyl- yng up from the botome. The waves that were whylome clere as glasse, and like to the fayre bright dayes, wythstante anon the syghtes of men, by the fylthe and ordure that is resolved. And the fletyng streme that reileth doune diversly from high moun- taignes is arrested and resisted olte tyme by the en- cuntryng of a stone, that is departed and fallen from some roche. And forthy, yf thou wilt loken and deme sothe with clere light, and holden the way with a right path, weive thou joy, drive fro drede, flem thou hope, ne let no sorow approche, that is to sayne, Let non of these four passyons overcome or blende The. For cloudy and derke is thilke thoughte, and bounde with bridels, whereas these thunges reignen.

*Explicit liber primus.*



*Prosa prima.*

*Post hæc paulisper obtulit, atque ubi atten- tionem meam modestâ taciturnitate collegit, sic exorsa est: si penitus agnitudoinis tuæ causas habitumque, &c.*

AFTER this she stinte a little, and after that she had gæthered by atemper stylnesse myne atten- tion, as who so might sayn thus. After these thynges she stynte a lytell, and whan she apperceved by a- temper stilnesse, that I was entente to heren her, she began to speke in this wise. If I (qð she) have underflonden and knowen utterly the causes and the habite of thy maladye, thou languishest and art de- fected for desire and talent of thy rather fortune. She that ylke Fortune onelye that is chaunged as thou fainest to The warde, hath perverted the clerenesse and the estate of thy courage. I understond the felle or manyfolde colours and disceres of thilke mervail- lous monstre fortune, and how she useth ful flatteryng familiarite with hem that she enforceeth to begile, so long, til that she confound with unsufferable so- row hem that she hath lese in dispaire unpurveied. And if thou remembrest well the kinde, the maneres, and the deserte of thilke fortune, thou shalt wel knowe that as in her thou never ne hadest, ne haste yloste anye faire thinge: But (as I trowe) I shal not gretly travailen



travailen to done The remembren on these thinges. For thou were wont to hurtelen and dispisen her with many wordes, whan she was blandishyng and presente, and persudest her with sentences that weren drawn oute of \* myne entre, that is to saye, of mine enformacion: but no sodaine mutacion ne betideth not without a maner chaunging of corages. And so it is befall, that thou arte a lytel departed fro the pece of thy thoughte, but now is tyme that thou drinke and ataste some soft and delitable thynges, so that whan they be entred within The, it mowen make way for strengre drinckes of medecyns. Come now forthe therfore the suasion of swetes rhetorien, which that goeth onely the right waie, while she forsaketh not myne estatutes. And with Rhetorike come forthe musyke a damosell of oure house, that singeth now lighter modes or prolacions and now hevier. What cilleth the man? What is it that hath caste The into mourning and into weping? I trowe that thou hast sene some new thing and uncouth? Thou wenest that fortune be chaunged ayen The, but thou wenest wrong, if that thou wene, alway the ben her maners. She hathe rather kept as to The warde her propre stableness in the chaunging of her selfe: right soch was she whan she flattered The and disceved The, with unlesful likinges and false wilfulness. Thou haste nowe known and atteinte the doubtrous or double visage of thilk blinde goddesse Fortune. She that yet covereth and wympleth her to other folke, hath shewed her self everydele to The: Yf thou approvest her and thinkest that she is gode, use her maners and plaine The nat; and yf thou agrifest her false trecherye, dispise and caste away her that playeth so harmefully, for she that is now cause of so moch sorowe to The, shulde be to The cause of pece and of joye. She hath forsaken The forsoth, the which that never man maie be syk, that she ne shal forsaken him. *Glosa.* But nathelesse some bokes have the texte thus. Forsothe she hath forsaken The, ne ther nys no man liker that she ne hath not forsaken. Holdest thou than thylke welfulness precious to The that shal passen, and is present fortune dereworth to The, which that nys not faithfull for to dwel, and whan she goth awaye, that she bringeth a wight in sorowe? For sene she may not be withholden at a manne's wyll, she maketh him a wretche whan she departeth fro hym. What other thinge is flyttinge fortune, but a maner shewing of wretchidnesse that is to come? Ne it suffiseth not onely to loken on thing that is presente before the eyen of a man, but wysedom loketh and mesureth th' ende of thinges, and the same chaungyng from one to another, that is to saye, from adversite into prosperite, maketh that the manaces of fortune ne ben not for to dreden, ne the flateringe to be desired. Thus at laste it beloveth The to suffren with even wil in pacience, all that is done within the flore of fortune, that is to saye, in this worlde, sithe thou hast ones put thy necke under the yoke of her. For if thou wolt writen a lawe of wending and of dwelling to fortune, which that thou hast chosen frely to ben thy lady; arte thou not wrongful in that, and makest Fortune wroth and asper by thine impacience, and yet thou mayst nat chaungen her?

Yf thou committest and betakest thy sayles to the wynde, thou shalt be shoven, nat thiðer that thou woldest, but whiðer that the wind shoveth The. Yf thou castest thy sedes in the feldes, thou shuldest have in minde that the yeres bene amonges otherwhile plentuous, and other while barein. Thou hast betaken thy selfe to the governaunce of fortune, and forthy it beloveth The to ben obeisant to the ma-

ners of thy lady. Enforcest thou The to aresten or withholden the swyftnesse and the sweygh of her tournyng whele? O thou sole of all mortal soles, if Fortune began to dwel stable, she cessed then to ben Fortune.

*Metrum primum.*

*Hæc cum superbâ verterit vices dextrâ,  
Et æstuantis more fertur Euripi,  
Dudum tremendos sæva proterit Reges,  
Humilemque victi sublevat fallax vultum.  
Non illa miseros audit, haud curat fletus, &c.*

**W**HAN Fortune wyth a proude righte hand withtouneth her chaunging stounds, she fareth like the maners of the boiling Euripe.

*Glosa.* Euripe is an arme of the se, that ebbeth and floweth, and sometyme the streame is on o side, and somtime on that other.

*Texte.* She crewel fortune casteth adoune kynges, that whylom weren ydrade, and she decevable enhaunceth up the humble chere of him that is discomfited: ne she neither hereth ne recketh of wretched wepinges. And she is so hard, that she laugheth and scorneth the weping of hem, the whiche she hathe maked to wepe with her fre will. Thus she playeth and thus she proveth her strengthes, and sheweth a gret wonder to al her servauntes, if that a wighte is sene welefull, and overthrowe in an houre.

*Prosa secunda.*

*Vellem autem pauca tecum, Fortuna ipsius verbis, agitare. Tu igitur an jus postulet animadvertere. Quid tu, o homo, ream me quotidianis agis querelis? &c.*

**C**ERTES I wold pleden with The a fewe thynges, usynge the wordes of fortune: take hede nowe thy selfe, yf that she aske right. O thou man, wherefore makest thou me gyltie by thyn every dayes plaininges?

What wrong have I done The? what godes have I beraft The that were thyn? Stryve or plete with me before what juge that thou wylt, of the possesioun of richesles, or of dignities, and if thou maist shewen me, that ever any mortall manne hath received any of tho thinges to ben his in propre, than wil I graunt frely, that thilke thinges were thine, which that thou askest. Whan that nature brought The forth out of thy mother's wombe, I received The naked and neddy of all thinges, and I nourished The with all my richesles, and was redy and ententife through my favour to sustaine The: and that maketh The nowe impacient ayenst me. And I environned The with al haboundaunce and shynyng of al godes, that ben in my righte: nowe it lyketh me to withdrawe min honde. Thou hast had grace, as he that hath used forayne godes. Thou haste no right to playne The, as though thou haddest utterly forlorne al thy thynges. Why plainest thou thanne? I have done to The no wronge. Rychesles, honours, and soche other thinges ben of my tryght. My servauntes knowen me for ther lady: they come with me and departen whan I

\* Myne entre. In the Latin de nostro Adyto; Adytum seems to have been mistaken for Aditus.



wende. I dare well afferme hardely, that if thow chinges, of whiche thou playnest that thou hast forlorn, had ben thin, thou ne haddest not forlorn 'hem. Shal I than be defended only to use my right? Certes it is lesul to the heven to make clere daies, and after that to overcome tho same daies with derke nightes. The yere hathe eke leve to appaile the visage of the erthe, now with floures, and now with fruite, and to confounde 'hem somtime with raines and with colde.

The se hath eke his right, to ben somtime cauhne and blandishinge, with smothe water, and sometime to be horrible with waves and with tempestes. But covetise of men, that may not be staunched, shall it binde me to be stedfaste, sythen that stedfastnesse is uncouth to my maners? Soche is my strength, and soche play I play comenly. I turne the whirlinge whele with the turning cerkle, I am glad to chaungen the lowest to the hiest, and the hiest to the lowest. Worth up if thou wolte, so it be by this lawe, that thou ne hold nat that I do The wrong, though thou discende adown, whan the reson of my play asketh it. Wiste thou not howe Cræsus kyng of Lydiens, of whiche king Cyrus was full fore agaste a lytel before, that this Cræsus was caughte of Cyrus, and ledde to the fyre to be brende, but that a rayne discended from heven that rescowed him? And is it out of mynde howe that Paulus counsul of Rome, whan he had taken the king of Perciens, weped petyously for the captivite of the selfe kyng? What o-ther thing bewaylen the crienges of tragedies, but onely the dedes of fortune, that with an aukwarde stroke overturneth the relmes of grete nobleye. *Glosa.* Tragedie is to faine, a dite of a prosperite for a tyme, that endeth in wretchednesse. Leredest not thou in Grece whan thou wer yonge, that in the entre or in the seler of Jupiter, there ben couched two tonnes, that one is ful of gode, that other is ful of harme? What right hast thou to plain, if thou haste taken more plentiously of the gode syde, that is to sayne of richesse and prosperite? And what eke if I be not all departed fro The? What eke if my mutabylyte yeveth The rightfull cause of hope to have yet better thinges? Nathcles dismaye The not in thy thought, and thou that arte put in the comune relme of al, ne desyre not to lyven by thin owne propre right.

*Metrum secundum.*

*Si quantas rapidis flatibus incitus  
Pontus versat arenas,  
Aut quot stelliferis edita noctibus  
Cælo sidera fulgent,  
Tantas fundat opes, nec retrahat manum,  
Pleno copia cornu;  
Humanum miseras haud ideo genus  
Cesset flere querelas, &c.*

**T**Houghe plentye goddess of riches, hylde adowne wyth a full horne, and withdrawe not her hande, as manye richesse as the se turneth upwarde sandes, whan it is moved with ravyshinge blastes, or elles as manye richesses as there shinen bright sterres in the heven on the sterry nightes: yet for all that mankinden'old not cesse to wepe wretched plaints. And al be it so that God receved ther prayers, and yeveth 'hem as solelarge moche golde, and appaileth covetous folke with noble or clere honours: yet semeth 'hem have gotten nothing. But alway cruel ravyne devouringe al that they have got-

ten, sheweth other gapinges, that is to saye, gapen and desiren yet after mo rycheles. What brideles might withholden to any certaine ende the disordinate covetise of men, whan ever the rather that it fleteth in large yestes, the more brenneth in 'hem the luste of having? Certes he that quaking and dredefull weneth himselfe nedy, he ne liveth nevermore riche.

*Prosa tertia*

*His igitur si pro se tecum verbis fortunæ loqueretur, quid profectò contra hisceres, non haberes. At si quid est, quo querelam tuam jure tuearis, proferas oportet, &c.*

**T**Herfore if that fortune speke with The for her selfe in this maner, forsothe thou ne haddest nat what thou mightest answer. And yf thou hast any thing, wherwith thou mayst rightfully defenden thy complainte, it beheveth The to shewen, and I woll yeven to The space to tellen it. *Bee.* Certainli (qð I) than, these ben faire thinges, and appointed with honyswetnesse of rhetorike and musike, and onely while they ben herde and sowne in eres, they ben delicious. But to wretches it is a deper felynge of harme, this is to sain, that wretches selen the harmes that they suffre more grevously, than the remedies or the delites of these wordes may gladden or conforten 'hem. So that whan these thinges flinten for to sown in eres, that sorow that is inlet greveth the thought. *P.* Right so it dothe (qð she). For these ne ben yet no remedies of the malady, but they ben a maner norishinge of thy sorowes, that rebel ayenst thy curacion. For whan tyme is, I shal move and ajust soch thinges, that percen 'hem ful depe. But nathlesse, that thou shalt not wilne to letten thy selfe a wretche. Haste thou forieten the numbere and the maner of thy wclefulnesse? I speke not how that the soveraigne men of the cite toke The in cure and keping, whan thou were orphelyn of father and of mother, and were chosen in allynite of princes of the cite: And thou beganne rather to be lese and dere than for to be a neighbour, the which thing is the moste precious kinde of any propinquite or alliance that maye ben. Who is it that ne sayde tho that thou ne were righte wcleful, with so grete nobley as thy fathers in lawe, and with the chastite of thy wyfe, and with th'opportunitie and noblesse of thy masculine children, that is to sayn, thy sonnes? And over all thys (me lysle to passen of common thinges) how thou haddest in thy youth dignities, that were warned to old men, but it deliteth me now to comen to the singuler unhepinge of thy wclefulnesse. If any frute of mortal thinges may have any wighte, or price of wclefulnesse, myghtest thou ever foryeten for any charge of harme that mighte befall, the remembraunce of thilke daye, that thou saw thy two sonnes made counsailours, and ladde togyther from thy house, under so gret assemble of senatours, and under the blithnesse of the peple? and whan thou saw 'hem sette in the court in hye chaires of dignities, thou rhetorien or pronouncer of kinges praisinges, deservedest glory of witte and of eloquence, whan thou sittinge bitwene thy two sonnes counsailours, in the place that hight Circo, fulfilledest the bydding of the multitude of peple that was sprade about The with so large praysynge and laude, as men synge in victories. Tho yave thou to fortune as I towne, that is to say, tho seoffedest thou fortune with



with glorious wordes, and decevedest her, whan she acoyed and norished The as her own delices. Thou bare away of fortune a yeste, that is to say, soche guardon that she never yave to private man. Wilt thou therefore laye a rekeninge with fortune? She hath nowe first twyned upon The with a wicked eye. If thou consider the nombre and the maner of thy blisses and of thy sorowes, thou maist nat forsaken that thou n'art yet blisfull. For if therefore thou wenest thy selfe not welesful for tho thynges that semeden joyful ben passed, ther n'is not why thou shouldest seme to thy selfe a wretch, for thynges that seme now sory, passen also. Art thou now comen a sodayne gest into the shadow or tabernacle of this life? or trovest thou that any stedfastnesse be in manne's thynges? Whan oft a swifte houre dissolveth the same man, that is to saie, whan the soule departeth from the body. For although that felde is there any faithe that fortunous thynges would dwell in, yet nathelesse the last daye of a manne's lyfe is a maner dethe to fortune, and also to thilke that hath dwelt. And therefore what wenest thou dare recke, if thou forlet her in dyinge, or els that she fortune forsake The in fleyng awaye?

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*Metrum tertium.*

*Cum polo Phœbus roseis quadrigis  
Lucem spargere cœperit,  
Pallet albentes hebetata vultus  
Flammis stella prementibus, &c.*

WHan Phœbus the sonne beginneth to sprede his clerenesse with rosen Chariottes, than the sterre dymmed paleth her white cheres by the flambes of the sonne that overcommeth the sterre light, that is to sayne, whan the sonne is ryfen, the dayesterre wexeth pale and leseth her light. For the grete lightnesse of the son, when the wode wexeth rodi of rosen floures in the first sommer ceson, through the breth of the winde Zephyrus that wexeth warme, if the cloudie winde Auster blowe felliche, than goeth awaye fapynesse of thornes. Oft the se is clere and caulme with movinge flodes, and ofte the horrible wind Aquilon moveth boiling tempeste and overwhelveth the se. If the forme of this worlde is so feld stable, and if it turneth by so many enterchaunges: wilt thou than trusten in the tomblyng fortunes of men: Wylt thou trowen on flyttinge godes? It is certain and establisshed by lawe perdurable, that nothing that is engendred is stedfast ne stable.

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*Prosa quarta.*

*Tum ego, vera, inquam, commemoras, o virtutum omnium nutrix, nec inficiari possum prosperitatis meæ velocissimum cursum, &c.*

THEN said I thus: O nourice of all vertues, thou faiest ful soth, ne I may not forsake the right swifte counse of my prosperitie, that is to saie, that the prosperitie ne be comen to me wonder swiftilie and sone. But this is a thyng that gretlie smarteth me, when it remembreth me. For in all adversities of Fortune, the moſte unſelie kynde of contrarious Fortune is to have ben welesfull. *Phi.* But that thou abiest thus (qð she) the tourmente of thy false opinion, that maieſt thou not lightfullie blamen, ne aretten to

to thynges, as who ſaith, that thou haſt yet many haboundances of thynges. *Textus.* For all be it ſo, that the idell name of aventurous welesfulneſſe, moveth The now, it is leſſull that thou reken with me, of howe many thynges thou haſte yet plentie. And therefore, if that thilke thing that thou haddeſt for more precious, in al thy richeſſe of Fortune, be kept to The, yet by the grace of GOD, unwemmed and undeſouled, maieſt thou then plaine rightfully upon the miſchief of Fortune, ſithen thou haſt yet thy beſt thynges? Certes, yet liveth in gode point thilke precious honour of mankind, Symachus thy wive's father, whiche that is a man made of al Sapience and Vertue, the whiche manne thou wouldeſt buye, with the price of thine owne life; he bewail-eth the wronges, that menne doen to The, and not for himſelfe. For he liveth in ſikerneſſe, of any Sentence put ayenſt hym. And yet liveth thy wife, that is attempre of witte, and paſſyng other women, in clenneſſe of chaſtitie. And for I would cloſen ſhortlie her bounties, ſhe is like her father: I tell The, that ſhe liveth lothe of this life, and kepeth to The onelie her ghoſte, and is all mate, and of overcome by wepyng and ſorowe, for deſire of The. In the whiche thyng onelie I more graunten The, that thy wilfulneſſe is amenuſed. What ſhall I ſaine eke of thy two ſonnes counſailours, of which as of children of ther age, there ſhineth the likeneſſe of the witte of ther father, and of ther eld father? And ſithen the ſoveraine cure of all mortall folke is to ſaven ther owne lives, if thou knowe thy ſelf, thy godes make The more welesfull. For yet ben there things dwelled to The ward, that no man doubteth, that thei ne ben more dereworthe to The, then thine owne life. And forthy drie teres, for yet is not every Fortune hatefull to The ward: ne over grete tempeſt ne hath not yet fallen upon The, when thine ankers cleven faſte, that neither woll ſuffren the comfort of this tyme preſente, ne the hope of tyme comyng to paſſen ne to failen. *Bo.* And I praie (qð I) that faſte mote thei holden: for the whiles that thei holden, how ſo ever that thynges ben, I ſhall well ſteten forthe and eſcapen. But thou maieſt well ſeen, how grete appaiales and araie, that me lacked, that be paſſed awaie from me. *P.* I have ſomwhat advanced and furthered The (qð ſhe) if that thou annoie not, or forthinke not of all thy Fortune, as who ſaith, I have ſomewhat comforted The, ſo that thou tempeſt not The thus, with all thy fortune, ſithen thou haſt yet thy beſte thynges. But I maie not ſuffren thy delices, that plaineth ſo wepyng and anguiſhous, for that ther lacketh ſomwhat to thy welesfulnes. For what man is he that is ſo ſad, or of grete parſite welesfulneſſe, that he ne ſtriveth and plaineth on ſome halfe ayen the qualitie of his eſtate? For why? full anguiſhous thing is the condicion of manne's godes. For either it cometh not altogether to a wight, or els it ne laſteth not perpetuell. For ſome man hath grete richeſſe, but he is aſhamed of his ungentill linage. And ſome man is renowned of nobleſſe of kinrede, but he is enclouſed in ſo grete anguiſh of nede of thynges, that hym were lever that he wer unknowe. And ſome man haboundeth bothe in richeſſe and nobleſſe, but yet he bewaileth his chaſte life, for he ne hath no wife. And ſome man is, and ſclily married, but he hath no children, and nourifſeth his richeſſes to ſtraunge folk. And ſome man is gladed with children, but he wepeth full ſore, for the treſpace of his ſonne, or of his daughter. And for this there ne accordeth no wight lightly to that condicion of his fortune. For alwaie to every man there is in ſomwhat that unaſſaied he ne wotte noughte, or els he dredeth that he hath aſſaied. And adde this alſo, that every welesfull man



man hath a full delicate feling: so that but if all thinges befallen at his own will, he is impacient, or is not used to have none adversitie, anon he is throwen adoune for every little thing. And full little thinges ben tho, that withdrawen the somme or the perfeccion of blisfulnesse fro 'hem that ben moſte fortunate. Howe many men trowest thou, would demen 'hem ſelf to ben almoſt in heaven, if thei mighten attain to the leſt partie of the remnaunte of thy fortune? This ſame place that thou clepeſte exile, is countre to them that enhabiten here. And forthy nothyng is wretched, but when thou wenest it; as who ſaith, thou thy ſelf, ne no wight els n'is a wretch, but when he weneth himſelf he is a wretch, by reputacion of his courage. And ayenward: al fortune is blisful to a man, by the agreabilitie, or by the egalitie of hym that ſuffreth it. What man is that, that is ſo weleful, that n'olde chaungen his eſtate when he hath loſte his pacience? The ſwete- neſſe of manne's welefulneſſe is ſprant with many bitterneſſes. The which welefulneſſe, although it ſeme ſwete and joiful to him that uſeth it, yet maie it not ben withholden, that it ne goeth awaie when it wol. Then it is well ſene, how wretched is the blisful- neſſe of mortall thinges that neither it dureth perpetuell with 'hem, that every fortune receven agreable or egally, ne it deliteth not in all to 'hem that ben anguiſhouſ. O ye mortall folke, what ſeke ye then blisfulneſſe out of your owne ſelfe, whiche is put in your ſelf? Errour and folie confoundeth you. I ſhall ſhewe The ſhortlie the poincte of ſoveraine blisfulneſſe.

Is there any thyng to The more precious then thy life? Thou wilt aunſwere naie. Then, if it ſo be that thou art mightie over thy ſelf, that is to ſaine, by tranquillitie of thy ſoule, then haſte thou thyng in thy power, that thou n'oldest never leſen: Ne Fortune maie not bynemme it The. And that thou maieſt knowe that blisfulneſſe ne maie not ſtande in thynges, that ben fortunous and temporell, now underſtande, and gather it together thus. If blisfulneſſe be the ſoveraine gode of nature, that liveth by reſon: ne thilke thing is not ſoveraine gode, that maie be taken awaie in any wiſe.

For more worthie thing is, and more digne thilke thing, that maie not be taken awaie. Then ſheweth it well, that the unſtableneſſe of Fortune maie not attaine to receve very blisfulneſſe. And yet more over, what manne that this tomblyng welefulneſſe ledeth, either he wote that it is chaungeable, or els he wote it not. And if he wote it not, what blisful fortune maie there ben in the blindnes of ignorance? And if he wot, that it is chaungeable, he mote alwaie ben adradde, that he ne leſe that thing, that he ne douteth not, but that he maie leſen it. As who ſaith, he mote alwaie be agaſt, leſt he leſe that, that he woteth right well he maie leſe. For whiche the continuell drede that he hath, ne ſuffereth hym not to be welefull. Or els if he leſe it, he weneth to be diſpiſed and forleten. Certes, eke that is a ful litle gode, that is borne with even herte, when it is loſte, that is to ſaine, that men doe no more force of the loſſe, then of the havying. And for as moche as thou thy ſelf arte he, to whom it hath be ſhewed, and preved by full many demonſtracions, as I wotte well, that the ſoules of menne ne mowen not dien in no wiſe. And eke ſens it is clere and certaine, that fortunous welefulneſſe endeth by the deth of the bodie: it maie not be doubted, that if deth maie take awaie blisfulneſſe, that all the kind of mortal thing ne diſcendeth into wretchedneſſe, by the ende of deth. And ſithen we know well, that many a manne hath ſought the fruiſt of blisfulneſſe, not onely with ſufferying of deth, but eke with ſuf-

feryng of paines and tourmentes: howe might then this preſente life make men blisfull, ſens that thilke ſelf life ended, it ne maketh folke no wretches?



*Metrum quartum.*

*Quisquis volet perennem  
Cautus ponere ſedem,  
Stabilisque nec ſonori  
Sterni flatibus Euri,  
Et fluctibus minantem  
Curat ſpernere pontum,  
Montis cacumen alti,  
Bibulas vitet arenas, &c.*

**W**Hat maner of folke, ware and ſtable, that woll founden 'hem a pardurable ſete, and ne wol not be caſte adoune with the loude blaſtes of the winde Eurus, and will diſpiſe the Se, menaſyng with floudes: Let 'hem eſchue to builden on the coppe of the Mountaigne, or in the moiſte Sandes. For the fell Winde Auſter tourmenteth the coppe of the Mountaignes, with all her ſtrengthes, and the loſe ſandes reſuſen to bere the hevy weightes. And forthy if thou wolte ſlien the perillous aventure, that is to ſaie, of the worlde: have mynde certainlie to ſet thyne houſe of a merie ſete in a lowe ſtone. For although the wynde troubling the Se Thonder with overthrowng, thou that arte putte in quiete, and welefull, by ſtrength of thy Paleis, ſhalt lede a clere age, ſcornynge the wodeneſſe, and the ires of the aire.



*Proſa quinta.*

*Sed quoniam rationum jam in te mearum  
ſomenta descendunt, paulò validioribus u-  
tendum puto. Age enim, ſi jam caduca &  
momentanea Fortuna, &c.*

**B**UT for as moch as the nourishynges of my re- ſon diſcenden now into The, I trowe it wer tyme to uſen a littell ſtrenger Medicins. Nowe underſtande here, all were it ſo that the yeſtes of For- tune ne were not brittle ne tranſitorie, what is there in 'hem, that maie be thin in any tyme? Or els that it ne is ſoule, if that it be loked, and conſidered perſitie? Richesſes, ben thei precious by the nature of them ſelf, or els by the nature of The? What is moſt worthe of richesſe? Is it not gold, or might of money aſſembled? Certes, that gold and that money ſhineth, and yeveth better renome to them that diſ- penden it, than to thilke folke that muckeren it: for avarice maketh alwaie muckerers to ben hated, and largesſe maketh folke clere of renome. For ſithe that ſoch thinges as ben tranſfered from one man to ano- ther, ne maie not dwell with no manne; certes, then is that money precious, when it is tranſlated into o- ther folke, and ſtinten to be had by uſage of large ye- vyng of hym that hath yeven it. And alſo if all the money that is over all, in al the worlde, were gaðe- red toward one man, it ſhould make all other men to be nedie as of that. And certes, a voice all whole, that is to ſaine, without amenuſyng, fulfilleth toge- ther the hering of moch folk. And when thei ben apafſed, nedes thei maken 'hem poore, that forgone tho richesſes.



O, straite and nedy clepe I these riches, sens that many folke ne maie not have it all, ne al ne maie it not comen to one man, without povertie of all other folke. And the shynynge of gemmes, that I call precious stones, draweth it not the eyen of folke to 'hem ward, that is to faine, for the beautie. But certes, if there were beautie, or bountie in shynynge of stones, thilke clerenesse is of the stones 'hem self, and not of menne. For whiche I wonder gretly, that men marveilen on soche thynges. For why? what thyng is it, that if it wanteth movynge, and joincture of soule and bodie, that by right might seemen a faire creature to hym that hath a soule of reson? For al be it so, that gemmes drawen to 'hem self a little of the last beautie of the world, through the entent of ther creatour, and the distinccon of 'hem self, yet for as mikell as thei ben put under your excellence, thei ne have not deserved by no waie, that ye should marveilen on 'hem. And the beautie of feldes, deliteth it not mikell unto you?

B. Why should it not deliten us, sithe that it is a right faire porcion of the right faire werke, that is to faine, of this worlde? And right so ben we gladd somtime of the face of the Se, when it is clere: And also marveilen we on the Heven, and on the Starres, and on the Sunne, and on the Mone. *Phi.* Appertaineth (q<sup>d</sup> sic) any of thilke thynges to The? Why darest thou glorifie The, in the shynynge of any soche thynges? Arte thou dislingued and embelised by the springynge floures of the first Sommer seson? Or swelleth thy plentie in fruytes of Sommer? Why art thou ravished with idle joies? Why embracest thou straunge Goddes, as thei wer thine? Fortune ne shall never make, that soche thynges ben thyne, that nature of thynges hath maked foraine fro The? Sothe it is, that withouten doubte the fruytes of the yerth owen to be to the norishynge of bestes. And if thou wolt fulfill thy nede, after that it suffiseth to nature, then is it no nede that thou seke after the superfluite of Fortune. For with full fewe thynges, and with full little thynges, nature hath her apaied. And if thou wolte achoken the fulfillynge of nature with superfluities: certes, thilke thynges that thou wolt thresten or pouren into nature, shullen ben unjoyful to The, or els anoious. Wenest thou eke, that it be a faire thing to shine with divers clothynge? Of whiche clothing if the beaute be agreable to loken upon, I wold marveilen on the nature of the matter of thilke clothes, or els on the workman that wrought 'hem. Doeth also a long route of meine make The a blisfull man? The whiche servauntes if thei ben vicious of condicions, it is a grette charge, and distrucion to the hous, and a gret enemy to the lord himself. And if thei ben gode men, how shal straunge and forain godenesse, be put in the nomber of thy riches? So that by all these foresaied thynges it is clerely shewed, that never one of thilke thynges, that thou accomptedest for thy godes, n'as not thy gode. In whiche thynges if there be no beautie to be desired, why shouldest thou be sorie to lese them? Or why shouldest thou rejoyce The to hold 'hem? For if thei ben faire of ther own kind, what appertaineth that to The? For al so well shouldest thou have ben faire by thyself, though thei wer departed from al the riches. For why? faire ne precious wer thei not, for that thei comen among the riches. But for thei semed faire and precious, therefore thou haddest lever reken 'hem amonges thy riches. But what desirest thou of fortune, with so grette afare? I trow thou sekest to drive awaie nede, with habundaunce of thynges, but certes, it tourneth you all into the contrarie. For why? certes it nedeth of full many helpynge, to kepen the diversite of precious hostilementes. And sothe it is, that of many

thynges thei have nede, that many thynges have. And ayenwarde, of little thyng nedeth hym, that mesureth his fill after the nede of kind, and not after outrage of covetise. It is so then, that ye menne have no propre gode set in you, for soche ye moten seke outwarde, in forain and subject thynges. So is then the condicion of thynges tourned up so down, that a man that is a divine best, by merite of his reson, thinketh that hymself n'is neither faire ne noble, but if it be through possession of hostilementes, that ne han no soules; and certes, al other thynges ben apaied of ther owne beauties; but ye men, that be semblable to God, by your resonable thought, desiren to aparailen your excellent kinde of the lowest thynges. Ne ye understanden not how grette a wrong is doen to your creatour. For he would that mankinde were moste worthie, and noble of any yerthly thing: and ye thresten down your dignities binethen the lowest thynges. For if that all the gode of every thing be more precious, than is thilke thing, whose that the gode is, sith ye demen that the foulest thynges ben your godes, then submitten ye, and put your selven under the foulest thynges, by your estimacion. And certes, this betideth not, without your desert. For certes, soche is the condicion of all mankinde, that onely when he hath knowing of it self, then passeth it in noblesse al other thynges. And when it forletteth the knowynge of it self, then it is brought benethen all bestes. For why? all other living bestes han of kind to knowen not 'hemself. But when that men letten the knowynge of 'hemself, it cometh 'hem of vice. But how brode sheweth the errour, and the folie of you men, that wenen that any thyng maie ben appareled with straunge apparelmentes? But forsothe that maie not be doen. For if a wight shineth with thynges that ben put to hym: as thus, if thilke thynges shinen with which a man is appareled: Certes, thilke thynges ben commended and praised, with whiche he is appareled: but nathelless, thyng that is covered, and wrapped under that, dwelleth in his filthe. And I deny that thilke thing be gode, that annoieth hym that hath it. Gabbe I of this? Thou wolte saie naie. Certes, riches have anoied full ofte 'hem, that han had the riches. Sithe that every wicked shrew is for his wickednesse the more greedie after other folkes riches, where so ever it be in any place, be it golde or precious stones, and weneth hym onely moste worthie that hath 'hem. Thou then that so busie dredest now the swerd and the spere, if thou haddest entred in the pathe of this life, a pore wai-faring man, then wouldest thou sing before the thefe, as who saith, a pore man that bereth no riches on hym by the waie, maie boldly sing before Theves, for he hath not wherof to be robbed. O precious and right clere is the blisfulnes of mortall riches, that when thou hast gotten it, then hast thou lorne thy sikernes!

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*Metrum quintum.*

*Felix nimium prior ætas,  
Contenta fidelibus arvis,  
Nec inertī perdita luxu,  
Facili quæ sera solebat  
Jejunia solvere glande:  
Nec Bacchica munera nôrat  
Liquido confundere melle,  
Nec lucida vellera Serum, &c.*

**B**lisfull was the first age of men, thei helden 'hem apaied with the metes that the true feldes broughten forth, thei ne destroyed, nor deceived not 'hemself



hemself with outrage, thei weren wonte lightlie to flaken ther hunger at evin, with Akehornes of Okes, thei ne coude not medell the yeste of Bacchus to the clere Honie, that is to saine, thei could make ne pimenten or clarre: Ne thei could not medell the bright fleces of the Countre of Scriens, with the venime of Tyry, this is to sain, thei coude not dien white fleces of Serien Countre with the blode of a maner Shelfishe, that men findin in Tyrie, with whiche blode men dien Purple.

Thei slepten wholsome slepes upon the grasse, and dronken of the rennyng waters, and lien under the shadowes of the hie Pine trees. Ne no geste or straunger ne carfe yet the hie Se, with ores or with shippes, ne thei ne hadden sein yet no newe strondes, to leden Marchandise into divers Countreis. Tho weren the cruell clarions full hust, and full still. Ne blode ishad by egre hate ne had deied yet armures. For whereto, or which wodenesse of enemies would firste moven armes, when thei sawen cruell woundes, ne none medes be of blode yshad? I would that our tymes should tourne ayen to the old maners. But the anguishous love of havynge in folke burneth more cruelly, then the mountain of Ætna, that aie brenneth. Alas! what was he that firste dalse up the gobbettes or the weightes of golde, covered under yerth, and the precious stones, that woulde have be hidde? He dalse up precious perilles, that is to sain, that he that hem first up dalse, he dalse up a precious perill, for why? for the preciousnes of soche thyng hath many man ben in perill.



*Prosa sexta.*

*Quid autem de dignitatibus potentiâque disseram, quas vos, veræ dignitatis ac potestatis inscii, cælo exæquatis? Quasi in improbißimum quemque ceciderint, &c.*

**B**UT what shall I saie of dignities and powers, the whiche ye men that neither knowen verie dignitie, ne verie power, areisen hem as high as the heven? The which dignities and powers, if thei comen to any wicked manne, thei doen as grete damages and destruccions, as doeth the flambe of the mountaigne Ætna, when the flambe waloweth up, ne no deluvy ne doeth so cruell harmes. Certes, ye remember well (as I trow) that thilke dignitie, that men clepe the Imperie of counsaillours, the whiche whilome was beginnyng of fredome, your elders coveted to have doen awaie that dignitie, for the pride of the counsaillours. And right for that same, your elders before that tyme had doen awaie out of the Cite of Rome the Kynge's name, that is to saine, thei n'olde have no lenger no king. But now, if so be that dignities and powers ben yeven to gode men, the whiche thyng is full felde, what agreable thynges is there in tho dignities and powers, but onely the godenes of folke that usen hem? And therefore is it thus, that honour cometh not to vertue, bicause of dignitie: and ayenward, honour cometh of dignitie, for cause of vertue. But whiche is thilke your dere-worth power, that is so clere, and so requirable? O ye yerthly bestes, consider ye not over whiche thyng that it semeth that ye have power? Nowe, if thou sawe a Mousse emong other Mice, that challenged to hym selfwarde right and power over all other Mice, how grete scorne wouldest thou have of it? *Glosa.* So fareth it by men, the bodie hath power over the bodie: for if thou loke well upon the bodie of a wight, what thyng shalt thou find more

fraile, then is mankinde? The whiche menne full ofte be slaine, by bityng of Flies, or els with entring or creping wormes, into the privities of manne's bodie. But where shall men finden any man, that maie exercisen or hanten any right upon an other man, but onely on his body, or els uppon thynges, that ben lower then the bodie, the whiche I clepe Fortune's possessions? Maicst thou have ever any commaundment over a fre corage? Maicst thou remove fro th' estate of his propre rest a thought that is clevyng together in hymself by stedfaste reson? As whilome a tiraunt wened to confounde a freman of courage, and wend to constrain hym by tourmentes, to maken him discoveren and accusen folke, that wisten of a conjuracion, whiche I clepe a confederacie, that was caste ayenst this tiraunte: but this freman bore of his owne tongue, and caste it in the visage of thilke wode Tiraunte. So that the tourmentes, that this wode tiraunt wende to have made a matter of crueltie, this wise man made it matter of vertue. But what thyng is it, that a man maie doe to an other man, that he ne may receven the same thing of other folke in himself? Or thus: what may a man doen to folke, that folke ne maie doen to hym the same? I have herd tolde of Busirides, that was wont to sleen his gastes, that herbroden in his hous: and he was slain hymself, by Hercules that was his geste.

Regulus had taken in bataille many men of Afrike, and cast hem into fetters: but sone after, he must yeven his handes to be bound, with the cheins of hem, that he had whilom overcomen. Weneſte thou then, that he be mightie, that ne hath power to doen a thyng, that other ne maie doen in hym, that he hath in other? And yet moreover, if so were, that these dignitees of powers hadden any proper or naturell godenesse in hem, never n'old thei comen to shrewes. For contrarious thynges ne ben wonte to ben ifelowshipped togethers. Nature refuseth that contrarious thynges ben joyned. And so as I am in certaine, that wicked folke have dignitees ofte tyme, then sheweth it wel that dignitees and powers ne ben not gode of ther owne kinde, sens that thei sufferen hemself to cleven, or joynen hemself to shrewes. And certaine the same thing maie I moſte dignely judgen, and saine of all the yestes of Fortune, that moſte plentecouslie comen to shrewes, of whiche yestes, I trowe, it ought to be considered, that no man doubteth that he is strong, in whom he seeth strength: and in whom swiftnesse is, sothe it is that he is swift.

Also Musike maketh Musiciens, and Phisike maketh Phisiciens, and Rhetorike eke Rhetoriciens. For why? the nature of every thing maketh his proper tie, ne it is not entremedled with the effecte of contrarious thynges. But certes, richesſes maie not restraine avarice unſtanchid. Ne power ne maketh not a man mightie over hymself, whiche that vicious lustes holden deſtrained with chaines, that ne mowen not be unbounden. And dignitees, that be yeven to shreude folke, not onely ne maketh hem not digne, but sheweth rather all openly, that thei ben unworthy and indigne. And it is thus. For certes, ye have joye to clepe thynges with false names, that be ren hem all the contraire, the whiche names ben full oft reproved by the effecte of the same thynges. So that these ilke richesſes ne oughten not by right to be cleped richesſes, ne soche power ne ought not to be cleped power, ne soche dignite ne ought not to be cleped dignite. And at lasſe I maie conclude the same thyng of all the yestes of Fortune: In whiche there n'is nothyng to be desired, ne that hath in hymself naturell bountie, as it is well ifeen, for neither thei joinen hem not alwaie to gode men, ne maken hem alwaie gode, to whom thei ben joyned.

*Metrum*



*Metrum sextum.*

*Novimus quantas dederit ruinas  
Urbe flammata, patribusque caesis,  
Fratre qui quondam ferus interempto,  
Matris effuso maduit cruore.  
Corpus & visu gelidum pererrans  
Ora non tinxit lacrymis, sed esse  
Censor extincti potuit decoris, &c.*

**W**E have well knowen how many grete harmes and destrucciounes were doen by the Emperour Nero. He let brennen the Cite of Rome, and made sle the Senatours, and he cruell whilome sloughe his brother. And he was made moiste with the blode of his mother, that is to saie, he lette seen and sitten the wombe of his mother, to seen where he was conceived, and he loked on every halve of her dedde colde body, ne no tere wette his face, but he was so hardeherted, that he might be domcfmanne, or Judge of her dedde beantie. And nathelesse, yet governed this Nero by sceptre al the peple that Phoebus maie seen comyng from his utterest arisyng, till he hide his bemes under the wawes, that is to saie, he governed all the peples by sceptre Imperiall, that the Sunne goeth about fro Est to West. And eke this Nero governed by sceptre, all the peples that be under the colde sterres, that highten the *Septentrions*, that is to saie, he governed all the peples, that be under the partie of the North. And eke Nero governed all the peples, that the violent wind Notus skorclith, and baketh the brennyng sandes, by his drie hete, that is to saie, al the peples in the Southe. But yet ne might not all his power tourne the wodenesse of this wicked Nero. Alas! it is a grevous fortune, as oft as a wicked swerd is joyned to cruell venime, that is to saie, venomous crueltie to Lordshippe.

*Prosa septima*

*Tum ego, scis, inquam, ipsa, minimum nobis  
ambitionem mortalium rerum fuisse domi-  
natam; sed materiam gerendis rebus opta-  
vimus, quo ne virtus tacita consensceret.  
Et illa, atqui hoc unum est, &c.*

**T**Hen said I thus. Thou wotest well thy self, that the covetise of mortall thinges ne hadden never lordshippe in me. But I have well desired matter of thinges to doen, as who saith, I desire to have matter of governaunces over cominalties, for vertue still should not elden: that is to saie, that lest er that he wexte old, his vertue that laie now stil, ne shuld not perish unexercised in governaunce of comune: for whiche men might speken or writen of his gode governement. *Phi.* Forsothe (quod she) and that is a thyng that maie drawen to governaunce soche herts as ben worthie and noble of ther nature: but nathelesse it maie not drawen soche hertes, as ben ybrought to the full perfeccion of vertue, that is to saie, covetise of glorie and renome to have well administred the common thinges, or doen gode desertes, to profite of the common. For se now and consider, how little and how voide of all price is thilke glorie; certain thing is as thou hast lerned by the demonstracion of Astronomic, that all the envi-

roning of the yerth about ne halt but the reson of a pricke, at the regard of the gretnesse of the heven, that is to saie, that if ther wer maked comparison of the yerth, to the gretnes of heven, men would judgen in al that ne held no space. Of the whiche little region of this world, the iii. part of the yerth is inhabited with living bestes that we knowen, as thou hast thy self ilerned by Ptoleme that proveth it. And if thou haddest withdrawen and abated in thy thoughte fro thilke fourthe partye, as moche space as the se and the mareis conteynen and overgone as moche space as the region of drought overstretcheth, that is to saie sandes and desertes, well unneth shuld there dwellen a right straite place to the habitacion of men. And ye that be environned and closed with the leste pricke of thilke pricke, thinken ye manifesten or publishen your renome and done your name for to ben borne forth. But your glory that is so narrowe and so straye, throughten into so litel boundes, howe mykell conteineth it in larges and in grete doynges? And also sette therto, that many a nacion dyvers of tonge and of maners, and eke of reson of ther lyvinge, inhabite in the close of thilk habitacle, to the which nacyons whatfor difficulte of wayes, and whatfor diversyte of langage, and whatfor defaulte of unusage, and entrecomynge of marchandyse, not onely the names of singuler men ne may not stretchen, but eke the fame of cities maie not stretchen. At the last, certes in the time of Marcus Tullius, as him selfe wrytte in hys boke, the renom of the commonwelth of Rome ne had not yet passed ne clomben over the mountaine that hight Caucasus, and yet was Rome well waxen and redoubted of the Parthes, and eke of other folke cnhabytng aboute. Seest thou not than howe straite and howe compressed is thilke glorie that ye travailen aboute to shewen and to moultelye? Maye than the glory of a synguler Romaine stretchen thiðer as the fame of the name of Rome maye not clymben ne passen? And eke seest thou not that the maners of divers folke and ther lawes ben discordant amonges hemself, so that thilke thing that some men judge worthy of prayng, oþer folke judgen that that is worthy of tourment. And herof cometh it that though a man deliteth him in praisyng of his renome, he may not in no wise bringen forth the ne spreden his name to manye maner peples, and therefore every man ought to be apaide of his glory, that is published among his owne neyghbours, and thylke noble renome shal be restrained within the boundes of tho maner folke. But howe manye a man that was ful noble in his tyme, hath that wretches and nedy forietinge of writers put oute of minde and don away, al be it so that certes thilke thinges profiten litel, the which thinges and wrytnges long and derke elde do away both them and eke ther auctours. But ye menne semen to gotten you a perdurabilitie, whan ye thinken in time comen your fame shal lasten. But nathelesse if thou wilt make comparison to the endlesse spaces of eternite, what thing haste thou, by which thou maist rejoycen The of longe lastinge of thy name? For if there were made comparison of the abyding of a momente to ten thousande winter, for as moche as bothe tho spaces ben ended, yet hath the momente some porcion of it, although it be litel. But nathelesse thilke selfe nombre of yeres, and eke as many yeres as therto may be multiplied, ne may not certes be comparisoned to the perdurabilite that is endelesse. For of thinges whiche that have ende maye be made comparison, but of thinges which that ben withouten ende, to thinges that have ende, may be maked no comparison. And forthy is it that although renome of as long tyme, as ever The liste to thinken, wer thought, to the regard of the eternite, that is unstaunch-



unstaunched and infinite, it ne shoulde not onelie seme litle, but plainlie right nought. But ye semen certes ye can do nothing aright but if it be for the audience of the peple, and for ydle rumours. And ye forsaken the gret worthinesse of conscience and of vertue, and ye seken your guerdons of the smale wordes of straunge folke. Have nowe here and understande in the lightnesse of soche pride and veine glory, howe a man skorned festynally and meryly soche vanite. Whilom there was a man that had assayed with stryvyng wordes an other man, the which not for usage of very vertue, but for proude vaine glorye, had taken upon him falsely the name of a philosophre. This rather man that I speke of, thought he wold assay, whether he thilke wer a philosophre or no, that is to saye, yf that he woulde have suffred lightly, in pacience, the wronges that were done to him. This fained philosophre toke pacience a litell while: and whan he had receved wordes of outrage, he as in stryvinge ayen and rejoyng of himself, sayde at last thus. Understandest thou not, that I am a philosophre? That other man answerde again biringly and said: I had well understande it, if thou haddest holden thy tong stil. But what is it to these noble worthy men, for certes of soch folk speke I that seken glorie with vertue? What is it (qđ she) what atteyneth fame to soch folke, whan the body is resolved by the deth at the last? for if so be that men dien in al, that is to say body and soule, the which thing our reson defendeth us to byleve: than is there no glory in no wise. For what shulde thilke glory be, whan he, of whom thilke glorie is saide to be, n'ys ryght naught in no wyse? And yf the soule whiche that hath in it selfe science of gode werkes, unbounden from the prison of the yerth, wendeth frely to the heven, dispiseth it not than al erthly occupacion, and beinge in heven rejoyseth that it is exempte from al erthly thynges? as who saith, that recketh the soule never of no glory of renome of this world.

*Metrum septimum.*

*Quicumque solam mente præcipiti petit,  
Summamque credit gloriam,  
Latè patenteis Ætheris cernat plagas,  
Arctumque terrarum situm,  
Brevem replere non valentis ambitum, &c.*

**W**Hoso that wyth overthrowinge thoughte onely seketh glori of fame, and weneth that it be soveraine gode, let him loken upon the brodeshewing countreis of the heven, and upon the strait fete of this erthe, and he shal be ashamed of th' encrese of his name, that maye not fulfil the litel compas of the erthe. O what coveyten proude folke to listen up ther neckes in ydle, in the dedly yoke of thys worlde! For although that renome ysprad passyng toforn peples, goth by divers tonges, and although grete houses of kinredes shynen by clere tytles of honours, yet nathelesse deth dispiseth al high glory of fame, and deth wrappeth togethers the high hedes and the lowe, and maketh equal and even the hiest with the lowest.

Where wonnen now the bones of trew Fabricius? What is nowe Brutus, or sterne Caton? The thynne fame yet lastyng of ther ydle names, is marked with a few letters. But although that we have knowen the faire wordes of the fame of 'hem, it is not yeven to know 'hem that be ded and consumpt. Ye liggeth than styl al utterlye unknowable, ne fame ne maketh

you not knowe. And yf ye wene to lyve the longer for wande of your mortall name, whan one cruel day shal ravishe you, than is the second dwelyng to you close. The first dethe he clepeth here the departing of the body, and the seconde dethe here the stintyng of the renome of fame.

*Prosa octava.*

*Sed ne me inexorabile contra fortunam gerere bellum putes, est aliquando, cum de hominibus fallax illa non nihil bene mereatur: tum scilicet cum se aperit, &c.*

**B**UT for as moch as thou shalt not wenen (qđ she) that I bere an unretable barayle ayenst fortune, yet somtims it befaleth that she (discevable) desereth to have ryght gode thanke of men: and that is whan she her self openeth, and whan she discovereth her front, and sheweth her maners. Peraventure yet understandest thou not that I shall say. It is a wondre that I desire to tell, and therefore unneeth may I unplyten my sentence with wordes. For I deme that contrarious fortune profiteth more to men than fortune debonayre. For alway whan fortune semeth debonayre, than she lieth falsely, biheating the hope of welesfulnesse. But forsothe contrarious fortune is alwaye sothfaste, whan she sheweth her selfe unstable throughe her chaungyng. The amiable fortune discereth folke: the contrary fortune techeth. The amiable fortune blindeth with the beaute of her false godes the hertes of folkes that usen 'hem. The contrarie fortune unbindeth 'hem with the knowyng of frele welesfulnesse. Th' amiable fortune maiste thou sene alway wyndy and flowyng, and ever misknowyng of her self. The contrary fortune is attempre and restrayned and wyse, thowwe exercise of her adversyte. At the laste amiable fortune with her flaterynge draweth myswandryng men fro the soveraine gode: the contrarious fortune ledeth ofte folke ayen to sothefaste godes, and haltereth 'hem ayen as with an hoke. Wenest thou than that thou oughtest to leten this a lytel thing, that this aspre and horrible fortune hath discovered to The the thoughts of thy trew frendes? For why, this ilke fortune hath departed and uncovered to The both the certaine visages, and eke the doutous visages of thy felawes. Whan she departed away fro The, she toke away her frendes and left The thy frendes. Now whan thou were riche and welesful, as The semed, with howe mykel woldest thou have bought the full knowyng of this, that is to sayne, the knowyng of thy very frendes? Nowe plaine The not than of richesse lorne, sithe thou haste found the mosse precious kynd of richesse, that is to sayne, thy very frendes.

*Metrum octavum.*

*Quod Mundus stabili fide  
Concordes variat vices,  
Quod pugnantia semina  
Pudus perpetuum tenent, &c.*

**T**HAT the worlde with stable fustie varieth accordable chaungynges, that the contrarious qualitees of Elementes holden amonge 'hem fust allyaunce perdurable, that Phœbus the sonne with his golden chariot bringeth forth the rosy day, that the



mone hath commaundement over the nightes, which nightes Hesperus the evensterre hath brought, that the se gredy to flouen constraineth with a certain ende his flodes, so that it is not lesfull to stretch his brode termes or boundes upon the yerth: al this ordinaunce of thynges is bounde with love, that governeth erthe and se, and also hath commaundement to the heven. And yf this love slaked the bridels, al thinges that now loven togheters wolden make bataile contynuelly, and striven to sordone the facion of this world, the which they now leden in accordable faith, by faire movynges. This love holdeth togidder peple joynd with an holy bond, and knitteth sacrament of mariage of chaste loves. And love endeth laws to true felaws. O welefull were mankinde if thilke love that governeth the heven, governed your corages!

Here endeth the seconde Boke.



Here foloweth the thirde Boke.

*Prosa prima.*

*Jam cantum illa finierat, cum me audiendi avidum, stupentemque arreptis adhuc auribus carminis mulcedo defixerat. Itaque paulo post, O inquam summum lassorum solamen animorum, quantum me, &c.*

BY this she had ended her songe: whan the swet- nesse of her dyte had throughperced me, that was desyrous of herkenynge. And I astonyed had yet streyght mine eres, that is to saine, to herken the bet what she shuld say, so that a litel after I sayd thus. O thou that art soverain comfort of corages anguissous, so thou hast remounted and nourished me with the weight of thy sentences, and with delite of singyng, so that I trowe not that I be unperegall to the strokes of fortune: as who saith, I dare wel now suffren al thi' assautes of fortune, and well defende me from her. And tho remedies, which that thou saidest here before, that weren right sharpe, not onelye that I am not agrisen of 'hem now, but I desyrous of heryng aske gretly to heren the remedies. Than said she thus. That feled I well (qð she) whan that thou ententise and styl ravyshedest my wordes: and I abode tyll thou haddest soche habyte of thy thought, as thou hast now, or els tyll that I my selfe had maked it to the same habite, whiche that is a more very thyng. And certes the remenaunt of things that ben yet to say ben soch, that first whan men take 'hem, they ben byting: But whan they ben receved within a wight, than ben they swere. But for thou saist that thou art so desyrous to herken 'hem, with how grete brennyng woldest thou glowen, if thou wistest whiðer I wolde leden The? B. Whiðer is that (qð I). P. To thilke verie blisfulnesse (qð she) of whiche thine hert dremeth. But for as moche as thy sight is occupied and distourbed of erthly thinges, thou maiest not yet sene thilke self welefulnesse. B. Doe (qð I) and shewe me what thilke very welefulnes is, I pray The, without taryng. P. That wol I gladly done (qð she) for cause of The. But I wol first marken by wordes, and I wil enforcen me to enforme The thilke false cause of blisfulnesse, whiche that thou more knowest: so that

whan thou hast beholden thilke false godes, and turned thin eyen so to that other syde, thou maie knowen the clerenesse of very blisfulnesse.



*Metrum primum.*

*Qui serere ingenuum volet agrum,  
Liberat arva prius fruticibus,  
Falce rubos filicemque refecat, &c.*

WHoso woll sowe a felde plenteous, let him firste deliveren it of thornes, and kerve asonder with his hoke the bushes and the ferne, so that the corn may commen hevie of eres and of greines. Hony is the more swete if mouths have firste tasted favours that be wycke. The sterres shinen more agreably whan the wynde Notus letteth his plungi blastes. And after that Lucifer the daysterre hath chased away the darke nyght, the day the fairer ledeth the rosen horse of the sonne. And right so thou, beholding first the false godes begyn to withdrawe thy necke fro the yerthly affeccions, and afterwardes the very godes shullen entren into thy corage.



*Prosa secunda.*

*Tum defixo paululum visu, & velut in angustam suæ mentis sedem recepta, sic cæpit. Omnis mortalium cura, quam multiplicium studiorum labor exercet, &c.*

THO fastened she a litel the syght of her eien, and she withdrew her, right as it were into the straye sete of her thought, and began to speke right thus. Al the cures (qð she) of mortal folk, which that travailen 'hem in many maner studies, gon certes by divers waies: but nathels they enfor-<sup>les</sup> cen 'hem all to comen onely to thi' ende of blisfulnes. and blisfulnes is soche a gode, that who so hath gotten it, he ne maye over that thing more desire. And thys thyng forsoth is so soveraine gode, that it containeth in himself al maner of godes, to the which gode if there failed any thing, it myghte not ben soveraine gode, for than were some gode out of this soveraine gode, that might be desyred. Now is it clere and certaine, that blisfulnesse is a parlyte state, by the congregacion of al godes, the whiche blisfulnesse (as I have sayd) al mortal folke enforcen 'hem to gette by divers waies. For why? the covetise of every gode is naturelli planted in the hertes of men: but the miswandryng errour misledeth 'hem into false godes. Of the whiche men, some of 'hem wenen that soverain gode be to liven without nede of any thinge. And other men demen, that soveraine gode be right digne of reverence, and enforce 'hem to be revered among ther neighbours, by the honours that they have gotten. And some folke there ben that holden that right hye power be soverain gode, and enforcen 'hem for to reignen, or els to joynen 'hem to them that reignen. And it semeth to other folke, that noblesse of renome be the soverain gode, and hasten 'hem to gotten 'hem glorious name by the artes of werre or of pece. And many folke mesuren and gessen, that soverayne gode be joye and gladnesse, and wenen that it be right blisful thing to plongen in voluptuous delites. And there ben some folke, that entrechaungen the causes and the endes of these forsaide godes: As they that desyren riches



chelles to have power and delites, or elles they desyre power for to have money, or for cause of renome. In these thynges and soche other is turned all the entencion of desyrynges and werkes of men, as thus: Noblesse and favour of peple, which that yeveth to all menne, as it semeth hem, a maner clerenesse of renome, and wife and children, that men desyren, for cause of delyte and merynesse. But forsoth frendes ne shullen not be rekened amonge the godes of fortune, but of vertue, for it is a ful holy maner thing. All these other thynges forsoth be taken for cause of power, or elles for cause of delite. Certes now am I redy to referren the godes of the body to these forsayd thynges aboven: For it semeth that strength and grettenesse of body yeven power and worthinesse, and that beaute and swiftnesse yeven glorie and renome: and helth of body semeth to yeven delite. In al these thynges it semeth only that blisfulnesse is desyred: for why? thylke thyng that every man desireth moste over al thynges, he demeth that it be soverain gode. But I have defined, that blisfulnesse is soverain gode, for whiche every wight demeth that thilke estate that he desireth over al thynges that it be blisfulnesse. Nowe hast thou than before thin eyen almoste al that purposed forme of the welesfulnesse of mankynde, that is to faine, richesse, honours, power, glorie and delites, the which delite only confidred he Epicurus, and judged and established that delyte is the soverain gode: for as moche as all other thynges, as him thought, byrest away joy and mirthe from the hert. But I returne againe to the studies of men, of whiche men the corage alway reherfeth and seketh the soverain gode, al be it so that it be with a dyrked memorie, but he n'ote by whiche pathe, right as a drunken man n'ote nought by whiche pathe he may returne home to his house. Semeth it than that folke forleyen and erren to enforcen hem to have nede of nothing. Certes there is none other thing, that may so moche performen blisfulnesse, as an estate plenteous of al godes, that ne hath nede of none other thing, but that is suffisaunt of himselfe unto himself. And folien soch folke than that wenen, that thilke thing that is right gode, that it is eke right worthy of honor and of reverence? certes nay. For that thing n'ys neither foul ne worthy to be dispised, that wel nigh al the entencion of mortal folke travailen to get it. And power eke ought it not to be rekened amonges godes? What els? for it n'is not to wene, that thilke thing that is moste worthy of all thynges, be feble and without strength. And clerenesse of renome, ought that to ben dispised? Certes ther may no man forsake, that al thinge that is right excellent and noble, that it ne semeth be right clere and renowned. For certes it nedeth not to sai, that blisfulnesse be anguissous ne drerye, ne subject to grevaunces ne sorowes, sens that in right lytel thynges folke seken to have and to usen that may delyten hem. Certes these ben the thynges that men willen and desiren to getten: and for this cause desiren thei richesces, dignities, reignes, glorie, and delites. For therby wenen they to have suffisaunce, honoure, power, renome, and gladnesse. Than is it gode, that men seken thus by so many divers studies, in whyche desire, it may not lightly be shewed, howe gret is the strength of nature. For howe so men have divers sentences and discordinges, algates men accorden all in lovinge the ende of gode.

*Metrum secundum.*

*Quantas rerum flectat habenas  
Natura potens, quibus immensum  
Legibus orbem provida sercet,  
Stringatque ligans irrefruto  
Singula nexu, placet arguto  
Fidibus lentis promere cantu, &c.*

**I**T lyketh me to shewe by subtyll song, with slacke and delitable sowne of stringes, howe that nature mightelie enclinet and stiteth by the government of thynges, and by soche lawe she purveiable kepeth the grette worlde, and howe she bindyng restraineth all thynges by a bonde that maie not be unbounden. All be it so that the lions of the countre of Pene beren the faire chaines, and taken metes of the handes of folke, that yeven it hem, and dreden ther sturdie maisters, of whiche thei be wonte to suffre betinges, yf that ther horrible mouthes ben bledde; that is to sain, of bestes devoured: ther corage of time passed that hath ben idle and rested, repaireth ayen, and thei roren grevously, and remembren on ther nature, and slaken ther neckes from ther chaines unbounde, and ther maister first to torne with bloody teth assayeth the wode wrathes of hem, that is to faine, thei freten ther maister. And the janglyng-birde that singeth on the hie braunches, that is to faine, in the wodde, and after is enclosed in a strait cage, although the plyinge besynesse of men yeve him honied drinks, and large metes with swete study: yet natheles if thilke birde skipping out of her strait cage, seeth the agreable shadoves of the wodes, she desoulet with her fete her mete ishad, and seketh on morning onely the wode, and twireth desiring the wode with her swete voice. The yerde of a tre that is haled adowne by mightie strength, boweth redily the croppe adown: but if that the hande that is bente let it gone againe, anon the croppe loketh upright to the heaven. The sonne Phæbus that falleth at even in the westren wawes, returneth aien eftsones his carte by a privy pathe there as it is wonte arise. Al thynges seken ayen to ther propre course, and al thynges rejoyfen on ther returning againe to ther nature: ne non ordinaunce is betaken to thynges, but that hath joyned the ende to the beginninge, and hath made the course it selfe stable, that it chaunge not fro his propre kinde.

*Prosa tertia.*

*Vos quoque o terrena animalia, tenui licet imagine, vestrum tamen principium somnatis. Verumque illum beatitudinis finem, licet minime perspicaci, &c.*

**C**ertes also ye men that ben erthly bestes dremen alwaye your beginning, although it be with a thin imaginacion, and by a maner thought, al be it nat clereli ne parfetly, ye loken from aserre to thilke veri fine of blisfulnes; and therefore naturel entencion ledeth you to thilke very gode, but many maner errors mislourneth you therfro. Consider now if that by thilke thynges, by which a man weneth to get him blisfulnesse, if that he may comen to thilke ende that he weneth to come to by nature. For if that money, honours, or these other forsayd thynges, bringen

men



men to soch a thing that no gode ne faile them ne semeth to faile: Certes than would I graunt that they be makid blisful by thinges that they have gotten. But if so be that thilke thinges ne mowen not performe that thei byheten, and that there be default of many godes, sheweth it not than clereli that false beaute of blisfulnesse is knowen and atteynt in thilke thinges? First and forward thou thy self, that haddest haboundaunce of richesles not long ago, I aske The that in th'aboundance of al thilk riches, if thou were never anguissous or forie in thy courage of any wrong or grevaunce that betyd The in any syde? *B.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) it ne remembreth me not, that ever I was so fre of my thought, that I ne was alwaye in anguisshe of somwhat. *P.* And was that not (q<sup>d</sup> she) for that The lacked somwhat that thou n'oldest not have lacked? Or els thou haddest that thou n'oldest have had? *B.* Right so is it (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* Than desirest thou the presence of the one, and th'absence of that other? *B.* I graunte well (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> she) than nedeth there somwhat that every man desireth. *B.* Ye there nedeth (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) and he that hath lacke or nede of aught, n'is not in every way suffisaunt to himself. *B.* No (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* And thou (q<sup>d</sup> she) in all the plente of thy richesle haddest thilke lacke of suffisaunce? What els (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* Than may not riches maken that a man n'is nedi, ne that he be sufficient to himselfe: and yet that was it that they beheten as it semed. And eke certes I trowe that this be gretlie to consider, that money hath not in his owne kynde, that it ne maie ben binomed of 'hem, that have it, maugre 'hem. *Boecius.* I knowe it well (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Why shouldest thou not bekowen it (q<sup>d</sup> she) when every daie the stronger folke benomen it from the febler, maugre 'hem? From whens come els all these foraine complaintes, quarels, or pledynges, but for that menne asken ther money, that hath ben binomed 'hem, by strength or by gile, and alwaie maugre 'hem? *Boecius.* Right so it is (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Philosophie.* Then hath a man nede (q<sup>d</sup> she) to seken hym foraine helpe, by whiche he maie defende his money. *Boecius.* Who maie saie naie? (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Philosophie.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) and hym neded none helpe, if he ne had no money, that he might lese. *Boecius.* That is doubtles (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Philosophie.* Then is this tourned into the contrary (q<sup>d</sup> she) for richesle, that menne wenen should maken suffisaunce, thei maken a man rather have nede of forain helpe. Whiche is the maner or the gife (q<sup>d</sup> she) that richesle maie driven awaie nede? Riche folke maie thei neither have hunger ne thurst? These riche menne, maie thei sele no colde on their limes in Winter? But thou wilte aunswere, that riche menne have inough, wherwith thei maie staunchen ther hunger, and slaken ther thirst, and doen awaie colde.

In this wise, maie nede ben counforted by richesle, but certes nede ne maie not all utterlie be doen awaie. For if this nede, that alwaie is gaping and gredy, be fulfilled with richesle, and any other thyng, yet dwelleth then a nede, that mote be fulfilled; I hold me still, and tell not how that little thyng suffiseth to nature: but certes, to avarice suffiseth not inough of nothyng. For sin that riches ne maie not all doen awaie nede, and thei maken ther own nede: what maie it then be, that ye wenen that richesles mowen yeven you suffisaunce?

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*Metrum tertium.*

*Quamvis fluente dives auri gurgite  
Non expleturas cogat avarus opes, &c.*

**A**LL were it so, that a noble covetous manne had a River, or a Gutter fletyng al of Gold, yet should it never staunche his covetise: and although he had his necke charged with precious stones of the redde Se: And though he doe ere his fieldes plenteous with an hundred Oxen, never ne shall his bityng busines forleten hym, while he liveth, ne the light richesles ne shall not beren hym compaignie when he is dedde.

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*Prosa quarta.*

*Sed dignitates honorabilem reverendumque,  
cui provenerint, reddunt? Num vis ea est  
magistratibus, ut ut utentium mentibus vir-  
tutes inferant, vitia depellant, &c.*

**B**UT dignities, to whome they be comen, maken they him honorable and reverent? Have they so grete strength, that thei maie putten vertue in heres of folkes that usen the lordshippe of 'hem, or els may they don away the vices? Certes they be not wont to don away wickednes, but they be wont rather to shew wickednesse. And therof cometh it that I have right grete disdain, that dignities ben yeven to wicked men. For whiche thing Catullus cleped a consul of Rome (that hight Nonius) postome of boche, as who saith, he cleped him a congregacion of vices in his brest, as a postome is full of corrupcion: All were Nonius set in a chaire of dignite. Secst thou not than, how grete vilonies dignities done to wiked men? certes unworthinesse of wicked men shulde be the lasse sene, if they n'ere renowned with non honour. Certes thou thy self ne mightest not be brought with as many perils as thou myghtest suffer, that thou woldest bere the magistrate with decorate, that is to saine, that for peril that myght befall The by offence of the king Theodorike, thou n'oldest not be felawe in governaunce with decorate, whan thou sawe that he had wiked corage of a lycorous shrew and of an accusour. Ne I may not for soche honours judgen 'hem worthy of reverence, that I deme and hold unworthy to have thylke same honours. Now if thou sawe a manne, that wer fulfild of wisdome, certes, thou ne mightest not deme, that he wer unworthie to that honour, or els to the wisdome of whiche, he is fulfilled. *Boecius.* No (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Philosophie.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) dignities appertainen properlie to vertue, and vertue transporteth dignitie anon to thilke man, to whiche she her self is conjoynd. And for as moche as honours of peple ne maie not make folke digne of honour, it is well sene clerely, that thei ne have no propre beauteie of dignitie. And yet menne oughten take more hede in this: for if a wight be in so moche the more outcast, that he is dispised of moste folke, so as dignite ne maye not maken shrewes worthy of no reverence, than maketh dignite shrewes rather dispised than praised, the which shrewes dignite sheweth to moch folke. And forsothe not unpunished, that is to sayn, that shrewes revengen 'hem ayenward upon dignities. For they yelden ayen to dignities as grete guerdons, whan they despothen and defoulen dignities



ties with ther vilonie. And for as moche as thou now knowest, that thilke very reverence ne maye nat comen by these shadowy transitorye dignities, understonde now thus: that if a man had used and had many maner dignities of consuls and were paraventure comen amonge straunge naciens, shulde thilke honour maken him wurshipfull and redoubted of straunge folke? Certes if that honour of peple were a naturel yeste to dignities, it ne might never cessen no where amonge no maner folke to done his office. Right as a fyre in every countre ne stinteth not to enchaufen and maken hore. But for as moche as for to ben honorable or reverent, ne cometh not to folke of ther proper strength of nature, but onely of the false opinion of folke, that is to saie, that wenen that dignities maken folke digne of honours: anone therfore whan they comen ther as folke ne knowe not thilke dignities, ther honours vanishen awaye and that anon. But that is amonge straunge folke maist thou saie. Ne amonges hem ther they were borne ne dured not thilke dignities alwaye. Certes the dignite of the provostrie of Rome was whilome a gret power: nowe is it nothyng but an ydle name, and the rente of the senatorie a grete charge. And if a wight whilom had th' office to taken hede to the vitailles of the peple, as of corne and of other thinges, he was holden amonges hem grete. But what thing is more now outcaste than thilke provostrie? As I have said a lytel here before, that thilke thing that hath no proper beaute of it self, receiveth sometime price and shining, and sometim leseth it by th' opinion of usaunces; now if that dignities than ne mowe not make folke digne of reverence, and if that dignities wexe foule of ther wyll, by the fylthe of shrewes, and if dignities lesen ther shininge by chaunging of tymes, and if they wexen foule by estimation of peple, what is it that they han in hemselfe of beaute, that ought to be desired? as who saithe none: than ne mowen they yeven no beaute of dignitie to none other.

*Metrum quartum.*

*Quamvis se Tyrus superbus ostro  
Comeret; & niveis lapillis, &c.*

**A**L be it so, that the proude Nero wyth all his wode luxure, kembe him and apparelled him with faire purpure of Tyrie, and with white perles, algates yet therof he hateful to al folk, that is to say that all was he belated of all folkes, yet this wicked Nero had grete lорshippe, and yafe whilome to the reverent Senatours the unworshipfull fetes of dignities. Unworshipfull fetes he clepeth here, for that Nero that was so wicked yafe the dignities.

Who woulde than resonablye wenen, that blisfulnesse were in soche honours, as ben yeven by vicious shrewes?

*Prosa quinta.*

*An vero regna, regumque familiaritas efficere  
potentem valent? Quidni, &c.*

**B**UT reignes and familiarities of kynges, maie thei maken a man to ben mighty? How els? when his blisfulnesse dureth perpetuallie. But certes, the old age of time passed, and eke of present time nowe, is ful of ensamples, how that kinges have chaunged into wretchednesse, out of ther welfulnes.

O! a noble thing and a clere thinge is power, that n'is not founden mighty to kepe it self. And if that power of relmes be authour and maker of blisfulnesse, if thilke power lackethe on any syde, ameniteth it nat thilke blisfulnesse, and bringeth in wretchednes? But yet al be it so, that the relmes of mankinde stretchen brode, yet mote ther nede ben moche folke, over whiche that every king ne hath no lordship ne commaundement. And certes upon thilk syde that power falleth, which that maketh folke blisful, right on that same syde no power entreth underneth, that maketh hem wretches. In this maner than moten kinges have more porcion of wretchednesse than of welfulnesse.

A tiraunt that was kinge of Sicile, that had assayed the perill of his estate, shewed by similitude the dredes of relmes by gallenette of a swerde, that hong over the hed of his familier. What thinge is than this power, that maye not done awaye the bitynges of besynesse, ne eschewe the prickles of drede?

And certes yet wolden they lyven in sykernesse, but they maye nat. And yet they glorifyen hem in ther power. Holdest thou than that thilke man be mighty, that thou seest that he wolde done that he maye not done? And holdest thou than him a mighty man, that hath environed his sydes with men of armes or sergeautes, and dredeth more them that he maketh agast, than they dreden hym, and that is putte in the handes of his servautes for he shulde seme mightye? But of famylyeres or servautes of kinges, why shulde I tell The any thyng, siþe that I my selfe have shewed The that relmes hem selte ben ful of grete feblese? The whiche famylyers certes the royall power of kinges in whole estate, and in estate abated, full ofte throwethe adowne.

Nero constrained Senecke hys famylyer and his mayster, to chesen on what dethe he wolde dye. Antonius commaunded that knightes slown wyth ther swerdes Papinian his famylyer, whiche Papinian hadde ben longe tyme ful mighty amonges hem of the courte. And yet certes they wolden both have renounced ther power. Of whiche two Senecke enforced him to yeven to Nero his richesse, and also to have gone into solytary exile. But whan the grete weight, that is to saie, of lorde's power, or of Fortune, draweth hem that shullen fall, neither of hem ne might do that he wolde. What thinge is than thilke power, that thoughe men have it, yet they ben agast, and whan thou woldest have it, thou n'arte not syker? And yf thou woldest forleten it, thou maist nat eschewen it. But whether soch men ben frendes at nede as ben counsaied by fortune, and nat by vertue? Certes soch folke as welful fortune maketh frendes, contrarious fortune maketh hem enemyes. And what pestilence is more mightye for to anoye a wight, than a familier enemye?

*Metrum quintum.*

*Qui se vult esse potentem,  
Animos domat ille feroces,  
Nec victa libidine colla, &c.*

**W**Hoso wol be mighty, he mote daunten his cruell corages, ne put nat his necke overcomen under the foule raynes of lechery. For all be it so, that the lordshippe stretche so ferre that the countrey of Inde quaketh at thy commaundementes, or at thy lawes, and that the last yle in the se, that hyght Thule, be thrale to The: yet yf thou maiste nat putten away thy soule derke desyres,



and driven out fro The wretched complayntes? Certes, it n'ys no power that thou haste.

*Prosa sexta.*

*Gloria verò quàm fallax sæpe, quàm turpis est! unde non injuriâ tragicus exclamat. O gloria, gloria, millibus mortalium nihil aliud facta, nisi aurium inflatio magna, &c.*

**B**UT glorie, how decevable and howe foul is it oft! For whiche thing, not unskillfully a tragedien, that is to sayne maker of dities that highten Tragedyes, cried and sayde. O glory glory (q̃d he) thou n'art nothing els to thousandes of folke but a sweller of cres. For many have full grete renome by the false opinion of the peple.

And what thinge may ben thought fouler then soche prayfynge? For thilke folke that ben praised fallse, they moten nedes have shame of ther praifynge. And yf that folke have gotten 'hem thanke or praifynge by ther desertes: What thing hath thilke prife eched or encrefed to the conscience of wyse folke, that mesuren ther gode, nat by the rumoure of the peple, but by the sothefastnesse of conscience? And if it seme a faire thinge, a man to have encrefed and sprad his name, than soloweth it, that it is demed to ben a foule thing, if it ne be yspradde and encrefed. But as I said a litel here before, that sihe there mote nedes ben many folkes, to whiche folke the renome of a man ne maye nat comen, it befallith, that he that thou wenest be glorious and renowned, semeth in the next part of the yerthe to ben without glorie and without renome. And certes amonges these thinges I ne trow nat that the prife and the grace of the peple n'ys neither worthy to ben remembered, ne cometh of wise judgement, ne is ferme perdurably. But now of this name of gentillesse: what man is it that ne may wel sene howe vaine and how flityng it is? For if the name of gentillesse be referred to renome and clerenesse of lynage, than is gentil name but a forain thing, that is to say, to 'hem that glorifyen 'hem of ther linage. For it semeth that gentillesse be a maner prayfynge that cometh of the desertes of auncesters. And if praifynge maketh gentillesse, than moten they nedes ben gentil, that ben prayfed. For whiche thinge it soloweth, that if thou ne have no gentylnesse of thy selfe, that is to sayne, prife, that cometh of thy desert, forain gentillesse ne maketh The nat gentil. But certes if there be any gode in gentillesse, I trowe it be al onely this: that it semeth as that a maner necessite be imposed to gentilmen, for that they ne shulde nat outragen or forleven fro the vertues of ther noble kynred.

*Metrum sextum.*

*Omne hominum genus in terris  
Simili surgit abortu,  
Unus enim rerum pater est,  
Unus cuncta ministrat, &c.*

**A**L the lynage of men, that ben in erth, ben semblable of birth. One alone is father of thynges: one alone ministrith al thinges: he yaf to the sun his beemes: he yaf to the mone her hornes:

he yafe to men the erth: he yafe the sterres to the heven: he closed with membres the soules that camen from his hie sete. Than comen all mortall folke of noble fede. Why noisen ye, or bosten of your elders? For yf ye loke your beginning and God youre father authour and maker, than n'ys there no forelyved wight or ungentill, but if he nourishe his corage unto vices, and forlete his proper byrthe.

*Prosa septima.*

*Quid autem de corporis voluptatibus loquar? quarum appetentia quidem plena est anxietatis, &c.*

**B**UT what shal I sain of delyces of body? of whiche delices the desiringes ben ful of anguishes, and the fulfillinges of 'hem ben ful of penaunce. How grete siknesles and how grete sorowes unsufrible, right as a maner fruite of wickednes, ben thilke delices wonte to bringen to the bodies of folke that usen 'hem? of which delices I n'ot what joye may ben had of ther movinge. But this wote I wel, that whosoever wol remembre him of his luxures he shal well understande, that the issues of delices ben sorowful and sory. And yf thilke delices now make folke blisful, than by that same cause moten these bestes ben cleped blisful. Of whiche bestes al the encencion hasteth to fulfil ther bodily jolyte. And the gladnesse of wife and children were an honest thyng, but it hath ben said that it is overmoke ayenst kinde, that children have ben founden tourmentours to ther fathers, I n'ot howe many. Of which children how biting is every condicion, it nedeth not to tellen it. The, that hast er this tyme assayed it, and art yet now anguishous. In this tyme aprove I the sentence of my disciple Euripides, that said, that he that hath no children is weleful by infortune.

*Metrum septimum.*

*Habet omnis hoc voluptas,  
Stimulis agit fruentes,  
Apiumque par volantum,  
Ubi grata mella fudit, &c.*

**E**Very delyte hath this, that it anguisheth 'hem with prickes that usen it. It ressebleth to these flying flies that we clepen bees, that after that he hath shedde his agreable honyes, he flieth away, and stingeth the hertes of 'hem that ben smitten with bitinge overlonge holden.

*Prosa octava.*

*Nihil igitur dubium est, quin hæc ad beatitudinem vitæ, devia quadam sint, nec perducere eò quenquam valcant, &c.*

**N**Owe it is no dout than, that these wayes ne ben a maner mistidinges to blisfulnes: ne that they ne mowen not leden folke thiðer, as they beheren to leden 'hem. But with how gret harmes these forsaide wayes ben enlaced, I shal shew you shortly. For why? if thou enforecest The to assemble money,



money, thou must byreven him his money that hath it. And if thou wolt shinen with dignities, thou muste beseechen and supplien 'hem, that yeven tho dignities. And yf thou covetest by honour to gone before other folkes, thou shalt defoule thy self thorough humbleesse of asking. If thou desirest power thou shalt by aways of thy subjectes anoiously be cast under by many perils. Askest thou glorie? thou shalt ben so distraкте by aspre thinges, that thou shalt forgone sikernes. And if thou woldest leden thy lyfe in delites, every wight shal dispisen The and forleten The, as thou that arte thral to thing, that is right foule and britel, that is to saine, servaunt to thy bodye. Nowe is it wel ysene, howe lytel and how britel possession they coveten, that putten the godes of the bodi above ther own reson. For maist thou surmounten these elifauntes in gretnesse or in weight of body? or mayste thou ben stronger than the bul? mayst thou be swifter than the Tigre? Beholde the spaces and the stablenesse, and the swyft course of heaven, and stinte somtyme to wondren on foule thinges. The whiche heaven certes nys nat rather for these thinges to be wondred upon, than for the reson by whiche it is governed. But the shininge of thy forme, that is to sayne, the beaute of thy body, how swiftly passing is it, and howe transitorie! certes it is more siting than the mutabilite of floures of the sommer seson. For so as Aristotell telleth, that yf the men had eyen of a beste that hight Lynx, so that the lokynge of folke might percen throughe the thynges that withstonde it, whoso loked than in the antrailes of the body of Alcibiades, that was full faire in the superfycie without, it shulde seme right foule. And forthy, yf thou semest faire, thy nature ne maketh nat that, but the discevaunce of feblenesse of the eien that loken. But praise the godes of the body as moche as ever The lyst, so that thou know algates that what so it be, that is to saine, of the godes of the body, which that thou wondrest upon, maye ben destroyed or els dissolved by the hete of a fever of thre daies. Of which forsayd thinges I maie reducen this shortly in a somme, that these wordly godes, which that ne mowen yeven that they behyghten, ne ben not parfite by the congregacion of al godes, that they ne ben not wayes ne pathes, that bringen men to blisfulnesse, ne maken men to be blisful.

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*Metrum octavum.*

*Eheu! quæ miseros tramite devio  
Abducit ignorantia!  
Non aurum in viridi quæritis arbore, &c.*

**A**Las! whiche folye, and whiche ignoraunce misledeth wandringe wretches fro the pathe of very gode! Certes ye seken no golde in grene trees, ne ye gaðren nor precious stones in vines: ne ye ne hyden not youre gannes in hie mountains to catchen fyshe: of the which ye may maken rich festes.

And if you lyke to hunte to Roes, ye ne go nat to the fords of the water that hight Tyrrhene. And over this men knowe wel the creakes and the cavernes of the fe yhyd in the flodes, and knowen eke, whiche water is most plenteous of white perles, and knowen whiche water haboundeth most of red purple, that is to saine, of a maner shellyshe, with whiche men dyen purple: and knowen whiche strondes habounden moste of tendre fyses, or of sharpe fyses, that hight Echines. But folke suffren 'hem self to ben so blind that 'hem ne retchen not to knowe wher thilke

godes ben yhidde, which that they coveten, but plungen 'hem in yerthe, and seken there thilke gode, that surmounteth the heaven, that bereth the sterres. What prayer may I maken that be digne to the nyce thoughtes of men, but I pray that they coveten rychesse and honours, so that whan they have gotten tho false godes with grete travayl, that therby they mowen knowen the very godes?

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*Prosa nona.*

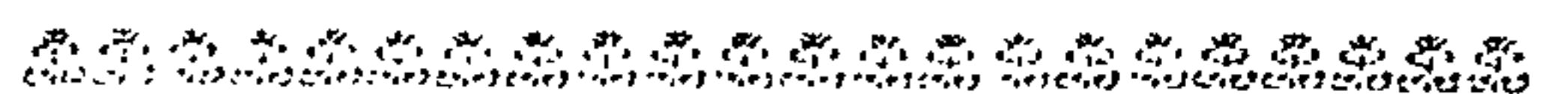
*Hæcenus mendacis formam felicitatis ostendisse succerit; quod si perspicaciter intuearis, ordo est deinceps, &c.*

**I**T suffiseth that I have saide hyðerto the forme of false welfulnesse: so that yf thou loke now clerely, the order of mine entencion requireth fro henceforth to shewen the very welfulnes. *B.* Forsoth (qð I) I se wel now, the suffisaunce may nat comen by richesse, ne power by relmes, ne reverence by dignities, ne gentilnesse by glory, ne joye by delices. *P.* And hast thou wel knowen the causes (qð she) why it is? *B.* Certes me semeth (qð I) that I se 'hem, right as though it were through a litel clyfte: But me were lever knowen 'hem more openly of The. *Phi.* Certes (qð she) the reson is al redy. For thilke thinge that simply is one thinge without any division, the errour and folye of mankinde divideth and departeth it and misledeth it, and transporteth from very and parfite gode, to godes that be false and unparfit. But say me this: wenest thou that he that hath the nede of power that him ne lacketh nothinge? *Boecius.* nay (qð I). *Philosophie.* Certes (qð she) thou sayest arighte: for yf so be that there is a thing that in any partie be febler of power, certes as in that it mote nedes be nedy of forain help. *Boecius.* Right so it is (qð I). *Philosophie.* Suffisaunce and power ben of one kinde. *Boecius.* So semeth (qð I). *Philosophie.* And demest thou (qð she) that a thinge that is of this maner, that is to say, suffisaunt and mighty, oughte ben dispised, or els that it be righte digne of reverence above al thinges? *Boecius.* Certes (qð I) it is no doute that it is right worthy to be revered. *Philosop.* Let us adden (qð she) reverence to suffisaunce and to power, so that we demen that these thre thinges be al one thing. *Boecius.* Certes let (qð I) us adden it if we wil graunt the sothe. *P.* What demest thou (qð she) than, is that a derke thing and not noble, that is suffisaunt, reverent, and mighty? or els that it is right noble and right clere by celebritey of renome? Consider than (qð she) as we have graunted here byforne, that he that ne hath no nede of nothing, and is most mighty and moste digne of honoure, yf hym nedeth any clerenesse of renome, whiche clerenesse he mihte not graunten of himselfe, so for lacke of thilke clerenesse he might semen the febler on any syde, or the more outcaste. *Glosa.* That is to say, naye: For who so that is suffisaunt, mighty, and reverent, clerenesse of renome foloweth of the forsaide thinges: he hath it all redy of his suffisaunce. *Boecius.* I maye not (qð I) denye it, but I mote graunten as it is, that this thinge is right celebrable by clerenesse of renome and noblesse. *P.* Than foloweth (qð she) that we adden clerenesse of renome to the foresaide thinges, so that there be amonges 'hem no difference. *B.* This is a consequence (qð I). *Philosop.* This thinge than (qð she) that ne hath nede of no foraine thyng, and that maye do all thyng by his strengthes, and that is noble and honourable, is it not a mery thinge and joyful?



joyful? *Boecius*. But whence (q<sup>d</sup> I) that any sorowe might come to this thyng that is soche, certes I maye not thinke. *Philosophie*. Than more we graunte (q<sup>d</sup> she) that this thyng be full of gladnesse, yf the foresayde thynges be sothe. And certes, also mote we graunte, that suffisaunce, power, noblesse, reverence, and gladnesse be onelye divers by names, but ther substaunce hath no diversite. *Boecius*. It mote nedelye be so (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Philosophie*. Thilke thyng than (q<sup>d</sup> she) that is one and simple in his nature, the wickednesse of men departeth and divideth it: And whan they enforcen 'hem to gotten partye of a thyng, that ne hath no parte, they ne gotten 'hem neythir thilke partye that n'ys none, ne the thyng al whole that they desyre. *Boecius*. In whiche manere (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi*. Thilke man (q<sup>d</sup> she) that secheth riches to flyen povertie, he ne travaileth hym not for to get power, for he hath lever be derke and vyle, and eke withdraweth from hymself many naturell delytes, for he n'olde lese the money that he hath assembled. But certes in thys maner he ne getteth him no suffisaunce that power forleteth, and that molestie priketh, and that fylthe maketh outcaste, and that derkenesse hydeth. And certes he that desireth only power, wasseth and scattereth rycheesse, and dissipeth delices and eke honour that is without power, ne he ne prayleth glory nothing. Certes this seest thou well that many thynges faylen to him: For he hath sometye defaute of many necessities, and many angnyshes byten hym. And when he maye not don tho defautes away, he forletteth to be myghty, and that is the thyng that he moste desyareth. And right thus may I make semblable resons of honour, of glory, and of delyces. For so every of these forsaide thynges is the same that these other thynges ben, that is to saie, al one thing. Whosoever seketh to gotten that one of these and not that other, he ne getteth not that he desireth. *Boecius*. What sayest thou than, if that a man covete to gotten al these thynges togidre? *Philosophie*. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) I wold say that he woulde get him soverain blisfulnes, but that shall he not: for in tho thynges that I have shewed, that mowe not yeve that they beheten. *Boecius*. Certes no (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi*. Than (q<sup>d</sup> she) ne shullen men not by no way seken blisfulnesse in soch thynges, as men wenen that they ne mowe gyven but one thyng synglerly of al that men seken. *Boecius*. I graunt well (q<sup>d</sup> I) ne non fother thing maye be sayde. *Philosophie*. Now hast thou than (q<sup>d</sup> she) the forme and the cause of false wellfulnesse: Now turne and flytte agayn to thy thought, for there shal thou fene anon thylke very blisfulnesse, that I have behight The. *Boecius*. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) it is clere and open, though it were to a blynde man: And that shewdest thou me a lytel here before, whan thou enforcedest The to shewe me the causes of the false wellfulnesse. For (but if I be begiled) than is that thilke very blisfulnesse and parlite, that parlitelye maketh a man suffisaunt, myghtye, honourable, noble, and ful of gladnes. And for thou shalte wel knowe, that I have well understanden these thynges within my herte: I knowe well that thylke blisfulnesse that men verely yeven one of the forsaide thynges, sens they ben all one, I knowe doutlesse that thilke thyng is ful of blisfulnesse. *Philosophie*. O my norice (q<sup>d</sup> she) by this opinion I say that thou arte blisful, yf thou put this therto that I shall sayne. *Boecius*. What is that? (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi*. Trowest thou that ther be any thing in these erthly mortal tomblinge thynges, that may bringen this estate? *Bo*. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) I trow it not: and thou hast shewed me wel, that over thilk gode ther n'is nothyng more to ben desired. *P*. These thynges than (q<sup>d</sup> she) that is to saie, erthly suffisaunce and power, and soch thynges erthely, they se-

men likenesse of very gode; or els it semeth that they yeven to mortali folke a maner of godenesse, that ne be not partite, but thilke gode that is very and parfite, that may they not yeven. *Boe*. I accorde me well (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Ph*. Than (q<sup>d</sup> she) for as moche as thou hast knowen, which is thilke very blisfulnes, and eke which thilke thynges ben, that lien falsely blisfulnesse, that is to say, that they by discrete semen very godes: Nowe behoveth The to knowe whence and wher thou mow seke thilke very blisfulnesse. *B*. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) that desyre I gretly, and have abyden longe time to herken it. *P*. But for as moch (q<sup>d</sup> she) as it liketh to my disciple Plato in his boke of Timæo, that in ryght lytel thynges men shulden beseeche the help of God: What judgest thou that be nowe to done, so that we may deserve to finde that sete of thilke soverain gode? *B*. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) I deme that we shullen clepe to the father of all godes, for withouten him n'ys there nothing founded aright. *P*. Thou saiest aright (q<sup>d</sup> she) and began anon to singen right thus.



*Metrum nonum.*

*O qui perpetuū mundum ratione gubernas,  
Terrarum Cælique sator, qui tempus ab ævo  
Ire jubes, stabilisque manens das cuncta moveri;  
Quem non externæ pepulerunt fingere causæ, &c.*

Thou father, soveraine and creatour of heven and of erthes, that governeest this worlde by pardurable reson, that commandeest the tymes to gone, sythe that age had beginning, thou that dwellest thy selfe aye stedfaste and stable, and yevest al other thynges to be moved, ne soveraine causes ne causeden The never to compounne werk of flitering matere, but onely the forme of soverain gode yset within The without envy, that moved The frely; thou that art alderfairest, beringe the fayre world in thy thought, formedest this worlde to thy likenesse semblable of that fayre world in thy thought. Thou drawest all thyng on thy soveraine ensampler, and commandeest that this worlde perfetliche ymaked, have frely and absolute his parfite parties. Thou byndest the elementes by nombres proporcionables, that the colde thynges mowen accorden with the hotte thynges, and the drie thynges with the moiste: That the fyre, that is purest, ne flye nat over hie, ne that the hevynelle ne draw nat adoun overlowe the yerthes, that be plunged in the waters. Thou knytest togidre the mene soule of treble kinde moving al thynges, and dividest it by membres accordyng: And whan it is thus divided, it hath assembled a movyng into roundes, it gothe to turne agayn to himself, and environneth a full depe thoughte, and turneth the heven by a semblable ymage. Thou by evenlyke causes enhancest the soules and the lesse lyves, and abling 'nem to height by lyght waines or cartes, thou sowest 'hem into heven and into yerthe, and whan they be converted to The by thy benigne lawe, thou makest 'hem retourne ayen to The by ayen-ledyng fire. O father yeve thou to the thoughte to flyen up into thy august sete, and graunt him to environne the well of gode. And the light yfounde, graunte him to fixen the clere syghtes of his corage in The, and scatter thou and to brake that weightes and the cloudes of erthely hevynesse, and shyne thou by thy brightnesse. For thou arte clerenesse, thou arte pefyble reste to debonayre folke, thou thy selfe arte beginnunge, berer, leder, pathe, and terme; to loke on The that is our ende.

*Prosa*



*Prosa decima.*

*Quoniam igitur, quæ sit imperfecti, quæ etiam perfecti boni forma vidisti, nunc demonstrandum reor, &c.*

**F**Orasmoeche than, as thou hast sene which is the forme of gode, that n'ys not parfite, and the forme of gode, whiche that is parfite, nowc trowe I that it were gode to shewe in what this perfeccion of blisfulnes is set. And in this thing I trowe that we shal firste enquire for to weten, if that any soch maner gode, as thilke gode as thou hast diffynished a litell here before, that is to saie, soveraine gode, maye be found in the nature of thynges. For that vayne imaginacion of thought ne desceve us not, and put us out of the sothefastnesse of thylke thyng that is submytted to us. But it maye not be denied that thylke ne is, and that is right as a wel of al godes. For al thyng that is cleped imparfite is proved imparfite, by the ameuylung of perfeccion of thyng that is parfite. And hercof cometh it that in every thyng generall, if that men sene any thinge that is imparfite, certes in thilke thyng generall, there mote be some thyng that is parfite. For if so be that perfeccion is don away, men may not thinke ne saye from whence thilke thyng is, that is cleped imparfite. For the nature ne toke not her beginninge of thinges ameuylend and imparfite, but it procedeth of thynges that ben al whole and absolute, and descendeth so down into the uttrest thynges, and into thynges empty and without frute. But as I have shewed a litell here before, that if that there be a blisfulnesse that be frele and vaine, and imparfite, there maye no man doute that ther n'ys some blisfulnesse, that is sadde, stedfaste, and parfite. *Bo.* This is concluded (q<sup>d</sup> I) fermelye and sothfastelye. *P.* But consider also (q<sup>d</sup> she) in whome this blisfulnes inhabyteth. The comune accorde and concerte of the corage of men proveth and graunteth, that GOD prince of all thynges is gode. For so as nothyng may be thought better than God, it may not be doubted than that he that nothyng n'is better than he n'is gode. Certes, reson sheweth that GOD is so gode, that it proveth by very force, that parfite gode is in him. For if God n'is soche, he ne maie not ben prince of al thing. For certes, some thing posseslyng in it self parfite gode, should be more worthie then God: and it should semen that thilk thing wer first and older than God. For we have shewed appertlie, that all thynges that ben parfite, ben firste or thynges that ben imparfite. And forthy, for as moche as that my reson, or my processe, ne go not awaie without an ende, we owen to graunt, that the soveraine God is right full of soveraine parfite gode. And we have establisshed, that the soveraine gode is very blisfulnesse: then mote it nedes be, that verie blisfulnesse is set in soverain gode. *Bo.* This take I wel (q<sup>d</sup> I) ne this ne maie not be withsaid in no maner. *P.* But I praie The (q<sup>d</sup> she) se now how thou maiest proven holily, and withouten corrupcion, this that we have saied, that the soveraine God is full of right soveraine gode. *Bo.* In whiche maner? (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* Wenest thou aught (q<sup>d</sup> she) that the father of all thinges hath taken thilke soverain gode any where out of hymself, of whiche soveraine gode menne proveth that he is ful? Right as thou mightest thinke, that God, that hath blisfulnesse in hymself, and thilke blisfulnes that is in him, wer divers in substance. For if thou wene, that God hath received thilke gode out of hymself, thou maiest wene, that he that yave thilke gode to

God be more worthie then God. But I am beknowe and confesse, and that right dignely, that God is right worthie above all thynges: And if so be that this gode be in him by nature, but that is diverse from hym by wenyng reson, sens we speken of God, prince of all thynges, saie, who so saie maie, who was he that conjoynd these thynges together? And eke at the last se well, that a thyng that is divers fro any thing, that thilk thing n'is not that same thing, for whiche it is understanden to ben divers. Then foloweth it well, that the ilke thyng that by his nature is diverse from soverain gode, that thing is not soverain gode. But certes, it were a felonous cursednesse, to thinke that of hym, that nothyng n'is more worthie. For alwaie of all thinges the name of hem ne maie not ben better then ther beginner. For whiche I maie concluden by right verie reson, that thilke that is beginnyng of all thynges, thilke same thyng is soverain gode in his substance. *Bo.* Thou hast saied rightfully (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* But we have graunted (q<sup>d</sup> she) that the soveraine gode is blisfulnesse. *Bo.* That is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* Then (q<sup>d</sup> she) we moten nedes graunt and confessen, that the ilke same soverain gode be God. *Bo.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) I ne maie not denie, ne withstande the reasons proposed, and I se well that it foloweth by strength of the premisses. *P.* Loke now (q<sup>d</sup> she) if this be proved yet more firmelie thus, that there ne mowen not ben two soveraine godes that ben divers emong hem self. For certes, the godes that ben divers emong hem self, that one is not that the other is. Then ne mowen neither of hem be parfite, so as either of hem lacketh to other, but that that n'is not parfite, menne maie sene apertlie, that it n'is not soveraine. The thynges then that be soverainlie gode, ne mowen by no waie be divers. But I have well concluded, that blisfulnesse and GOD, ben the soveraine gode, for whiche it mote nedes ben that soveraine blisfulnesse is soveraine dignitie. *Bo.* Nothyng (q<sup>d</sup> I) is more sothefaste then this, ne more ferme by reson, ne a more worthie thyng then God maie not be concluded.

*P.* Upon these thynges then (q<sup>d</sup> she) right as these Geometriciens, when thei have shewed ther propolitions, ben wonte to bringen in thynges, that thei clepen aphorismes or declaracions of foresaied thynges, right so woul I yeve The here, as a Corallary or a mede of crowne. For why? forasmoech as by the gettyng of blisfulnesse menne ben maked blisful, and blisfulnesse is dignite; then it is manifeste and open, that by the gettyng of dignite menne ben maked blisful, right as by the getting of justice, they ben maked just, and by the getting of Sapience thei be maked wise, right so nedes by the semblable reson, when thei have gotten divinite, thei be made goddes. Then is every blisfull man a God. But certes, by nature there n'is but one God, but by the participation of the Divinite, there ne letteth ne dislourbeth nothyng, that there ne be many Goddes. *Bo.* This is (q<sup>d</sup> I) a faire thyng and a precious, clepe it as thou wilt, be it Corallarie, or Porisme, or mede of Crowne, or declaryng. *P.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) nothyng n'is fairer, then is the thing, that by reson should be added to these foresaied thynges. *Bo.* What thyng (q<sup>d</sup> I). *P.* So (q<sup>d</sup> she) as it semeth that blisfulnesse containeth many thynges, it were for to weten, whether that al these thinges maken or conjoynen, as a maner bodie of blisfulnesse, by the divinitie of parties of members, or els if any of all thes thinges be soche that it accomplishe by hymself the substance of blisfulnesse. So all these other things ben referred, and brought to blisfulnes, that is to saie, as to the chief of hem. *Bo.* I woul (q<sup>d</sup> I) that thou madest me clerely to underlande what



Thou saiest, and what thou recordest me the foresaid thynges. *Phi.* Have I not judged (q<sup>d</sup> she) that blisfulnesse is gode? *Bo.* Yes forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I) and that soveraine gode. *Phi.* Adde then (q<sup>d</sup> she) thilke gode that is made blisfulnesse, to all the foresaid thynges. For thilke same blisfulnesse, that is demed to be soverain suffisaunce, thilk self is soverain power, soveraine reverence, soveraine clerenesse or noblesse, and soveraine delite.

What saiest thou then of al these thynges, that is to saie, suffisaunce, power, and these other thynges? Ben thei then as members of blisfulnesse, or ben thei referred and brought to soveraine gode, right as all thynges that ben brought to the chief of hem? *Bo.* I understonde well (q<sup>d</sup> I) what thou purpolest to seke: But I desire for to herken, that thou shewe it to me. *Phi.* Take now thus the discrecion of this question (q<sup>d</sup> she). If all these thynges (q<sup>d</sup> she) weren members to felicitie, then weren thei divers that one from that other: and soche is the nature of parties or of members, that divers members compounen a bodie. *Bo.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) it hath well ben shewed here besorne, that all these thynges ben al one thing. *Phi.* Than ben thei no members (q<sup>d</sup> she). For els it shuld seme that blisfulnesse were conjoynded all of o member alohe, but that is a thyng that maie not be doen. *Bo.* This thyng (q<sup>d</sup> I) then, n<sup>is</sup> not doubrous, but I abide to herken the remnaunt of thy question. *Phi.* This is open and clere (q<sup>d</sup> she) that al other thynges ben referred and brought to gode: For therfore is suffisaunce required, for it is demed to be gode; and forthy is power required, for men trowen also that it be gode. And this same thyng mowen we thinken, and conjecten of reverence, of noblesse, and of delite. Then is soverain gode the somme and the cause, of al that ought to ben desired. For why? thilke thyng that withholdeth no gode in it self, ne semblaunce of gode, it ne maie not well in no maner be desired ne required. And the contrary: for though that thynges by ther nature ne ben not gode, algates if men wenen that thei ben gode, yet ben thei desired, as though thei were verely gode. And therefore it is said that men ought to wene by right, that bountie be the soveraine fine, and the cause of all the things that ben to requiren. But certes, thilke that is cause for whiche men requiren any thyng, it semeth that thilke same thyng be moeste desired, as thus: if that a wight would riden for cause of hele, he ne desireth not so moche the movyng to riden, as the effecte of his hele. Now then sens that al thynges ben required for the grace of gode, thei ne ben not desired of all folke, more then the same gode. But we have graunted that blisfulnes is that same thyng, for whiche that all these other thynges ben desired. Then is it thus, that certes onely blisfulnesse is required and desired. By whiche thing it sheweth clerelic, that of gode and blisfulnes is all one and the same substantie. *Bo.* I se not (q<sup>d</sup> I) wherefore that men might discorden in this. *Phi.* And we have shewed, that God and verie blisfulnesse is all one thyng. *Bo.* That is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then now we conclude sikerly, that the substantie of God is set in thilke same gode, and in none other place.



*Metrum decimum.*

*Huc omnes pariter venite capti,  
Quos fallax ligat improbis catenis  
Terrenas hebetans libido mentes;  
Hic erit vobis requies laborum, &c.*

**C**Ometh all together nowe ye that ben icaught and bounde with wicked chaines, by the decevable delite of yerthly thynges, inhabityng in your thoughte. Here shall be the reste of your labour: here is the haven stable, in quiete pefible. This alone is the open refute to wretches, that is to sain, that ye that be combred and deceived with worldly affeccions, cometh now to this soverain gode, that is God, that is refute to hem that willen comen to him. All the thynges that the river Tagus yeveth you, with his golden gravels: or els al the thynges that the river Hermus, yeveth with his red brinke: or that Indus yeveth, that is next the hote partie of the world, that medleth the grene stones with the white: ne shoud not cleren the lokyng of your thought, but hidch rather your blind corage within her derknes; al that liketh you here, and exciteth and moveth your thoughtes, the yerth hath nourished it within his lowe caves. But the shining, by which the heven is governed, and whence that his strengthe cometh, that escheweth the derke overthrowng of the soule; and whosoever maie knowen thilke lighte of blisfulnesse, he will saie, that the white bemes of the Sonne ne be not clere.



*Prosa undecima.*

*Assentior, inquam; cuncta enim firmissimis  
nexa rationibus constant. Tum illa, quan-  
ti, inquit, aestimabis, si bonum ipsum, quid  
sit agnoveris, &c.*

**B**O. I assent me (q<sup>d</sup> I) for al thynges ben strong-lic bounden with right ferme resons. *Phi.* How moch wilt thou praisen it (q<sup>d</sup> she) if that thou knowe what the ilke gode is? *Bo.* I woll praise it (q<sup>d</sup> I) by price without ende, if it shal betide me to knowe also togither God that is gode. *Phi.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) that shall I doc The by very reson, if that tho thynges, that I have concluded a litle here besorne, dwellen onely in ther graunting. *Bo.* Thei dwellen graunted to The (q<sup>d</sup> I) that is to sain, as who saith, I graunte to thy foresaid conclusions. *Phi.* I have shewed The (q<sup>d</sup> she) that the things, that ben required of many folke, ne ben not very godes ne pefite. For thei ben divers that one from that other. And so as eche of hem is lackyng to other, thei ne have no power to bring a gode that is full and absolute. But then at erst ben thei very gode, when thei ben gathered togither all into one forme, and into one working: so that thilke thing that is suffisaunt, thilke same is power, and reverence, noblesse, and mirth. And forsothe, but if all these thynges be all one same thinge, thei ne have not whereby that thei move be put in the number of thynges, that ought to be required and desired. *Bo.* It is shewen (q<sup>d</sup> I) ne hereof maie there no manne doubten. *Phi.* The thynges then (q<sup>d</sup> she) that ne be no godes, when thei ben divers, and when thei begynnen to be all one thyng, then ben thei godes, ne cometh it not then, by the getting of unitie,



unitie, that thei be makid godes? *Bo.* So semeth it (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* But all thyng that is gode (q<sup>d</sup> she) grauntest thou that it be gode, by the participacion of gode or no? *Bo.* I graunt it (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then must thou graunte (q<sup>d</sup> she) by semblable reson, that one and gode be one same thyng. For of thynges, of whiche the effect n<sup>is</sup> not naturelly divers, nedes ther substance must be one same thyng. *Bo.* I ne maie not denie it (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Hast thou not knowen well (q<sup>d</sup> she) that all thyng that is, hath so long his dwellyng and his substantie, as long as it is one, but when it forletteth to ben one, it must nedes di- en, and corrupen together. *Bo.* In whiche maner (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Right as in bestes (q<sup>d</sup> she) when the soule and the bodie ben conjoined in one and dwel- lyng together, it is cleped a beste: and when ther unitie is destroyed, by the discveraunce of that one from that other, then sheweth it well, that it is a dedde thyng, and it is no lenger no best.

And the bodie of a wight, while it dwelleth in one forme, by conjunccion of members, it is well seen, that it is a figure of mankinde: And if the par- ties of the bodie be divided and discvered that one from that other, that thei destroy the unitie, the bo- die forletteth to be that it was before. And who so would renne in the same maner by al thynges, he should sene that without doubte, every thyng is in his substantie, as long as it is one, and when it forle- teth to be one, it dieth and perissheth.

*B.* When I consider (q<sup>d</sup> I) many thynges, I se none other. *Phi.* Is there any thing (q<sup>d</sup> she) that in as moche as it liveth naturelly, that forletteth the talente, or appetite of his beyng, and desireth to come to deth and to corrupcion? *Bo.* If I consider (q<sup>d</sup> I) the bestes that have any maner nature of wil- lyng, and of n<sup>is</sup>lyng, I ne finde no beste, but if it be constrained fro without forthe, that forletteth or dis- piserth the intencion to liven and to duren, or that will his thanks hasten hym to dien.

For every beste travailleth hym to defende and kepe the salvacion of his life, and escheweth deth and destruccion. But certes I doubt me of herbes and trees, that ne have no felyng soules, ne no natu- rell workynges, ferynge to appetites; as bestes have: whether thei have appetite to dwellen, and to du- ren.

*Phi.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) thereof dare The not doubte. Now loke upon the herbes and trees, for thei wexen firste in soche places, as ben convenable to hem: in whiche places thei mowe not dien ne drien, as longe as ther nature maie defende hem. For some of hem wexen in fieldes, and some wexen in moun- taignes, and other wexe in Mareis, and other clevon on rockes, and some wexen plenteous in sondes. And if any wighte enforce hym to bere hem into other places, thei wexen drie. For nature yeveth to every thyng that is conveniente to hym, and travail- eth that thei ne die, as long as thei have power, to dwellen and to liven. What wilt thou saie of this, that thei drawen all ther nourishynges by ther rotes, righte as thei hadden ther mouthes iplounged within the yerthes, and sheden by ther maris ther wode ther barke? And what wilt thou saie of this, that the ilke thyng that is right soft, as the Marie is, that is alwaie hidde in the fete all within, and that is de- fended from without, by the stedfastnesse of wode, and that the uttereste barkes is put ayenst the dis- temperaunce of the heven, as a defendour, mightie to sufferen harme? And thus certes maist thou wel seen, howe grete is the diligence of nature: for all thynges renovelen and publiken hem with fede imul- tiplied.

Ne there n<sup>is</sup> no manne, that ne wote well, that thei ne ben right as a foundement, and edifice, for

to duren not onelic for a tyme, but right as for to dure perdurable by generacion. And the thynges eke, that men wenen ne have no soules, ne desire thei not by semblable reson, to kepe that is his, that is to saie that is according to ther nature, in con- servacion of ther beyng and enduryng? For where- fore els bereth lightnes the flambes up, and the weight presseth the yerth adoun, but for as moche as thilke places, and thilke movynges be convenable to everiche of hem? And for sothe every thing kepeth thilke, that is accordyng and proper to hym, righte as thynges that ben contrarious, and enemies corrup- pen hem. And yet the hard thynges (as stones) cle- ven and holden ther parties together, right fast and hard, and defenden hem in withstandyng, that thei ne departen lightly, and yeven place to hem, that breken or dividen hem: but nathelesse, thei retourn ayen sone into the same thynges, from whens thei be araced. But fire fleeth and refuseth all division. Ne I ne trete not now here, of wilfull movynges of the soule that is knowing, but of naturel entencion of thynges, as thus: right as we swalowen the mete that we reteven, and ne thinke not on it, and as we drawe our breth in slepyng, that we were not while we sopen. For certes in the bestes, the love of ther livinges, ne of ther beynges, ne cometh not of the wilnynges of the soule, but of the beginnynges of na- ture. For certes, through constrainyng causes, wille desireth and embraceth ful oft times the deth, that nature dredeth, that is to saie, as thus: That a man maie be constrained so by some cause, that his wille desireth, and taketh the deth, whiche that nature ha- teth and dredeth full fore. And someryme we sene the contrary, as thus: that the wil of a wight dis- turbeth and constraineth that, that nature alwaie de- sireth and requireth, that is to saie, the werkes of generacion, by the whiche generacion onely dwel- leth, and is sustained the long durabilitie of mortall thynges, as thus. This charitie and this love, that every thyng hath to hymself, ne cometh not of the moving of the soule, but of the entencion of nature. For the purveiaunce of God hath yeven to thynges, that ben create of him this, that is a full grete cause to liven and to duren, for which thei desiren natu- rally ther life, as long as ever thei mowen: for which thou maist not dreden by no maner, that al thynges that ben any where, that thei ne requiren naturally the ferme stablenesse of perdurable dwellyng, and ke the eschewyng of destruccion.

*Bo.* I confesse (q<sup>d</sup> I) that I se wel now, and cer- tainly withouten doubt, the thynges that a while ago semeden uncerteine to me. *Phi.* But (q<sup>d</sup> she) thilke thing that desireth to be and dwell perdurable, he desireth to ben one: For if that one were destroyed, certes, being should there none dwellen to no wight. *Bo.* That is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then (q<sup>d</sup> she) de- siren all thyngs one. *Bo.* I assente (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* And I have shewed (q<sup>d</sup> she) that ilke same one is thilke that is gode. *Bo.* Ye forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* All thynges then (q<sup>d</sup> she) requiren gode, and thilke maist thou discrive thus: gode is thilke thyng, that every wight desireth. *Bo.* There ne maie be thought no more verie thyng (q<sup>d</sup> I) for either all thynges be referred and brought to nought, and flotten without gover- nour dispoiled of one, as of ther proper hed, or els if there be any thyng, to which that all thynges ten- den and hien to, that thyng must be the soverain gode of all godes. *Phi.* Then said she thus: O my nourice (q<sup>d</sup> she) I have grete gladnes of The, for thou hast fixed in thy herte the middle stedfastnesse, that is to saie the pricke, but this thing hath be dis- covered to The, in that thou saidest, that thou wilt- est not a litle here before. *Bo.* What is that? (q<sup>d</sup> I): *Phi.* That thou wilst not (q<sup>d</sup> she) whiche was the



the ende of thynges, and certes, that is the thyng that every wight desireth. And for as moche as we have gathered and comprehended, that gode is thilke thyng, that is desired of all, then mote we nedes confesse, that gode is the fine of all thynges.

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*Metrum undecimum.*

*Quisquis profundâ mente vestigat verum,  
Cupitque nullis ille deviis falli,  
In se revolvat intimi lucem visus, &c.*

**W**Hoso seketh sothe by a depe thought, and coveteth to ben disceved by no miswaies, let hym rollen and treten within hymselfe the lighte of his inward sight: and let hym gatheren ayen, enclinyng into a compace, the long movinges of his thoughtes. And let him techen his courage, that he hath enclosed, and hidde in his tresours, all that he hath compassed or sought fro without: and then thilke thing, that the blacke cloudes of errour whilome had covered, shall light more clerely than Phoebus hymself ne shineth. *Glosa.* Whoso woll seke the depe groundes of sothe in his thought, and woll not be deceived, by false proposicions, that gone amisse from the troth, let hym well examine, and rolle within hymself, the nature and properties of the thyng. And let hym eftsones examine and rollen his thoughtes, by gode deliberacion, or that he deme. And let hym techen his soule, that it hath by naturell principles, kindliche ihidde within it self, all the trouthe, the which he imagineth to ben in thynges without: and then all the darkenelle of his misknowyng shall seme more evidently to the sight of his understandyng, than the Sonne ne semeth to the sight withoutforthe. For certes, the body bryngyng the weight of foryetyng ne hath not chased out of your thought all the clerenesse of your knowyng, for certainly, the sede of sothe holdeth and cleverth within your corage, and it is awaked and excited by the windes, and by the blastes of doctrine.

For wherefore els demen ye of your owne will the rightes, when ye be asked, but if so were that the nourishyng of reson ne lived iplunged in the depe of your herte, that is to saie, how should men demen, the sothe of any thing that were asked, and if there n'ere a rote of sothfastnesse, that were iplunged and hid in naturell principles, the whiche sothfastnesse lived within the depenesse of the thought? And if so be, that the muse and the doctrine of Plato singeth sothe, all that every wight lerneth, he ne doeth nothyng els then, but recordeth, as menne recorden thynges, that ben foryeten.

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*Prosa duodecima.*

*Tum ego, Platoni, inquam, vehementer assentior; nam me horum jam secundò commemoras. Primum quòd memoriam corporeâ contagione, &c.*

**T**Hen saied I thus. I accord me gretlie to Plato, for thou recordest and remembreth me these thynges, yet the seconde tyme, that is to saie, first when I left my memorie, by the contrarious conjunc-

cion of the bodie with the soule: and eftsones afterward, when I losse it confounded by the charge, and by the burden of my sorowe, and then saied she thus. If thou loke (q<sup>d</sup> she) first the thynges that thou haste graunted, it ne shall nor ben right ferre, that that thou ne shalt remembren the ilke thing, that thou saidest that thou n'istest not. *Bo.* What thyng (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* By whiche the governement (q<sup>d</sup> she) that this worlde is governed. *Bo.* I remember it well (q<sup>d</sup> I) and I confesse well, that I ne wist it naught. But all be it so, that I se now from asfarre, what thou purposedste, algates I desire yet to harken it of The more plainly. *Phi.* Thou ne wendest not (q<sup>d</sup> she) a little here before, that menne should doubte, that this worlde is governed by God. *Bo.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) ne yet ne doubte I it not, ne I n'ill never wene that it were to dout, as who saith, but I wot wel that God governeth this worlde. And I shall answeren The by what resons I am brought to this. This worlde (q<sup>d</sup> I) of so many divers and contrarious parties ne might never have ben assembled in o forme, but if there were one, that conjoynd so many divers thynges. And the same diversitie of ther natures, that so discorden, that one fro that other must departen, and unjoynen the thynges, that ben conjoynd, if there ne were one that contened, that he hath conjoynd and ibound. Ne the certain order of nature ne shuld not bring forthe so ordeine movynges, by places, by tymes, by doynges, by spaces, by qualities, if there ne were one, that wer aie stedfast dwellyng, that ordained and disposed these diversities of movynges. And thilke thyng, what so ever it be, by whiche that all thynges be imaked and ladde, I clepe hym God, that is a worde that is used to al folkes. *Phi.* Then saied she: Sirhe thou selest thus these thynges, I trowe that I have little more to doen, that thou mightie of welfulnesse, whole and founde, ne se eftsones thy contrie. But lette us loken these thynges. that we have purposed here before. Have I not nombred and saied (q<sup>d</sup> she) that suffisaunce is in blisfulnesse. And we have accorded, that God is the ilke same blisfulnesse. *Bo.* Yes forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* And that to governe this worlde (q<sup>d</sup> she) ne shall he never have nede of no helpe fro without. For els if he had nede of any help, he ne should not have no full suffisaunce. *Bo.* Yes thus it mote nedes be (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then ordeined he by himself alone all thynges (q<sup>d</sup> she). *Bo.* That maie not be denied (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* And I have shewed that God is the same gode. It remembreth me well (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then ordeineth he al thynges by thilke gode (q<sup>d</sup> she) sith he which we han accorded to be gode, governeth all thynges by himself. And he is a \*key and a steire, by whiche the edifice of this worlde is kept stable, and without corruppyng. *Bo.* I accord me gretly (q<sup>d</sup> I). And I have apperceved a little here before, that thou wouldest saie thus. All were it so, that it wer by a thynne suspeccion. *Phi.* I trowe well (q<sup>d</sup> she). For as I trow thou ldest now more ententisly thine eye to loken the very godes. But natheles, the thing that I shall tell The, yet ne sheweth not lasse to token. *Bo.* What is that (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* So as menne trowe (q<sup>d</sup> she) and that rightfully, that God governeth all thynges, by the †key of his godenes, and all these same thyngs that I have taught The, hasten hem by naturel contencion to come to gode, there maie no man doute, that thei ne ben governed voluntarelic, and that thei ne converten of ther owne gode wille to ther ordeinour, as that thei ben accordyng, and enclinyng to ther governor, and to ther kyng. *Bo.* It

\* This seems to be a mistake. The Latin is, Et hic est veluti quidam Clavus, atque Gubernaculum; not Clavis.

† Here Clavis is again read instead of Clavus.



mote nedes be so (q<sup>d</sup> I) for the relme ne shuld not seme blisfull, if there were a yoke of misdrawynges in divers partes, ne the savyng of obedient thynges ne should not be then. *Phi.* Is there nothing (q<sup>d</sup> she) that kepeth his nature, that enforceth hym to gon ayenst God? *Bo.* No (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* And if that any thyng enforced hym to withstande God, might it availen at last ayen hym, that we have graunted to be almightie, by the right of blisfulnesse? *Bo.* Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) all utterlie it ne might not availe hym. *Phi.* Then is there nothyng (q<sup>d</sup> she) that either maie, or will withstande to his soveraine gode. *Bo.* I trowe not (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then (q<sup>d</sup> she) is thilke the soveraine gode, that all thynges governeth strongly, and ordeineth hem softelye. *Bo.* Then saied I thus, I delite me (q<sup>d</sup> I) not onelic in th' endes, or in the somme of the resons, that thou haste concluded and proved, but thilke wordes that thou usest, deliten me moche more, so that at laste soles, that sometyme renden gret thynges, oughten ben ashamed of hem self, that is to sayn, that we soles that reprehenden wickedly the thynges, that touchen Godde's governaunce, we oughten ben ashamed of our self. As I, that saied that God refuseth onely the werkes of men, and ne entermeteth not of it. *Phi.* Thou haste well herde (q<sup>d</sup> she) the fables of the Poetes, how the Gyautes assaileden heven, with the Goddes: but forsoth the debonaire force of God disposed hem as it was worthie, that is to sayn, destroyed the Gyautes as it was worthie. But wylte thou that we rejoynen together thilke same resons? For peraventure of soche conjuncions maie sterren up some faire sparke of sothe. *Bo.* Doe (q<sup>d</sup> I) as The list. *Phi.* Wenest thou (q<sup>d</sup> she) that God ne be almightie? *Bo.* No man is in doubt of it certes (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* No wight ne doubteth it, if he be in his minde (q<sup>d</sup> she). But he that is almightie, there n'is nothyng that he ne maie. *Bo.* That is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Maie God doe evill? (q<sup>d</sup> she). *Bo.* Naie forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Than is evill nothyng (q<sup>d</sup> she) sith that he maie doen none evill, that maie doen al thynges. *Bo.* Scornest thou me (q<sup>d</sup> I) or els plaigest thou, or discevest thou me, that haste so woven with thy reasons the hous of Dadalus so enterlasing, that it is unable to be unlaced, that thou otherwhile entrest there thou isuest, and otherwhile isuest there thou entrest? Ne foldest thou not together by replicacion of wordes a maner wonderfull circle, or environing of the simplicitie divine? For certes, a little here befor, when thou began at blisfulnesse, thou saidest that it is a soverain gode, and that God is the blisfulnesse, for whiche thou yave me as a covenable yeste, that is to sayn, that no wight n'is blisfull, but if he be God also therewith. And saidest eke, that the forme of gode is the substance of God and of blisfulnesse. And saidest that the ilke one is thilke same gode, that is required and desired of al the kinde of thynges. And thou provedest in disputing, that GOD governeth al the thynges of the world, by the governaunce of bountie, and saidest that all thynges wold obein to hym, and saydest that the nature of yvell is nothyng. And these thynges shewdest thou not with no resons taken fro without, but by proves in cercles and homlich knowing. The whiche proves drawnen to hem selfe ther faith and ther accorde everiche of hem of other. *Phi.* Than saied she thus: I ne scorne not, ne plaie, ne disceve The, but I have shewed the thing that is gretest over all thynges, by the yest of God, that we whilom praiden. For this is the forme of divine substance, that is soche, that it ne flydeth not into utterest soveraine thynges, ne receveth not no strange thynges in him. But right as Parmenides saied in Greke, of thilke divine substance: He saied thus, that thilk di-

vine substance tourneth the world and the movable cercle of thynges, while the ilke divine substance kepeth it self without mowynges, that is to sayn, that he moveth never mo, and yet it moveth al other thynges. But nathelesse, if I have styred reson that be not raken fro without the compasse of the thing, of the whiche we treten, but resons that ben bestowed within compasse: there n'is not why thou shouldest mervaillen, sith thou haste lerned by the sentence of Plato that nedes the wordes mote ben confines to the thynges, of whiche they speken.



*Metrum duodecimum.*

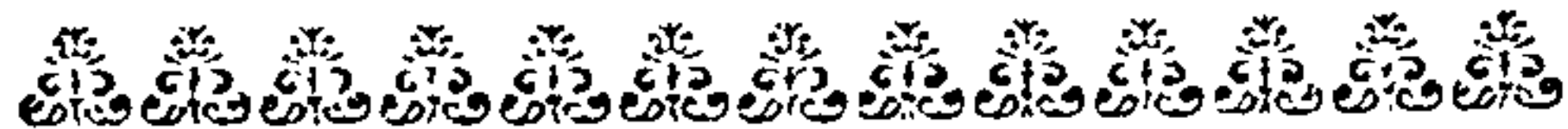
*Felix, qui potuit boni  
Fontem videre lucidum,  
Felix, qui potuit gravis, &c.*

**B**Lissed is that man that may sene the clere wel of gode: Blisfull is he that may unbinden him from the boundes of hevy yerth. The Poete of Thrace Orpheus, that whilome had right gret sorowe, for the deth of his wife, after that he had maked and constrained by his wepely songes the wodes movable to renne, and had maked the rivers to stonden still, and had maked the Hartes and Hyndes to joynen dredelesse ther sydes to cruell Lions, to herken his songe, and had maked that the hare was not agast of the hounde, which was plesed by song: So whan the moste ardaund love of hys wife brende the entrals of his breste, ne the songes that hadde overcome all thynges ne myghten not aswagen ther lorde Orpheus, he plained hym of the heven goddes, whiche that were cruell to hym, he wente him to the houses of the hell: And he tempered his blandishing songes, by resounding of stringes, and speke and songe in wepinge all that ever he had received and laved out of the noble welles of his mother Caliope the goddesse. And he sang with as moche as he might of wepinge, and with as moche as love, that doubled his sorow, might yeven him and teche him, and commoved the hell, and required and betoughte by swete prayer the lordes of soules in helle of releasing, that is to saye, to yelden him his wife. Cerberus the porter of hell with his thre bedes was caught and all abashed of the newe songe. And the thre goddes, Furies and wengerettes of felonies, that tourmenten and agasten the soules by anoy, woxen sorowful and sory, and teres wepten for pite. Tho was not the hed of Ixion tourmented, by the overthrowinge whele. And Tantalus, that was destroyed by the wodenesse of long thirst, dispised the flodes to drinke. The soule that hight Vultur, that eteth the stomake or the giferne of Tityus is so fullylled of his songe, that it n'ill eten ne tyren no more. At the last the lorde and judge of soules was moved to misericordies, and cried: we ben overcome (q<sup>d</sup> he) yeve we to Orpheus his wife to bere hym companie, he hath well ybought her by his songes and his dirces: but we will putten a lawe in thys, and covenant in the yeste, that is to sayn, that till he be out of hel if he loke behinde him, that his wife shall come agayne unto us. But what is he that maye yeve a lawe to lovers? love is a greter lawe and stronger to himself than any lawe that men maye yeven. Alas! when Orpheus and his wife were almoste at the termes of the night, that is to sayn, at the laste boundes of hel, Orpheus looked backwarde on Eurydice his wife, and losse her, and was dedde. This fable apertaineth to you all, whosoever desireth or seketh to lede his thought into the soverain daie,



daie, that is to saye, to clerenesse of soverain gode. For whosoever be so overcomen, that he fixe his eyen into the pitte of hell, that is to saye, whosoever set his thoughtes in yerthlie thynges, all that ever he hath drawn of the noble gode celestially, he leseth it, when he loketh to the helles, this is to saye, into low thynges of the erthe.

Thus endeth the thirde Boke.



Here foloweth the fourthe Boke.

*Prosa prima.*

*Hæc cum Philosophia, dignitate vultus  
oris gravitate servata, leniter suaviterque  
cecinisset, tum ego nondum penitus insiti  
mæroris oblitus, &c.*

**W**Han Philosophie had songen softly and delectably the forsaide thynges, keping the dignitye of her chere, and the weight of her wordes, I than that ne had al utterlye forieten the wepinge and the mourninge that was sette in min herte, forbrake the entencion of her that entended yet to faine some other thynges.

O (q̄d I) thou that arte gyderesse of very light, the thynges that thou hast saide me hitherto, ben to me so clere and shewing by the divine loking of hem, and by the reasons, that they ne mowen ben overcomen. And thilke thynges, that thou toldest me, all be it so that I had whilom forieten hem, for the sorowe of the wronge that hath be done to me, yet neverthelesse they ne weren not utterly unknownen to me. But this same is namely a right grete cause of my sorowe, so that as the governour of thynges is gode, if that yvels mowen ben by any waies, or elles if that yvels passen without punishinge, the which thyng only how worthy is it to ben wondred upon? Thou confidest it wel thy self certainly. But yet to this thing there is yet another thyng joyned more to be wondred upon. For felonye is Emperesse, and flourisheth full of riches, and vertue n'is not al onely without medes, but it is caste downe, and eke fortruden under the fete of felonous folke: and it abieth the turmentes in stede of wicked felons. Of al whiche thynges there is no wight may marvailen y-nough ne complainen, that soch thynges be done in the reigne of God, that all thynges wote, and all thynges maye, and ne will not only but gode thynges. Than saide she thus: Certes (q̄d she) that were a grete marvayle, and an abashing without ende, and well more horrible than all the monsters, if it were as thou wenest, that is to saye, that in the right ordaine house of so moch a father, and an ordainour of meine, that the vesselles that ben foule and vile, shuld ben honoured and heried, and the precious vesselles, that shuld ben honoured and heried, shuld ben defouled and vile. But it is not so, for if the thynges that I have concluded a lytell here before, ben kept whole and unaraced, thou shalt wel know by the auctorite of God, (of the whose reigne I speke) that certes the gode folke be alway mightie, and shrewes ben alway outcaste and feble. Ne the vices be nevermore without pain, ne the vertues ne be not without mede. And that blisfulnes cometh alway to gode folke, and infortune cometh alway to wicked folke.

And thou shalt well knowen many thynges of this kinde, that shulde cese thy playntes, and strengthen The with stedfaste sadnesse. And for thou hast sene the forme of verie blisfulnesse by me, that have whilom shewed it The, and thou hast knowen in whom blisfulnesse is sette; all thing tured, that I trowe be necessary, to put forthe, I shal shewen The the way, that shall bringen The ayen unto thin house, and I shall fyre fethers in thy thought, by which it may arisen in height, so that al tribulacion ydone away thou by my giding and by my pathe, and by my sledes, shalt mowen retourne whole and founde into thy countrie.



*Metrum primum.*

*Sunt enim pennæ volucres mihi,  
Quæ celsa conscendant Poli,  
Quas sibi cum velox mens induit, &c.*

**T**Han for thy swift fethers, that surmounten the height of the heven, whan the swift thought hath clothed it in tho fethers, it dispiseth the hateful erthes, and surmounteth the roundenesse of the gret ayre, and it seeth the clouds behinde his backe, and palleth the heyght of the region of the fire, that enchaufeth by the swift movinge of the firmament, tyl that he aryseth into the houses, that beren the sterres, and joyneth the way with the sonne Phæbus, and felawshipeth the waye of the olde colde Saturnus, and he ymaked a knight of the clere sterre, that is to saye, whan the thought is made Godde's knight, by the seeking of clere trouthe to comen to the very knowledge of God. And thilke soule renneth by the cercle of sterres, in all the places thereas the shynynge nyght is ypainted, that is to saye, the nyght that is cloudlesse. For on nyghtes that be cloudlesse it semeth that the heven were paynted wyth dyvers ymages of sterres. And whan he hath done there y-noughe, he shall forleten the laste heven, and he shal presen and wenden on the backe of the swifte firmamente, and he shall be makid parfite of the wurshipful light of God. There holdeth the lorde of thynges the septre of his might, and attempreth the governementes of the worlde, and the shining judge of thynges stable in hym self governeth the swifte carte or waine, that is to saye, the circular movinge of the sonne. And if thy way ledeth The ayen, so that thou be brought thiðer, than wylt thou saye, that is the countrie that thou requirest, of which thou ne haddest no mynde: But nowe it remembreth me well, here was I borne, here wold I fasten my degre, here wold I dwell. But if The lyketh than to loken on the derknesles of the yerthe, that thou hast forleten, than shalt thou sene, that these felonous tyrantes, that the wretched peple dredeth now, shullen be exiled from thilke faire countrie.



*Prosa secunda.*

*Tum ego papæ! inquam, ut magna promittis!  
nec dubito, quin possis efficere; tu modò quem  
excitaveris, ne moreris, &c.*

**T**Han saide I thus. O wonder me that thou behest me so grete thynges! Ne I ne doute not that thou ne mayste well perfourme that thou behest: But I pray The this that thou ne tarie not, to tell



tell me thylke thynges, that thou haste moved. *Phi.* First (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou muste nedes knowe, that gode folke ben alwaye stronge and myghtye, and the shrewes ben feble and deserte, and naked of all strengthes. And of these thynges certes everiche of hem is declared and shewed by other. For as gode and yvell ben two contraries, if so be that gode be stedfaste, than sheweth the febleste of yvil al openly. And if thou know clerely the freelnesse of yvell, the stedfastnesse of gode is knowen. But for as moche as the faithe of my sentence shall be the more ferme and haboundant, I wol gone by that one waye and by that other, and I woll confirme the thynges that ben purposed now on this syde, and nowe on that side. Two thynges ther ben, in whiche the effeete of al the dedes of mankind standeth, that is to sayne, wyll and power: and if that one of these two faileth, there n'is nothyng that maye be done. For if that wil lacketh, there n'is no wight that undertaketh to do that he wol not done: And yf power faileth, the wyll n'ys but ydle, and stante for naught. And there-of cometh it, that if thou se a wight that wolde gotten that he may not gotten, thou mayst not doute that power ne faileth him to haven that he wolde. *Bo.* This is open and clere (q<sup>d</sup> I) ne it ne may not ben denyed in no maner. *Phi.* And yf thou se a wight (q<sup>d</sup> she) that hath done that he would done, thou n'ylt not dout, that he ne hath had power to done it. *Bo.* No (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* And in that that every wight may, in that men holden hem mighty to done a thyng, in so moch as a man is myghty to done a thyng, in so moch men holde him mighty: and in that that he ne may, in that men demen him to be feble. *Bo.* I confesse it wel (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Remembre The (q<sup>d</sup> she) that I have gathred and shewed by the forsaide refons, that all the entencion of the wyl of mankind, whiche that is ladde by dyvers studies, halleth to comen to blisfulnesse. *Bo.* I remembreth me well (q<sup>d</sup> I) that it hath bene shewed. *Phi.* And recordeth The naughte than (q<sup>d</sup> she) that blisfulnesse is thilke same gode that men requiren, so that whan blisfulnesse is required of al, gode is required of all? *Bo.* It recordeth menat (q<sup>d</sup> I). For I have it alwaye in my memorie fyxed. *Phi.* All folke than (q<sup>d</sup> she) gode and eke badde enforen hem without difference of entencion to comen to gode. *Bo.* This is very consequence (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* And certaine is (q<sup>d</sup> she) that by getting of gode ben men maked gode. *Bo.* That is certaine (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Than gotten gode men that they desiren. *Bo.* So it semeth (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* But wicked folke (q<sup>d</sup> she) if they gotten the gode that they desiren, they ne mowen not be wicked. *Bo.* So it is (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Than so as that one and that other (q<sup>d</sup> she) desiren the gode, and the gode folke gotten the gode, and not the wicked folke, than it is no doute that the gode folke ne be myghtye, and wicked folke be feble. *Bo.* Who so that ever douteth of this, he ne may not consider the nature of thynges, ne the consequence of refons. *Phi.* And over this (q<sup>d</sup> she) if that there ben two thynges that have one same purpose by kynde, and that one of hem pursueth and perfourmeth that same thing by naturel office, and that other ne may not done thilke office naturel, but foloweth by other maner, than is covenable to nature, him that accomplisheth his purpose kindly, and yet he ne accomplisheth not hys owne purpose: whether of these two demest thou for more myghty? *Bo.* If that I conjete (q<sup>d</sup> I) that thou woldest say, algates I desire yet to herken it more plainly of The. *Phi.* Thou n'ylt not than denye (q<sup>d</sup> she) that the movement of goynge n'is in men by kynde. *Bo.* No forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Ne thou douteft not (q<sup>d</sup> she) that thilke naturel office of goynge ne be the office of

fete. *Bo.* I ne doute it not (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Than (q<sup>d</sup> she) yf that a wyght be mighty to move and gothe upon his fete, and another to whom thilke naturel office of fete lacketh, enforceth hym to go crepyng on his hande, whiche of these two oughte to be holden the more mighty by ryght. *Bo.* Knytte forthe (q<sup>d</sup> I) the remenaunte. *Phi.* For no wyght ne douteth, that he that maye gon by naturel office of fete, ne be more myghtye thanne he that ne maye not. But the soverayne gode (q<sup>d</sup> she) that it evenlylke purposed to the gode and to the badde. The gode folke seken it by naturel office of vertues, and shrewes enforen hem to gotten it by dyverse covetises of erthly thynges, whiche that n'is no naturel office to gotten thilke soverain gode. Trowest thou that it be any other wise? *Bo.* Nay (q<sup>d</sup> I). For the consequence is open, and shewing of thynges that I have graunted, that nedes gode folke moten ben myghtye, and shrewes moten bene feble and unmyghty. *Phi.* Thou rennest aryght before me (q<sup>d</sup> she) and this is the judgements, that is to saine, I judge of right, as these leches ben wont to hopen of sicke folke, whan they apperceven, that nature is redressed and withstandeth to the maladye. But for I se The nowe al redy to the withstanding, I shal shew The more thilk and continuel refons. For loke how gretly sheweth the febleneste and infirmyte of wicked folke, that ne mowen not comen to that ther naturel entencion ledeth hem: And yet almost thylke naturel entencion constraineth hem. And what were to demen than of shrewes, yf thilke naturel helpe had forleten hem, the whiche naturel helpe of entencion gothe alway before hem, and is so grete, that unneeth it may be overcomen? Consider than how grete defaute of power, and how grete febleste there is in wicked felonous folke, as who saith, the greter thing that is coveted, and the desire not accomplished, of the laste might is he that coveteth it, and may not acomplishe. And forthy philosophie saith thus by soverain gode. Ne shrewes ne requiren not light medes ne vaine games, whiche they ne maye not folowen ne holden, but they failen of thilke somme of the height of thynges, that is to saine, soverain gode. Ne these wretches ne comen not to th' effeete of soveraine gode, the whiche they enforen hem onely to gotten by nightes and by dayes, in gettyng of which gode the strength of gode folke is ful wel ysene. For right as thou mightest demen him mighty of going, that goeth on his fete till he myght comen to thylke place, fro the whiche place there ne lay no way further to be gone: right so must thou nedes demen him for right myghty, whiche that getteth and atteineth to the ende of all thynges, whyche that bene to desiren, beyonde the which ende there n'is nothyng to desire. Of the whiche power of gode folke men maye conclude, that wicked men semen to be baraine and naked of al strength. For why forleten they vertues and folowen vices, n'is it not for that they ne knowen not the godes? But what thinge is more feble and more caytife, than is the blindnesse of ignorance? or ellis they knowen wel, whiche thynges they oughten folowen, but lechery and covetise overthroweth hem misturned. And certes so doth distemperance to feble men, that mowe not wraffen ayen these vices. Ne know they not wel that they forleten the gode wilfully, and tournen hem wilfully to vices. And in this wise they ne forleten not only to be myghty, but they forleten all utterly in any wyse for to ben. For they that forleten the comune fine of al thynges that ben, they forleten also therewithall for to bene. And peradventure it shulde semen to some folke, that this were a mervayle to saine, that shrewes, which that contenen the more partes of men, ne ben not, ne have no being. But nathe-



lette it is so, and thus stant this thinge. For they that be shrewes, I deny not, but that thei be shrewes, but I deny simplye and plainly that they ne be not, ne have no beinge. For righte as thou mightest sayne of the caraine of a man, that it were a ded man: so graunt I wel forsothe, that vicious folke ben wicked, but I ne may not absolutely and simply graunt that they ben. For thilke thing that withholdeth ordre, and kepeth nature, thilke thinge is and hath beinge. But what thyng faileth that, that is to saye, he that forleteth naturel ordre, he forleteth thilke beinge that is set in his nature. But thou wolt saine, the shrewes mowen. Certes that ne denie I not: but certes ther power ne disceadeth not of strength, but of feblese, for they mowen done wickednesse, the whiche they ne might not, if they mighten dwellen in the forme, and in the doynge of gode peple. And thilke power sheweth evidently, that they mowen righte naught. For so as I have gaðred and proved a litel here before, that yvel is not, and so as shrewes may onely but shrewednes, this conclusion is al clere, that shrewes ne mowen right naught, ne have no power. And for as moche as thou understondest whiche is the strength of this power, I have definished a lytel here before, that no thing n'is so mighty as soveraine gode. *Bo.* That is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* And thilke same soveraine gode maye done none yvel. *Bo.* Certes no (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Is there any wight than (q<sup>d</sup> she) that weneth that men mowen done al thinges. *Bo.* No man (q<sup>d</sup> I) but if he be out of his wit. *Phi.* But certes shrewes mowen don yvels (q<sup>d</sup> she). *Bo.* Ye wolde God (q<sup>d</sup> I) that they ne mighten done none. *Phi.* Than (q<sup>d</sup> she) so as he that is mightie to done onelye gode thinges, he maie done all thynges, and they that ben mighty to done yvell thinges, ne mowen not all thynges. Than is it open thinge and manifeste, that they that mowen don yvel ben of litle power. And yet to prove this conclusion there helpeth me this, that I have shewed here before, that al power is to be nombred amonge thinges that men oughten require. And I have shewed that all thinges that oughten ben desired be referred to God, right as to a maner height of ther nature: but for to mowen done yvell and felonie, ne may not ben referred to God. Than is not yvell of the nombre of thynges, that oughten to ben desired and required. Than is it open and clere that the power ne the movynge of shrewes n'is no power. And of all these thinges it sheweth wel that the gode folk ben certainly mighty, and the shrewes doutlesse unmighty. And it is clere and open that thilke sentence of Plato is very and sothe, that saithe, that onely wisemen may don that they desiren, and shrewes mowen haunten that hem liketh, but that they desiren, that is to saine, to come to soveraine gode, they ne have no power to accomplishe that. For shrewes done what hem lyst, whan by tho thinges in which they deliten, they wenen to attaine to thilke gode that they desyren, but they ne getten ne attaine not therto, for vices ne comen not to blisfulnesse.

*Metrum secundum.*

*Quos vides sedere celso  
Solii culmine reges,  
Purpurâ claros nitente, &c.*

**W**Hoso that the coverture, of ther vaine a-paraylles myght stripen of these proude kynges, that thou seest sitten an high in ther chaires,

glittering in shininge purpure, environned with sorrowfull armures, manaslynge with cruell mouth, blowinge by wodensse of herte, he shulde sene that thilke lordes beren within ther corages full straite chaines: for lechery tourmenteth hem on that one side with gredy venimes and troublable ire, that arraifeth in hem the fode of troublings, tourmenteth on that other side ther thought, or sorow halt hem wery and ycaught, or sliding and disceving hope tourmenteth hem. And therefore sithe thou seest one hed, that is to saine, one tiraunte, beren so manye tirannyes, than ne doth thilke tyrant not that he desyareth, sythe he is caste downe wyth so manye wycked lordes, that is to saine, so many vices that have so wickedly lordships over him.

*Prosa tertia.*

*Vides ne igitur quanto in cæno probra voluntur, quâ probitas luce resplendeat? in quo perspicuum est nunquam bonis præmia, &c.*

**S**Eest thou not than, in howe grete filthe these shrewes ben ywrapped, and with whiche clerenesse these gode folke shinen? In this sheweth it well that to gode folke ne lacketh never mo ther medes, ne shrewes lacken never more tourmentes. For of al thinges that be done, thilke thinge for whiche any thinge is done, it semeth as by right, that thilke thinge be the mede of that, as thus: If a man renneth in the stady or in the forlonge for the crown, than lieth the mede in the crowne for which he renneth. And I have shewed that blisfulnesse is thilke same gode, for whiche that all thynges ben done. Than is thilke same gode purposed to the werkes of mankinde, right as a commune mede, whiche mede ne maye not be discevered from gode folke: For no wight as by right, from thenstorth that him lacketh godenesse, ne shall be cleped gode, for which thing folke of gode maners ther medes ne forsaken hem never mo. For albeit so that shrewes waxen as wode as hem liste against gode folke, yet neverthelesse the crowne of wise men ne shall not fallen ne faden fro foraine shrewdnesse, ne benimmen not fro the courage of gode people ther propre honour. But yf anie wight rejoyced him of godenesse, that he had taken fro without, as who saith, if a man had his godenesse of any other man than of him selfe, certes he that yave hym thylke godenesse, or elles some other wyght might bynome it him. But for as moche as to every wight his propre bounte yeveth him his mede, than at erste shal he failen of mede, whan he forleteth to be gode. And at the laste, so as all medes ben required, for men wenen that they be gode, who is he that n'old deme, that he that is ryght myghtye of gode, were partlesse of mede? And of what mede shall he be reguerdoned? Certes of ryght fayre mede, and right gret, aboven all medes. Remembre The of thilke noble corallarie that I yave The a lytel here before, and gather it together in this maner. So as God him selfe is blisfulnesse, than is it clere and certain, that al gode peple ben maked blisful, for they ben gode, and thilke peple that ben blisful, it accordeth and is convenable to be Goddes. Than is the mede of gode peple soch, that no day ne shal empairen it, ne no wickednesse shall drinken it, ne power of no wight ne shal not amenuse it, that is to saine, that ben maked Goddes. And sithe it is thus, that gode men ne failen nevermore of ther mede, certes no man ne may doute of the undepartable paine



paine of shrewes, that is to saine, that the paine of shrewes departeth not from 'hemselfe nevermo. For so as gode and yvel, and paine and medes be contrarie, it mote nedes be, that ryght as we se betiden in guerdone of gode, that also mote the paine of the yvel answer by the contrary partes to shrewes. Nowe than so as bountie and prowesse ben mede to gode folke, also is shrewdnesse it selfe tourmente to shrewes. Than whosoever is entetched and defouled with paine, he ne douteth not, that he is entetched and defouled with yvel. Yf shrewes than wollen praïsen 'hemselfe, may it semen to 'hem that they ben wythouten partie of tourment, sithe they ben soch that the uttrest wickednesse, that is to saine, wicked thewes, whiche is the uttrest and worst kinde of shrewdnesse, hede fouleth, ne entetcheth not 'hem only, but enfecteth and envenimeth gretly. And also loke on shrewes, that ben the contrarie partie of gode men, howe grete paine felowshipeth and fouleth 'hem! for thou hast lerned a litel here before, that all thing that is and hath beinge, is one, and thilke same one is gode: than is this the consequence, that it semeth well, that al thing that is and hath beyng, is gode, that is to saine, as who saithe that beinge, unite and godenesse is al one. And in this maner it foloweth than, that all thinge that faileth to be gode, it stinteth for to be and for to have any maner being: wherefore it is that shrewes stinten for to be that they weren. But thilke other forme of mankind, that is to saine, the fourme of the bodye without, sheweth that these shrewes weren whilom men, wherefore whan they bene perverted and toured into malice, certes than they have forlorne the nature of mankind: But so as onelie bountie and prowesse maye enhaunsen everie man over men: than mote it nedes be that shrewes which that shrewdnesse hath caste out of the condicion of mankind, bene put under the merite and deserte of men. Than betideth it, that if thou seeste a wight whiche that is transfourmed into vices, thou maicst not wene that he be a man; for if he be ardaunte in avarice, and that he be a ravenour by violence of forain richesse, thou shalt saine that he is like a wolfe; and if he be felonous and withouten reste, and exercise his tonge to chidinges, thou shalt lyken him to the hound; and if he be a privie awaytour hydde, and rejoyseth him to ravish by wiles, thou shalt saine hym lyke to the foxe whelpes; and if he be distempred and quaked for ire, men shall wenen that he bereth the corage of a lion; and if he be dredful and flying and dredeth thinges, whiche that ne oughten not to be dredde, men shal holde him lyke to the hart; and if he be slowe and astonyed and lache, men shall holde him lyke to an asse; and yf he be lyghte and unstedfaste of corage, and chaungeth aye his studies, men shal holde him like to the birdes; and yf he be plounged in foule and unclene luxuries, he is withholden in the foule delyces of the foule sowe; than foloweth it, that he that forletteth bounte and prowesse, he forletteth to be a man, sithe he ne maye not passen in the condicion of God, he is turned into a beste.

*Metrum tertium.*

*Vela Neritii ducis,  
Et vagas pelago rates,  
Eurus appulit insulae,  
Pulchra quâ residens Dea  
Solis edita semine, &c.*

**E**urus the wind arived the sailes of Ulysses duke of the countre of Narice, and his wandringe

shyppes by the Se into the yle there as Circe the faire goddesse, daughter of the sunne dwelleth, that medleth to her newe gestes drinkes that ben touched and maked with enchauntementes. And after that hir hande mighty over the herbes had chaunged hir gestes into divers maners, that one of 'hem is covered his face with forme of a Bore, that other is chaunged into a Lion, of the countre of Marmorike, and his nailes and his teth wexen. That other of 'hem is newlyche chaunged into a wolfe, and howlyth whan he wolde wepe, that other goth debonairly in the house as a Tygre of Inde. But al be it so that the godhed of Mercury, that is cleped that birde of Arcadie, hath had mercy of the duke Ulysses, bysegged wyth dyverse yvelles, and hath unbounden hym fro the pestilence of hys hostelle, algates the rowers and the mariners hadden by this ydrawen into ther mouthes, and dronken the wicked drinkes. They that weren woxen swine, hadden by this ychaunged ther mete of bred, for to eten akorne of Okes. None ther limmes ne dwelleth with 'hem whole, but they have lost the voyce and the body, only ther thought dwelleth with 'hem stable, that wepeth and bywailleth the monstrous chaunging that they suffer. Over light hande, as who saith, feble and light is the hand of Circe the enchaunteresse, that chaungeth the bodies of folke into bestes, to regarde and to comparyson of mutacion, that is maked by vices, ne the herbes of Circe ne be not myghty: for all be it so that they may chaungen the limmes of the body, algate yet they may not chaunge the hertes; for wythyn is yhyd the strength and the vigoure of men in the secretour of ther hertes, that is to saine, the strength of reson; but thilke venims of vices to drawen a man to 'hem more mightily than the venime of Circe, for vices ben so cruell that they persen and thorowepassen the courage within, and thoughe they ne anoye not the body, yet vices woden to destroyen men by wounde of thought.

*Prosa quarta.*

*Tum ego, fateor, inquam, nec injuriâ dici video, vitiosus; tametsi humani corporis speciem servent, &c.*

**T**Han saide I thus: I confesse and am aknowe it (q<sup>d</sup> I) ne I ne se not but that men may say, as by right, that shrewes ben chaunged into bestes, by the qualite of ther soules, all be it so that they kepen yet the forme of the bodye of mankynde: but I wolde not of shrewes, of whiche the thought cruel and wode, wodeth alwaye to the distruccion of gode men, that it wer lesul to 'hem to done that.

Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) ne it is not lesull to 'hem, as I shall well shewe The in convenable place: but nathelesse if so were that thilke, that men wene bene lesul to shrewes, were bynommed 'hem, so that they ne might not anoyen or don harme to gode men, certes a grete partie of the paine to shrewes shulde bene alleged and releved. For all be it so that it ne seme credible thyng peraventure to some folke, yet it mote nedes be that the shrewes ben more wretches and sely, whan they maye full done and parfourme that they coveten, than yf they might not accomplishe that they coveten. For yf so be that it be wretchednesse to wilnen to done yvel, than is it more wretchednesse to mowen done yvell, without whiche mowynge the wretched wyl shulde languishe without effecte. Than sithe every of these thinges hath his wretchednesse,



nessē, that is to saine, wil to done yvel, and mowinge to done yvel, it mote nedes be that the shrewes be constrained by ther unselynesles, that wolen and mowen, and parformen felonies and shreudnesles. *Bo.* I accorde me (q̄d I) but I desyre gretly, that shrewes losen sone thylike unselynesle, that is to sayne, that shrewes weren dispoiled of mowynge to done yvell.

*Phi.* So shullen they (q̄d she) soner paraventure than thou woldest, or soner than they hem selfe wene: for there n'ys nothinge so late in so shorte bondes of this life, that is long to abide, namely to a courage immortell. Of whiche shrewes the gret hope and the hie compassinges of shreudnesle, is oft destroyed by a sodein ende or they be war. And that thing establissheth to shrewes the ende of ther shreudnes; for yf that shreudnes maketh wretches, than must he nedes be most wretch, that longest is a shrewe, the whiche wicked shrewes wold I demin aldermoste caritifes and unsely, yf ther shreudnes ne wer finished at lest waye by utterest deth: for yf I have concluded soth of the unselynesle of shreudnes, than sheweth it plainly, that thilke wretchednes is withouten ende, the which is certaine to be pardurable. *Bo.* Certes (q̄d I) this conclusion is harde and wonderful to graunte. But I knowe well that it accordeth moche to thynges that I have graunted here before. *Phi.* Thou hast (q̄d she) right estimation of this. But whosoever wene that it be a harde thing, to accorde him to a conclusion, it is right that he shewe that some of the premisses ben false, or els he mote shewe that the collacion of propositions n'is not spedeful to a necessary conclusion. And yf it ne be not so, but that the premisses ben igraunted, there n'is not why he shulde blame that argument. For this thing that I shal tel The now ne shall not seme laste wonderfull, but of the thinges that bene taken also it is necessary, as who saith, it foloweth of that which that is purposed before. *Bo.* What is that (q̄d I). *Phi.* Certes (q̄d she) that is, that these wicked shrewes be more blisfull, or els laste wretches that abien the tourmentes, that they have deserved, than if no paine of justice ne chastised hem. Ne this ne say I not now, for that any man myght thynke that the maners of shrewes bene coriged and chastised by vengeance, and that they be brought to the right way by the drede of tourmente, ne for that they yeven to other folkes ensample to flyen fro vices.

But I understand yet in another maner, that shrewes ben more unsely whan they ne be not punished, all be it so that there ne be had no reson or lawe of correccion, ne none ensample of lokynge. *Bo.* And what maner shall that ben (q̄d I) other than hath be tolde here before. *Phi.* Have we not graunted than (q̄d she) that gode folke ben blyssfull, and shrewes ben wretches? *Bo.* Yes (q̄d I). *Phi.* Than (q̄d she) if that anye gode wer added to the wretchednesle of any wight n'ys he not more welful, than he that ne hath no medling of gode in his solitary wretchednes? *Bo.* So semeth it (q̄d I). *Phi.* And what sayest thou than (q̄d she) of thilke wretche that lacketh all godes, so that no gode n'is medled in his wretchednesle, and yet over all hys wickednesle, for whiche he is a wretche, that there be yet another yvell anexed and knit to him; shal not men demen him more unsely, than thilke wretche, of whiche the unselynes is releved by the participacion of some gode? *Bo.* Why should he not (q̄d I). *Phi.* Than certes (q̄d she) han shrewes whan thei ben punished somewhat of gode annexed to ther shreudnesle, that is to saine, the same pain that they susten, which that is gode, by the reson of Justice. And whan thilke same shrewes escapen without tourment, than have

they somewhat more of yvell, yet over the wickednesse that they han doen, that is to sain, defaut of paines, which defaute of paine thou hast graunted is yvel, for the deserte of felony. *Bo.* I ne may not denie it (q̄d I). *Phi.* Moche more than (q̄d she) ben shrewes unsely whan they bene wrongfullye delivered fro paine, than whan they ben punished by rightefull vengeance. But this is open thyng and clere, that it is right that shrewes ben punyshed, and it is wickednesse, and wronge that they escapen unpunished. *Bo.* Who might denye it (q̄d I). *Phi.* But (q̄d she) may any man deny that all that is right ne is gode and also the contrarie, that all that is wrong is wicked? *Bo.* Certes (q̄d I) these thynges ben clere ynoughe, and that we have concluded a litell here before. But I pray The that thou tell me yf thou accordest to letten no tourmente to the soules, after that the body is ended by the deth, that is to saine, understandest thou aught, that soules have anye tourment after the deth of the body? *Phi.* Certes (q̄d she) yea, and that right grete; of whyche soules (q̄d she) I trowe that some ben tourmented by asprenesle of paine, and some soules I trowe ben excrcysed by a purgynge mekenesse, but my counsaile n'ys nat to determine of this paine. But I have travailed and tolde yet hiçertō, for thou shuldest know that the mowynge of shrewes, whiche mowing The semeth to be unworthy, n'is no mowynge, and eke of shrewes, of whyche thou playnedest that they ne weren not punished, that thou woldest se that they ne weren never mo withouten the tourmentes of ther wyckednesse. And of the lycence of the mowinge to doen yvell, that thou praidest that it mighte sone be ended, and that thou woldest saine lerne that it ne shulde not longe endure. And that shrewes ben more unsely yf they were of lenger duringe, and moste unsely yf they weren perdurable. And after this I have shewed The that more unsely ben shrewes, whan they escapen without ther ryghtful paine, than whan they ben punished by rightfull vengeance. And of this sentence foloweth it, that than ben shrewes constrained at the last with most grevous tourment, whan men wene that they ne be not punished. *Bo.* Whan I consider thy resons (q̄d I) I ne trowe nat that men saine any thyng more verely. And yf I tourne ayen to the studies of men, who is he to whome it shulde seme, that he ne should nat onely leven these thynges, but eke gladly herken hem? *Phi.* Certes (q̄d she) so it is, but men maye nat, for they have their eyen so wont to the derkenesse of erthely thynges, that they ne may nat lyfte hem up to the lyght of clere sothfastenesse. But they ben lyke to birdes, of whiche the night lyghtneth ther lokynges, and the daye blindeth hem. For whan men loken not the ordre of thinges, but ther lustes and talentes, they wene that either the leve or the mowynge to doen wickednesse, or els the scapyng without payne, be welefull. But consyder the judgement of the perdurable law, for if thou confirme thy courage to the beste thynges, thou ne hast no nede of no judge, to yeven The price or mede, for thou hast joyned thy self to the moste excellent thinges. And if thou have enclined thy studies to the wicked thynges, ne seke no foraine wrekerie out of thy self, for thou thy self hast thrifte thy self into wicked thinges; right as thou mightest loken by divers tymes, the foule yerth and the heven, and that all other thynges flinten fro without, so that thou were in neither, ne se nothyng more, then should it semen to The, as by onely reson of lokyng, that thou were now in the Sterres, and now in the yerth; but the peple loketh not on these thynges: What then? shall we then approche us to hem that I have shewed, that ben like to besles? And what wouldest thou

sain



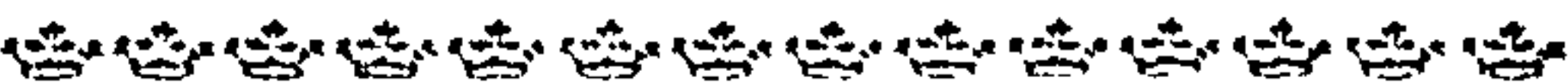
fain of this, if that a manne had all forlorne his sighte, and had foryeten that he ever sawe, and wened that nothyng failed hym of perfeccion of mankind? Now we which mighten seen the same thynges, would we not saine, that he were blinde? ne also ne accordeth not the peple to that I shall saine, the whiche thyng is susteined by as stronge foundementes of reson, that is to saine, that more unseleie ben thei, that doen wronges to other folke, then thei that the wronge suffren. *Bo.* I would heren thilke same resons (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Deniest thou (q<sup>d</sup> she) that all shrewes ne ben worthie to have tourment? *Bo.* Nay (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* But (q<sup>d</sup> she) I am certain by many resons, that shrewes ben unseleie. *Bo.* It accordeth (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then ne doubtest thou not (q<sup>d</sup> she) that thilke folke, that ben worthie of tourmente, that thei ne be wretches. *Bo.* It accordeth well (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* If thou were then set a Judge, or a knower of thinges, whither trowest thou that men should tourmenten him, that hath doen wronge, or els him that suffered the wrong? *Bo.* I doubte not (q<sup>d</sup> I) that I n'olde doe sufficient satisfaccion to hem that have suffred wrong, by the sorowe of hem that have doen wrong. *Phi.* Then semeth it (q<sup>d</sup> she) that the doer of wronge is more wretch, then he that suffered wrong. *Bo.* That foloweth wel (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi.* Then (q<sup>d</sup> she) by these causes, and by other causes, that ben enforced by the same rote, filth or synne, by the propre nature of it, maketh men wretches, and it sheweth well, that the wronges that men doen, n'is not the wretchednesse, of him that receiveth the wrong, but the wretchednesse of him that doeth the wrong. But certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) these orators or advocates doen al the contrary, for thei enforcen hem to commove the Judges to have pitie of hem, that doen the grevaunces and the wronges, the whiche shrewes, it wer a more convenable thyng, that the accusours or advocates, not wroth, but pitieous and debonaire, ledden tho shrewes that have doen wronges, to the judgement, right as men leden sicke folke to the Leche, for that thei shoulde seken out the maladies of synne by tourment. And by this covenante, either the entent of advocates should cessen in all, or els if th' office of the advocates would better profiten to menne, it should be tourned into the habite of accusacion, that is to saine, thei shoulde accuse shrewes, and not excusen hem. And eke the shrewes hemself, if it were lesfull to hem to seen at any cliste the vertue that thei have forletten, and sawen that thei should putten adoune the filthes of ther vices, by the tourmentes of paines, thei ne oughten not, right for that recompensacion, for to getten hem bountrie and prowesse, whiche that thei have losse, demen and hold that the ilke paines weren tourmentes to hem, and eke thei woulde refuse the attendaunce of ther advocates, and taken hemself to ther Judges, and to ther accusours; for the whiche it betideth, that as to the wise folkes, there n'is no place iletten to hate, that is to saine, that hate ne hath no place emonge wisemen. For no wight n'ill haten gode men, but if he were overmoche a sole, and for to haten shrewes, it n'is no reson; for right as languishyng is maladye of bodie, right so ben vices and sinne maladye of courage. And so as we ne deme not that thei, whiche that ben sicke of ther bodie, ben worthie to ben hated, but rather worthie of pitie, well more worthie not to ben hated, but for to ben had in pitie ben thei, of whiche the thoughtes ben constrained by felonous wickednesse, that is more cruell, then any languishyng of bodie.



*Metrum quartum.*

*Quid tantos juvat excitare motus,  
Et proprii fatum sollicitare manu?  
Si mortem petitis, propinquat ipsa  
Sponte sua, volucres nec remoratur equos, &c.*

**W**Hat delieth you to exciten so grete moving of Hatredes, and to hasten and busien the fatali disposicion of your deth, with your propre handes, that is to saine, by batailles or conteke? For if ye asken the deth, it hasteth hym of his owne wille, ne deth ne tarieth not his swifte horse. And the menne that the Serpentes, and the Lion, and the Tigre, and the Bere, and the Bore, seken to sleen with their rathe, yet thilke same menne seken to sleen everich of hem other with swerde. Lo! for ther maners ben divers and discordaunt, thei moeven unrightfull hostes, and cruell batailles, and wilnen to perishe by enterchaungyng of dartes, but the reson of crueltie n'is not inough rightfull. Wilt thou then yelden a convenable guerdon to the desertes of men? Love rightfully gode folkes, and have pitie on shrewes.



*Prosa quinta.*

*Hinc ego video inquam, quæ sit vel felicitas  
vel miseria in ipsis proborum atque impro-  
borum meritis constituta. Sed in hac ipsâ  
fortunâ populari, &c.*

**T**HIS I se (q<sup>d</sup> I) either what blisfulnesse, or els what unseleines is establisshed in the desertes of gode menne, and of shrewes.

But in this ilke fortune of the peple I se somewhat of gode, and somewhat of evill. For no wiseman had not lever be exiled, pore, and nedie, and nametlesse, then for to dwellen in his Cite, and flouren of richesse, and be redoutable of honoure, and strong of power. For in this wise more clerely and witnessfully is the office of wise menne trected, when the blisfulnesse of power, and governours, is as it were shad emonges the peple, that be neighbors and subiectes, sith that namely prison, lawe, and these other tourmentes of lawfull paines, be rather owed to felonous Citezeins: for the whiche felonous citezeins the paines be establisshed, more then for gode peple.

*Bo.* Then I marvaile grete (q<sup>d</sup> I) why that the things be so missecenterchaunged, that tourmentes of felonies pressen and confounden gode peple, and shrewes ravishen medes of vertue, and ben in honours, and grete estates. And I desire eke for to weten of The, what semeth The to be the reson of this so wrongfull a conclusion. For I would wonder wel the lasse, if that I trowed that all thinges wer medled with fortunous hap. But now crepeth and encreseth myne astonyinges, God governour of thyngs, that so as GOD yeveth oft times to gode menne godes and mirthes, and to shrewes, evil and aspre thynges: And yeveth ayen to gode folk hardnesse, and to shrewes he graunteth hem ther wille, and that thei desiren: What difference maie there be betwene that that God doeth, and happe of fortune, if menne knowe not the cause why it is?

*Phi.*



*Phi.* Ne it is no marveile (qð she) though that men wenen, that there be somewhat folishe and confuse, when the reson of the order is unknowen: but although that thou ne knowe not the cause of so grete a disposicion, nathelesse, for as moche as God the gode governour attempreth and governeth the worlde, ne doubtte The not, but all thynges ben doen aright.



*Metrum quintum.*

*Si quis Arcturi sidera nescit  
Propinqua summo cardine labi,  
Cur legat tardus plaustra Bootes,  
Mergatque seras equore flammæ,  
Cum nimis celeres explicet ortus, &c.*

**W**Hoso that knowe not the sterres Arcture, tourned to the soveraine centre or point, that is to faine, tourned nigh to the Sovereine Pole of the firmamente, and wote not why the sterre Bootes passeth, or gathereth his waines; and drencheth his late flambes in the Se, and why that Bootes the Sterre unfoldeth his overswifte arisings, then shall he wondren of the Lawe of the high aire. And eke, if that he ne knowe not why that the hornes of the full Mone waxen pale and infecte by the boundes of the darke night, and how the Mone darke and confuse discovereth the Sterres, that she had covered by her clere visage.

The common erreure moveth folkes, and maketh werie ther basins of Brasse by thilke strokes, that is to saie, that there is a maner peple, that hight Corybantes, that wenen, that when the Mone is in the Eclipse, that it be enchaunted, and therefore for to rescue the Mone, thei beten ther basins with the ilke strokes. Ne no man ne wondreth when the blastes of the winde Corus beten the strondes of the Se by quakyng flodes. Ne no man ne wondreth, when the weight of the Snowe, harded by the cold, is resolved by the brennyng hete of Phœbus the Sonne, for here seen menne redily the causes. But the causes ihidde, that is to sain in heaven, troublen the brestes of men. The movable peple is astonied of all thynges, that comen felde and sodainlie in our age, but the trouble error of our ignorance departeth fro us, so that if thei wisten the cause, why that soche thynges betiden, certes thei shoulde cese to seme wonders.



*Prosa sexta.*

*Ita est inquam. Sed cum tui muneris sit latentium rerum causas evolvere, velatasque caligine explicare rationes: quæso uti hinc decernas, &c.*

**T**Hus it is (qð I) but so as thou haste yeven or behight me, to unwrappe the hidde causes of thynges, and to discover me the resons covered with darknesse, I praie The, that thou devise and judge me of this matter, and that thou do me to understand it, for this miracle of this wonder, troubleth me right gretly. And then she a little what smiling said. Thou clepest me (qð she) to tell that is grettest of all thynges, that mowen ben asked, and to the which question unneth there is aught inough to laven it, as who saieth, unneth is there any thyng to

answere perfitlie to thy question; for the matter of it is soche, that when o doubtte is determined and cutte awaie, there waxen other doubttes without number, right as the heddes of Hydra the Serpente waxen, the whiche Serpente Hercules slough: ne there ne were no manere, ne none ende, but if a wight constrained the doubttes, by a right lively and quicke fire of thought, that is to faine, by vigour and strength of witte. For in this matter, men wenen wonte to maken questions, of the simplicite of the purveighaunce of GOD, and of the order of Destinie, and of sodaine happe, and of knowing of predestinacion divine, and of the libertie of free-will, the whiche thynges, thou thy self appercevedest wel, of what weight thei ben. But for as moche as the knowynges of these thynges is a maner porcion of medicine to The, all be it so, that I have little tyme to doen it; yet neverthelesse, I would enforcen me to shewen somewhat of it. But although the nourishinges of dite of Musike deliteth The, thou muste sufferen and forberen a little of the ilke delite, while that I weve to The resons knitte by ordre.

*Bo.* As it liketh to The (qð I) so doe.

*Phi.* Tho spake she righte as by another beginnyng, and saied right thus. The engenderyng of all thynges (qð she) and all the progressions of movable Nature, and all that moveth in any maner, taketh his causes, his order, and his formes, of the stablenesse of Divine thought: And the ilke Divine thought, that is sette, and putte in the Toure, that is to faine, in the height of the simplicite of GOD, stablisseth many maner gises to the thynges that ben to doen, the whiche maner, when that menne loken it, in the pure clenesse of the Divine intelligence, is cleped purveiaunce.

But when the ilke maner is referred by menne to thynges that it moveth or disponeth, then of olde menne it was cleped Destinie; the whiche thynges, if that any wight loketh well in his thought, the strengthe of that one, and of that other, he shall lightlie mowe fene, that these two thynges ben divers. For purveiaunce is the ilke Divine reson, that is establisshed in the Sovereine Prince of thynges, the which purveiaunce disponeth all thynges. But certes, Destinie is the disposicion and the ordinaunce, cleaving to movable thynges, by the whiche disposicion the purveiaunce knitteth al thynges in ther order: For purveiaunce embraseth all thynges to hepe, although thei be divers, and although thei be infinite, but destinie certaine departeth and ordeineth all thynges singulerly, and divideth in moving, in places, in formes, and in tymes, as thus: Let the unfolding of temporell ordinaunce, assembled and oned in the lokyng of the Divine thoughte, be cleped purveiaunce, and thilke same assembling and oning, devided and unfolden, let that be called Destinie. And all be it so, that these thynges ben divers, yet neverthelesse, hangeth that one on that other, for why? the order destinably procedeth of the simplicite of purveiaunce.

For right as a werkman perceveth in his thoughte the forme of thyng that he wolde make, and moveth the effecte of the werke, and ledeth that he had looked before in his thought simplie and presentlie by corporall ordinaunce: certes, right so GOD in his purveiaunce disponeth singulerly and stably the thynges that be to doen, but he administreth in maners, and in divers tymes by Destinie, the ilke same thynges that he hath disponed; then whether Destinie be exercised, either by some divine spirites, servauntes to the Divine purveiaunce, or elles by some soule, or els by all nature serving GOD, or els by the celestiall movynges of Sterres, or els by the ver-



ue of Angelles, or els by divers subtiltie of Diuelles, or els by any of 'hem, or elles by 'hem all, the destinable ordinaunce is woven and accomplished. Certes, it is open thyng, that the purveiaunce is an unmovable and simple forme of thynges to doen, and the movable bonde, and the temporalle ordinaunce of thynges, whiche that the Divine simplicitie of purveiaunce hath ordained to doen, that is destinie. For whiche it is that al thynges that ben put under destinie, ben certes subjectes unto purveiaunce, to which purveiaunce destinie it self is subject and under, but some thynges ben put under purveiaunce, that surmounten th' ordinaunce of destinie: and tho ben thilke that stable ben fixed nigh to the first godhed, thei surmounten the order of destinable movabilitie. For right as circles turnen about a same centre, or about a point, thilke circle that is innerest or moſte within he joyneth to the simpleſſe of the middle, and is as it wer a centre or a point to that other circles, that turnen aboute him: and thilke that is utterest, compassed by larger environning, is unfolden by larger spaces, in so moche as it is ferthereste fro the middleſte simplicitie of the pointe: And if there be any thyng that knitterh and felowſhippeth himself to thilke middle pointe, it is constrained into simplicitie, that is to ſaie, into unmovabilitie, and it ceſſeth to ben ſhad, and ſit diverſly; Right ſo by ſemblable reſon, thilke thing that departeth furthereste fro the firſte thought of God, it is unfolden, and alſo ſubmitteth to greter bondes of destinie, and in ſo moche is the thing more fre and loce fro dignitie, as it asketh and holdeth nere to thilke centre of thynges, that is to ſaie, to God. And if the thyng cleaveth to the ſtedfaſtneſſe of the thought of God, and be without movyng, certes it ſurmounteth the neceſſitie of destinie. Then ſoche compariſon as is ſkilling to underſtandyng, and of thinge that was engendred, to thinge that is of time to eternitie, and of the circle to the centre, right ſo is the order of movable destinie, to the ſtable simplicitie of purveiaunce. Thilke ordinaunce moveth the heven and the ſterres, and attempred the elementes together among 'hemſelf, and transformeth 'hem by enterchaungeable mutacion. And thilk ſame order neweth ayen all thynges growing and falling adoune, by ſemblable progreſſiones of ſedes and of ſexus, that is to ſaie, male and female: and this ilke order constraineth the fortunes, and the dedes of men, by a bonde of cauſes, not able to be unbounden: the whiche destinable cauſes, when thei paſſen out fro the beginnynges of unmovable purveiaunce, it mote nedes be that thei ne be not mutable, as thus: be the thynges well governed, if that the simplicitie dwellynge in the divine thought ſheweth forth the order of cauſes, unable to be bowed. And this order constraineth by the proper ſtabilitie, the movable thynges, or els thei ſhulden ſtete ſolilie. For which it is, that thynges ſemen confuſe, and trouble to us men, for we ne mowen not conſider thilk ordinaunce. Nervertheleſſe, the proper maner of every thing dreſſyng hym to gode diſponeth 'hem all, for there n'is nothyng doen for evill, for thilke thyng that is doen by wicked folke, nis not doen for evill. The whiche ſhrewes, as I have ſhewed full plenteouſly ſeke gode, but wicked errour miſtouneth 'hem, ne the order coming fro the point of ſoveraine gode, ne enclineth not fro his beginnyng. But thou maiest ſaie, what unneceſſary maie ben a worſe confuſion, than that gode men have ſomtyme adverſitie, and ſomtyme proſperitie: and ſhrewes have now alſo thynges that thei deſiren, and now thynges that thei haten. Whether men live nowe in ſoche holineſſe of thought, as who ſaith be men now ſo wiſe, that ſoche folke as thei demen to be gode folke or ſhrewes, that it mote nedes be, that

folke be ſoche as thei wenen. But in this maner domes of men diſcorden, that thilke men that ſome folke demen worthie of mede, other folke deme 'hem worthy of turment, but let us graunt: I ſuppoſe that ſome man maie well deme or knowe the gode peple, and the bad, maie he then knowe and ſe thilke innerest attemperaunce of courage, as it hath be wont to be ſaid of bodies, as who ſaith, maie a man ſpeken of complexion, and attemperaunce of bodies, ne it ne is not, as who ſaith, but it is like a mervaile or a miracle, to 'hem that ne know it not, why that ſwete thynges be convenable to ſum bodies, that ben whole, and to ſum peple bitter thynges be convenable: and alſo why ſum peple ben holpen with light medicines, and ſome peple ben holpen with bitter medicines: but natheleſſe tho that knowen the maner and the temperaunce of hele and of malady, ne marvelleth it nothing. But what other thing ſemeth helth of corages but bountie, and what other thing ſemeth maladie of courage but vices? Who is els keper of gode, and driver awaie of evill, but God the governor and leder of thoughtes? the whiche God, when he hath beholden from the high toure of his purveiaunce, he knoweth what is convenable to any wight, and leneth 'hem that he wot well that is convenable to 'hem. Lo! herof cometh and hereof is doen this miracle of th' order destinable, when God that all knoweth doth ſoche thing, of whiche thyng unknowyng folke ben aſtonied; but ſo to conſtraine, as who ſaith, but ſo to comprehend and tell a fewe thynges of the divine depeneſſe, the whiche that manne's reſon maie underſtand. Thilke manne that thou weeneſt to ben right juſte, and right keepyng of equitie, the contrarie of that ſemeth to the Divine purveiaunce that all wote. And Lucan my familier telleth, that the victorious cauſe liked to the Goddes, and the cauſes overcome liketh to Caton. Then whatſoever thou maiest ſeen, that is doen in this worlde unhoped, or els unknowen, certes, it is the righte order of thynges, but as to thy wicked opinion, it is a confuſion. But I ſuppoſe that ſome man be ſo welthewed, that the divine judgemente, and the judgemente of mankind, accorden 'hem togidre of hym: but he is ſo unſtedfaſt of courage, that if any adverſitie come to hym, he woll forſeten paraventure to continue innocencie, by the whiche he ne maie not withholden fortune: than the wiſe diſpenſacion of GOD ſpareth hym, the whiche man adverſitie might enpairen, for that God will not hym to travaile, to whom that travaile n'is not convenable. Another manne is paſſite in all vertues, and is an holy manne, and nigh to God, ſo that the purveiaunce of God would deme, that it were a ſilonie, that he wer touchen with any adverſities, ſo that he would not ſuffre, that ſoche a man be with any bodily maladie moved. But ſo (as ſaied the Philoſopher) the more excellent is by me ſaid in grete, that vertues have edified the bodie of the holic manne. And oft tyme it betideth, that the ſomme of thynges, that ben to doen is taken to governe to gode folke, for that the malice habundant of ſhrewes ſhould ben abated. And God yeveth and departeth to other folke, proſperities and adverſities, medled to hepe, after the qualitie of ther courages, and remordeth ſome folke by adverſities, for thei ne ſhould not waxen proude, by long welſuſneſſe, and other folke he ſuffereth to be travailed with hard thynges, for that thei ſhould conſerme the vertues of courage, by the exercitacion of uſage of pacience. And other folk dreden more then thei oughten, the whiche thei mighten well beren, and ſome diſpiſe, that thei mowe not bere, and thilke folke GOD ledeth into experience of 'hemſelf, by aſpie and ſorowfull thynges. And many other folk have bought honourable



nourable renome of this worlde, by the price of glorious deth.

And some men that ne mowe not ben overcomen by tourment, have yeven ensample to other folke, that vertue maie not ben overcomen by adversities. And of al these things there n'is no doubt, that thei ne ben doen rightfullie and ordeinly, to the perfite gode of 'hem, to whom we seen these things betiden. For certes, that adversities cometh somtyme to shrewes, and somtyme that thei desiren, it cometh of these foresaied causes. And of sorowfull things that betiden to shrewes, certes, no man ne wondreth, for all menne wene that thei have deserved it, and that thei ben of wicked merite. Of whiche shrewes, the tourmente agasteth somtyme other to doen felonies: And somtyme it amendeth 'hem, that suffereth the tourmentes. And the prosperitie, that is yeven to shrewes, sheweth a grete argument to gode peple, what thing thei should demen of thilk welesfulnesse, whiche prosperitie menne seen ofte serve to shrewes: In whiche thing, I trowe that God dispenseth, for paraventure, the nature of some man is so overthrowing to evill, and so uncomvenable, that the nedy povertie of his housholde might rather agreve hym to doen felonies, and to the maladie of hym God putteth remedie, to yeven hym richesse. And some other manne beholdeth his conscience defouled with synnes, and maketh comparison of his fortune, and of himself: and dredeth paraventure that the blisfulnesse, of whiche the usage is joyfull to hym, that the lesyng of thilk blisfulnesse ne be not sorowfull to hym, and therefore he would change his maners: and for he dredeth to lese his fortune, he forleteth his wickednesse. To other folkes welesfulnes is yeven unworthilihe, the whiche overthroweth 'hem into destruccion, that thei han deserved, and to some other folke, is yeven power to punishen, for that it shall be cause of continuacion, and exercisying to gode folkes, and cause of tourmente to shrewes.

For so as there n'is none aliaunce betwene gode folkes, and shrewes, ne shrewes ne mowen not accorden among 'hemself: and why not? For that shrewes discorden of 'hem self, by ther vices, the which vices, all torenden ther consciences, and doen oft tyme thynges, the whiche thynges, when thei have doen 'hem, thei deme that tho things, ne shuld not have be doen, for which thing the soverain purveiaunce hath made oft tyme miracle: So that shrewes have made shrewes to ben gode men. For when that some shrewes seen, that thei suffre wrongfully felonies of other shrewes, thei waxen eschaufed into hate of 'hem, that anoied 'hem, and retournen to the fruct of vertue. Then thei studien to be unlike to 'hem that thei have hated. Certes onely is this the divine might, to the which might ivels ben then gode, when it useth the ivelles covenantie, and draweth out the effecte of any gode, as who saith, that ivell is gode onely to the might of God, for the might of God ordeineth thilke ivell to gode: for one order embraceth all things, so that what wight departeth from the reson of thilke order, that is assigned to him, algates yet he slideth into an other order, so that nothing is lesfull to folie, in the relme of divine purveiaunce, as who saith, nothing is without ordinaunce, in the relme of divine purveiaunce, sith that the right strong GOD governeth all thynges in this worlde; for it is not lesful for men to comprehend by wit, ne unfolden by worde, all the subtell ordinaunce, and the disposicion of the divine entent; for onely it ought to suffice to have loked that God himself, maker of al natures, ordaineth al things to gode, while that he hasteth to withholde the thynges, that he hath made, into his semblaunce, that is to say

for to withholden the thynges into gode, for he hymself is gode, he chafeth out all ivelis fro the bonde of his cominalties, by th' order of the necessitie destina- ble: for whiche it followeth, that if thou loke the purveiaunce, ordeinyng the thynges, that men wenen be outrageous, or haboundant in yerthes, thou shalt not seen in no place nothyng of ivell. But I se now that thou art charged with the weight of the question, and werie with lengthe of my reson, and that thou abidest some swetenesse of song, take than this draught, and when thou art wel refreshed and refeit, thou shalt be more stedfaste to flie into higher questions or thynges.

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*Metrum sextum.*

*Si vis celsi jura tonantis  
Pura solers cernere mente,  
Aspice summi culmina Cæli, &c.*

**I**F thou wise wilt demen in thy pure thought, the rightes or the lawes of the hic thonder, that is to sain of God, loke thou and beholde the heightes of the soveraine heven: There kepen the Sterres, by rightfull aliaunce of thyngs, ther old pece. The Sonne imoved by his roddie fire ne distourbeth not the colde circle of the Mone, ne the sterre icleped the Bere, that enclineth his ravishing courses abouten the soveraine height of this worlde. Ne the same sterre Urfa n'is nevermo washen in the depe Westren Se, ne covereth not to dien his flambes in the Se of the Ocean, although it se other Sterres iplonged in the Se: And Hesperus the Sterre bodeth, and telleth alwaie the late nightes: And Lucifer the sterre bringeth ayen the clere daie.

And thus maketh love enterchangeable the perdurable courses, and thus is discordable bataille i-putte out of the countrie of the Sterres. This accordaunce attempreth by evenlike maners the Elementes, that the moiste thynges stryng with the drie thynges yeven place by stoundes: And that the colde thynges joynen 'hem by faithe to the hote thynges, and that the light fire ariseth into height, and the hevie yerthes availen by ther weightes: by the same causes, the flourie yere yeldeth swete smelles, in the first Sommer seson warmynge, and the hotte Sommer drieth the Cornes, and Autumpne cometh ayen of hevie Apples, and the fetyng Raine bedeweth the Winter; this attempraunce nourisheth, and bryngeth forthe all thynges, that bereth life in this worlde, and the ilke same attempraunce ravishyng, hideth, benimeth, and drencheth under the lasse deth all thynges iborne.

Among these things, sitteth the high maker, Kyng and Lorde, wele and beginnyng, Lawe and wife Judge, to doen equite, and governeth and enclineth the bridels of thynges: And tho thynges that he sterreth, to gone by movynge, he withdraweth and arresteth, and affirmeth the movable or wanderynge thynges. For if that he ne called not ayen the right goyng of thynges, and if that he ne constrained 'hem not este sones, into roundenesse enclined, the thynges that ben now continued by stable ordinaunce, thei shoud departen from ther wele, that is to saine, from ther beginnyng, and fallen, that is to saine, tournen into nought. This is the common love to all thynges, and all thynges asken to ben holden by the fine of gode, for elles ne mighten thei not fasten, if thei ne come not estsones ayen by love, retourned to the cause, that hath yeven 'hem beyng, that is to saine, God.

*Prosa*





*Prosa septima.*

*Jamne igitur vides quid hæc omnia, quæ diximus, consequatur? Quidnam? inquam. Omnem, inquit, &c.*

**S**Eest thou not than, what thyng followeth all the thynges that I have saied. *Bo.* What thyng (*qð I*). *Phi.* Certes (*qð she*) all utterlie, that all fortune is gode. *Bo.* And how maie that be (*qð I*). *Phi.* Now understande (*qð she*). So as all fortune, whether so it be joyfull fortune, or aspre fortune, is yeven either bicause of guerdonyng, or elles of exercising of gode folkes, or els bicause to punishen, or els chastisen shrewes: then is al fortune gode, the which fortune is certain, that it be either rightfull, or els profitable.

*Bo.* Forsothe this is a full verie reson (*qð I*) and if I consider the purveiaunce and the destinie that thou taughtest me a litle here befor, this sentence is susteined by stedfaste resons. But if it like unto The, let us nombren hem emonges the ilke thynges, of whiche thou saidest a litle here befor, that thei ne wer not able to ben wened to the peple. *Phi.* Why so? (*qð she*). *Bo.* For that the common word of men (*qð I*) misuseth this maner speche of fortune, and saie ofte tymes, that the fortune of some wight is wicked. *Phi.* Wilt thou then (*qð she*) that I approche a litle to the wordes of the peple, so that it seme not to hem, that I be overmoche departed, as fro the usage of mankind. *Bo.* As thou wilt (*qð I*). *Phi.* Wenest thou not (*qð she*) that all thyng that profiteth is gode? *Bo.* Yes (*qð I*). *Phi.* Certes all thyng that exerciseth or corrigeth, it profiteth. *Bo.* I confesse well (*qð I*). *Phi.* Then is it gode (*qð she*). *Bo.* Why not (*qð I*). *Phi.* But this is the fortune (*qð she*) of hem that either be putte in vertue, and battailen againste aspre thynges, or elles of hem that declinen fro vices, and taken the waie of vertue. *Bo.* This ne maie I not denie (*qð I*). *Phi.* But what saiest thou of the merie fortune, that is yeven to gode peple in guerdon, demeth ofte the peple that it be wicked?

*Bo.* Naie for soth (*qð I*), but thei demen as it is sothe, that it is right gode.

*Phi.* What saiest thou of the other fortune (*qð she*) that although that it be aspre, and restraineth the shrewes by rightfull turment, weneth aught the peple that it be gode?

*Bo.* Naie (*qð I*) but the peple demeth that it is mooste wretched of all thynges, that maie be thought.

*Phi.* Ware now, and loke well (*qð she*) lest we in followyng the opinion of the peple have confessed and concluded thing, whiche that is unable to ben wened to the peple. *Bo.* What is that (*qð I*)? *Phi.* Certes (*qð she*) it followeth or cometh of thynges that ben graunted, that all fortune whatsoever it be, of hem that ben either in possession of vertue, or in th' encrease of vertue, or els in the purchasyng of vertue, that thilke fortune is gode, and that all fortune is right wicked, to hem that dwellen in shreudnesse, as who saith, and thus weneth not the peple. *Bo.* That is sothe (*qð I*). Albeit so that no man dare confesse it, ne knowe it. *Phi.* Why so? (*qð she*). For right as the strong man ne semeth not to abashen or disdainen, as oft tyme as he hereth the noise of the battail: ne also it semeth not to the wiseman to beren it grevously, as oft as he is ledde into strief of fortune. For bothe to that one man, and eke to that other, the ilke difficultie is the matter, to that one man of encrease of his glorious renome, and to that

other man, to conserve his sapience, that is to saie, to the asprenesse of his estate, for therefore is it called vertue, for that it susteineth and enforceth by his strengthes, so that it n'is not overcomen by adversities. Ne certes, thou that art putte in encrease, or in the height of vertue, ne haste not comen to fleten with delices, and for to walken in bodily lust. Thou slowest or plantest a full eigre battaile in thy courage, ayenst every fortune: for that the sorowfull fortune confounde The not, ne that the merie fortune ne corruppe The not, occupie the mene by stedfast strengthes. For all that ever is under the mene, or all that overpasseth the mene, dispiseth welesfulnes, as who saith, it is vicious, and ne hath no mede of his travaile, for it is set in your hand, as who saith, it lieth in your power, what fortune you is leveste, that is to saie, gode or ivell, for all fortune that semeth sharpe or aspre, if it ne exercise not the gode folke, ne chastise the wicked folke, it punisheth.

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*Metrum septimum.*

*Bella bis quinque operatus annis  
Uxor Atreides, Phrygie ruinis, &c.*

**T**HE wreker Atreides, that is to saie Agamemnon, that wrought and continued the battailes by x. yere recovered and purged in wrecking by the distraccion of Troie, the losse chambers of Mariage in his brother, that is to saie, that Agamemnon wau ayen Helene, that was Menelaus wife, his brother. In the mene while that thilke Agamemnon desired to yeven sailes to the Grekes navie, and brought ayen the windes by blode: He unclothed hym of pite of Father, and the sorie priest yeveth in sacrificyng, the wretched cuttyng of the throte of the doughter, that is to saie, that Agamemnon let cut the throte of his doughter by the priest, to maken aliaunce with his Goddes, and for to have wind, with whiche he might wenden to Troie. Ithacus, that is to saie Ulysses bewept his felowes ylorne, the whiche felowes the feirs Polyphemus, liggyng in his grete cave, had fretten and dreinte in his emptie wombe: But nathelless Polyphemus wode for his blind visage yeld to Ulysses joy, by his sorowfull teres, that is to saie, that Ulysses smote out the eye of Polyphemus, that fode in the forched, for whiche Ulysses had joye, when he sawe Polyphemus weping and blind. Hercules is celebrable for his hard travaile, he daunted the proude Centaurus, halfe horse, halfe man, and biratt the dispoiling fro the cruell Lion, that is to saie, he slough the Lion, and biraste him his skin. He smote the birdes that hight Arpies, with certaine arowes. He ravished Apples fro the waking dragon: and his hande was the more hevie for the golden metall. He drough Cerberus the hound of hel, by the triple chaines. He overcomer, as it is saied, hath put an unmeke lord fodder to his cruell horse; that is to saie, Hercules slough Diomedes, and made his horse to fretten him: and he Hercules slough Hydra the serpente, and brente the venom. And Achelous the fode defouled in his forehedde dreint his shamefast visage in his shroudes, that is to saie, that Achelous could transfigure himself into divers likenes, and as he faught with Hercules, at last he tourned hym into a Bull, and Hercules brake one of his hornes: and he for shame hid hym in his River. And over that, he Hercules caste adoune Anthæus the Giaunt, in the shroudes of Libye. And Cacus appeised the wrathes of Evander, that is to saie, that Hercules slough the monster Cacus and appeised with that deth the wrath of Evander. And the bristled

Bore



Bore marked with vomes the sholders of Hercules, the whiche sholders the hie circle of heven should thrust: And the last of his labors was, that he sustained the heven upon his neck unbowed, and he deserved cistones the heven to be the last ende of travaile. Goeth nowe then ye strong men, there as the grete ensample ledeth you. O nice menne, why make ye your backes, as who saith: o ye slowe and delicate men, why se ye adversities, and ne fight not ayenst 'hem by vertue, to winnen the mede of heven: for the erthe overcomen yeveth the sterres, that is to sayn, that when that yerthly lust is overcomen, a man is maked worthy to the heven.

Here endeth the fowerth Boke.



Here foloweth the fifthe Boke.

*Prosa prima.*

*Dixerat, orationisque cursum ad alia quam tractanda atque expedienda vertebat.*  
*B. Tum ego, recta quidem, inquam, &c.*

**S**HE had saied, and turned the course of her reson to some other thynges, to be treted and to be sped. *Bo.* Then saied I, certes rightful is thine amonesting, and full digne by auctorite. But that thou saidest whilom, that the question of the Divine purveiaunce is enlaced with many other questions, I understande well and prove it, by the same thing. But I aske, if that thou wenest, that hap be any thyng, in any waies, and if thou wenest, that happe be any thyng, what is it? *Phi.* Then (*qđ she*) I haste me to yelden and asloilen to the debte of my beheft, and to shewen and open the waie, by which waie thou maiest come ayen to thy countre: but albeit so that the thinges, whiche that thou askest, ben right profitable to knowe, yet ben thei divers somwhat fro the pathe of my purpose, and it is to doubte, that thou ne be maked weric by misse waies, so that thou ne maiest not suffice to mesure the right waie.

*Bo.* Ne doubt The thereof nothyng (*qđ I*). For to knowen thilke thinges rogiđer, in the whiche thynges I delite me gretlie, that shall ben to me in fiede of rest, sith it n'is not to doubten of the thynges folowing, when every thyng of thy disputacion shall haven ben stedfast to me by undoubtous faithe.

*Phi.* Then (saied she) that maner woll I doen to The, and beganne to speken right thus. Certes (*qđ she*) if any wight definishe hap in this maner, that is to sayne, that hap is betidying ibrought forth by solishe moving, and by no knitting of causes, I confirme that hap n'is right naught in no wise, and I deme all utterlie, that happe n'is, ne dwelleth but a voyce, as who saith, but an idell worde, without any significacion of thyng, committed to that voyce. For what place might ben leste, or dwellynge in so lie, and to disordenaunce, sith that **GOD** ledeth and constraineth all thynges by order? for this sentence is very sothe, that nothyng hath his beyng of naughte, to the whiche sentence, none of these old folke ne withsaied never, al be it so, that thei ne understanden it not by **GOD**, Prince and beginner of workyng, but thei casten, as a maner foundement of

subiecte materiall, that is to sayne, of the nature of al reson. And if that any thyng is waxen or comen of no causes, then shall it seme, that thilke thyng is comen or waxen of naught. But if this ne maie not be doen, then is it not possible that hap be any soche thyng, as I have definishe a little here beforne. *Bo.* Howe shall it then be (*qđ I*); n'is there then nothyng, that by right maie ben cleped either hap, or els adventure, or fortune? Or is there ought, all be it so, that it is hid fro the peple, to whiche thyng these wordes ben convenable.

*Phi.* Myne Aristotle (*qđ she*) in the boke of his Physike definiseth this thyng by short reson, and nigh to the sothe.

*Bo.* In whiche maner? (*qđ I*).

*Phi.* As ofte (*qđ she*) as men doen any thyng, for grace of any other thyng, and another thyng then thilke thyng, that men entenden to doen, betideth by some causes, it is icleped happe, right as a manne dalfe the yerth, bicause of tilling of the field, and found there a gobet of golde bedolven, then wenen folke, that it is befall by fortunous betidying. But forsothe it n'is not of naught, for it hath his proper causes, of which causes the cours unforeseen and unware semeth to have maked hap. For if the tiller of the fiede ne dolve not in the yerth, and if the hider of the golde ne had hid the golde in that place, the golde ne had not ben found. These ben then the causes of the abredgyng of fortuit hap, the whiche abredgyng of fortuit hap cometh of causes of encountring, and flowyng together to 'hemself, and not by th' extencion of the doer. For neither the hider of the golde, ne the delver of the field, ne understanden not, that the golde should have ben founde. But as I saied, it betid and ran together, that he dalfe there as the other had hid the golde. Now maie I thus definishe hap. Happe is an unware betiding of causes, assembled in thynges, that ben doen for some other thyng. But thilke order procedyng, by an uneschuable betidying together, whiche that discendeth from the well of purveiaunce, that ordeineth al thynges in ther places, and in ther times maketh that the causes rennen and assemblen together.



*Metrum primum.*

*Rupis Achemenia scopulis ubi versa sequentum  
 'Pecloribus figit spicula, &c.*

**T**igris and Euphrates, resoven and springen of o welle, in the craggess of the roche of the countre of Achemene, ther as the flying battailes fixen ther dartes, retournyng in the brestes of 'hem that folowen 'hem. And lone after the same rivers, Tigris and Euphrates unjoynen and departen ther waters, and if thei comen together, and ben assembled, and cleped together into o course, then moten thilke thynges steren rogiđer, whiche that the water of th' enterchaunging flode bringeth. The shippes and the stockes araced with the flode moten assemblen, and the waters imedled wrappeth or emplieth many fortunell happes or maners, the whiche wandryng happes nathelless thilke declining lownesse of the yerth and the flowyng order of the slidying water governeth. Right so fortune that semeth as it suffreth with slaked or ungoverned bridles, it suffreth by thilke lawe, that is to sayne, by the divine ordenaunce.

*Prosa*



*Prosa secunda.*

*Animadverto, inquam, idque uti tu dicis, ita esse consentio. Sed in hac, &c.*

**T**His understande I wel (qð I) and I accorde me that it is right as thou saiest. But I aske if there be any libertie of frewil, in this order of causes, that cleven thus together in 'hemself, or els I would weten if that the destinall cheine constraineth the movyng of the courages of men.

*Phi.* Yes (qð she) there is libertie of frewill, ne there ne was never no nature of reson, that it ne had libertie or frewill. For every thing that maie naturally usen reson it hath dome, by whiche it discerneth and demeth every thing. Then knoweth it by it self thynges that ben to fien, and thynges that ben to desiren, and the ilke thyng that any wight demeth to ben desired, that asketh or desireth he, and flieth thilke thyng, that he troweth be to fien. Wherefore in all thynges that reson is, in hym also is libertie of willyng and of n'illyng, but I ne ordaine not, as who saith, I ne graunt not, that this libertie, be evenlike in al thynges. For why? in the Soveraines divine substaunces, that is to sain, in spirites, judgement is more clere and will not corruppe, and mightie redy to speden thynges that ben desired. But the soules of men moten nedes ben more fre, when thei loken 'hem in the speculacion, or lokyng of the divine thought, and lasse fre when thei sliden into the bodies, and yet lasse fre when thei ben gathered together, and comprehended in yerthly members, but the lasse servage is, when that thei ben yeven to vices, and have ifall from the possession of ther proper reson. For after that thei have caste awaie ther eyen fro the light of the foveraine sothefastnesse, to lowe thynges and darke, anon thei darken by the cloude of ignorance, and be troubled by felonous talentes, to the whiche talentes when thei approchen and assenten, thei hepen and encrefen the servage, whiche thei have joyned to 'hem self. And in this maner thei ben caitives fro ther proper libertie, the whiche thing nathelesse the lokyng of the divine purveiaunce seeth, that al thynges beholdeth and seeth fro eterne, and ordeineth 'hem everiche in ther merites, as thei ben predestinate, and it is said in Greke, that all thynges he seeth, and al thynges he hereth.

*Metrum secundum.*

*Puro clarum lumine Phæbum  
Melliflui canit oris Homerus, &c.*

**H**Omer with the Honie mouth, that is to saine, Homer with the swete ditecs singeth, that the Sonne is clere by pure light. Nathelesse yet ne maie it not by the infirme light of his bemes, breken or persen the inwarde entrailes of the yerth, or els of the Se. So ne seeth not God, maker of the grete worlde; to hym that loketh all thynges from an high, ne understandeth nothyng by heviness of the yerth, ne the night ne withstandeth not to hym by the black cloudes, thilke God seeth in o stroke of thought all thynges that ben, weren, or shull come: and thilke GOD, for he loketh and seeth all thynges alone, thou maist saine that he is the verie sonne.

*Prosa tertia.*

*Tum ego, en! inquam, difficiliore rursus ambiguitate confundor, &c.*

**T**Hen said I thus, now am I confounded by a more hard doubt then I was. *Phi.* What doute is that? (qð she) for certes, I conjecte now by soch things, thou art troubled. *Bo.* It semeth (qð I) to repugnen and to contrarie gretlie, that God knoweth before all thynges, and that there is any fredome or libertie, for if so be that God loketh all thynges before, ne God ne maie not ben deceived in no maner. Then mote it nedes be, that all thynges the whiche that the purveiaunce of God hath seen before to come, for which if that GOD knoweth tofore, not onely the werkes of men; but also ther counsailes and ther willes, then ne shall there be no libertie of arbitre, ne certes there ne maie be none other dede, ne no wille, but the ilke whiche that the divine purveiaunce (that ne may not ben deceived) hath feled before, for if that thei mighten writhen awaie, in other maner, then thei ben purveied, then ne should there be no stedfast prescience of thyng to comen, but rather an uncertaine opinion, the whiche thyng to trowen of God, I deme it felonie and unlesfull. Ne I ne prove not the ilke same reson, as who saith, I ne alowe not, or I ne praise not thilke same reson, by whiche that some men wenen, that thei mowen assoilen, and unknitten the knot of this question. For certes thei saine, that thyng n'is not to comen, for that the purveiaunce of GOD hath seen before that it is to comen, but rather the contrarie, and that is this, that for that the thyng is to comen, that therefore ne maie it not ben hid fro the purveiaunce of God. And in this maner, this necessitie slideth ayen into the contrarie partie, ne it ne behoveth not nedes, that thynges betiden that ben ipurveied, but it behoveth nedes, that thynges that ben to comen ben ipurveied, but as it wer itravailed, as who saith, that thilke answeere procedeth right as though menne travaileden or weren busie to enquiren, the whiche thyng is cause of the which thynges. As whether the prescience is cause of the necessitie of thynges to comen, or els that the necessitie of thynges to comen is cause of the purveiaunce. But I ne enforce me not now to shewen it, that the betidyng of thynges iwisste before is necessarie, how so or in what maner, that the order of causes hath it self, although that it ne seme not, that the prescience bryng in necessitie of betidyng to thynges to comen. For certes, if that any wighte sitteth, it behoveth by necessitie, that the opinion be soth of hym that conjecteth that he sitteth, and ayenwarde also is it of the contrarie; for if the opinion be sothe of any wight, for that he sitteth, it behoveth by necessitie that he sitte. Then is here necessitie in that one, and in that other: for in that one is necessitie of sittyng, and certes in that other is necessitie of soth. But therefore ne sitteth not a wighte, for that the opinion of the sittyng is sothe, but the opinion is rather sothe, for that a wight sitteth before. And thus although that the cause of the sothe cometh of that other side, as who saith, that although the cause of sothe cometh of the sitting, and not of the true opinion, algates yet is there a common necessitie, in that one, and in that other. Thus semeth it, that I maie make semblable skilles, of the purveiaunce of God, and of thynges to comen. For although that for that thynges ben to comen, there-



fore ben thei purveied, and not certes, for thei ben purveied, therefore ne betide thei not, nathelesse it behoveth by necessitie, that either the thynges to comen ben ipurveyed of God, or els that the thynges, that ben purveied of God, betiden. And this thyng onelie suffiseth inough, to destroien the fredom of our arbitre, that is to sain, of our frewill. But certes, now sheweth it well howe farre fro the sothe, and how up so doune is this thing, that we seen that the betidying of temporall thynges is cause of the eterne prescience. But for to wenen that God purveyeth the thynges to comen, for thei ben to comen, what other thyng is it but for to wene, that thilke thynges that betide whilom, ben causes of thilke soverain purveiaunce, that is in God. And hereto adde I this thinge, that right as when that I wote that a thyng is, it behoveth by necessitie, that thilk self thing be, and eke when I have knowen that any thyng shall betiden, so behoveth it by necessitie, that thilke same thyng betide. So followeth it then, that the betidying of the thynges iwist beforne, ne maie not be eschewed, and at the laste, if that any wighte wene a thyng to ben otherwise then it is, it n'is not onely unscience, but it is decevable opinion, full divers and farre fro the sothe of science. Wherefore, if any thyng be so to comen, that the betidying of it ne be not certaine, ne necessarie, who maie weten beforne, that thilke thing is to comen. For right as science ne maie not be medled with falsenesse, as who saith, that if I wote a thing, it ne maie not be false that I ne wote it, right of thilke thyng, that is conceived by science, ne maie not be none otherwise then as it is conceived, for that is the cause why that science wanteth lesing, as who saith, why that weting ne receveth not lesing of that it wote, for it behoveth by necessitie, that every thyng be right, as science comprehendeth it to be. What shall I then sain, in whiche maner knoweth God, beforne all the thynges to comen, if thei ne be not certain? for if that he deme, that thei ben to comen uneschuably, and so maie be that it is possible, that thei ne shullen not comen, God is deceived, but not onely to trowen, that God is deceived, but for to speke it with mouthe, it is a felonous synne. But if that God wote, that righte so as thynges ben to comen, so shoulde thei comen, so that he mote egally, as who saith indifferently, that thyngs maie be doen, or els not idoen, what is thilke prescience, that ne comprehendeth no certaine thyng ne stable, or els what difference is there bitwene the prescience of thilke jape, worthy divinyng of Tiresie Devinour, that saied, all that I saie (q<sup>d</sup> he) either it shall be, or els it shall not be, or els how moche is worthe the Divine prescience, more then the opinion of mankinde, if so be that it demeth the thynges uncertaine, as men doen, of the whiche domes of men the betidying n'is not certaine? But if so be, that none uncertain thynges ne maie ben in him, that is right certaine well of all thynges, then is the betidying certaine of thilke thynges, whiche that he hath wiste beforne fermely to comen, for whiche it followeth, that the fredome of the counsailes, and of the werkes of mankind n'is none, sith that the thought of God, that seeth all thynges, without errour of falsenesse, bindeth and constraineth 'hem to a betidying by necessitie. And if this thyng be ones igraunted and received, this is to saine, that there n'is no frewill, then sheweth it well, how grete destruction, and how grete damages there folowen of thynges of mankind, for in idell ben there then purposed, and behighte medes to gode folke, and paines to badde folke, sith that no movyng of fre courage voluntarie ne hath not deserved 'hem, that is to saine, neither mede ne paine. And it should seme

then, that thilke thing is alderworst, which that is now demed for aldermoste just, and moste rightful. That is to sain, that shrewes ben punished, or elles that gode folke be iguerdoned, the whiche folkes sene that ther proper wille ne sente 'hem to that one, ne to that other, that is to sain, neither to gode ne harme, but constraineth 'hem certain necessitie of thynges to comen, then ne shullen there never ben, ne never weren vice ne vertue, but it shullen rather be confusion of all desertes, medled without discrecion. And yet ther foloweth another inconvenience, of the whiche there ne maie be thought no more felonous, ne more wicked, and that is thus, that so as the order of thynges is idel, and cometh of the purveiaunce of God, ne that nothyng n'is lesfull to the counsailes of mankinde, as who saith, that men have no power to doen nothyng, ne will nothyng, then followeth it that our vices ben referred to the maker of al gode, as who saith then foloweth it, that God ought to have the blame of our vices, sith he constraineth us by necessitie to doen vices; then n'is there no reson to hopen in God, ne to praieren to God, for what should any wight hopen to God, or why should he praieren to GOD, sith that the ordinaunce of destinie, whiche that ne maie not ben enclined, knitteth and streineth al thynges, that men maie desiren? Then should ther be doen awaie thilke onely aliaunce, betwen God and man, that is to saien, to hopen and to praieren. But by the price of rightwisnesse, and of very mckencesse, we deserven the guerdon of Divine grace, whiche that is inestimable, that is to say, that is so grete, that it ne maie not ben full praised, and this is onely the maner, that is to saie, hope and praieren. For whiche it semeth that men woll speke with God, and by reson of supplicacion ben conjoined to thilke clerenes, that n'is not approched no rather, or that men seken it and impetren it. And if men ne wene not the hope ne praieren ne have no strengthes, by the necessitie of things to comen received, what thing is there then, by whiche we mowen ben conjoined, and cleven to thilke soverain prince of thynges? For whiche it behoveth by necessitie, that the lineage of mankinde, as thou song a little here beforne, be departed and unjoined from his wele, and failen of his beginnyng, that is to saine God.

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*Metrum tertium.*

*Quænam discors fœdera rerum  
Causa resolvit? Quis tanta Deus, &c.*

**W**HAT discordable cause hath to rent, and unjoined the bindyng or the aliaunce of thynges, that is to sain, the conjunccions of God, and of man? Whiche God hath established so grete bataille, betwene these two sothfaste, or verie thynges, that is to sain, betwene the purveiaunce of God, and frewill, that ben singuler, and divided, ne that thei ne wollen not be medled, ne coupled togider? But there n'is no discorde to the very thynges, but thei cleven alwaie certain to 'hem self. But the thought of man confounded and overthrowen, by the darke members of the body, ne maie not by fire of his darked lokyng, that is to saine, by the vigour of his insight, while the soule is in the bodie, knowen the thyn subtell knittynges of thynges. But wherefore eschaufeth it so by so grete love, to finden thilke notes of soth icovered, that is to saine, wherefore eschaufeth the thought of man, by so grete desire, to knowe thilke notificacions, that ben ihid under the covertures of sothe! Wote it ought thilke thynges, that



that it anguissous desireth to knowe? As who saith naie. For no man ne travaileth for to weten thynges that he wote. And therefore the texte saith thus.

But who travaileth to weten thynges yknowe? And if that he ne knoweth hem not, what seketh thilke blinde thought? What is he that desireth any thynges, of whiche he wote right naught? As who saith, who so desireth any thynges, nedes somewhat he knoweth of it, or els he ne coud not desiren it. Or who maie followe thynges, that ne ben not i-wiste, and though that he seke the thynges, where shall he finde hem? What wight that is all unconnyng and ignoraunt, maie knowe that for me, that is ifounde.

But when the soule beholdeth, and seeth the high thought, that is to saine God, then knoweth it together the somme and singularities, that is to sain, the principles, and everiche of hem by hymself. But now while the soule is hid in the cloude, and in the darknesse of the membres of the bodie, it ne hath not al foryeten it self, but it withholdeth the somme of thynges, and leseth the singularities. Than who-so that seketh sotheneffe, he n'is in neither n'other habite, for he wote not all, ne he ne hath not all foryeten, but yet hym remembreth the somme of thynges, that he withholdeth, and asketh counsaile, and retreth depeliche thynges ifeen before, that is to saine, the grete somme in his mind, so that he mow adden the partes, that he hath foryeten, to thilke parties, that he hath withholden.

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*Prosa quarta.*

*Tum illa, vetus, inquit, hac est de Providentia querela, à M. Tullio, &c.*

**T**Hen saied she, this is (qð she) the olde question of the purveiaunce of GOD. And Marcus Tullius, when he divided the Divinacions, that is to saine, in his bokes that he wrote of divinacions, he moved gretlic this question, and thou thy self haste ifought it moche, and utterlie and long, but yet ne hath it not ben determind, ne isped fermelic and diligentlie of any of you; and the cause of this darknesse, and of this difficultie is, for that the moving of the reson of mankinde ne maie not moven to, that is to saine, applien or joynen to the simplicitie of the divine prescience, the which simplicitie of the divine prescience, if that men mighten thinke it in any maner, that is to saine, that if men mighten thinke, and comprehend the thynges, that God seeth himself, then there dwelled utterly no doubtr, the whiche reson and cause of difficulties, I shall asfaie at last to shewe and to speden, when I have firste ispeded, and answered to thy resons, by whiche thou art moved, for I aske why thou weneest, that thilke resons of hem that assoilen this question, ne be not spedfull inough ne sufficient, the whiche solution or the which reson, for that it demeth, that the prescience is not of necessitie of thynges to come, as who saith, any other waie then thus, but that the ilke thynges, that the prescience wote before ne maie not unbetiden, that is to saine, that thei moten betide? But then, if that prescience ne putterh none necessitie to thynges to comen, as thou thy self hast confessed it, and beknowe a little here before, what cause, or what is it, as who saith, there maie no cause be, by whiche that the endes voluntarie of thynges, mighten be constrained to certaine betidynge. For by grace of posicion, so that thou maie

the better understand this that foloweth, I suppose that there ne be no prescience: then aske I (qð she) in as moche as apertaineth to that, shoulde then thynges that comen of frewill, be constrained to betiding by necessitie? *Bo.* Naie (qð I). *Phi.* Then ayenwarde (qð she) I suppose that there be prescience, but that it ne putteth no necessitie to thynges; than trowe I that thilke same fredome of will shall dwellen all whole and absolute, and unbounden. But thou wilt saine, that albeit so that prescience n'is not cause of the necessitie of betiding to thynges to comen, algates yet it is a signe, that the thynges ben to betiden by necessitie. By this maner then, although that prescience had never be, yet algates or at lest waie, it is certain thyng, that endes of betidinges of thynges to comen shoulde be necessarie. For every thing sheweth and signifieth onely, what the thing is, but it ne maketh not the thing that it signifieth. For which it behoveth, first to shew that nothing ne betideth, that it ne betideth by necessitie: so that it maie appere, that the prescience is signe of necessitie: or els if there n'ere no necessitie, certes thilke prescience ne might not be signe of thyng that n'is not. But certes, it is now certain, that the prove of this ifustened by stedfast reson, ne shall not ben ladde, ne proved by signes ne by argumentes, taken fro without, but by causes convenable and necessarie. But thou maiest saine, how maie it be that the thyngs ne betiden not, that ben purveied to comen? But certes, right as we trowen that the thynges, whiche that the purveiaunce wote before to comen, ne be not to betiden. But that ne shold we not demen, but rather although thei shall betiden, yet ne have thei no necessitie of ther kinde to betiden: and this maiest thou lightly apperceven, by this that I shall sain. For we seen many thynges, when thei ben before our eyne, right as men seen the Carter worchyng in the tournyng, and in the attemptyng or adressing of his cartes or chariottes, and by this maner, as who saith, maiest thou understande of all other werkemene. Is there then any necessitie, as who saith, in our lokyng, that constraineth or compelleth any of thilke thynges to ben doen so? *Bo.* Naie (qð I) for in idel and in vaine were all the effeete of crafte, if that all thynges weren moved by constrainyng of our eyen, or of our sight. *Phi.* The thynges then (qð she) that when that men doen hem, ne have no necessitie that men doen hem, eke tho same thynges first or thei be doen, thei ben to comen without necessitie: for why? ther ben some thynges to betiden, of whiche the endes and the betidynge of hem ben absolute and quite of all necessitie. For certes, I ne trowe not that any manne would saine this, that the thynges that menne doen now, that thei ne were to betiden first, er thei wer doen. And thilke same thynges, although men hadden wiste hem before, yet thei have fre betidynge. For right as science of thynges present ne bryngeth in no necessitie to thynges that menne doen, right so to the prescience of thynges to comen ne bringeth in none necessitie, to thynges to betiden. But thou maiest saine, that of thilk same it is doubred, as whether that of thilke thynges, that ne have non issues and betidynge necessities, if thereof maie ben any prescience. For certes, thei semen to discorden, for thou weneest, that if that thynges ben seen before, that necessitie followeth hem, and if necessitie failleth hem, thei ne might not ben wiste before, and that nothyng maie be comprehended by science, but certaine; and if tho thynges ne have no certain betidynge, be purveighed as certain, it shoulde be darknesse of opinion, not sothfastnesse of science. And thou weneest that it be divers fro the holinesse of science, that any man shoulde deme a thyng to be otherwise



therwise then it is it self, and the cause of this error is, that of al the thynges, that every wight hath knowe, thei wene that tho thynges ben knowe onely by the strengthe, and by the nature of the thynges, that ben wiste or knowe, and it is all the contrarie: for all that ever is knowe, it is rather comprehended and knowe, not after his strength and his nature, but after the facultie, that is to saie, the power and the nature of 'hem that knowen. And that this thing is sothe sheweth by a short ensample the roundnesse of a bodie, otherwise the sight of the eye knoweth it, and otherwise the touchyng. The lokyng, by castyng of his bemes, waiteth and seeth from a farre, all the bodie together, without movyng of it self, but the touchyng cleaveth to the rounde bodie, and moveth about the environnyng, and comprehendeth the parties by roundenesse, and the man hymself otherwise beholdeth hym, and otherwaies imaginacion, and otherwise reson, and otherwise intelligence: For the witte comprehendeth withoutforth the figure of the bodie of man, that is unestablished in the matter subject. But the imaginacion comprehendeth onelic the figure without the matter. Reson surmounteth imaginacion, and comprehendeth by universall lokyng the common species; but the eye of intelligence is higher, for it surmounteth the environnyng of the universitie, and loketh over by pure subtiltie of thought the ilke same simple forme of man, that is perdurable in the divine thought; in whiche this ought gretly to be considered, that the hiest strength for to comprehend thynges embraseth and containeth the lower strength, but the lower strength ne ariseth not in no maner to the higher strength. For witte ne maie comprehendeth nothyng out of matter, ne the imaginacion ne loketh not the universalle species, ne reson ne taketh not the simple forme, so as intelligence taketh it. But intelligence that loketh al aboven, when it hath comprehended the forme, it knoweth and demeth all the thynges, that ben under the forme, but she knoweth 'hem in thilke maner in whiche it comprehendeth thilke same simple forme, that ne maie never be knowen of none of that other, that is to saie, to none of the thre foresaied strengthes of the soule, for it knoweth the universitie of reson, and the figure of imaginacion, and the sensible materiall conceived by wit, ne it ne useth not ne of reson, ne of imaginacion, ne of witte withoutforthe; but it beholdeth all thynges, so as I shall saie, by a stroke of thought fermely, without discours of collacion. Certes, reson when it loketh any thyng universall, it ne useth not of imaginacion ne witte, and algates yet it comprehendeth the thynges imaginable, and sensible, for reson is she that definiseth the universalle of her concepte, right thus: Man is a resonable twofoted best: and how so that this knowyng is universall, yet n'is there no wight, that ne wote well, that a man is a thyng imaginable and sensible, and this same considereth well reson, but that n'is not by imaginacion, nor by witte, but it loketh it by resonable concepcion. Also imaginacion, albeit so, that it taketh of witte the beginnyng, to seen and formen the figures, algates although that witt ne were not presente, yet it environneth and comprehendeth all thynges sensible, not by reson sensible of demyng, but by reson imaginative. Seest thou not then, that all the thynges in knowyng usen more of ther facultie, or of ther power, then thei doen of the facultie, or of power of thynges that ben to knowen, ne that is no wronge, for so as every judgements, is that dede or doying of hym, that demeth, it behoveth that every wight performe his werke, and his entencion, not of foraine power, but of his proper power.



*Metrum quartum.*

*Quondam Porticus attulit  
Obscuros nimium senes, &c.*

THE porche, that is to saie, a gate of the tounne of Athenes, there as Philosophers hadden congregacion to dispute, thilk porche brought sometye olde men, full darke in ther sentences, that is to saie Philosophers, that highten Stoiciens, that wende that Images and sensibilities, that is to saie, sensible imaginacions, or els imaginacions of sensible thynges, were emprinted into soules, fro bodies withoutforthe; as who saieth, thilke Stoiciens wenden that the soule had be naked of hymself, as a mirroure, or clene perchemine, so that all figures musten first comen fro thynges fro without into soules, and ben emprinted into soules, right as we ben wonte, somtyme by a swifte pointell, to fixen letters emprinted in the smothnesse, or in the plainesse of the table of waxe, or in the parchemine, that hath no figure ne note in it. *Glosa.* But now argueth Boece against that opinion, and saith thus. But if the thrivyng soule ne unplitteth nothyng, that is to saie, ne doeth thyng by his proper moving, but suffreth and lieth subject to the figures, and to the notes of bodies withoutforthe, and yeldeth Images idel, evill and vaine, in the maner of a mirroure, whence thrive then, or whence cometh the ilke knowyng in our soule, that discerneth and beholdeth all thynges, and whence is the ilke strengthe, that beholdeth the singuler thynges, or els whence is the strengthe, that divideth thynges iknowe, and thilke strength that gathereth together thynges divided, and strength that choseth the enterchaunged waie: for somtyme it hevethe the hedde, that is to saie, that it heveth up the entencion to right high thynges, and somtyme it descendeth into right lowe thynges, and when it retourneth into hymself, it reproveth and destroyeth the false thynges, by the true thynges.

Certes, this strength is cause more efficient, and moche more mightie, to seen and to knowen thynges, then thilke cause that suffreth and receveth the notes and figures, impressed in maner of matter. Algates the passion, that is to saie, the sufferance, or the witte in the quicke bodie, goeth before exitynge, and movyng the strengthes of the thought, right so as when that clerencesse smiteth the eyen, and moveth 'hem to seen, or right so as voyce or foun hurleth to the eres, and commoveth 'hem to herken, then is the strengthe of the thought moved and excited, clepeth forth to semblable movynges the species that it halte within it self, and addeth the species of the notes to thynges withoutforthe, and medleth the Images of thynges withoutforthe to thynges hid within hymself.



*Prosa quinta.*

*Quod si, in corporibus sentiendis, quamvis as-  
ficient instrumenta sensuum, &c.*

BUT what is that in bodies to be feled, that is to saie, in the taking, and in the knowyng of bodily thynges? And albeit so that the qualites of bodies, that be objecte fro withoutforthe, moven and entalenten the instrumentes of the wittes, and all



all be it so, that the passion of the bodie, that is to saie, the witte, or the suffraunce, goeth before the strength, or the worchyng courage, the whiche passion or suffraunce clepeth forthe the dede of the thought in it self, and moveth and exciteth in this mene while the formes that resten withinforthe, and insensible bodies, as I have said, our courages n'is not taught or emprinted by passion to knowe these thynges, but demeth and knoweth of his owne strength the passion or suffraunce subiecte to the bodie: moche more then tho thynges ben absolute, and quicke fro all talentes, or affeccions of bodies, as God or his Angels, ne folowen not in discernyng thynges object fro withoutforthe, but thei accomplishen and speden the dedes of ther thought. By this reson then, there comen many maner of knowynges, to diverse and to diffryng substainces.

For the witte of the bodie, the whiche wit is naked, and dispoiled of all other knowing, thilke witte cometh to bestes, the whiche ne mowen not moven hemself here and there, as Oysters and Muskelles, and other soche Shellfish of the Se, that eleven and ben nourished to rockes, but the imaginacion cometh of remuable bestes, that semen to have talente to flien, or to desiren any thyng: but reson is al onelie the linage of mankinde, right as intelligence is al onelie the Divine nature, of whiche it followeth, that the ilke knowyng is more worthe then is either, sens it knoweth by his proper nature, not onelie his subiecte, as who saith, it ne knoweth not al onelie, that appertaineth properlie to his knowyng, but it knoweth the subiectes of all other knowynges. But how shall it than be, if that witte and imaginacion striven ayen reson, and saie that of the ilke universall thyng, that reson weneth to seen, that it n'is right naught, for witte and imaginacion saie, that that is sensible or imaginable, it ne maie not ben universall.

Then is there either the judgement of reson sothe, ne that there n'is nothyng sensible, or els for that reson wote well, that many thynges ben subiect to wit, and to imaginacion, then is the concepcion of reson vaine and false, whiche that loketh and comprehendeth that that is sensible and singuler, as universall. And if that the reson would answer ayenste these two, that is to saie, to witte and imaginacion, and saie that sothly she her self that is to saie reson, loketh and comprehendeth by reson of universalite, both that that is sensible, and that that is imaginable, and thilke two, that is to saie, witte and imaginacion, ne mowen not stretchen hemself to the knowyng of universalite, for that the knowing of hem ne maie not exceden, ne surmounten the bodily figures; certes, of the knowyng of thynges men oughten rather yeven more credence to the more stedfast, and to the more perfite judgemente, in this maner strivyng; then we that have strengthe of reson, and of imaginacion, and of witte, that is to saie, by reson and by imaginacion, we would rather praise the cause of reson, as who saith, then the cause of witte, and of ymaginacion. Semblable thing is it, that the reson of mankinde ne weneth not, that the Divine intelligence beholdeth or knoweth thynges to come, but right as the reson of mankinde knoweth hem: For thou arguiste thus, that if that it ne seme not to men, that some thynges have certaine betidynges, thei ne maie not be wille before certainlie to betiden, and then is there no prescience of thilke thynges, and if we trowe, that prescience be in these thynges, then is there nothyng, that betideth not by necessitie. But if we might have the judgemente of the divine thought, as we ben parteners of reson, right so as we have demed, that it behoveth by imaginacion and witte, and be-

neith reson, right so would we demen, that it were rightfull thyng, that manne's reson ought to submitte it self to be beneth the divine thought, for whiche if we maie, as who saith, that if we maie, I counsaile, that we enhance us in the height of thilke soverain intelligence, for there shall reson well seen that, that it ne maie not beholde in it self, and certes, that is thus, in what maner the prescience of God seeth all thyngs and diffinisseth, although thei have no certain betidynges: ne this is none opimon, but rather the simplicite of the soverain science, that is not shet within no maner of boundes.

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*Metrum quintum.*

*Quàm variis terras animalia permeant figuris?  
Namque alia extento sunt corpore, &c.*

THE bestes passen by the yerthes, by full diverse figures, for some of hem have ther bodies straught, and crepen in the dust, and drawn after hem a trace, or a sorough continued, that is to saie, as Neders and Snacles; and other bestes, by the wanderyng lightnesse of ther winges, beten the windes, and over swimmen the spaces of the long aire, by moste flying.

And other bestes gladden hemself to diggen ther traces, or ther steppes in the yerthe, with ther going, or with ther fete, and to gon either by the grene fieldes, or els to walken under the wodes. And all be it so that thou seest, that thei discorden by divers formes, algates ther faces enclined hevieth ther dulle wittes, onely the linage of manne heveth highest his hie hedde, and standeth light with his upright body, and beholdeth the yerthes under hym. And but if thou yerthlie manne waxeste evill out of thy wit, this figure amonesteth The that askest the heven with thy right visage, and hast areised thy forehedde, to beren up on high thy courage, so that thy thought ne be not heved, ne put lowe under fete, sith that thy body is so high areised.

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*Prosa sexta.*

*Quoniam igitur, uti paulò antè monstratum est, omne quod scitur, &c.*

Therefore then, as I have shewed a little here before, that all thing that is wist, n'is not known by his nature proper, but by the nature of hem that comprehend it, let us loken now, in as moche as it is lesull to us, as who saith, let us loken now as we maie, whiche that is the estate of the Divine substance, so that we maie well knowe eke what his science is. To common judgement of al creatures reasonables then is, that God is eterne. Let us consider then, what is eternite, for certes, that shall shewen us togider, the divine nature, and the divine science. Eternite then is perfite possession, and all together of life interminable, and that sheweth the more clere, by the comparison or colacion of temporall thynges.

For all thyng that liveth in tyme, it is present, and procedeth fro preterities, into futures, that is to saie, from time palled, into time coming: ne there n'is nothing established in tyme, that maie embracen together all the space of this life, for certes, yet ne hath it not taken the tyme of to morowe, and it hath lost that of yesterdaie. And certes, in the



life of this date, ye ne liven no more, but right as in this movable, and transitorie moment. Then thilke thyng that suffereth temporall condicion, although that it never began to be, ne though it never cese to be (as Aristoteles demed of the world) and although the life of it be stretched with infinite of tyme, yet algates n'is it no soche thyng, as men might trowen by right that it is eterne. For although that it comprehendeth, and embrace the space of the life infinite, yet algates ne embraseth it not the space of the life all together, for it ne hath not the futures that be not yet: Ne it ne hath no lenger the preterities that ben done or passed. But thilke thing than, that hath and comprehendeth togidre all the plente of the life interminable, to whom there ne faileth nought of the future, and to whom there n'is nought of the preterite escaped or passed, thilke same is ywitnessed and proved by right to ben eterne. And it behoveth by necessite that thilke thing be alway presente to him selfe, and competent, as who saith, alway presente to himselfe, and so mighty, that all be right at his plesance, and that he have al present the infinite of the movable tyme. Wherefore some men trowen wrongfullye, that whan they heren that it semed to Plato, that this world had never beginninge of time, that it never shall have faylinge: they wene in thilke maner, that this worlde be makid eterne, wyth his maker, as who saythe, they wene that this worlde and God be makid togither eterne. And that is a wrongful wening, for other thing it is to be ladde by the life interminable, as Plato graunted to the worlde, and other thinge it is to embrace togither al the presence of the life that is interminable, which thinge is clere and manifest to the dyvine thought. Ne it ne shulde not seme to us that God is elder than thinges that ben makid, by quantite of time, but rather by the propriete of his simple nature. For this ylke infynite movynges of temporal thynges foloweth thys presentary estate of thys lyfe immovable, and so as it ne maie not countrefeten ne faine it, ne be evenlike to it for the immobilitie, that is to say, that is in the eternite of God, it faileth and faileth into mowing fro the simplicitie of the presence of God, and discrepeth in the infinite quantite of future and preterite. And so as it may not have togydre all the plentie of the lyfe, algates yet for as moch as it cese never for to ben in some maner, yet it semeth somdele to us, that it foloweth and ressemblieth thilke thinge, that it ne may not attaine to ne fulfyllen, and bindeth it selfe to some maner presence of thys lytel moment: the whiche presence of thys lytel and swifte moment for that it bereth a maner ymage of lykenesse of the ayedwelling of God, it graunteth to soche maner thinges, as it betideth to, that it semeth hem as these thynges have ben, and ben. And for that the presence of soche lytel moment ne may not dwell, therefore it ravished and toke th' infinite waie of time, that is to saye, by succession, and by this manere it is done, for that it shulde continue the life in goyng, of the whiche lyfe it ne might not embrace the plentie of dwelling. And forthy, if we wollen put worthy names to thinges, that folowen Plato, let us saye than sothelye, that God is eterne, and that the worlde is perpetuell. Than sithe every judgement knoweth and comprehendeth by his owne nature, thinges that ben subject unto hym, there is to God alwaies an eterne and a presentarie estate. And the seynce of hym that overpasseth al temporal moment, dwelleth in simplicitie of his presence, and embraseth and confydereth all the infynite spaces of tymes preterities, and of tymes futures. And loketh in his simple knowing, al thynges of preterite, right as thei weren ydon presently right now.

If thou wolte than thynken and advise the prescience, by whiche it knoweth al thinges, thou ne shalt not demen it as prescience of thinges to comen, but thou shalt demen more rightfully that is science of presence or of instance that never ne faileth, for whiche it n'is not ycleped providence, but it shuld rather ben cleped purveiaunce, which is established full ferre fro right low thinges, and beholdeth from aserre al thinges, right as it were fro the hyc hyght of thynges. Why askest thou than, or why disputest thou than that thilke thynges ben doen by necessite, whiche that ben yfene and yknowen by the divine sight, sythe that forsothe men ne maken nat thilke thynges necessary, whiche that they sene ben ydon in ther sight, for addeth thy beholding any necessite to thilke thinges whiche thou beholdest present? *Bo. Naye* (q<sup>d</sup> I). *Phi. Certes* (q<sup>d</sup> she) than, yf men mighten maken any digne comparison or collacion of the presence divine, and of the presence of mankind, right so as ye sene some thinges in this temporal presence, right so seeth God all thing by his eterne presence. Wherefore this divine prescience ne chaungeth not the nature of the propertie of thinges, but beholdeth soch thinges present to him warde, as they shulden betyden to you warde in tyme to comen. Ne it ne confoundeth not the judgement of thinges, but by one syght of his thought, he knoweth the thinges to comen, as wel necessary as not necessary. Right so whan ye sene together a man walke on the erthe, and the sonne arisen in the heaven, al be it so that ye sene al togither that one and that other: yet nevertheles ye demen and discernen, that that one is voluntary, and that other is necessary: Right so than the divine lookinge, beholdinge al thinges under him, ne troubleth nat the qualite of thinges that ben certainly presente to him warde, but as to the condicion of tyme, forsothe they ben future, for whiche it foloweth that this n'ys none opinion, but rather a stedfaste knowing ystrengthened by sothensse, that whan that God knoweth any thinge to be, he ne unwote nat that thilke thyng wantedh necessite to be, this is to saine, that when that God knoweth any thinge to betide, he wote wel that it ne hath no necessite to betide. And yf thou seist here that thilke thing that God seeth to betide, it ne may nat unbetide, as who saythe it mote betyde, and thilke thinge that ne may nat unbetide, it mote betiden by necessite, and that thou streyn me to this name of the necessite, certes I will well confessen and beknowen a thyng of full sad trouthe, but uneth shall there anie wight mow sene it or come thereto, but if that he be beholder of the divine thought, for I wil answer The thus, that thilke thinge that is future when it is referred to the divine knowinge than it is necessary. But certes whan it is understanden in his owne kind, men sene it utterly fre and absolute fro all necessity. For certes there ben two maners of necessities, that one necessite is simple, as thus, that it behoveth by necessite that all men be mortall or dedlye. Another necessite is condicionell, as thus, yf thou wost that a man walketh, it behoveth by necessite that he walke, thilke thing than that any wight hath yknowe to be, it ne may nat ben none other wyse than he knoweth it to be. But this condicion ne draweth not with her thilke necessite simple, for certes this necessite condicionell, the propre nature of it ne maketh it nat, but the adjection of the condicion maketh it. For no necessite ne constraineth a man to gon, that goeth by his proper wil, al be it so, that whan he goth, that is necessary that he goth. Right on this same maner than, yf that the purveiaunce of God seeth any thinge present, than mote thilke thinge ben by necessity, although that it ne have no necessity of

propertie



of his owne nature. But certes the futures that be-  
tyden by fredom of arbytrie, God seeth 'hem al to-  
giðer present. These thynges than if they ben re-  
ferred to the diuine sight, than ben they makèd ne-  
cessarie by the condicion of the diuine knowinge. But  
certes, if thilke thynges ben confidred by 'hemselfe,  
they ben absolute of necessitie, and ne forletten not, ne  
cessen not of the libertie of ther owne nature. Than  
certes, without dout all the thynges shullen ben don  
whiche that God wote beforen that they ben to com-  
en and betiden of fre arbitrie, or of frewyll, that al  
be it so that they betiden, yet algates ne lese they  
not ther proper nature in beyng, by the whiche  
firste or they weren doen, they hadden power not  
to have betidde. *Bo.* What is this to saine than (qð  
I) that thynges ne be not necessary by ther proper  
nature, so that they comen in al ther maners in the  
likenesse of necessitie, by condicion of the diuine sci-  
ence? *Phi.* This is the difference (qð she) that  
tho thynges which that I proposed The a lytel here  
beforen, that is to saine, the Sonne arisyng, and the  
man walkyng, that ther whiles that thilk thynges ben  
done, they ne might not ben undone. Nathelesse  
that one of 'hem or it was done, it behoueth by ne-  
cessite that it was done, but not that other. Right  
so it is here that the thynges whiche that God hath  
present, withouten doute they shullen ben, but some  
of 'nem discendeth of the nature of thynges, as the  
sonne arisyng, and some discendeth of the power of  
the doers, as the manne walkyng. *Bo.* Then said  
I, no wronge, that if these thynges be referred to the  
diuine knowyng, than ben they necessary, and if  
they ben confydred by 'hemselfe, than ben they ab-  
solute fro the bonde of necessite. Right so as al  
thynges that apereth or sheweth to the wittes, if  
thou referre 'hem to reson it is universall, and if  
thou loke it or refer it to it self, than is it singuler.  
But nowe if thou saiest thus, that if that it be in my  
power to chaungen my purpose, than shall I voiden  
the purveiaunce of God, whan paraventure, I shall  
have chaunged the thynges whiche that he knoweth  
beforen.

*Phi.* Than shall I answeren The thus: Certes  
thou maiste wel chaunge thy purpose, but for as  
moche as the present sothnesse of the diuine purue-  
aunce beholdeth that thou maiste chaunge thy pur-  
pose, and whether thou chaunge it or no, and whi-  
erward that thou tourne it, thou ne maist not eschue  
the diuine prescience, right so thou ne maiste not slið  
the sight of the present eye, although that thou  
tourne thy self by thy frewil into divers actions. But

thou maiste saine ayen to this thus: How shall  
it than be, shall not the diuine science ben chaunge  
by my disposicion, whan that I will one thing nowe,  
and now another thing? And thilke prescience ne  
semeth it not to entrechaunge stoundes of knowinge,  
as who saithe, ne shal it not semen to us, that the di-  
vine prescience entrechaungeth his diuers stoundes of  
knowinge, so that it knowe sometime one thing,  
and sometime it knoweth the contrarie of that  
thing?

*Phi.* No forsothe (qð she) for the diuine sight remeth  
beforen and seeth al the futures, and clepeth 'hem  
ayen, and re.ourneth 'hem to the propre prescience  
of his propre knowinge, ne he entrechaungeth nor,  
so as thou wenest the stoundes of his foreknowyng,  
as nowe this, nowe that: but he dwelling aye com-  
eth beforen, and embraseth at o stroke al the muta-  
cions. And this prescience to comprehenden and to  
sene al thynges God ne hath not taken it of the be-  
tidinges of thynges to comen, but of his propre sym-  
plicite. And hereby is alloied thilke thynges that  
thou puttest a litel here beforen, that is to saine,  
that it is unworthy thing to loun, that our futures  
yeven cause of the prescience of God. For certes  
strength of the diuine science, whiche that embras-  
eth al thynges by his presentary knowyng, establiseth  
maner to all thynges, and it ne oweth not to latter  
thynges. And lithe that these thynges ben thus, that  
is to saine, that necessite is not in thynges by the di-  
vine prescience, than is ther fredom of arbitrie that  
dwelleth whole and unweymmed to mortal men, ne  
the lawes ne purposen not wycked medes, and  
and paines to the willinges of men, that ben unboun-  
den and quite of all necessite: And God beholder  
and foreweter of al thynges dwelleth above, and the  
presente eternite of sight remeth alwaye wyth the  
diuers qualite of our dedes, dispensyng or ordeining  
medes to gode men, and tourmentes to wicked men.  
Ne in ydel ne in vaine ne ben ther not put in God  
hope and praiers, that ne mowen not ben unspedeful,  
ne without effecte, whan they ben rightful.

Withstande than and eschewe thou vyces, wor-  
shippe and love thou vertues, areyse thy corage to  
rightful hopes, yelde thou humble praiers and highe.  
Grete necessite of prowesse and of vertue is encharged  
and commaunded to you, if ye n'il not dissimulen,  
sith that ye worchen and done, that is to saine,  
your dedes and youre werkes beforen the eyen of  
the judge, that seeth and also that demeth al thynges.  
*Deo Grattias.*

on

Thus endeth the Boke of BOECIUS of the Consolacion of Philosophie.

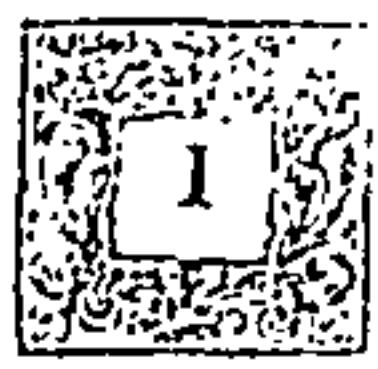


The



## The Dreame of CHAUCER.

By the Person of a mourning Knight sitting under an Oak, is meant *John of Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaster*, greatly lamenting the Death of one whom he entirely loved, supposed to be *Blanch* the Dutcheß.



Have grete wonder by this light  
Howe that I lyve, for daye ne night  
I maye not slepin welny nought,  
I have so many' an ydle thought,

Purely for the defaute of slepe,  
That by my trouth, I take no kepe  
Of nothing, howe it cometh or gothe,  
Ne me n'ys nothing lese nor lothe,  
Al is iliche gode to me  
Joye or sorowe, where so it be,  
For I have felinge in nothing,  
But as it were a masid thing  
Al day in pointe to fall adoun,  
For so'rowful ymaginacioun  
Is alway wholly in my minde.

And well ye wote that againste kinde  
It were to livin in this wise,  
For nature ne wolde not suffise  
Unto none erthy creature  
Not longe tyme to endure  
Withoutin slepe, and be in sorowe,  
And I ne may ne night ne morowe  
Slepin, and this melancolye  
And drede I havin for to die;  
Defaute of slepe and heviness  
Hath slaine my spirite of quicknesse,  
That I have lost al lustihed  
Soche fantasies ben in mine hed,  
So I n'ot what is best to do.  
But men might askin me whiffo  
I may not slepe, and what me is?

But natheles, who askith thys  
Lefeth his askyng trewily,  
My selvin can not tellin why  
The sothe, but trewly as I gess  
I holde it be a sikeness,  
That I have suffrid this cyght yere,  
And yet my bore is ner the nere,  
For there is phisicien but one  
That may me hele, but that is done,  
Passin we ovir until este,  
That wil not be, mote nedes be leste,  
Our first matir is gode to kepe.

So whan I sawe I might not slepe,  
Til now of late this othir night  
Upon my bedde I fate upright,  
And bade one rechin me a boke,  
A Romauncè, and it me toke  
To rede, and drive the night away,  
For why? me thought it betir play  
Than play either at Chessè or tables.

And in this boke were writtin fables,  
That Clerkis had in oldè time,  
And othir poetes, put in rhyme,  
To rede, and for to be in minde,  
While men lovid the lawe of kinde.  
This boke ne spake but of soche thinges  
Of quenis livis, and of kinges,  
And many othir thingis smale;  
Amonge al this I fonde a tale,

Whiche that me thought a wondir thing.  
This was the tale: There was a king

That hight Ceix, and had a wife  
The best that mightin berin lyfe,  
And this quenè hight Alcyone;  
So it befil, thereafter sone  
This king wol wendin ovir Se;  
To tellin shortly, whan that he  
Was in the Se, thus in this wise  
Soche a tempest began to ryse  
That brake ther maste, and made it fal,  
10 And clesste ther ship, and dreint 'hem al,  
That nevir was founde, as it telles,  
Ne borde ne man, ne nothing elles;  
Right thus this king yloste his life.

Nowe for to spekin of his wife,  
This ladie, that was leste at home  
Hath wondir, that the kinge ne come  
Home, for it was a longè terme,  
Anon her herte began to yerne,  
80 And for that her thought evirmo  
It was not wele, her thoughtin so,  
She longid so aftir the king,  
That certes it were a pitous thing  
To tell her hertely so'rowful lyfe,  
Whiche that she had, this noble wife,  
For him she lovid aldirbest;  
Anon she sent both est and west  
To seke him, but they founde him nought.

Alas (qð she) that I was wrought!  
90 And where my lorde my love be ded,  
Certis I n'yl nevir ete bred,  
30 I make a vowe to my God here,  
But I mowe of my lordè here.

Soche sorowe this lady to' her toke,  
That trewly I, that made this boke,  
Yhad soche pite, and soche routhe  
To rede her so'rowe, that by my trouthe  
I farid the worse al the morowe  
Aftir to thinkin on her sorowe.

So whan that she coude here no worde,  
40 That no man myghtin finde her lorde,  
Ful ofte she swouned, and saide alas!  
For sorow ful nigh wode she was,  
Ne she ne coude no rede but one,  
But downe on knees she fate anone,  
And wept, that pite was to here.

A mercy my swete lady dere,  
Qð she to Juno her goddesse,  
Helpith me out of this distresse,  
110 And yeve me grace my lorde to se  
Sone, or to wete where so he be,  
Or howe he fareth, or in what wise,  
And I shal make you sacrifice,  
And wholly yours become I shal,  
With gode wil, body, herte and al;  
And but thou wolte this, lady swete,  
Sendin me grace to slepe and mete  
In my slepe some certaine swevin,  
Where through that I may knowe evin  
Whethir my lorde be quicke or ded.

60 With that worde she hinge down the hed,  
And fel in a swoone, as colde as stone,  
Her women caught her up anone,

And



And broughtin her in bed al naked,  
 And she forwepid and forwaked  
 Was wery, and thus the ded slepe  
 Yfel on her, or she toke kepe,  
 Through Juno, that had herde her bone,  
 That madin her to slepe sone;  
 For as she praide, right so was don  
 In dede, for Juno right anon  
 Ycallid thus her messangere  
 To do' her eraunde, and he come nere:  
 Whan he was come, she bad him thus,  
 Go bet (qð Juno) to Morpheus,  
 Thou knowest him wel, the god of slepe,  
 Nowe understande wel, and take kepe,  
 Say thus on my behalfe, that he  
 Go fast into the gretè Se,  
 And bid him that on alle thinge  
 He take up Ceix body the kinge,  
 That lieth ful pale, and nothinge rody,  
 Byd him crepin into the body,  
 And do it gone to Alcyone  
 The quene, there she lyith alone,  
 And shewe her shortly' it is no nay  
 Howe it was dreint this othir day,  
 And do the body speke right so  
 Right as it was womnid to do  
 The whilis that it was alyve;  
 Goith nowe fast, and hye The blive.  
 This messanger toke leve and went  
 Upon his way, and nevre' he stente  
 Tyl he came to the darke valey,  
 That stante betwixtin rockis twey,  
 There nevir yet grewe corne ne gras,  
 Ne tre, ne nothing that ought was,  
 Ne best ne man, ne nothing elles,  
 Save that there werin a fewe welles,  
 Came renning fro the clyffes adowne;  
 That made a dedly slepinge sowne,  
 And rennin downe right by a cave,  
 That was undir a rocke ygrave  
 Amyd the valey wondir depe,  
 There as these goddis lay a slepe,  
 Morpheus and Eclympasteyre,  
 That was the god of slep'is heire,  
 That slepte, and did none othir werke.  
 This cave ywas also as derke  
 As hel pitte, ovir all aboute,  
 They had gode leysir for to route  
 To vye who mightin slepe best,  
 Some hinge ther chinne upon ther brest,  
 And slepte upright ther hed yhed,  
 And some lay nakid in ther bed,  
 And sleptin whiles their dayis last.  
 This messaunger come renning fast,  
 And cried ho ho, awake anone;  
 It was for naught, there herde him none;  
 Awake (qð he) who lyith there?  
 And blewe his horne right in ther ere,  
 And cried awakith wondir hic.  
 This god of slepe with his one eye  
 Cast up, and asked who clepith there?  
 It am I (qð this messangere)  
 Juno bade that thou shouldist gone,  
 And toldin him what he should done,  
 As I have tolde you here before,  
 It is no nede reherse it more,  
 And wente his way whan he had saide:  
 Anone this god of slepe abraide  
 Out of his slepe, and gan to go,  
 And did as he had bidde him do,  
 He toke up the ded body sone,  
 And bare it forthe to Alcyone,  
 His wife, the quene, there as she lay,  
 Right even a quartir before day,

And stode right at her bedd'is fete,  
 And callid her right as she hete  
 By name, and said: My swetè wife,  
 Awake, let be your so'rowful lyfe,  
 For in your so'row there lyth no rede,  
 For certes, swete love, I am but dede,  
 Ye shall me ner on lyve yse,  
 But gode swete herte, I praye, that ye  
 Bury my body, soche a tide  
 Ye mowe it finde, the Se beside,  
 And farewel swete, my world'is blisse,  
 I pray that God your sorowe lytfe,  
 To lytel while our blisse ylasteth.  
 With that her eyin up she callteth,  
 And sawe naught; alas! for sorowe  
 She died within the thirde morowe.  
 But what she said more in that swowe  
 I may nat tellin you as nowe,  
 It were to longè for to dwel,  
 My first matere I wil you tel,  
 Wherfore I have ytolde this thinge  
 Of Alcyone, and Ceix the kinge.  
 For thus moche dare I sayin well,  
 I had be dolvin everidel,  
 And ded, right through defaute of slepe,  
 Yf I ne had red, and take kepe  
 Of this ilke tale next before,  
 And I wil tellin you wherfore,  
 For I ne might for bote ne bale  
 Stepin, or I had redde this tale  
 Of this ydreinte Ceix the kinge,  
 And of the goddis of slepinge.  
 Whan I had red this tale wele,  
 And ovirlooked it everidele,  
 Me thought wondir, if it were so,  
 For I had ner herde speke or tho  
 Of no goddis, that couldin make  
 Men for to slepe, ne for to wake,  
 And I ne knewe ner God but one,  
 And in my game I said anone,  
 (And yet me lyst right il to pley)  
 Rathir than that I shuldin dey  
 Thorough defaute of slepinge thus,  
 I woldin gyve thilke Morpheus,  
 Or that goddesse hight dame Juno,  
 Or some wight els, I ne rought who,  
 To make me slepe, and have some rest,  
 I will give him the althir best  
 Yeste, that er he abode his lyve,  
 And herconwarde right now as blyve,  
 If he wold make me slepe a hte,  
 Of downe of pure Dovyis white  
 I wol yeve him a fethir bed,  
 Rayid with gold, and right wel cled  
 In fine blacke Sattin doutremere,  
 And many' a pilowe', and every bere  
 Of clothe of raines to slepe on softe,  
 Him thare not nede to turnin ofte,  
 And I wol yeve him al that falles  
 To his chambre and to his halles,  
 I wol do painte 'nem with pure golde,  
 And tapite 'hem ful many folde,  
 Of one sute this shal he yhave,  
 If that I wille where were his cave,  
 If he can make me slepin sone,  
 As did the goddesse, quene Alcyone,  
 And thus this ylle god Morpheus  
 May winnin of me mo fies thus  
 Than er he wanne; and to Juno  
 That 'is his goddesse, I shal so do,  
 I trowe, that she shal hoide her paide  
 I had unneth that worde ifaide,  
 Right thus as I have toldin you,  
 That sodeinly I ne wiste howe



Soche a luste anone me ytoke  
 To slepe, that right upon my boke  
 I fel aslepe, and ther-with even  
 Me mette so inly soche a sweven,  
 So wondirfull, that nevir yet  
 I trowe no man ne had the wit  
 To connin wel my fæcyn rede,  
 No nought Joseph withoutin drede  
 Of Egypt, he which that rad so  
 The king's metinge Pharao,  
 No more than coude the lesle of us,  
 Ne nat fearly Macrobeus,  
 He that wrote al the' avision,  
 Whiche that he met kinge Scipion,  
 The noble man, the Affrican,  
 Soche mervailis fortunid than  
 I trowe arede my dremis even,  
 Lo! thus it was, this was my sweven.  
 Me thoughtin thus, that is was Maye,  
 And in the dawning there I lay  
 Me met thus in my bed al naked,  
 And lokid forthe, for I was waked  
 With smale foulis a gret hepe,  
 That had afraied me' out of my slepe  
 Through noise, and swetnesse of ther songe,  
 And as me met, they fate amonge  
 Upon my chambre rose without,  
 Upon the tyles ove' al about,  
 And everiche tonge in his wise  
 The mosse swete and solemne servise  
 By note, that evir man I trowe  
 Had herde, for some of 'hem songe lowe,  
 Some high, and al of one accorde,  
 To tellin shortly, at o worde,  
 Was nevir herde so swete a steven,  
 But it had be a thinge of heven,  
 So merie' a sowne, so swete entunes,  
 That certis for the towne of Tewnes  
 I n'olde, but I had herde 'hem singe,  
 For al my chambre gan to ringe  
 Through singin of ther harmony;  
 For instrument, nor melody,  
 Was no where herde yet halfe so swete,  
 Nor of acorde halfe so mete,  
 For there was none of 'hem that fained  
 To singe, for eche of 'hem him painid  
 To finde out many crafty notes,  
 They ne yspaid nat ther throtes;  
 And soth to faine, my chambre was  
 Ful wel d. paintid, and with glas  
 Were al the windowes wel yglased  
 Ful clere, and nat an hole ycrased,  
 That to beholde it was grette joy,  
 For wholly al the flory' of Troy  
 Was in the glaiunge ywrought thus,  
 Of Hector, and kinge Priamus,  
 Achilles, and kinge Lamedon,  
 And eke Medea, and Jason,  
 Of Paris, Heleine, and Lavine,  
 And al the walles with colours fine  
 Were paintid, bothe texte and glose,  
 And al the Romaunte of the Rose;  
 My wyndowes wern shet echone,  
 And through the glasse the sunne yshone  
 Upon my bed with bright bemis,  
 With many glad gildy firemis,  
 And eke the welkin was so faire,  
 Blewe, bright, and clere ywas the ayre,  
 And ful attempre', in sothe it was,  
 For neithir colde, ne hote it n'as;  
 Ne' in al the welkin was no clowde.  
 And as I lay thus, wondir lowde  
 Me thought I herde an huntir blowe  
 T' allay his gret horne, and to knowe

Whethre' it was clere, or horse of sowne.  
 And I herde goynge up and downe  
 Men, horsis, houndes, and othir thinge,  
 And al men spekin of huntinge,  
 How they wolde sle the harte with strength,  
 And how the harte had upon length  
 So moche enbofed, I n'ot nowe what.  
 Anon right whan I herdin that,  
 How that they wolde on huntinge gone,  
 I was right glad, and up anone  
 I toke my horse, and forth I wente  
 Out of chambre, I nevir stente  
 Tyl I come to the felde without,  
 There ovirtoke I a grette rout  
 Of huntirs, and of foresters,  
 And many relaics and limers,  
 That hied 'hem to the forest fast,  
 And I with 'hem, so at the last  
 I askid one lad, a lymere,  
 Say felowe, who shal huntin here,  
 (Qð I) and he answered ayen,  
 Sir, the Emperour Octonyen,  
 (Qð he) and he is here faste by.  
 A goddes halfe, in gode tyme (qð I)  
 Than go we fast, and gan to ride;  
 Whan we come to the forest side,  
 Every man ydyd right sone  
 As unto huntinge fel to done.  
 The maistr huntre anone fote hote  
 With his clere horne yblewe thremote  
 At the uncouplinge of his houndis,  
 Within a while, the harte founde is,  
 I halowed, and rechafid fast  
 A longe time, and so at the last  
 This harte rousid and stale away  
 Fro al the houndes a privy way.  
 The houndes had ovirshot him all,  
 And were on a defaulte yfal,  
 Therwith the hont full wondir fast  
 Yblewe a forloyn at the laste,  
 I was go walkid fro my tre,  
 And as I went, there came by me  
 A whelpe, that fawned me as I stode,  
 That had folowed, and coude no gode,  
 It came and crepte to me as lowe,  
 Right as it had me wele yknowe,  
 Helde down his hed, and joyned his eres,  
 And laide al smothe adowne his heres.  
 I wolde have caught it up anone,  
 It fled, and was fro me ygone,  
 As I folowed, and it forth went,  
 Downe by a floury grene it went  
 Ful thick of grasse, ful softe and swete,  
 With flouris sele fare undir fete,  
 And lytil used, it semid thus,  
 For bothe Flora, and Zephyrus,  
 They two, that makin flouris growe,  
 Had made ther dwelling there I trowe,  
 For it was on for to beholde  
 As though the crthe there envye wolde  
 To be gayir than is the heven,  
 To havin mo flouris soche seven  
 As in the welkin sterris be,  
 It had forget the povirte  
 Of wintir, through his coldè morowes  
 That made it suffre, and his sorowes  
 Al was forieten, and that was sene,  
 For all the wode was woxin grene,  
 Swetnesse of dewe had made it waxe.  
 It is no nede eke for to axe  
 Where there were many grenè groves,  
 Or thicke of trees, so ful of leves,  
 And every tree stode by him selve  
 Fro othir, wel ten fote or twelve,



So grete trees, and so huge of strength,  
Of fourty' or fifti' some length,  
All clene withoutin bowe or sticke,  
With croppis brode, and eke as thicke,  
They werin not an ynche asonder,  
That it was shadde ovir' all under,  
And many' an hart, and many' an hinde  
Was both before me, and behinde,  
Of fawnis, sowirs, buckis, does,  
Was ful the wode, and many roes,  
And many squirrels, that sete  
Ful high upon the trees and ete,  
And in ther manir madin festes,  
Shortly, it was so ful of bestes,  
That though Argus the noble countour  
Yfate to rekin in his countour,  
And rekin with his figures ten,  
For by tho figures newe al ken,  
If they be crafty, reken and nombre,  
And tel of every thing the nombre,  
Yet shulde he faile to rekin even  
The wonders me met in my sweven;  
But forthe I romed right wondir faste  
Downe through the wode, so at the lasse  
I was ware of a man in blacke,  
That sate, and had yturned his backe  
Unto an ooke, and huge tre,  
Lord! tho thought I, who may that be?  
What cylith him to sittin here?  
And anon right I went him nere,  
Than founde I fitte evin upright  
A wondir faire wel-faring knight,  
By the manir me thoughtin so,  
Of gode mokil, right yonge therto,  
Of the' age of foure and twenty yere,  
Upon his berde but litil here,  
And he was clothid al in blacke;  
I stalkid even unto his backe,  
And there I stode, as stil as ought,  
The sothe to say, he saw me nought,  
For why? he hinge his hed adowne,  
And with a dedly so'rowful sowne  
He made of rime ten verses or twelve  
Of a complainte unto himselve,  
The moste pite, and the most routhe,  
That evir I herde, for by trouthe  
It was grete wondir that nature  
Might suffre any creature  
To have soche sorow', and he not ded,  
Ful pitous pale, and nothing red  
He laid a lay, a manir songe,  
Withoutin note, withoutin songe,  
And was this, for ful wel I can  
Reherse it, right thus it began.  
I have of sorowe so grete wone,  
That joye ne get I nevir none,  
Nowe that I se my lady bright,  
Which I have loved with all my might,  
Is fro me ded, and is agone,  
And thus in sorowe' leste me alone;  
Alas! o dethe, what cylith The,  
That thou n'oldist have takin me,  
Whan that thou toke my lady swete?  
Of all godenes she had none mete,  
That was so faire, so freshe, so fre,  
So gode, that men may wel yse.  
Whan he had made thus his complainte,  
His sorowful hert gan faste faine,  
And his spiritis wexin dede,  
The blode was fledde, for pure drede,  
Downe to his herte, to maken him warme,  
For wel it feled the herte had harme,  
To wete eke why it was adradde,  
By kinde, and for to make it gladde,

For it is membre principal  
Of the body, and that made al  
His hewe ychaunge, and wexin grene,  
And pale, for there no blode is sene  
Within no manir lymme of his.  
Anon therwith, whan I sawe this, 500  
He farde thus yvil, there he sete,  
I went and stode right at his fete,  
And grette him, but he spake right nought,  
But arguid with his owne thought, 430  
And in his witte disputid faste  
Bothe why, and howe his lyfe might laste,  
Him thought his sorowes were so sinerte,  
And lay so colde upon his herte.  
So through his sorowe', and holy thought  
Made him that he ne herde me nought, 510  
For he had welnye lost his minde,  
Though Pan, that men clepe god of kinde,  
Were for his sorowes ner so wrothe.  
But at the last, to faine right sothe, 440  
He was ware of me, howe I stode  
Before him, and did of my hode,  
And had gret him, as I best coude,  
Debonairly, and nothing loude,  
He said, I pray The be not wrothe,  
I herde The not, to faine the sothe, 520  
Ne I sawe The not, sir, truly.  
Ah gode sir, tho no force (qð I)  
I am right sorry, if I have ought  
Distroublid you out of your thought, 450  
Forieve me, if I have myselfetake.  
Yes, the amindes is light to make,  
(Qð he) for there lithe non therto,  
There is nothing mislaide, nor do.  
Lo howe godely yspake this knight, 530  
As it had be anothir wight,  
And made it neithir tough ne queint!  
And I sawe that, and gan me' aqueint  
With him, and founde him so trefable,  
Right wondir skylful and reso'nable, 460  
As me thoughtin, for all his bale,  
Anon right I gan finde a tale  
To him, to loke where I might ought  
Have more knowleging of his thought.  
Sir (qð I) this game is ydone,  
I holde that this hart be ygone, 540  
These huntis can him no where se.  
I do no force therof (qð he)  
My thought is theron ner a dele;  
By' our lorde (qð I) I trowe you wele,  
Right so me thinkith by your chere;  
But sir, o thing wollin ye here?  
Me thinketh in gret sorowe' I you se,  
But certis sir, and if that ye  
Wolde aught discovir me your wo,  
I wolde, as wise God helpe me so, 550  
Amende it, if I can or may,  
Ye mowin prove it by assay,  
For by my trouthe, to make you whole  
I wol do al my powir whole, 480  
And telleth me of your sorowes smert,  
Paramunter it may cle your herte,  
That semeth ful lyke undir your side.  
With that he lokid on me aside,  
As who saithe nay, that n'yl not be.  
Graunt mercy my gode frende (qð he) 560  
I thanke The, that thou woldist so,  
But it may ner the rather be do,  
No man ne may my sorowe glade,  
That maketh my hewe to fal and fade, 490  
And hath myn understanding lorne,  
That me is wo, that I was borne,  
May nought make my sorowis flyde,  
Not all the remedies of Ovide, 570



Ne Orpheus, god of melodie,  
 Ne Dædalus, with his playes flye,  
 Ne hele me may no physicien,  
 I thought Hippocrates, ne Galen,  
 My wo, that I live houris twelve,  
 But wold wol assaye him seive,  
 Whether his hert can have pite  
 Of any sorowe, let him se me,  
 I wretche, that dethe hath made al naked  
 Of al the blisse that er was maked,  
 I wrothe, the werste of all wightes,  
 That hate my dayis, and my nightes,  
 My lyfe, my lustis, be me lothe,  
 For alle fare and I be wrothe,  
 The pure deth is so ful my foe,  
 That I wolde die, it wil not soe,  
 For whan I folowe' it, it wil flye,  
 I wold have him, it wil not me;  
 And this is paine withoutin rede,  
 Alway dyinge and be not dede;  
 That Sisyphus that lyeth in hel  
 Ne may not of more sorowe tel,  
 And who so wiste al, by my trouthe,  
 All my sorowe, but he hadde routhe  
 And pyte of my sorowes sinerte,  
 That man yhath a fendely herte;  
 For who so seeth me first on morowe,  
 May sayne that he hath met with sorowe,  
 For I am sorowe', and sorowe' is I,  
 Alas! and I wyl tel The why,  
 My sorowe' is tournid to playnyng,  
 And al my laughtir to weping,  
 My glad thoughtis to hevynesse,  
 In travaile is myn ydlenesse,  
 And eke my rest, my wele is wo;  
 My gode is harme, and evirmo  
 In wrathe is tournid my playing,  
 And my delite in sorowing,  
 Myn hele is turned into sickenesse,  
 In drede is al my syckerenesse,  
 To derke is turnid al my lyght,  
 My wytte is foly, my day night,  
 My love is hate, my slepe wakyng,  
 My mirth and melis is fastyng,  
 My countinaunce is nicete,  
 And al abawed, where so I be,  
 My pece is pleding, and in werre,  
 Alas, howe might I fare in werre!  
 My boldenesse is turnid to shame,  
 For false fortune hath played a game,  
 At chesse with me, alas the while!  
 The trayteresse false and fui of gyle,  
 That al behoteth, and nothing halte,  
 She gothe upright, and yet she halte,  
 That baggith soule, and lokith fayre,  
 The dispitous and debonaire,  
 That scornith many a creature,  
 An ydole of false portraiture  
 Is she, for she wol soner wryen  
 She is the monstri's hed ywryen,  
 As filthe, ovir ystrowed with floures,  
 Her moste worship, and her floures,  
 To lyen, for that is her nature  
 Withoutin faith, lawe, or mesure,  
 She false is, and evir laughing  
 With one eye, and that othir weping,  
 That is brought up, she set al downe,  
 I likin her to the Scorpiowne,  
 That is a false and flateriing best,  
 For with his ded be makith fest,  
 But al amynd his flateringe  
 With his taile he wil sorely styng,  
 And envenim, and so wil she,  
 She is the envious charite,

That is aye false, and semith wele,  
 So turnith she her false whele  
 About, for it is nothing stable,  
 Nowe by the fyre, nowe at the table;  
 Ful many' one hath she thus yblent,  
 She is playe of enchauntement,  
 That semith one, and is not so,  
 The false thefe, what hath she do? 650  
 Trowest thou? by' our Lorde I wil The say,  
 At Chesse with me she gan to play,  
 With her false draughtis ful divers  
 She stale on me, and toke my fers, 580  
 And whan I sawe my fers away,  
 Alas! I couth no lengir play,  
 But sayid, farewell, swete ywis,  
 And farewell al that er there is,  
 Therwith fortune ysaid, cheke here,  
 And mate in the' myd poynt of the' checkere 660  
 With a paunc errant, alas!  
 Ful craftyir to play she was  
 Than Achaus that made the game  
 First of the Chesse, so was his name,  
 But God woide I had ones or twise  
 Iconde, and knowe the jeoperdise,  
 That coude the Greke Pythagores,  
 I shulde have plaide the bet at ches,  
 And kept my fers the bet therby,  
 And though wherto? for trewily 670  
 I holde that wishe not worthe a stre,  
 It had be ner the bet for me,  
 For fortune can so many' a wyle,  
 Ther be but fewe can her begile,  
 And eke she is the lassie to blame,  
 My selfe I wolde have do the same,  
 Before God, had I ben as she,  
 She ought the more excusid be,  
 For this I say yet more therto,  
 Had I be God, and might have do 680  
 My wyl, whan she my fers ycaught,  
 I wolde have drawen the same draught,  
 For al so wise God gyve me reste,  
 I dare wel swere, she toke the beste,  
 But throughe that draught I have ylorne  
 My blyse, alas that I was borne!  
 For evirmore I trowe trewly,  
 For al my wil, my luste wholly  
 Is turne, but wote ye, what to done?  
 By' our Lorde it is to dyin sone, 690  
 For nothings I ne love it nought,  
 But lyve and dye, right in this thought,  
 There n'ys planet in firmamente,  
 Ne' in ayre ne' in erthe none elemente,  
 That they ne yeve me' a yeste echone  
 Of wepyng, whan I am alone;  
 For whan that I advise me wele,  
 And bethinke me everydele,  
 How that there lieth in rekininge  
 In my sorowis for nothings, 700  
 And howe there livith no gladnesse  
 May gladdin me of my distresse,  
 And howe I have loste suffisaunce,  
 And therto I have no plesaunce,  
 Than may I say, I have right nought,  
 And whan al this falleth in my thought,  
 Alas, than am I ovircome,  
 For that is done, this not to come,  
 I have more sorowe than Tantale.  
 And whan I herde him tel this tale 710  
 Thus pitouilly, as I you tell,  
 Unnethis myght I lengir dwell,  
 It did myn herte so mochill wo.  
 A gode sir (qð I) say nat so,  
 Have some pite on your nature,  
 That fourmid you to a creature,



Remembrith you of Socrates,  
For he ne countith not thre strees  
Of nought that fortune coude ydo.

No (qð he) I ne can not so.  
Why gode sir, yes parde (qð I)  
Ne say not so for truily  
Though ye had lost the feris twelve,  
And for sorowe murdrid your selve,  
Ye shulde be dampnid in this case,  
By as gode right as Medea was,  
That slough her childrin for Jason,  
And Phyllis, for Demophoon  
That hing her self so welaway!  
For he had brokin his terme day  
To come to her! Anothir rage  
Had Dido, the quene of Carthage,  
That slough her self, for Æneas  
Was false, for whiche a fole she was;  
And Echo dyed for Narcissus  
Ne wolde nat love her, and right thus  
Hath many' an othir foly done,  
And for Dalila died Sampson,  
That sloughe him selfe with a pilere,  
But there is no man alive here  
Wolde for ther feris make this wo.

Why so? (qð he) it is not so,  
Thou wotest ful lytil what thou menest,  
For I have loste more than thou weneest.  
And howe may that ybe (qð I)  
Gode sir, tellith me al wholly,  
In what wise, howe, why, and wherefore  
That ye have thus your blisse ylore.

Blithely (qð he) come sit The down,  
I tel The on condicioun,  
Thou shalte wholly with all thy wit  
Do thyne entente to herkin it.

Yes, sir; than swere thy trouthe therto,  
Gladly to holdin The hereto.  
I shal right blithe, so God me save,  
Wholly with al the witte I have  
Here you as wel as er I can.

A godde's halfe (qð he) and began.

Sir (qð he) sithins firste I couthe  
Have any manir witte fro youthe,  
Or kindly understandinge,  
To comprehend in any thinge  
What love was, in mine ownè wit  
Dredilese I have evir yet  
Be tributary, and yeve rente  
To love wholly, with gode entente,  
And through plesaunce become his thral,  
With gode wil, body, herte and al,  
Al this I put in his servage,  
As to my lorde, and dyd homage;  
And full devoutly' I praide hym tho  
He shulde beset myne herte so,  
That it plesaunce unto him were,  
And worship to my lady dere.

And this was long, and many' a yere,  
(Er that min hert was set o where)  
That I dyd thus, and ne wist why,  
I trowe it came me kindly,  
Paraunter I was therto most able,  
As a white wal, or a table,  
For it' is redy to catché and take  
Al that men wollin therin make,  
Whethir men will portrey or painte,  
Be the werkis nevir so quainte.

And thilke tyme I farid right so,  
I was able to' have lernid tho,  
And to have conde, as wel or better,  
Parauntir, eithir arte or lettir,  
But for love came first in my thought,  
Therefore I ne forgate it nought,

720 I chees love to be my first crafte,  
And therefore it is with me laste,  
For why? I toke it of so yonge age;  
That malice ne had my corage  
Not that time turnid to nothing  
Thorough to mokil knowleging,  
For that tyme youth my maistresse  
Governid me in ydilnesse,  
For it was in my firste youth,  
And tho ful litil gode I couthe,  
For al my werkis were flitting  
That time, and al my thought varying;  
Al thinges were to me yliche gode,  
730 That knewe I tho, but thus it stode.

It happed that I came on a day  
In to a place, there that I sey  
Trewly the fairist companie  
Of ladies, that er man with eye  
Had sene togheters in o place,  
Shal I clepe it happe, eithir grace,  
800 That brought me there? nought but fortune,  
That is to lyin ful comune,  
The false traitresse perverse,  
740 God wolde that I coude clepe her werse,  
For now she worchith me ful wo,  
And I wol tel The sone why so.

Amonges these ladies thus echone,  
The sothe to sayin, I sawe one,  
That ne was lyke none of the route,  
For I dare swere, withoutin doute,  
820 That as the sommer's sonnè bright  
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more lyght  
Than any other planet in heven,

750 The monè, or the sterris seven,  
For al the worlde right so had she  
Surmountin hem al of beaute,  
Of manir, and of comlynesse  
Of stature, and wel set gladnesse,  
Of godelyhede, and so wel besey,  
830 Shortly, what shal I more ysey,

By God and by his holowes twelve,  
It was my swete right al her selve:  
She had so stedfast countenaunce,  
760 So noble porte, and maintenaunce;  
And Love, that wel yherde my bone  
Yhad espyid me thus sone,  
That she fill sonè in my thought,  
As helpe me God, so was I cought  
So sodainly, that I ne toke  
840 No maner counsaile, but at her loke,  
And at min herte, for why? her eyen  
So gladly I trowe myn herte feyne,  
That purely tho min ownè thought  
770 Said, it were bet serve her for nought,  
Than with anothir to be wele,  
And it was sothe, for every dele  
I wil anone right tel The why.

I sawe her daunce so comily,  
Carol and sing so swetily,  
And laugh, and play so womanly,  
850 And lokin so debonairly  
So godely speke and so frendely,  
That certes I trowe that evirmore  
N'as sene so blisful a tresore,

780 For evèry here on her hed  
The sothe to say it was not red,  
Ne neithir yelowè ne browne it n'as,  
Me thought moste like to golde it was,  
And whiche eyin my lady had,  
860 Debonaire, gode, and glad, and sad,  
Simple', of gode mokil, not to wide!  
Therto her loke n'as not aside,  
Ne' ovirthwart, but beset so wele,  
790 It drewe and toke up everydele



Al whiche that on her gan beholde,  
 Her eyin semed anone she wolde  
 Have mercy, folly wendin so,  
 But it was ner the rathir do,  
 It n'as no counterfetid thinge,  
 It was her owne pure loking,  
 Whiche that the goddesse dame Nature  
 Had made 'hem opin by mesure,  
 And close, for were she ner so glad,  
 Her loking was not folishe sprad,  
 Ne wildily, though that she plaide,  
 But er me thought her eyin saide  
 By God my wrathe is al forieue;  
 Therwith her lifte so well to live,  
 That dulnesse was of her adrad,  
 She n'as to sobre ne to glad,  
 In alle thingis more mesure  
 Ne had nevir I trowe cature,  
 But many' one with her loke she herte,  
 And that sate her full lyte at herte,  
 For she knewe nothinge of ther thought,  
 But wher she knewe, or knewe it nought,  
 Algate she ne' wrought of 'hem a stre,  
 To get her love no nere n'as he,  
 That woned at home, than he in Inde,  
 The formist was alway behinde;  
 But gode folke ovir al othir  
 She loved, as man may his brothir,  
 Of whiche love she was wondir large,  
 In skilful placis that bere charge;  
 But whiche a visage had she therto!  
 Alas! my herte is wondir wo,  
 That I ne can descrivin it,  
 Me lackith both Englishe and wit  
 For to undo it at the ful,  
 And eke my spirites ben so dull,  
 So gret a thinge for to devise,  
 I have not wyt that can suffyse  
 To comprehendin her beaute;  
 But thus moche I dare saine, that she  
 Was white, rody, freshe, lifely hewed,  
 And every day her beaute newed,  
 And nyghe her face was aldirbeste,  
 For certis nature had soche leste  
 To make that faire, that trewly she  
 Was her chefe patron of beaute,  
 And chefe ensample' of al her werke  
 And monstre, for be' it ner so derke  
 Me thinketh I se her evirmo,  
 And yet moreovir, though al tho  
 That ever lived, were now a lyve,  
 Ne wolde thei have founde to discrive  
 In al her face a wickid signe,  
 For it was sad, simple, and benigne.  
 And soche a godely swete speche  
 Yhad that swete, my lyv'is leche,  
 So frendely, and so well ygrounded,  
 Upon reson so wel ifounded,  
 And so trefable to al gode,  
 That I dare swere wel by the rode,  
 Of eloquence was nevir fonde  
 So swete a sowning and faconde,  
 Ne trewir tonged, ne scornid lasse,  
 Ne bet coude hele, that by the masse  
 I durste swere, though the Pope it songe,  
 That ther was ner yet through her tonge  
 Man ne woman gretly harmid,  
 As for her was al harne yhid,  
 Ne lasse flatiring in her worde,  
 That purely her simple recorde  
 Was founde as trewe as any bonde,  
 Or trouthe, of any mann'is honde.  
 Ne chide she coude nevir a dele,  
 That knowith al the worlde ful wele;

But soche a fairenesse of a necke  
 Yhad that swete, that bone nor brecke 940  
 N'as there none sein, that misselatte,  
 It was white, smothe, freight, and pure flatte;  
 Withoutin hole, or canel bone,  
 870 And by seming, she ne had none.  
 Her throte, as I have nowe memoire,  
 Semed as a rounde tour of yvoire,  
 Of gode gretnesse, and not to grete,  
 And Faire white ywas she here,  
 That was my ladies namè right,  
 And she was therto faire and bright, 950  
 She ne had not her namè wronge;  
 Right faire sholdirs, and body longe  
 She had, and armis evir lith,  
 880 Fattishe, fleshy, nat grete ther with;  
 Right white handis, and nailis rede,  
 Rounde brestis: And of a gode brede  
 Her hippis were, a freight flatte backe,  
 I knewe on her none othir lacke  
 That al her limmis n'ere pure sewing,  
 In as ferre as I had knowing; 960  
 Therto she coude so wel yplaye  
 What that her lyst, that I dare saye  
 That she was lyke to torchè bright,  
 890 That every man may take of light  
 Ynough, and it hath ner the lesse  
 Of manir and of comlynesse.  
 Right so farid my lady dere,  
 For every wight of her manere  
 Moght catche ynough, if that he wolde,  
 Yf he had eyen her to beholde, 970  
 For I dare swere wel, if that she  
 Had among tenne thousande ybe,  
 She woldin have be at the beste,  
 900 A chefe myroure of al the feste,  
 Though they had stondin in a rowe  
 To mennis eyen, that coude have knowe;  
 For where so men had plaide, or waked,  
 Me thought the felowshippe as naked  
 Withoutin her, that I sawe ones, 980  
 As a corowne withoutin stones;  
 Trewily she was to min eye  
 The' solein Phoenix of Arabye,  
 For there livith nevir but one,  
 910 Ne sliche as she ne knowe I none:  
 To speke of godenesse, trewly she  
 Had as mochil debonaire  
 As er had Hester in the Bible,  
 And more, if more were possible;  
 And sothe to sayin, therwithal  
 She hadde a witte so general, 990  
 So whole enclinid to al gode,  
 That al her witte was sette by the' rode  
 Without malyce, upon gladnesse,  
 920 And therto' I sawe ner yet a lesse  
 Harmful, than she was in doing,  
 I say not that she n' hadde knowyng  
 What harme ywas, or ellis she  
 Had coude no gode, so thinkith me;  
 And trewly, for to speke of trouthe,  
 But she had had, it had be routhe, 1000  
 Therof she had so moche her dele,  
 And I dare saine, and swere it wele,  
 That trouthe him selfe over al and al  
 930 Had chose his manor, principal  
 In her, that was his resting place;  
 Therto she had the moste grace  
 To have stedfaste perseveraunce,  
 And esy' attempre govirnaunce,  
 That evir I knewe, or wiste yet,  
 So pure sufferaunt was her wit, 1010  
 And reson gladly she' understode,  
 It folowid wel, she coude gode,  
 She



She usid gladly to do wele,  
 These were her manirs every dele.  
 Therwith she lovid so wel right,  
 She wronge do woldin to no wight;  
 No wight ne might do her no shame,  
 She lovid so wel her owne name.  
 Her lust to holde no wight in honde,  
 Ne be thou fiker, she wolde not fonde,  
 To holdin no wight in balaunce  
 By halfe worde, ne by countinaunce;  
 But if men wolde upon her lye,  
 Ne fende men into Walakye;  
 To Pruise, and to Tartarie,  
 To Alifaundrie, ne Turkye,  
 And bidde him fast, anon that he  
 Go hodelesse into the drie Se,  
 And come home by the Carrenare;  
 And sir, be ye nowe full ryght ware  
 That I may of you here men faine  
 Wurshippe, or that ye come againe.  
 She ne used no soche knackis smale.  
 But therfore that I tel my tale,  
 Right on this same, as I have saide,  
 Was wholly al my love ylaide,  
 For certis she was that swete wife,  
 My suffisaunce, my luste, my life,  
 Min hope, min hele, and al my blesse,  
 My worlde's welfare, and my goddesse;  
 And I wholly' hers, and every dele.  
 By' our Lorde (qð I) I trowe you wele,  
 Hardly your love was wel beset,  
 I n'ot howe it might have do bet.  
 Bertir! ne not so wel (qð he)  
 I trowe it sir (qð I) parde.  
 Nay leve it wel: Sir so do I,  
 I leve you wel, that trewily  
 You thought that she ywas the best,  
 And to beholde the alderfairest,  
 Who so had loked her with your eyen.  
 With myn! nay al whiche that her seyen,  
 Sayid and swore that it was so,  
 And though they ne had, I wolde tho  
 Have lovid best my lady fre,  
 Though I had had al the beaute  
 That er had Alcibiades,  
 And al the strength of Hercules;  
 And thereto had the worthinesse  
 Of Alifaundre', and al the' richesse  
 That evir was in Babyloine,  
 In Carthage, or in Macedoine,  
 Or in Rome, or in Ninive,  
 And thereto al so hardy be  
 As was Hector, so have I joye;  
 That Achilles yslough at Troye;  
 And therfore was he slayne also  
 In a temple, for bothe two  
 Were slaine, he' and Antilegius,  
 And so saithe Dares Fregius,  
 For the love of Polyxena,  
 Or ben as wife as Minerva,  
 I wolde evir, withoutin drede  
 Have lovid her, for I muste nede.  
 Nede! Nay trewly I gabbe nowe,  
 Nought nede, and I wol tellin howe,  
 For of gode wil min herte it wolde,  
 And eke to love her I was holde,  
 As for the fairist and the beste,  
 She was as gode, so have I reste,  
 As was Penelope of Grece,  
 Or as the noble wife Lucrece,  
 That was the beste, he tellith thus,  
 The Romane Titus Livius,  
 She was as gode, and nothing like,  
 Though ther stories be autentike,

Algate she was as trewe as she.  
 But wherfore that I tellin The,  
 Whan that I first my lady sey,  
 I was right yonge, the sothe to sey;  
 And ful gret nede I had to lerne,  
 Whan that myn herte woldin yerne,  
 To love it was a gret emprise,  
 But as my wite wolne beste suffise,  
 Astir my yonge and childely wit,  
 Withoutin drede I beset it  
 To lovin her in my beste wife,  
 To do' her wurship, and the servise,  
 Whiche that I coude tho, by my trouthe,  
 Withoutin faining, eithir slouth,  
 For wondir faine I wolde her se,  
 So mokill it amendid me,  
 That whan I sawe her a morowe;  
 I was warished of al my sorowe  
 Of al day astir, tel' it were eve,  
 Me thoughtin nothinge might me greve;  
 Were my sorowes nevir so smerte,  
 And yet she syt so in min herte,  
 That by my trouthe, I n'oldè nought  
 For al this wolde out of my thought  
 Yleve my lady, no trewly.  
 Nowe by my trouthe sir (qð I)  
 Me thinkith ye have soche a chaunce  
 As shrifte, withoutin repentaunce.  
 Repentaunce, nay nay fye (qð he)  
 Shuldin I nowe repentin me  
 To love, nay certes than were I wel  
 Worse than ywas Achitophel,  
 Or Antenor, so have I joye,  
 The traitour that betrayid Troye,  
 Or than the false Ganelion,  
 He that purchasid the traizon  
 Of Roulande, and of Oliver,  
 Nay, while that I am alive here  
 I n'yl foriet her nevirmo.  
 Nowe gode sir (qð I) to him tho  
 Ye have wel tolde me here before,  
 It' is no nede to reherse it more,  
 Howe that ye sawe her first, and where,  
 But wolde ye tel me the manere  
 To her, whiche was your firste speche,  
 Therof I woldè you beseeche,  
 And howe that she knewe first your thought,  
 Whethir ye lovid her, or nought,  
 And tellith me eke, what ye have lore,  
 I herde you tellin here before,  
 Ye saide, thou n'orist what thou menest,  
 For I have losse more than thou weneist,  
 And what losse is that (qð I tho)  
 N'il she not love you, is it so?  
 Or havin ye ought done amis,  
 That she hath kiste you, is it this?  
 For Godd'is love tellith me al.  
 Before God (qð he) and I shal,  
 I say right as I have ysaide,  
 On her was al my love ylaide,  
 And yet she n'iste it ner a dele,  
 Not longe tyme, levith it wele,  
 For be right sykir, I durst nought  
 For al this worlde tel her my thought,  
 Ne' I wolde have wrathid her trewly,  
 For wost thou why? she was lady  
 Of the body that had the herte,  
 And whoso' hath that may not avertere.  
 But for to kepe me fro' ydlenesse  
 Trewly I dyd my businelle  
 To make songis as I best coude,  
 And oftin time I songe 'nem loude,  
 And made songis this a grete dele,  
 Although I coude nat make so wele



Songis, ne knewe the arte so al  
As coude Lamek'is sone Tubal,  
That founde out first the arte of songe,  
For as his brothir's hamirs ronge  
Upon his anvelt up and downe,  
Therof he toke the firste sowne.

But Grekes saine of Pythagoras,  
That he the first findir ywas  
Of the arte, Aurora tellith so;  
But therof no force of 'hem two,  
Algatis songis thus I made  
Of my felyng, min herte to glade,  
And lo! this was the althir first,  
I n'ot whethir it were the werst,

Lorde! it makith min hertè light,  
Whan that I thinke on that swete wight,  
That is so femely on to se,  
And wishe to God it might so be  
That she wolde holde me for her knight,  
My lady, that' is so faire and bright.

Nowe have I tolde The, soth to say,  
My firste songe, upon a day  
I bethought me what mochil wo  
And sorowe that I suffrid tho  
For her, and yet she wiste it nought,  
Ne tel her durst I not my thought,  
Alas! thaught I, I can no rede,  
And but I tel her, I'am but dede;  
And if I tel her, to say sothe,  
I am adradde she wol be wrothe,  
Alas! what shal I than ydo?

In this debate I was so wo,  
Me thought myne hertè brast atwaine;  
So at the laste, sothe for to saine,  
I bethought me that Dame Nature  
Ne formid nevir in creture  
So mochil beaute trewily  
And bountie, withoutin mercy.

In hope of that, my tale I tolde  
With sorowe, as that I ner sholde,  
For nedis, and mangre myne hed  
I must have tolde her, or be ded:  
I n'ot wel howe that I began,  
Ful yvil reherce it I can,  
And eke as helpe me God withal  
I trowe it was in the dismal  
That was the ten woundes of Egypte,  
For many' a worde I ovirskipte  
In telling my tale, for pure fere  
Lest that my wordis mysleset were:  
With sorowful hert, and woundes dede,  
Softely and quaking for pure drede  
And shame, and stinting in my tale,  
For ferde and min hewe allè pale,  
Ful ofte I wexte bothe pale and red,  
Bowing to her I hinge the hed,  
I durst not onis loke her on,  
For wit, manir, and al was gone,  
I saide: mercy swete, and no more,  
It n'as no game, it fate me fore.

So at the laste, the sothe to saine,  
Whan that myne herte was come againe,  
To tellin shortly al my speche,  
With whole herte I gan her beseche,  
That she wolde be my lady swete,  
And swore, and hertely gan her hete  
Evir to be stedfaste and trewe,  
And love her alway freschly newe,  
And nevir othir lady have,  
And all her worship for to save  
As I beste coude, I swere her this,  
For yours is al that er ther is,  
For evirmore, myne hertè swete,  
And ner to false you, but I mete,

I n'yl, as wise God helpe me so.  
And whan I had my tale ydo,  
God wote she' acomptid nor a stre  
Of al my tale, so thoughtin me,  
To tel shortly, right as it is,  
Trewly her answere it was this,  
I can not nowe wel countrefete  
Her wordis, but this was the grete  
Of her answere: she sayid nay

1170 Al utterly; alas that day

The sorowe' I suffrid and the wo!  
That trewly Cassandra, that so  
Bewaylid the distruccion  
Of Troyè, and of Ilion,

Had ner soche sorowe as I tho,  
I durstin no more say therto

1250 For pure fere, but ystale away,

And thus I lyved ful many' a day,  
That trewily I had no nede

1180 Firthir than at my bedd'is hede

Nevir a day to sechin sorowe,  
I founde it redy every morowe,  
For why? I loved her in no gere.

So it befell an othir yere  
I thought onis I wouldin fonde  
To doe her knowe, and undirstonde

1260 My wo, and she well undirstode

That I ne wilnid thyng but gode,  
And worship, and to kepe her name

1190 Ovir all thynges, and drede her shame,

And was so busie her to serve,  
And pitie were I shouldin sterve,  
Sirthe that I wilned none harme iwis.

So when my Ladie knewe all this,  
My Ladie yave me all whollie  
The noble yest of her mercie,

1270 Savyng her worship by al waies,

Dredelesse, I mene none othir waies,  
And therewith she yave me a ryng,

1200 I trowe it was the firste thyng,

But if myne hertè was iwaxe  
Glad, that it is no nede to axe.

As helpe me God, I was as blive  
Yraifid, as fro deth to live,  
Of all happis the aldirbest,

1280 The gladdist, and the moste at rest,

For truilie that swete wight,  
When I had wrong, and she the right  
She wouldin alwaie so godelie

1210 Foryeve me so debonairlie,

In all my youth, in allè chaunce  
She toke me in her govinaunce,  
Therewith she was alwaie so true,

Our joye was evir iliche newe,  
Our hertis werne so even a paire,

That nevir n'as that one contraire

1290 Unto that othir for no wo,

For sothe iliche thei suffrid tho.

1220 O blisse, and eke o sorowe bothe,

Illiche thei were bothe glad and wrothe.

All was us one, withoutin were,

And thus we lived full many' a yere

So well, I can not tellin how.

Sir (qð I) and where is she now?

Now qð he and ystinte anone,

Therewith he woxe as dedde as stonè,

1300 And faied, alas that I was bore!

That was the losse; that here before

I tolde The, that I had ylorne.

1230 Bethinke The how I faied before,

Thou woste full lityl what thou menest,

For I have losse more then thou wenest.

God wor alas! right that was she.

Alas sir how! what maie that be?

1240

1250

1260

1270

1280

1290

1300

She



She is dedde: Naie! Yes by my trouthe.  
Is that your losse? by God it' is routhe.  
And with that wordè right anone  
Thei gan to strake forthe, all was done  
For that tyme, the Hart huntynge.

With that me thoughtin that this kyng  
Began homewardis for to ride  
Unto a place was there beside,  
Whiche that was from us but a lite,  
A long castill with wallis white,  
By saint John on a richè hill,  
As me mette, but thus it befill.

Right thus me mette, as I you tell,  
That in the castell there was a bell,  
As it had smittin houris twelve,  
And therewith I awoke my selve,  
And found me lying in my bedde,  
And the boke whiche that I had redde  
Of Alcyone, and Ceix the kyng,  
And of the Goddis of slepyng,  
I found it in myne hond ful evin,  
Thought I, this is so queint a swevin,  
That I would by processe of tyme  
Fonde to put this swevin in rime,  
As I can best, and that anon  
This was my swevin, now it' is doon.

Explicit.

~~~~~

This seems an Envoy to the Duke of Lancaster  
after his Loss of Blanch.

**M**Y master. &c. When of Christ our kyng  
Was askid, what is trothe or sothfastnesse,

1310

1320

1330

He not a worde answerde to that askyng,  
As who saieth, no manne is all true I gette,  
And therefore, though I hight for to expresse  
The sorowe' and woe that is in Mariage,  
I dare not writen of it no wickidnesse,  
Lest I my self fall eft in soche dotage.

I woll not saie how that it is the chaine  
Of Sathanas, on whiche he knawith ever, 10  
But I dare saie, were he out of his paine,  
As by his will he would be boundin never,  
But thilke doted sole, that eft hath lever  
Ichaimid be than out of prisone crepe,  
God let hym nevir fro his woe discover,  
Ne no man hym bewailin, though he wepe.

But yet lesse thou do worse, takith a wife,  
Bet is to wedde, than brennin in worse wife,  
But thou shalt have so'rowe on thy fleshe thy life,  
And ben thy wiv'is thraile, as saie these wise, 20  
And if that holy writte maie not suffise,  
Experience shall The teche, so maie happe,  
Take the waie levir to be taken in Frise,  
Then eft to fall of Weddyng in the trappe.

This lityl writte, proverbis or figure,  
I sende you, takith kepe of it I rede,  
Unwise is he, that can no wele endure,  
If thou be sikir, put The not in drede,  
The wife of Bathe I praie you that ye rede  
Of this matter which that we have on honde, 30  
God grauntin you your life frely to lede  
In fredome, for foule is it to be bonde.

Explicit.

The Assemble of Foules.

All Fowles are gather'd before Nature on St. Valentine's Day, to chuse their  
Mates. A formal Eagle being beloved of three Tercels, requireth a Year's  
respite to make her choice, upon this Triall, *Qui bien aime, tard oublie*,  
he that loveth well, is slow to forget.

**T**HE life so short, the craft so long to lerne,  
The assaye so hard, so sharp the conquere-  
ryng,

The dredfull joy, alwaie that sit so yerne,  
All this mene I by love, that my felyng  
Astonieth with his wondirfull werkyng  
So fore iwis, that when I on him thinke,  
Naught were I well, whether I flete or sink!

For all be that I knowe not love in dede  
Ne wor how that he quitirh folke ther hire,  
Yet happith me full ofte in bokis rede 10  
Of his miracis, and his cruill ire,  
There rede I well he woll be lorde and sire,  
I dare not saie, his strokis be so fore,  
But God save soche a lorde, I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust and what for lore,  
On bokis rede I oft, as I you tolde,  
But wherfore that I speke all this, naught yore  
Agon, it happid me for to beholde  
Upon a boke iwrite with lettirs old,

And thereupon a certain thing to lerne 20  
The longe daie full fast I radde and yerne;

For out of the olde feldis, as men saieth,  
Comith all this newe corne, fro yere to yere,  
And out of olde bokis, in gode saieth  
Comith all this newe science, that men lere;  
But now to purpose, as of this mattere  
To redin forthe, it gan me so delite,  
That all that daie me thought it but a lite.

This boke, of whiche I makin mencion,  
Entitlid was right claus, as I shall tell, 30  
Tullius of the drame of Scipion,  
Chapiters seven it had, of heven and hell,  
And yerth, and foulis that therein do dwell,  
Of whiche, as shortly as I can it trete,  
Of this sentence I woll you saie the grete.

First tellith it, when Scipion was come  
In Affrike, how he metith Massinisse,  
That hym for joie in armis hath inome,

5 N

Then



Then tellith he her speche, and all the blisse,  
That was betwixt 'hem, til the daie gan misse, 40  
And how his auncester Affrikan so dere  
Gan in his slepe that night till hym appere.

Then tellith it, that from a sterre place  
How Affrikan hath hym Carthage yshewed,  
And warnid hym beforne of all his grace,  
And saied hym what man, lerid eithir leude,  
That lovith common profite, well itheude,  
He should into a blisfull place ywende,  
There as joye is, that last withoutin ende.

Then askid he, if folke that here ben dede 50  
Have life, and dwellyng in an othir place.  
And Affrikan saied ye, withoutin drede,  
And how our present worldly liv'is space  
N'is but a manir deth, what waie we trace,  
And rightfull folke shull gon aftir thei die  
To heven, and shewid hym the Galaxie.

Then shewed he him the little yerth that here is  
To regarde of the hevin's quantite,  
And after shewid he hym the nine speris,  
And aftir that the melodie herd he, 60  
That comith of thilke speris thryis thre,  
That welles of Musike ben, and melodie  
In this worlde here, and cause of harmonie.

Then saied he him, fens that yerth was so lite;  
And full of tourment, and of hard grace,  
That he ne shuld hym in this worlde delite,  
Then tolde he him in certain yeris space  
That every sterre should come into his place  
There it was first, and all should out of mind,  
That in this worlde is doen of all mankynd. 70

Then praied hym Scipion, to tell hym all  
The waie to come into that hevin blisse  
And he saied: First knowe thy self immortal,  
And loke aie busely that thou werche and wisse  
To common profite, and thou shalt not misse  
To come swiftly, unto that place dere,  
That full of blisse is, and of soulis clere.

And brekirs of the lawe, the sothe to faine,  
And likerous folke, aftir that thei ben dede,  
Shull whirle about the world, alwaie in pain, 80  
Till many' a worlde be passid, out of drede,  
And then foryevin all ther wickid dede,  
Then shullin thei come to that blisfull place,  
To whiche to comin God sendin The grace.

The daie gan failin, and the darkè night,  
That revith bestis from ther businesse,  
Berastè me my boke for lacke of light,  
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse  
Fulfilled of thought, and busie hevinessè,  
For bothe I had thyng, whiche that I ne wolde 90  
And eke I ne had that thyng that I wolde.

But finally my spirite at the laste  
For werie of my labour all that daie  
Toke rest, that madin me to slepin faste,  
And in my slepe I met, as that I laie,  
How Affrikan, right in the self araie,  
That Scipion hym sawe, before that tide,  
Was come, and stode right at my bedd's side.

The werie huntir slepyng in his bedde,  
The wodde ayen his minde goith anone, 100  
The Judge ydremith how his ples be spedde,  
The Cartir dremith how his cartis gone,  
The rich of gold, the knight fight with his fone,

The sicke ymette he drinkith of the tonne,  
The lovir mette he hath his ladie wonne.

Can I not faine, if that the cause ywere  
For I had radde of Affrikan beforne,  
That madin me to mere that he stode there,  
But thus saied he: thou hast The so wel borne 110  
In lokyng of myne olde boke all to torne,  
Or whiche Macrobie ne raught not a lite,  
That somedele of thy labour would I quite.

Thou Citherea, blisfull Ladie swete,  
That with thy fire brond dauntist when The lest,  
That madist me this swevin for to mete,  
Be thou my helpe in this, for thou maist best,  
As wisely as I seigh the North Northwest  
When I began my swevin for to write,  
So yeve me might to rime it and endite.

This foresaid Affrikan me hent anone, 120  
And forthe with hym unto a gate ybrought  
Right of a Parke, ywallid with grene stone,  
And oer the gate with lettirs large ywrought  
There werin versis writtin, as me thought,  
On eithir halfe, of full grete difference,  
On which I shall you saie the plain sentence.

Through me men gon into that blisful place,  
Of herris hele, and dedly woundis cure,  
Through me men gone into the well of grace,  
There grene and lustie Maie shall er endure, 130  
This is the waie to all gode avinture,  
Be glad thou rede, and thy sorowe of cast,  
All open am I, passe in, and spede The fast.

Through me men gon, then spake that othir side,  
Unto the mortall strokis of the spere,  
Of whiche disdain and daungir is the gide,  
There nevir tre shall fruct, ne levis bere,  
This streme you ledith to the so'rowfull were,  
There as the fishe in prison is all drie,  
The' eschewyng is onely the remedie. 140

These versis of gold and Asure writte were,  
Of whiche I gan astonied to beholde,  
For with that one encrefid all my fere,  
And with that othir gan my herte to bolde,  
That one me het, that othir did me colde,  
No wit had I, for errour for to chese  
To entre' or flie, or me to save or lese.

Right as betwixtin Adamantis two  
Of evin weight a pece of yron set,  
Ne hath no might to movin to ne fro, 150  
For what that one maie hale, that othir let,  
So fared I, that I n'ist where me was bet  
To entre' or leve, til Affrikan my gide  
Me hent and shovin, at the gatis wide. *shows in at*

And saied, it standith writtin in thy face  
Thyne errour, though thou tell it not to me,  
But dred The not to come into this place,  
For this writyng is nothyng mente by The,  
Ne by none, but he Lov's servaunt be,  
For thou of Love hast lost thy tast I gesse, 160  
As sicke man hath of swete and bittinessè.

But nathèles, although that thou be dull,  
That which thou canst not doc, yet maiest thou se,  
For many' a man, that maie not stande a pull,  
Yet liketh it hym at wrestlyng for to be,  
And demith whethir he doc bet, or he,  
And if thou haddist connyng for t' endite,  
I shall The shewin mattir of to write.

With



- With that my hand in his he toke anon,  
Of whiche I comfort caught, and went in fast, 170  
But Lorde! so I was glad, and well begon,  
For ovir all, where I myne eyin cast,  
Were treis clad with leves, that aie shal last,  
Eche in his kinde, with colour freshe and grene,  
As Emeraude, that joie it was to sene.
- The bildir Oke, and eke the hardie Ashe,  
The pillir Elme, the coffir unto caraine,  
The Boxe pipetre, the Holme to whippis lashe,  
The sailing Firre, the Cypres derth to plaine,  
The shortir Ewe, the Aspe for shaftis plaine, 180  
The Olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,  
The victor Palme, the Laurir to divine.
- A gardein sawe I, full of blofomed bowis,  
Upon a Rivir, in a grenè Mede  
There as swetenesse evirmore inough is,  
With flouris white, and blewes, yelowes, and rede,  
And colde and clere Wellestremis, nothyng dede,  
That swommin full of smale fishis light,  
With finnis rede, and scalis silvir bright.
- On every bough the birdis herd I syng 190  
With voice of angell, in ther harmonic  
That busied hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,  
The little pretie Conies to ther plaie gan hic;  
And furthir all about I gan espie  
The dredfull Roe, the Buck, the Hart, and Hind,  
Squirils, and bestis small of gentle kind.
- Of instrumentes of stringis in accorde  
Herd I so plaie a ravishyng swetenesse,  
That God, that makir is of all and Lorde,  
Ne herd nevir a bettir, as I gesse, 200  
Therewith a winde, unneth it might be lesse,  
Made in the levis grene a noise soft  
Accordant to the foulis song on loft.
- The aire of the place so attempre was,  
That ner was ther grevaunce of hot ne cold,  
There was eke every wholsome spice and gras,  
Ne no man maie there waxin sike ne old,  
Yet was there more joie a thousande fold  
Then I can tell, or evir could or might,  
There is evir clere daie, and nevir night. 210
- Undir a tre beside a well I feye  
Cupide our lorde his arrowes forge and file,  
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,  
And well his doughtir temprid all the while  
The heddis in the well, and with her wile  
She couchid hem afir as thei shoudl serve,  
Some for to slea, and some to wound and carve.
- Tho was I ware of plesance anon right,  
And of arraie, luste, beaute, and curtisie,  
And of the craft, that can yhave the might 220  
To doen by force a wight to doen folie,  
Disfigurid was she, I will not lie,  
And by hymself, undir an Oke I gesse,  
Sawe I Delite, that stode with Gentilnesse.
- Then sawe I beautie, with a nice atire,  
And youth, all full of game and jolite,  
Fole hardinesse, flattirie, and desire,  
Mcflagerie, and mede, and othir thre,  
Ther namis shal not here be tolde for me,  
And upon pillirs grete of Jaspir long 230  
I sawe a temple of Brasie foundid strong.
- And about the temple dauncid alwaie  
Women inow, of which some there ywere
- Faire of hemself, and some of hem were gaie,  
In kirtils all disheveled went thei there,  
That was ther office er, fro yere to yere,  
And on the temple sawe I white and faire  
Of Dovyis sittynge many a thousande paire.
- Before the temple dore full sobirlic  
Dame Pece yfat, a curtaine in her honde, 240  
And her besidis wondir discretlic  
Dame Patience yfittynge there I fonde,  
With face pale, upon an hill of sonde,  
And althir nexte, within and eke without  
Behest and Arte, and of ther folke a rout.
- Within the temple of fighis hote as fire  
I herd a swough, that gan about to ren,  
Whiche fighis were engendrid with desire,  
That madin every herte for to bren 250  
Of newe flambe, and well espied I then  
That all the cause of sorowes, that thei drie,  
Come of the bittir Goddis jelousie.
- The God Priapus sawe I as I went  
Within the temple in soveraine place yflonde  
In soche arraie, as when the Asle hym shent  
With crie by night, and with sceptr in honde,  
Full busilie men gan assaie and fonde  
Upon his hedde to set of sondrie hewe  
Garlandis, full of freshe flouris newe.
- And in a privie corner, in disport 260  
Founde I Venus, and her portir Richesse,  
That was full noble, and hautin of her port,  
Darke was that place, but afirward lightnesse  
I sawe a lite, unnethes it might be lesse,  
And on a bed of golde she laie to restle,  
Till that the hote Sonne began to Weste.
- Her gildid heris with a goldin threde  
Iboundin were, untressid as she laie,  
And nakid from the brest unto the hede  
Men might her se, and sethylly for to saie 270  
The remenaunt covired well to my paie  
Right with a lityl kerche of Valence,  
There was no thickir clothe of no defence.
- The place gave a thousande favours sote,  
And Bacchus God of Wine fate her beside,  
And Ceres next, that doeth of hunger bote,  
And as I saied, amidis laie Cypride,  
To whom on kneis the yong folkis cride  
To be ther helpe, but thus I let her lie,  
And farthir in the temple I gan espie, 280
- That in dispite of Diana the chaste  
Full many a bowe ibroke hing on the wall  
Of maidins, soche as gone ther tymis waste  
In her service, and paintid ovir all  
Of many a storie, of whiche I touchin shall  
A fewe, as of Calisto and Atalante,  
And many a maide, of which the name I want,
- Semiramis, Candace, and Hercules,  
Biblis, Dido, Thisbe, and Pyramus,  
Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles, 290  
Helaine, Cleopatra, and Troilus,  
Scylla, and eke the mother of Romulus,  
All these were paintid on that othir side,  
And all ther love, and in what plite thei dide
- When I was comen ayen into the place  
That I of spake, that was so sote and grene,  
Forthe walked I tho, my selvin to solace,  
Tho was I ware, where there yfate a Quene,  
That



That as of light the Sommir Sonnè shene  
Passith the Sterre, right so ovir mesure 300  
She fairir was then any other cature.

And in a launde, upon an hill of floures,  
Was set this Quene this noble Goddesse Nature,  
Of braunchis were her hallis and her boures  
Iwrought, after her craft, and her mesure,  
Neither n'as foule, that cometh of engendrure,  
That there ne were yprest, in her presence,  
To take her dome, and yeve her audience.

For this was on saint Valentin's daie,  
When every foule comith to chese her make 310  
Of every kinde, than men ythinkin maie,  
And that so huge a noise gan thei to make,  
The yerth, the se, and tre, and every lake  
So full was, that unnethis there was space  
For me to stande, so full was all the place.

And right as Alaine, in the plaint of kinde,  
Deviseth Nature of soche araie and face,  
In soche araie men mightin her there finde,  
This noble Empreffe full of alle grace  
Bad every foule takin her owne place, 320  
As thei were wont alwaie, fro yere to yere,  
On saint Valentines daie to standin there.

That is to saie, the foulis of ravine  
Were highist set, and then the foulis smale,  
That etin, as them Nature would encline,  
As worme or thing, of whiche I tell no tale,  
And watirfoule fate lowist in the dale,  
And foules that liveth by fede, sat on the grene,  
And that so fele, that wondir was to sene.

There mightin men the roiall Egle finde, 330  
That with his sharpe loke persith the son.  
And othir Eglis of a lowir kinde,  
Of whiche that clerkis well devisin con,  
There was the tirant with his fethirs don  
And grene, I mene the goshaue that doth pine  
To birdes, for his outrageous ravine.

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth  
The kyng's hand, the hardie Sperhaue eke  
The Qual's foe, the Merlion that peineth  
Hymself full oft, the Larkè for to seke, 340  
There was the Dove, with her eyin so meke,  
The jelous Swan, ayenst his deth that singeth,  
The Oule eke, that of deth the bode ybringeth,

The Crane, the Geant, with his tromp's foune,  
The thief the Chough, and eke the chattring Pic,  
The scornynge Jaie, the Ele's foe the Herounne,  
The false Lapwing, alle full of trechirie,  
The Starling, that the counsaile can bewrie,  
The tame Ruddocke, and the cowarde Kite,  
The Cocke, that horiloge is of thropes lite. 350

The Sparow Venus son, the Nightingale  
That clepith forthe the freshe levis newe,  
The Swalowe murder of the Beis smale,  
That maken honie of flouris freshe of hewe,  
The weddid Turtell, with his herte true,  
The Pecoche, with his angell fethirs bright,  
The Fesaunt, scornir of the Cocke by night.

The waker Gose, the Cuckowe er unkinde,  
The Poppingeie full of delicacie,  
The Drake destroyir of his ownè kinde, 360  
The Storke, the wrekir of advoutèrie,  
The hote Cormèraunt, full of glotonie,  
The Ravin wise the Crowe, with voice of care,

The Throftill olde, and Frostie feldèfare.

What should I saie? of foules of every kind,  
That in this worlde have fethirs and stature,  
Men mightin in that place assemblid finde  
Before that noble Goddesse of Nature,  
And eche of them ydid his busie cure  
Benignèlie to chese, or for to take 370  
By her accorde, his formell or his make.

But to the point, Nature held on her hond  
A formell Egle, of shape the gentilest  
That evir she emong her workis fonde,  
The moste benigne, and eke the godeliest,  
In her was every vertue at his rest  
So farforthe, that nature her self had blisse  
To loke on her, and oft her becke to kisse.

Nature, the vicare of the' almightie Lorde,  
That hote and colde, hevie, light, moiste, and drie  
Hath knit, by evin nombir of accorde,  
In esie voice began to speke and saie,  
Foulis, take hede of my sentence I praie,  
And for your ese, in forðring of your nede,  
As fast as I maie speke, I will me spede.

Ye know well, how on S. Valentine's daie,  
By my statute, and through my govirnaunce  
Ye chese your makes, and aftir sie awaie  
With 'hem, as I doe pricke you with plesaunce,  
But nathelesse, as by rightfull ordinaunce 390  
Maie I not let, for all this worlde to win,  
But he that moste worthiest is, shall begin.

The tercell Egle, as ye knowe full wele,  
The foule roiall, above you' all in degre,  
The wise and worthie, secret, true as stele,  
The whiche I have formid, as ye maie se,  
In every parte, as it best likith me,  
It nedith not this shape you to devise, 400  
He shall first chese, and spekin in his gife.

And after hym, by ordir shall ye chese, 400  
Aftir your kinde, everiche as you likith,  
And as your hap is, shall ye win or lese,  
But which of you, that love most entrikith,  
God sende hym her, that forest for hym sikith,  
And therwithall the Tercell gan she call,  
And saied, my sonne, the choise is to The fall.

But nathelesse, in this condicion  
Muste be the choice of everiche that is here,  
That she agre to his eleccion,  
Who so he be, that should yben her fere, 410  
This is our usage aye, fro yere to yere,  
And who so maie at this time have his grace,  
In blisfull tyme he came into this place.

With hed enclined, and with full humble chere,  
This roiall Tercell spake, and taried nought,  
Unto my soveraine Ladie, and not my fere,  
I chose and chese, with will, and hert, and thought  
The formell on your hand, so well iwrought,  
Whose I am all, and evir will her serve,  
Doe what her luste, to doe me live or sterve. 420

Besechyng her of mercie, and of grace,  
As she that is my Ladie soverain,  
Or let me die here present in this place,  
For certis long maie I not live in pain,  
For in my herte is corvin every vain,  
Havyng regarde onily to my trouthe,  
My dere herte, havith on my wo some routhe.

And



And if that I be founde to her untrue,  
Disobeisfaunt, or wilfull negligent,  
Avauntour, or in proceſſe love anewe, 430  
I praie to you this be my judgement,  
That with theſe foulis I be all to rent  
That ilke daie, that ſhe me evir finde  
To her untrue, or in my gilte unkinde.

And ſith none lovith her ſo well as I,  
Although ſhe nevir of love me behet,  
Then ought ſhe to be mine, through her mercie,  
For othir bonde can I none on her knet,  
For for welc nor wo nevir ſhall I let  
To ſervin her, how far ſo that ſhe wende, 440  
Saie what you liſte, my tale is at an ende.

Full right as the ſote and freſhe redde Roſe newe  
Againſt the Sommir Sunne ycoloured is,  
Right ſo for ſhame all waxin gan the hewe  
Of this Formell, when that ſhe herd all this;  
Neithir ſhe anſwerde well, ne ſaied amis,  
So fore abaſhed was ſhe, till that Nature  
Saied, doughtir drede you not, I you aſſure.

An othir Tercell Egle ſpake anon,  
Of lowir kind, and ſaied that ſhould not be, 450  
I love her bet then ye doe, by ſainct John,  
Or at the leſt I love as well as ye,  
And lengir have ſerved her in my degre,  
And if ſhe ſhould have loved for long lovynge,  
To me alone had be the guerdonyng.

I dare eke ſaie, if ſhe me findin faſe,  
Unkinde, jangler, rebell in any wiſe;  
Or jelous, doe me hangin by the halſe;  
And but I berin me in her ſerviſe.  
As well aye as my wit can me ſuffiſe, 460  
Fro point to point, her honour for to ſave,  
Take ſhe my life, and all the gode I have.

The thirde Tercell Egle anſwerid tho,  
Now ſirs, ye ſe the lityl leſir here,  
For every foule crieth out to be ago  
Forthe with his make, or with his Lady dere,  
And eke nature her ſelf ne will not here,  
For tarying her, not half that I would ſeie,  
And but I ſpeke, I muſt for ſorowe deie.

Of longe ſervice avaunt I me nothing, 470  
But as poſſible' is me to die to day  
For wo, as he that hath be languyſhing  
This twenty wintre', and wel it happin may,  
A man may ſerve bettir, and more to pay,  
In halfe a yere, although it were no more,  
Than ſome man doth, that hath ſervid ful yore.

I ſay not this by me, for I ne can  
Do no ſerviſe, that may my lady pleaſe,  
But I dare ſay, I am her trewiſt man,  
As to my dome, and fainiſt wolde her pleaſe, 480  
At ſhorter wordis, til that dethe me ceſe  
I wil be hers, whethir I wake or winke,  
And trewe, in al that herte may bethinke.

Of al my lyfe ſyth that day I was borne  
So gentle ple, in love or othir thinge  
Ne herdin nevir no man me beforne,  
Who ſo that had right leſir and conninge  
For to reherſe ther chere, and ther ſpekyng,  
And from the morowe gan this ſpeche laſte  
Till downward went the ſonnè wondir faſte. 490

The noiſe of foulis for to be deliverde  
So loudè range, have don and let us wende,

That wel wende I, the wode had all to ſuiverd,  
Come of they cried, alas! ye wil us ſhende,  
Whan ſhal your curſid pleding have an ende?  
How ſhulde a judge on eithir partie leve  
For ye or nay, withoutin any preve.

The goſe, the cuckowe, and the ducke alſo  
So cryid keke keke, cuckow, queke queke hyc,  
Thorowh myne eris the noiſe wente tho, 500  
The goſe ſayde than al this n'ys worthe a flye,  
But I can ſhape herof a remedye,  
And wil yſay my verdite, faire and ſwithe,  
For watir foule, who ſo be wrothe or blithe.

And I for worme foule, ſaid the ſole cuckow,  
For I wil of min owne autorite,  
For common ſpede, rake on me the charge now,  
For to deliver us is grete charite,  
Ye may abydin a while, yet perde.  
(Qd the turtel) if that it be your wil 510  
A wight may ſpeke, it were as gode be ſtil.

I am a ſede foule, one the unworthyeſt  
That wote I wel, and the leſt of connyng,  
But bettir is, that a wight'is tonge reſt  
Than entremetin him of ſoche doynge,  
Of whiche he neithir redin can nor ſinge,  
And who ſo' it doth, ful foule him ſelf acloyeth,  
For office uncommittid ofte amoyeth.

Nature, whiche that alway yhad an ere  
To murmure of the leudenelle behinde, 520  
With ſaconde voice ſaid, hold your tongis there,  
And I ſhal ſone, I hope a counſaile finde  
You to deliver, and fro this noiſe unbynde,  
I charge of every flocke ye ſhall one cal,  
To ſay the verdite of you foulis all.

Aſſentid were to this concluſyon  
The birdis al, and foulis of ravine  
Have choſin firſt, by plaine election,  
The Terelet, of the faucon to define  
Al ther ſentence, and as him luſt to termine, 530  
And to Nature him gan they to preſente,  
And ſhe acceptith him with glad entente.

The Terelet ſayd than in this manere,  
Ful harde it were to preve it by reſon  
Who lovith beſt this gentil Formel here,  
For everiche hath ſoche replication,  
That by ſkillis may non be brought adoun,  
I cannot ſe that argumentes availe,  
Than ſemith it there muſt be a battaile.

Al redy, qd this Egle t. rcelles tho; 540  
Nay ſirs (qd he) if that I durſt it ſay,  
Ye do me wronge, my tale is not ydo,  
For ſirs, ne takith nat a greſe I pray,  
It may not be as ye wolde in this way,  
Ours is the voice, that have the charge in hande,  
And to the Judg'is dome ye muſte yſtande;

And therefore pece I ſay, as to my wit  
Me woldin thinke, how that the worthieſt  
Of lnyghthode, and lengiſt had uſid it,  
Mott of eſtate, of blode the gentleſt, 550  
Were ſittingeſt for her, if that her leſt,  
And of theſe thre ſhe wote her liſe I trove  
Whiche that he be, for it is light to knowe.

The watir foulis have ther hedis laide  
Togiðir, and of ſhorte avivement  
Whan everiche had his verdite yſaide,  
They ſaidin ſothely al by one aſſent,  
5 O



Howe that the gose, with the facondè gent  
That so desirith to pronounce our nede,  
Shal tel our tale, and prayed to God her spede.

And for these watir foulis tho began  
The gose to speke, and in her cakelynge  
She said, pece nowe, take kepe every man,  
And herken whiche a reson I shal forth bring,  
My witte is sharpe, I love no tarying,  
I say I rede him, tho he were my brother,  
But she wil love him, let him love another.

Lo here a parfite reson of a gose!  
Tho (qð the sperhauke) nevir mote she The,  
Lo soche a thing it is to have a tonge lose! 570  
Nowe parde sole, yet were it bet for The  
Have holde thy pece, than shewde thy nicete,  
It lyeth nat in his wit, nor in his wil,  
But sothe is faide, *a fole can nat be still.*

The laughtir arose of gentil foulis al,  
And right anone the fede fowles chosin had  
The Turtel trewe, and gan her to hem call,  
And prayid her to say the sothe sad  
Of this matir, and askid what she rad,  
And she answered that plainly her entent 580  
She woldè shewe, and sothly what she ment.

Nay, God forbede a lovir shuldè chaunge  
The Turtel said, and wexte for shame al rede,  
Though that his lady evirmore be straunge,  
Yet let him serve her ay, tyl he be dede,  
Forsothe, I ne praise not the gos's rede,  
For tho she dyed, I wolde none othir make,  
I wil be hers, tyl that the dethe me take.

Welybourdid (qð the ducke) by my hat  
That men shouldin love alway causelesse, 590  
Who can a reson finde or wit in that  
Dauncith he mery, that is mirthelesse,  
Who shuldin recke, of that is rechelesse?  
Ye queke yet (qð the ducke) ful wel and faire,  
*There be no sterres in the skye than a paire.*

Nowe fye churle (qð the gentil Terceler)  
Out of the dounghil camè that word aright,  
Thou canst not se which thinge is wel best,  
Thou farest by love, as owlis do by light,  
The day hem blindeth, ful wel they se by night, 600  
Thy kinde is of so lowe a wretchidnesse  
That what love is, thou canst not se nor gesse.

Tho gan the cuckow put him forth in prece  
For foule that etith worme, and sayid blyve,  
So I (qð he) may have my make in pece  
I ne wretche nought howe longe that ye strive,  
Let eche of hem be soleine al ther lyve,  
This is my rede, sens they may nat acorde,  
This shortè lesion nedith not recorde.

Ye, have the glutton filde inow his paunche, 610  
Then are we wel, sayid the Emerlon,  
Thou murdrir of the heifugge, on the braunche,  
That brought The forth, thou most rufull glutton,  
Live thou solein, wormis corrupcion,  
For no force is of lacke of thy nature,  
Go, leude be thou, while that the world may dure!

Nowe pece (qð Nature) I commaundin here,  
For I have herde al your opinion,  
And in effeete yet be we ner the nere,  
But finally, this is my conclusion, 620  
That she her selfe, shal have her election  
Of whom her list, who so be wroth or blithe,

Him that she cheseth, he shal her have as swithe.

For sithe it may not here discussid be.  
Who loveth her best, as said the Terceler,  
Than wol I done this favour to her, that she  
Shal have right him, on whom her hert is set,  
And he her, that his hert hath on her knet;  
This judge I nature, for I may not lye  
To none estate, I have none othir eye. 630

But as for counsayle for to chose a make,  
Yf I were reson, certis than woulde I  
Counsaillin you, the royal Tercel take,  
As sayd the Terceler ful skilfully,  
As for the gentilist, and most worthy,  
Which I have wrought so wel to my plesauce,  
That to you it ought ben a suffisaunce.

With dredfull voice the Formell her answerde,  
My rightfull lady, goddesse of Nature,  
Soth is, that I am er undir your yerde, 640  
As is als' evèriche othir cature,  
And must be yours, while that my life may dure,  
And therfore grauntith me my firstè bone,  
And myne entent you wol I say right sone.

I graunt it you (qð she) and right anone  
This Formel Egle spake in this degre.  
Almighty quene, unto this yere be done  
I aske respite for to avyfin me,  
And astir that to have my choyce all fre;  
This al and some, that I wold speke and sey, 650  
Ye get no more, although ye do me dey;

I wol not servin Venus, ne Cupide,  
Forsothe as yet, by no manir of way;  
Nowe sens it may none othir wayes betide  
(Qð Dame Nature) here is no more to say,  
Than wolde I that these foulis were away  
Eche with his make, for tarying lengir here,  
And said hem thus, as ye shal astir here.

To you speke I, ye Tercelers (qð Nature)  
Bethe of gode herte, and servith allè thre, 660  
A yere is not so longe for to endure,  
And eche of you paine him in his degre  
For to do wel, for God wote quit is she  
Fro you this yere, what astir so befall,  
This entremes is dressid for you all.

And whan this werk ybrought was to an ende,  
To every foule Nature yave his make  
By even acorde, and on ther way they wende,  
And lorde the blisse and joye which that they make!  
For ech gan othir in his wingis take, 670  
And with ther neckis eche gan othir winde,  
Thankynge aye the noble goddesse of kinde.

But first were chosin foulis for to singe,  
As yere by yere was alway ther usauce  
To singe a roundel at ther departing,  
To do to Nature honour and plesauce,  
The note, I trowe, ymakid was in Fraunce,  
The wordis were soche, as ye may here find  
The nextè vers, as I nowe have in minde.

*Qui bien aime tard oublie.*

Now welcom somir, with thy sonnis soft, 680  
That haste this wintir wethirs ovirshake,  
Saint Valentine, thou arte full hie on lofte,  
Which drivist away the longe nightis blake,  
Thus singin smale foulis for thy sake,  
Well havin thy cause for to gladin ofte

Sens



Sens eche of 'hem recovered hath his make,  
Ful blisful maie they sing when they awake.

And with the shouting when ther songe was do  
That the foulis made at ther sight away,  
I woke, and othir bokis toke me to

690

To rede upon, and yet I rede alway,  
I hope ywis to redin so some day  
That I shal metin some thinge for to fare  
The bet, and thus to rede I n'il not spare.

*Explicit.*



**The Floure of Courtesie, made by JOHN LIDGATE.**

In this Book are set forth the rare Vertues of a certain Lady; made by  
*John Lidgate*, as some think, in the behalfe of some Gentlewoman in  
the Court.

**I**N Feverier, when that the frostie Monc  
Was hornid, full of Phœbus fierie light,  
And that the gan to raise her stremis sone,  
St. Valentine, upon thy blisfull night  
Of dutie, when that glad is every wight,  
And foulis chefe, to voide ther oldē sorow,  
Everiche his make upon the nextē morow,

The samē time I herde a Larke yfing  
Full lustily againe the morow gray,  
Awake, ye Loveres, out of your slumbring  
This glade morow, in alle the haste ye may,  
Doith some observaunce unto this day,  
Your choise agen of hertē to renew  
In confirming, for evir to be true.

And ye that be of chesing at your large  
This lustie day, by custome of nature,  
Take upon you the blisful holie charge  
To fervin Love while that your Life may dure,  
With body, herte, and alle your besy cure  
For evirmore, as Venus and Cypride  
For you disposith, and the God Cupide.

For joy owin ye plainly to obey  
Unto this Lord's mighty ordinaunce,  
And mercilesse full rathir for to dey,  
Than evre' in you be founding variaunce,  
And though your Life be medli'd with grevaunce,  
And at your hert's closet be your wound,  
Beth alway one, there as ye are ybound.

That when I herdin had and listid long  
With devout herte the lusty melody  
Of this hevynly comfortable Song,  
So agreable, as by harmony,  
I rose anone, and fast I gan me hie  
Toward a grove, and the way ytake  
Foulis to fene everiche chefe his Make.

And yet I was full thirsty' in languishing,  
Mine Ague was so fervent in h's herte,  
When Aurora for drierie complaining  
Gan to distill her cristall teris wete  
Upon the Soyle, with Silver dew so swete,  
For she ne durstin not for Shame appere  
Undir the light of Phœbus bemis clere.

And so for anguish of my painis kene,  
And eke for constraint of my sighis sore,  
I set me downe undir a laurir grene  
Full pitously, and alwey more and more  
As I beheld into the holtis hore,  
I gan complaine mine inward dedely smerte

That aye so fore crampisith at mine herte.

And whilis that I in my dreery paine  
Sate, and beheld about on every tre  
The foulis sit alway by twaine and twaine,  
Then thought I thus, alas! what may this be,  
That every foulē hath his libertie  
Frely to chesin aftir his desire  
Everiche his make thus fro yere to yere:

50

The fely Wren, the Tytēmosē also,  
The little Redbreſt, have fre election  
To flyin yfere, and togethir go  
Whereas them list, aboutin environ,  
As they of kind have inclination  
And as Nature, the empress and the guide  
Of every thing, list for them to provide;

60

But man alone (alas the hardē sound)  
Full cruilly by kind's ordinaunce  
Constrainid is, and by statute ybound  
And debarrid from all such gode plesaunce?  
What menith this, what is this purveiaunce  
Of God above againe all right of kind,  
Withouthin cause so narowe man to bind?

70

Thus may I ſcin and complaine, alas!  
My wolfull hour, and my disavinture,  
That dolefully stonde in the same case,  
So ferre behinde from alle helthe and cure,  
My wound abidith like a surſanure,  
For me Fortune so felly list dispose,  
My harme is hid, that I dare not disclose.

For I my herte have sett in soche a place,  
Where I am nevir likely for to spede,  
So ferre I am yhindrid from her grace,  
That save daungir I have none othir mede;  
And thus, alas! I note who shall me rede,  
Ne for myn helpē shapin remedie,  
For malebouche, and for false envie.

80

The whichē twaine aye stondith in my wey  
Maliciously, and false suspeccion  
Is verry cause also why that I die,  
Ginning and rote of my destruccion,  
So that I flyn in conclusion  
That with ther trainis they wollein me shende  
That dethe mote of my labour make an ende.

90

Yet or I die, with hertē, will, and thought  
To God of Lovē this avowe I make,  
As I best can, how dere that it be bought,  
Where so it be that I or slepe or wake,

Whilis



Whilis that Boreas doth the levis shake,  
As I have hight, plainly untill I sterue,  
For wele or wo, that I shall her yserue.

And for her sake, now on this holie time,  
St. Valentine, somewhat shullin I write,  
Although so be it that I can nat rime,  
Nor curiously by no craft endite,  
Yet levir I have that she put the wite  
In my unconning, than in negligence,  
Whatevir I say of her excellence.

Whatevir I say it is of dutie,  
In sothefastnes, and no presumption,  
This I ensure to you that shall it se,  
That it is all undir correction  
What I reherse in commendation  
Of her, that I shall to you as belive,  
So as I can, her vertues here describe.

Right by example, as the summir sunne  
Passith the steris with his bemis shene,  
And Lucifer among the skyis dunne  
A morow shewith to voide night's tene,  
So verily, withoutin any wene,  
My lady passith, whoso takith hede,  
All tho alive, to speke of womanhede.

And as the Rubie hath the soveraintie  
Of richè stonis, and the regalie,  
And as the Rose of swetenesse and beantie  
Of freshe flouris, without any lie,  
Right so in sothe, with her so godely eye  
She passith alle in bountie and fairenesse  
Of mannir eke and of her gentilnesse.

For she is both the fairist and the best,  
To rekin all, in verry sothefastnes,  
For every vertue is in her at rest;  
And furthirmore to speke of stedfastnes,  
She is the rore, and of semelinessse  
The very mirrour, and of govinaunce  
To all example, without variaunce.

Of port benigne, and wondir glade of chere,  
Evmore having her true advertence  
Alway to reson, so that her desire  
Is bridlid ay by wit and providence;  
Thereto of wit and also of high prudence  
She is the well, yet aye devoid of pride,  
That unto vertue her self is the guide.

And ovir all this, in her dalliaunce  
Lowly to all she is, discrete, and wise,  
And godely glade, by right attemperaunce,  
That every wight, of high and low degre,  
Are rightfull glade in herte with her to be,  
So that shortly, if that I shall not lie,  
She namid is the Floure of Curtisie.

And thereto, to speke of Femitie,  
She' is the leste mannish in comparison,  
Godely abashid, having ay pitie  
Of them that ben in tribulation,  
For she alone is consolation  
To all that arne in mischese and in nede,  
To comfortin them, of her womanhede.

And aye in vertue is her besy charge,  
Sad and demure, and but of wordis few,  
Dredefull also of tonguis that ben large,  
Eschewing aye them, that listin to hew  
Above ther hedde, ther wordis for to shew,  
Dishonestly to speke of any wight,

She deddely hatith of them to' have a sight.

The herte of whome so honest is and clene,  
And her entent so faithfull and entere,  
That she ne may for all the world sustene  
To suffir her eres any word to here  
Of frend nor foe, neithir ferrè ne nere,  
Amisf resowne, that hindir shulde his name,  
And if she do, she wexith redde for shame.

So truly in her mening she is sette  
Without chaunging, or any doublenesse,  
For bountie' and beantie are togethir knet  
In her person, undir firm faithfulnessse,  
For devoid she is of newfanglenesse,  
In herte ay one for evir to persever  
There she is sette, and nevir to dislever.

I am to rude, her vertues everychone  
Connyngly to discrivin and to write  
For well ye wote that colour have I none  
Like her discretion, craftely to endite,  
For what I saying all it is to lite,  
Wherfore unto you thus I me excuse,  
That I acquaintid am not with no muse,

By Rhetorike my stile for to governe,  
And all her preise and commendacion  
I am to blynde so hyllye to description,  
Of her ~~gode~~ godenes for to make *discerne*,  
Save thus I sayin in conclusion  
If that I shal her shortly commende,  
In her is naught, that nature can amende.

For gode she is, lyke to Polyxene,  
And in farenesse like to the quene Helaine,  
Stedfast of herte, as was Dorigene,  
And wisely trowth, if that I shal nat faine,  
In constaunce eke and faith, she maye attaine.  
To Cleopatre', and therto as setrone  
As was of Troyè the white Antigone.

As Hester mekè, lyke Judith of prudence,  
Kynde as Alcest, or Marcia Catoun,  
And to Grisildè lyke in pacience,  
And Ariadne of discrecioun,  
And to Lucrece, that was of Romè toun  
She may be likened as for honeste,  
And for her faithe, unto Penelope.

To faire Phillis, and to Hypsipyle  
For innocence, and eke for womanhede,  
For similitude unto Canace,  
And ovir this to speke of godelihede,  
She passith al whiche that I can of rede,  
For worde and dede, so that she naught ne fal,  
Acorde in vertue, and her werkis al.

For though that Dido with her wittgfull sage  
Was in her time right stedfast to Enee,  
Of hastinesse nathles she dyd outrage,  
And so for Jason dyd also Medee,  
But this my lady is so avisee,  
That bountie and beantie both in her demaine,  
She makith bountie alway soveraine.

This is to mene, bountie goith afore  
Lad by prudence, and hath the soverainte,  
And beaute foloweth, rulid by her lore,  
That she ne fendin her in no degre  
So that in one this godely freshe fre,  
Surmounting all, withoutin any were,  
Is gode and faire, in one persone yfere.

And



And though that I for very ignoraunce  
Ne may discribe her vertues by and by,  
Yet on this day for a remembraunce,  
Onely supportid undir her mercy,  
With quakinge honde I shal ful humbily  
To her hieness my rudenesse for to quite, 230  
A lytil balade here beneth endite.

Evir as I can supprize in myne herte  
Alway with fere, betwyxtin drede and shame,  
Leste out of lose any worde shulde asferte  
In this metre, to make it semin lame,  
Chaucer is dede, which that had soche a name  
Of faire making, that was withoutin wene  
Fayrist in our tonge, as the Laurir grene.

We may assayin for to countrefete  
His gay style, but it ne wol not ybe, 240  
The welle is drie, with the lycoure so swete  
Both of Clio, and of Calliope;  
And first of all, I woll excusin me  
To her that is the ground of godelihede,  
And thus I say until her womanhede.

Balade simple.

**W**ith al my myght, and alle my best entent,  
Wyth all the faithe that mighty God of kinde

Me yave, sith he me soule and knowing sent,  
I chese, and to this bonde evir me binde,  
To love you best, while I have life and minde. 250  
Thus herdin I foulis in the dauninge  
Upon the day of sainte Valentine singe.

Yet chese I at beginning this entent,  
To lovin you, though I no mercy finde,  
And if you lyst I died I wolde assent,  
As evir twinne I quick from of this line,  
Suffisith me to sene your fethirs ynde.  
Thus herde I foulis in the morowninge  
Upon the day of sainte Valentine singe.

And ovir this mine hert's luste to bente 260  
In honour onily of the wodde binde  
Wholy I yevin, nevir to repente,  
In joye or wo, where ere so that I winde,  
Tofore Cupido, with his eyin blinde,  
The foulis all, when Titan did ysprunge  
With devout hert me thought I herdin singe.

*L'envoye.*

Princesse of beantie to you I present  
This symple dyte, rude as in makinge,  
Of hert, and will faithfull in mine entent,  
Like as this day, the foulis herde I singe. 270

Here endeth the Floure of Curtesy.

Hereafter foloweth how pyte is dede and buried in gentyle herte.

**P**yte, that I have sought so yore ago  
With herte sore, and full of besy paine,  
That in this worlde was nevir wight so wo  
Withoutin derthe, and yf I shal nat faine,  
My purpose was to pite to complaine  
Upon the cruelte and tyrannye  
Of love, that for my trouth doth me to die.

And whan that I by length of certaine yeres  
Had evir in one sought a time to speke  
To pite ran I all bespreint with teres 10  
To prayin her on Cruelte me' a-wreke,  
But or I might with any worde out breke,  
Or tel her any of my painis smerte,  
I found her ded, and buried in an herte.

A downe I fel, whan that I saw the herse,  
Ded as a stone, while that the swonne me laste,  
But up I rose, with coloure ful diverse,  
And pitously on her myne eyen I cast,  
And nerir the corse I gan presin fast,  
And for the soule I shope me for to pray, 20  
I was but lorne, there was no more to say.

Thus am I flaine, sith that Pite is ded,  
Alas that day that evir it shulde fal!  
What manir man dare nowe hold up his hed?  
To whom shal now any foro'wfull hert call,  
Nowe Cruelte hath cast to fle us al,  
In ydle hope folke reddelesse of paine,  
Sith she is ded, to whom shal we complaine?

But yet encrefish me this wondir newe,  
That no wight wote that she is ded but I, 30  
So many men as in her tyme her knewe,  
And yet she dyid all so sodainly,

For I have sought her er full beily  
Sithins that I had firste witte or mind,  
But she was ded er that I coude her find.

Aboute her herse there stodin lustily,  
Withoutin any mo, as thoughtin me,  
Bountie, perfetely well armed and richely,  
And frische beaute, and lust, and jolite, 40  
Assurid manir, youthe, and Honeste,  
Wisdome, estate, with drede and governaunce,  
Confedrid both by bonde and aliaunce.

A complainte had I writin in my honde  
To have yput to Pyte, as a byl,  
But I there al this company yfonde,  
That rathir wouldin all my cause spill,  
Then do me help, I held my plainte still,  
For to those folke withoutin any faile  
Without pite there maie no bill availe.

Then leave all vertues, save onely pitie, 50  
Keping the corse, as ye have herd me faine,  
Confedrid by bonde unto Cruelte,  
And be assentid when I shall be flaine,  
And I have put my compleinte up againe,  
For to my foes my bill I dare not shewe,  
The' effect which sayith thus in word is fewe.

Humblist of herte, hyist of reverence,  
Flowir benigne, Coroune of Vertues alle,  
Shewith unto your roiall excellence  
Your servaunt, if I durstin me so call, 60  
His mortall harme, in which he is ifall,  
And nought all onely for his wofull fare,  
But for your renome, as he shall declare.



It standeth thus that your contrary' crueltie  
 Allyd is ayenst your regalie,  
 Undir colour of womanly beautie,  
 For men shouldin not knowe her tyrannie,  
 With bountie Gentillesse, and Curtesie,  
 And hath deprivid you thus of your place,  
 That is hie Beaute' apertenant to your grace. 70

For kindly by your heritage and right  
 Ye be annexid evir to bountie,  
 And verily ye ought to doe your might  
 To helpin trouthe in his adversitie,  
 Ye be also the coroune of beautie,  
 And certis if that ye want in these twaine,  
 The worlde is lore, there is no more to faine.

Eke what availeth manir and gentillesse  
 Withoutin you, O most benigne cecture,  
 Shall crueltie ybe your governess? 80  
 Alas! what hertè maie it long endure?  
 Wherefore but ye rathir ytakin cure  
 To brekin that perillous aliaunce  
 Ye seen hem that ben in your obeisaunce.

And furthir ovir, if ye suffir this,  
 All your renome is fordoo in a throwe,  
 There shall no man ywete what pitie is,  
 Alas that your renome is fall so lowe!  
 Ye be' also fro your heritage ithrowe  
 By crueltie that occupieth your place, 90  
 And we dispairid that sekin your grace.

Have merccie on me, thou Herenus Quene,

That you have sought so tenderly and fore,  
 O let some streame of light on me be sene,  
 That love and drède you er longir the more,  
 For sothly to faine, I bere so fore,  
 And though I be not connyng for to plaine,  
 For God's love have mercie on my paine.

My paine is this, that what so I desire  
 That have I not, ne nothyng like thereto, 100  
 And evir setteth desire mine hertè on fire,  
 Eke on that othir side, where that I go,  
 What manir thing that may encrese my wo,  
 That have I redy unsought every where,  
 Me lackith but my deth, and then my bere.

What nedith to shewe percel of my paine,  
 Sith every wo, that hertè maie bethinke,  
 I suffir, and yet dare not to you plaine,  
 For well I wote, though that I wake or winke, 110  
 Ye recke not whethir that I flete or finke,  
 And nathelèss yet my trouth I shall susteine  
 Unto my deth, and that shall well be sene.

This is to faine that I will be yours ever,  
 Though ye me flea by crueltie your so,  
 Algate my spirite shall nevir discevir  
 Fro your service, for any paine or wo,  
 Sith ye be dedde, alas that it is so!  
 Thus for your deth I maie wepin and plain,  
 With hertè fore, and full of besie pain.

*Explicit.*



## *La belle Dame sans mercy.*

M. *Aleyn*, Secretary to the King of *France*, framed this Dialogue between a Gentleman, and a Gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand dyeth for Sorrow.

**H** Alse in a dreame, not fully well awaked,  
 The goldin slepe me wrapped undir his  
 wyng  
 Yet not forthy I rose, and well nigh naked  
 Al sodainly my self rememberyng  
 Of a mattir, levying all othir thyng,  
 Which I must doe withoutin more delaie  
 For them, whiche I ne durst not disobaie.

My charge was this, to translate by and by,  
 (All thyng forgive) as parte of my penaunce,  
 A boke callid *La belle Dame sans mercy*, 10  
 Whiche Maistir Aleine made of remembraunce,  
 Chief secretarie with the kyng of Fraunce:  
 And hereupon a while I stode musyng,  
 And in my self greatly imaginynge,

What wife I should perform the said processe  
 Consideryng by gode advisement  
 My unconnyng, and my grete simplenesse,  
 And ayenward the straite commaundement  
 Whiche that I had, and thus in myne entent  
 I was vexid and tournid up and dounce, 20  
 And yet at last, as in conclusioun,

I cast my clothis on, and went my waie  
 This foresaid charge having in remembraunce,  
 Till I came to a lustie grene valaie

Full of flouris, to se a grete plesaunce,  
 And so boldly with ther benigne suffraunce,  
 Which redin this boke touching this matere  
 Thus I began if it plesse you to here.

**N**OT long ago, ridyng an esie paas,  
 I fell in thought of joyful desperate, 30  
 With grete disese and pain, so that I was  
 Of all lovirs the most unfortunate,  
 Sith by his darte moste cruill full of hate  
 The deth hath take my ladie and maistresse,  
 And left me sole, thus discomfite and mate,  
 Sore languishyng, and in waie of distresse.

Then said I thus, it fallith me to cesse  
 Eithir to rime, or ditees for to make,  
 And surely to makin a full promesse  
 To laugh no more, but wepe in clothis blake 40  
 My joyfull tyme (alas) now doeth it flake,  
 For in my self I fele no manir ese,  
 Let it be written, soche fortune (as I take)  
 Which neithir me, nor non othir doth plesse.

If it were so, my wyll or myne entent.  
 Constrainid were a joyfull thing to write,  
 My penne coud nevir knowing what it ment,  
 To speke thereof my tongue hath no delite,

Who



Tho with my mouthe I laugh mochil or lite,  
 Mine eyin shouldmake a countenance untrue, 50  
 My herte also, would have therof despire,  
 The wepyng teris have so large issue.

These sicke lovirs I leve, that to hem longes,  
 Which lede ther life in hope of alegeaunce,  
 That is to saie, to make Balades and songes,  
 Every of 'hem, as thei fele ther grevaunce,  
 For she that was my joye, and my plesaunce  
 Whose soule I praie God of his mercie save,  
 She hath my will, myne hert's ordinaunce,  
 Which lyith here, within this tombe igrave. 60

Fro this tyme forthe, tyme is to hold my pees,  
 It werieth me this mattir for to trete,  
 Let othir lovirs put 'hem selfe in prees,  
 Their seson is, my tyme is now forgete,  
 Fortune by strength the forcir hath unshete,  
 Wherein was sperde all my worldly richesse,  
 And all the godis which that I have gete,  
 In my best tyme of youth and lustinesse.

Love hath me kept undir his govirnaunce,  
 If I misdid, God graunt me forgivenessse, 70  
 If I did well, yet felt I no plesaunce,  
 It causid neithir joye nor hevinessse,  
 For when she dyid that was my maistres,  
 My Welfare then ymade the same purchase,  
 The derh hath shette my bondis of witnessse,  
 Which for nothing myne hert shal nevir pase.

In this grete thought sore troublid in my mind,  
 Alone thus rode I all the morrow tide,  
 Till at the last it happid me to finde 80  
 The place, wherein I cast me to abide,  
 When that I had no furthir for to ride,  
 And as I went my lodgyng to purvaie,  
 Right sone I herd, a little me beside,  
 In a gardin, where minstrels gan to plaie.

With that anonc I went me backir more,  
 My self and I, me thought we were inow,  
 But twaine that wer my frendis here before  
 Had me espied, and yet I wote not how,  
 Thei came for me, awaiewarde I me drowe,  
 Somwhat by force, somwhat by ther request, 90  
 That in no wise I coud my self rescowe,  
 But nedes I must come in and se the fest.

At my commyng, the Ladies everichone  
 Bad me welcome, God wote, right gentillie,  
 And made me chere, every one by one,  
 A grete dele bettir than I was worthie,  
 And of ther grace shewed me grete curtisie  
 With gode disport, bicause I should not mourne,  
 That daie I bode still in ther companie,  
 Whiche was to me a gracious sojourne. 100

The bordis were spred in right lityl space  
 The Ladies sat, eche as she semid best,  
 There were no dedly servautes in the place,  
 But chosin men, right of the godelyest,  
 And some there wer, peraventure molt freshest,  
 That sawin ther Judgis right full demure,  
 Without semblaunt, eithir to moste or lest,  
 Notwithstandyng thei had 'hem undir cure.

Emong all othir one I gan espie,  
 Which in grete thought ful oftin came and went,  
 As one that had ben ravished uttirly,  
 In his language not gretly diligent,  
 His countinaunce he kept with grete turment,  
 But his desire farre passid his reson,

For er his eye went aftir his entent,  
 Full many' a tyme, when it was no seson.

To makin chere sorely hymself he painid,  
 And outwardly he fainid grete gladnesse,  
 To sing also by force he was constrained,  
 For no plesaunce, but verie shamefastnesse, 110  
 For the complainte of his moste hevinessse  
 Came to his voice, alwaie without request,  
 Like as the soun of birdis doeth expresse,  
 When thei sing loude, in fritte or in forest.

Othir there were, that servid in the hall,  
 But none like hym, as aftir myne advise,  
 For he was pale, and somwhat lene withall,  
 His speche also tremblid in ferfull wise,  
 And er alone, but when he did serveise,  
 All blacke he ware, and no devise but plain, 130  
 Me thought by him, as my witte coud suffise,  
 His herte was nothyng in his owne demain.

To fest 'hem all he did his diligence,  
 And well he coud, right as it semid me,  
 But evirmore when he was in presence  
 His chere was doun, it n'olde none othir be,  
 His Scholemaistir had soche auethorite,  
 That all the while he bode still in the place  
 Speke cou'd he not, but upon her beaute  
 He lokid still, with a right pitous face. 140

With that his hedde he tournid at the last  
 For to beholde the Ladies everichone,  
 But er in one he set his eye stedfast  
 On her, whiche that his thought was moste upon,  
 For of his eyen the shot I knewe anone,  
 Which ferfull was, with right humble requestes;  
 Then to my self I saied, by God alone,  
 Soche one was I, or that I lawe these jistes.

Out of the prese he went full esily,  
 To make stable his hevie countinaunce, 150  
 And wote ye well, he sighid wondirly,  
 For his sorowes and wofull remembrance,  
 Then in hymself he made his ordinaunce,  
 And forthwithall came to bryng in the messe,  
 But for to judge his nolle wofull penance,  
 God wote, it was a pitous entremesse.

Aftir dinir anonc thei 'hem avaunced  
 To daunce above the foike everichone,  
 And forthwithal this hevie man he daunced,  
 Somtime with twaine, and somtimes with one, 160  
 Unto 'hem all his chere was aftir one,  
 Now here, now there, as fell by avinture,  
 But er emong he drewe to her alone,  
 Whiche that he moste drede, of livyng cecture.

To mine advise gode was his purveiaunce,  
 When he her chose to his maistrise alone,  
 If that her herte were set to his plesaunce,  
 As moche as was her beauteous persone,  
 For who so evir setteth his trust upon  
 The report of the eyen, withoutin more, 170  
 He might be dedde, and gravin undir stone,  
 Or er he should his hert's ese restore.

In her failid nothyng, that I coud gesse,  
 One wife nor othir, privie nor aperte,  
 A garison she was of godelinesse,  
 To make a frontier for a lovirs herte,  
 Right yong and freshe, a woman full coverte,  
 Assurid wele of porte, and eke of chere,  
 Wel at her ese, withoutin wo or smerte, 180  
 All underneth the standerde of dangere. 10



To se the fest it weried me full fore,  
 For hevie joye doeth fore the herte travaille,  
 Out of the prese I me withdrawe therfore,  
 And set me doune alone behinde a traile  
 Full of levis, to se a grete mervaile,  
 With grene wrethis iboundin wondirly;  
 The levis were so thicke withoutin faile,  
 That thoroughout no man might me espie.

To this Ladie he came full curtisly,  
 When he thought time to daunce with her a trace,  
 Set in an herbir, made full plesantly,  
 Thei restid 'hem fro thens but lityl space,  
 Nigh 'hem were none of a certain compace,  
 But onely thei, as farre as I coud se,  
 Save the traile, there I had ychose my place,  
 Ther was no more bitwene 'hem two and me.

I herd the lovir sighyng wondir fore,  
 For aie the more the forir it hym sought,  
 His inward paine he coud not kepe in store,  
 Nor for to speke so hardie was he nought, 200  
 His leche was nere, the gretir was his thought,  
 He musid fore to conquere his desire,  
 For no man maie to more penaunce be brought,  
 Then in his herte to bryng hym to the fire.

The herte began to swell within his chest,  
 So fore strainid, for anguisse and for pain,  
 That all to pecis almoste it to brest,  
 When both at ones so fore it did constrain,  
 Desire was bolde, but shame it gan refrain,  
 That one was large, the othir was full close, 210  
 No little charge was laied on hym certain,  
 To kepe soche werre, and have so many fose.

Full oft in times to speke himself he pained,  
 But shamefastnesse and drede saied evir naie,  
 Yet at the last so fore he was constrained,  
 When he full long had put it in delaie,  
 To this Ladie right thus then gan he saie,  
 With dredefull voice, wepyng, halfe in a rage,  
 For me was purveied an unhappie daie,  
 When I first had a sight of your visage: 220

I suffre pain, God wote, full hote brenning,  
 To cause my deth, all for my true servise,  
 And I se well, ye recke thereof nothing,  
 Nor take no hede of it, in no kinde wise,  
 But when I speke aftir my best advise,  
 Ye reke it nought, but make thereof a game,  
 And though I sewe so grete an entirprise,  
 Yet peirith not your worship nor your fame.

Alas! what should it be to' you prejudice,  
 If that a man doe love you faithfully? 230

To your worship, eschewyng every vice,  
 So am I yours, and will be verily,  
 I chalenge nought of right and reson why,  
 For I am whole submit to your service,  
 Right as you list it be, right so will I,  
 To binde my self, where I was in fraunchise.

*L'amant.*

Though it be so, that I can not deserve  
 To have your grace, but alwaie live in drede,  
 Yet suffre me you for to love and serve,  
 Without mangre of your moste godelihede, 240  
 Both faith and trowth I give your womanhede,  
 And my service without any callyng,  
 Love hath me bound, withoutin wage or mede  
 To be your man, and leve all othir thyng.

*La dame.*

When this ladie had herd al this language,  
 She gave answere, full soft and demurely  
 Without chaungyng of colour or courage,  
 Nothyng in hast, but full mesurably.  
 Me thinkith, fir, your thought is grete foly;  
 Purpose ye nought your labour for to cese, 250  
 For thinkith not, whilis ye live and I,  
 In this mattir to set your herte in pefe.

*L'amant.*

Ther maie none make the pece, but onely ye;  
 Which are the ground and cause of all this war,  
 For with your eyen the lettirs writtin be,  
 By whiche I am defied and put asfarre,  
 Your plesaunt loke, my very lodestarre,  
 Was made heraude of thilke same defiaunce;  
 Whiche uttirly behight me for to barre  
 My faithfull trust, and all myne affyaunce. 260

*La dame.*

To live in wo he hath grete fantasie,  
 And of his hert also but slippir holde,  
 That onely for beholdyng of an eye  
 Can not abide in pece, as reson wolde,  
 Other or me, if ye list ye maie beholde,  
 Our eyen are made to loke, why should we spare?  
 I take no kepe, neithir of yong ne olde,  
 Who felith smart, I counsaile hym beware.

*L'amant.*

If it be so, one hurte an othir fore  
 In his defeute, that felith the grevaunce, 270  
 Of very right a man maie do no more,  
 Yet reson would it were in remembraunce,  
 And sith fortune onily by her chaunce  
 Hath causid me to suffre all this pain  
 By your beautie, with all the circumstaunce,  
 Why list ye have me in so grete disdaine?

*La dame.*

To your persone ne have I no disdaine,  
 Nor nevir had truelie, ne nought will have,  
 Nor right grete love, nor hatred in certain,  
 Nor your counsaile to knowe, so God me save, 280  
 If that soche love be in your minde igrave,  
 That lityl thyng maie doe you displeaunce,  
 You to begile, or make you for to rave,  
 I will not causin no soche encombraunce.

*L'amant.*

What er it be, that me hath thus purchased,  
 Wenying hath not decevid me certain,  
 But fervent love so fore hath me ichafed,  
 That I unware am castin in your chaine,  
 And sith so is, as fortune list ordaine,  
 All my welfare is in your handis fall, 290  
 In eschewyng of more mischevous paine,  
 Who sonist dieth, his care is left of all

*La dame.*

This sicknesse is right esie to endure,  
 But fewe peple it causith for to die,  
 But what thei mene I knowe it very sure,  
 Of more comfort to drawe the remedie;  
 Soche be there now plainyng full pitouslie,

That



That fele, God wote, not althir gretist pain, 300  
And if so be love hurte so grevoullie,  
Lesse harme it wer, one sorowful then twain.

*L'amant.*

Alas! Madame, if that it might you plesse,  
Moche bet it were, by waie of gentilnesse,  
Of one sorie to make twain well at ese,  
Then hym to destroe that liveth in distresse,  
For my desire is, neithir more nor lesse,  
But my service to doe for your plesaunce,  
In eschewyng all manir doublenesse,  
To make two joies, in stede of one grevaunce.

*La dame.*

Of love I seke neithir plesaunce nor ese,  
Nor have I therein no grete affiaunce,  
Though ye be sick it doeth me nothing plesse,  
Also I take no hede of your plesaunce,  
Chese who so will ther hertis to avaunce,  
Fre am I now, and fre will I endure,  
To be rulid by mann's govirnaunce  
For yerthly gode, naie, that I you ensue.

*L'amant.*

Love, which that joy and sorow doth depart,  
Hath set the Ladies out of all servage, 320  
And largely doeth graunt 'hem for ther part  
Lordship and rule of every maner of age,  
The pore servaunt nought hath of advantage,  
But what he maie get onely by purchesse,  
And he that ones to love doeth his homage,  
Full oftyn tymes dere bought is the richesse.

*La dame.*

Ladies be not so simple, thus I mene,  
So dull of witte, so sottid in folie,  
That for wordis, which said be of the splene,  
In faire language paintid full plesauntie, 330  
Whiche ye and mo holde scholis of dailie,  
To make 'hem all grete wondirs to suppose,  
But sone thei can awaie their heddis wrie,  
And to faire speche lightly ther cris close.

*L'amant.*

There is no man, that janglith busilie,  
And setteth his herte, and al his minde therfore,  
That by reson maie plain so pitoullie,  
As he that hath moche hevinesse in store;  
Whose hedde is whole, and faieith that it is fore,  
His fainid chere is harde to kepe in mewe, 340  
But thought, whiche is unfainid evirmore,  
The wordis previth, as the wordis shewe.

*La dame.*

Love is subtill, and hath a grete awaite,  
Sharp in working, in gabbing grete plesaunce,  
And can hym venge of soche as by disceite  
Would fele and knowe his secrete govirnaunce,  
And makith 'hem to obeie his ordinaunce,  
By cherefull waies, as in 'hem is supposed,  
But when thei fallin into repentaunce,  
Then in a rage ther counsaile is disclosed. 350

*L'amant.*

Sith for as moche as God and eke nature  
Hath avauncid love to so hie degre,

Moche sharp is the point, thus am I right sure,  
Yet grevith more the faute, where er it be,  
Who hath no colde, of herte hath no deinte,  
The one for that othir askid is expresse,  
And of plesaunce knowith none certainte,  
But it be one in thought and hevinesse.

*La dame.*

As for plesaunce, it is not alwaie one,  
That you think swete, I think it bittir pain, 360  
Ye maie not me constrain, nor yet right none,  
Aftir your luste to love, that is but vain,  
To chalenge love by right was never sein,  
But herte assent, before bonde and promise,  
For strength and force ne maie not er attain  
I will that standeth enfeffid in franchise.

*L'amant.*

Right faire ladie, God mote I never plesse,  
If that I seke othir right in this case,  
But for to shewe you plainly my disese,  
And your mercie to abide, and eke your grace, 370  
If I purpose your honour to deface,  
Or evir did, God and fortune me shende,  
And that I ner unrightfully purchace  
One onclie joye, unto my liv'is ende.

*La dame.*

Ye and othir, that swere soche othis faste,  
And so condempne, and cursin to and fro,  
Full sikirly ye wene your othis laste  
No lengir then the wordis ben ago,  
And God, and eke his fainctis laugh also;  
In soche sweryng there is no stedfastnesse, 380  
And these wretchis, that have ful trust therto,  
Aftir thei wepe and wailin in distresse.

*L'amant.*

He hath no courage of a man truelie,  
That sechith plesaunce, worship to dispise,  
Nor to be callid, for he' is not worthie  
The yerth to touch, the aire in no kind wise,  
A trustie herte, a mouthe without feintise,  
Thus by the strength of every manir name,  
And who that laieth his faithe for little prise,  
He lesith both his worship and his fame. 390

*La dame.*

A cursid herte, a mouthe that is curteise,  
Full well ye wote thei be not accordyng,  
Yet fainid chere right sone maie 'hem apeise,  
Where of malice it set all ther workyng,  
Full false semblant thei bere, and true femyng,  
Ther name, ther fame, ther tonguis ben but fained,  
Worship in 'hem is put in forgettyng,  
Nought repentid, nor in no wise complained.

*L'amant.*

Who thinkith ill, no gode maie him befall,  
God of his grace graunt eche man his desert, 400  
But for his love, emong your thoughtis all,  
As thinke upon my wofull sorowes smert,  
For of my paine whethir your rendir hert  
Of swete pitie be not therewith agreved,  
And of your grace, to me were discovert,  
That by your mene sone shoud I be releved.

5 Q

La



*La dame.*

A lightfome herte, a folie of plesaunce,  
 Are moche bettir, the lesse while thei abide,  
 Thei make you think, and bring you in a traunce,  
 But that sikenesse will sone be remedide, 410  
 Respite your thought, and put all this aside,  
 Full gode disporte ywerieth me all daie,  
 To helpe nor hurte my will is not aplide,  
 Who troweth me not, I let hym passe awaie.

*L'amant.*

Who hath a birde, a faucon, or a hounde,  
 That foloweth hym for love in every place;  
 He cheriseth him, and kepith him ful sounde,  
 Out of his sight he will not hym enchace,  
 And I that set my wittis in this cace 420  
 On you alone, withoutin any chaunge,  
 Am put undir, moche farthir out of grace,  
 And lesse set by, then othir that be straunge.

*La dame.*

Though I make chere to every man about,  
 For my worship, and for myne owne fraunchise,  
 To you I n'ill doe so, withoutin doubt,  
 In eschewyng all manir prejudise,  
 For wote ye well, love is so little wise,  
 And in bileve, so lightly will be brought,  
 That he takith all at his owne devise,  
 Of thing, God wote, that servith him of nought.

*L'amant.*

If I by love, and by my true servise  
 Lese the gode chere that straungirs have alwaie,  
 Whereof shall serve my trouthe in any wise,  
 Lesse then to him, that cometh and goeth al daie,  
 Whiche holdeth of you nothyng, that is no naie,  
 Also in you is lost, as to' my semyng,  
 All curtise, whiche of reson will faie  
 That love for love were lawfull desiryng.

*La dame.*

Curtise is alyid wondir nere  
 To worship, whiche hym lovith tendirly, 440  
 And he will not be bounde for no praiere,  
 Nor for no giftes, I saie you verily,  
 But his gode chere depart full largily  
 Where hym lykith, as his concept will fall,  
 Guerdon constrained, a gift doen thankfully,  
 These twain can ner accord, nor nevir shal.

*L'amant.*

As for guerdon, I seke none in this cace,  
 For that deserte to me it is to hie,  
 Wherfore I aske your pardon and your grace,  
 Sith me behovith deth, or your mercie, 450  
 To give the gode where it wantith truly  
 That were reson, and a curtise manere,  
 And to your own moche bettir were worthy  
 Then to straungirs, to shew hem lovely chere.

*La dame.*

What cal ye gode, fain would I that I wist,  
 That plesith one, an othir smertith sore,  
 But of his owne to large is he, that list  
 Give moche, and lesin his gode name therfore,  
 One should not make a graunt, little ne more,

But the request were right well accordyng, 460  
 If worship be not kept and set before,  
 All that is leste, is but a little thyng.

*L'amant.*

Into this worlde was foundin nevir none,  
 Nor undir hevin creature ibore,  
 Nor nevir shall, save onely your persone,  
 To whom your worship touchith halfe so sore;  
 But me, whiche have no seson lesse ne more,  
 Of youth ne age, but still in your service,  
 I have no eyen, no wit, nor mouthe in store,  
 But all be givin to the same office. 470

*La dame.*

A ful grete charge hath he withoutin faile,  
 That his worship kepith in sikirnesse,  
 But in daungir he fettith his travaile,  
 That fessith it with othirs businesse,  
 To hym that longith honour and noblesse,  
 Upon none othir should not be awaite,  
 For of his owne so moche hath he the lesse,  
 That of othir moche foloweth the conceite.

*L'amant.*

Your eyen hath set the print, which that I fele  
 Within my herte, that where so er I go, 480  
 If I doe thyng, that sounith unto wele,  
 Nedes must it cum from you, and fro no mo,  
 Fortune will this, that I for wele or wo  
 My life endure, your mercy abidyng,  
 And verie right will, that I thinke also  
 Of your worship above all othir thyng.

*La dame.*

To your worship se well, for that is nede,  
 That ye spende not your seson all in vain,  
 As touchyng myne, I rede you take no hede,  
 By your follie to put your selfe in pain,  
 To ovircome is gode, and to restrain 490  
 An herte, whiche is decevid follilie,  
 For worse it is to breke then bowe certain,  
 Bettir to bowe, then to fall sodainly.

*L'amant.*

Now, faire Ladie, thinke, sith it first began,  
 That love hath set mine herte undir his cure,  
 It nevir might, ne truelie I ne can  
 None othir serve, while I shall here endure,  
 In most fre wise thereof I make you sure,  
 Which maie not be withdraw, this is no naie,  
 I must abide all manir advinture,  
 For I ne maie put to, nor take awaie. 500

*La dame.*

I holde it for no gift in sothfastnesse,  
 That one offirith, where it is forsake,  
 For soche a gifte' is abandonyng expresse,  
 That with worship ayen maie not be take;  
 He hath an herte full fell that list to make  
 A gift lightlie, that put is to refuse,  
 But he is wise, that soche concept will flake,  
 So that hym nede neithir studie ne muse.

*L'amant.*

He should not muse, that hath his service spent  
 On her, whiche is a Ladie honourable, 510  
 And



And if I spende my time to that entent,  
Yet at the lest I am not reprobable  
Of fainid harte, to thinke I am unable;  
Or I mistoke, when I made this request,  
By whiche love hath of enterprife notable  
So many hertis gottin by conquest.

*La dame.*

If that ye liste doe astir my counsaile,  
Seche a fairir, and of more highir fame,  
Whiche in service of love will you prevaile,  
Astir your thought, accordyng to the same, 520  
He hurtith bothe his worship and his name,  
That follily for twain himself will trouble,  
And he also lesith his astir game,  
That surely can not set his poinctis double.

*L'amant.*

This your counsaile, by ought that I can se,  
Is bettir faied than doen, to myne advise,  
Though I beleve it not, forgive it me,  
Mine herte is soche, so whole without feintise,  
That I ne maie give credence in no wise  
To thyng, whiche is not sounyng unto truth, 530  
Othir counsaile I se' is but fantasie,  
Save of your grace to shewe pitie and ruth.

*La dame.*

I holde hym wise that workith no folie,  
And when hym list, can leve and part therfro,  
But in connyng he is to lerne truelie,  
That would himself conduite, and can not so,  
And he that will not astir counsaile doe,  
His sure he puttith into disperaunce,  
And all the gode that shoud yfall hym to,  
Is lost and dedde, clene out of remembraunce. 540

*L'amant.*

Yet woll I shewe this mattir faithfullie,  
Whilis I live, what evir be my chaunce,  
And if it hap, that in my truthe I die,  
Then deth shall doe to me no displeaunce,  
But when that I, by your harde sufferance  
Shall die so true, and with so grete a pain,  
Yet shall it doe me moche the lesse grevaunce,  
Then for to live a false lovir certain.

*La dame.*

Of me get ye right noght, this is no fable,  
I will to you be neithir hard nor straite, 550  
And right will not no man customable,  
To thinke ye should be sure of my conceite,  
Who sechith sorowe, his be the receite,  
Othir counsaile can I not fele nor se,  
Nor for to lerne I cast me not to' awaite,  
Who will thereof, let hym assaie for me.

*L'amant.*

Ones must it be assaied, that is no naie,  
With soche as be of reputacion,  
And of true love, the right honour to paie  
Of fre hartis gottin by due raunsome, 560  
For frewil holdith this opinion,  
That it is grete dureffe and discomforte,  
To kepe a herte in so straite a prison,  
That hath but one bodie for his disporte.

*La dame.*

I knowe so many causis marveilous,  
That I must nede of reson thinke certain  
Soche avinture is wondir perilous,  
And yet well more the coming backe again,  
Gode or worship thereof is seldome sene,  
Where I ne will make any soche araie, 570  
As for to finde a plesaunce but baraine,  
When it shall cost so dere the first assaie.

*L'amant.*

Ye have no cause to doubt of this matter,  
Nor you to meve with no soche fantasie,  
To put me farre all out as a straunger,  
For your godenesse can thinke and well advise  
That I have made aprise in every wise,  
By whiche my truthe sheweth opin evidence,  
My long abidyng, and my true service  
Maie well be knownen by plain experience. 580

*La dame.*

Of verie right he maie be callid true,  
And so must he be take in every place,  
That can discern, and let as he ne knewe,  
And kepe the gode, if he it maie purchase,  
For who that praieth, or swereth in any case,  
Right well ye wote, in that no trouth is preved,  
Soch hath there ben, and ar, that gettin grace,  
And lese it sone, when thei have it acheved.

*L'amant.*

If truthe me cause, by vertue sovèrain,  
To shewe gode love, and alwaie find contrarie, 590  
And cherishe The, whiche sleeth me with the pain,  
This is to me a lovely adversarie,  
When that pitie, whiche long on slepe doth tarie,  
Hath set the fine of all my hevinesse,  
Yet her comfort to me moste necessarie  
Shall set my will more sure in stablenesse.

*La dame.*

The woful wight, what maie he think or say,  
The contrarie of all joye and gladnesse,  
A sickie bodie, his thought is ferre alwaie  
From 'hem that felin no fore nor sickenesse, 600  
Thus hurtis ben of divers businesse,  
Whiche love hath putt unto grete hinderaunce,  
And truthe also put in forgetfulnesse,  
When thei full fore begin to sigh askaunce.

*L'amant.*

Now God defende, but he be harmelesse  
Of all worship or gode that maie befall,  
That to werst tournith by his leudenesse  
A gift of grace, or any thyng at all,  
That his Ladie vouchsafe upon hym call,  
Or cherish hym in honourable wise, 610  
In that defeaute what er he be that fall,  
Deservith more then deth to suffre twise.

*La dame.*

There is no judge iset on soche trespase,  
By whiche of right love maie recovered be,  
One cursith fast, an othir dorth manace,  
Yet dyith none, as farre as I can se,  
But kepe ther course alwaie in one degre,

And



And evirmore ther labour doeth encrese  
To bryng Ladies by ther grete subtilte,  
For othirs gilte, in forowe and disese.

620

*L'amant.*

All be it so onè doeth so grete offence,  
And is not dedde, nor put to no justice,  
Right well I wore hym gainith no defence,  
But he must ende in full mischevous wife,  
And all evir faied, God will hym dispise,  
For falsheid is all full of curtidnesse,  
That his worship may ner have entirprise,  
Where it reignith, and hath the wilfulnesse.

*La dame.*

Of that have thei no grete fere now a daise,  
Soche as will saie and maintain it thereto,  
That stedfast trithe is nothyng for to praisse  
In 'hem that kepe it long in wele or wo,  
Their busie hertis passin to and fro,  
Thei be so well reclaimid to the lure,  
So well lernid 'hem to withholde also,  
And al to chaunge, when love should best endure.

630

*L'amant.*

When one hath set his herte in stable wife  
In soche a place as is bothe gode and true,  
He should not slit, but doc forthe his service  
Alwaic withoutin chaunge of any newe,  
As sone as love beginnith to remewe  
All plesaunce goeth anone in lityl space,  
As for my partie that shall I eschue  
While that the soule abidith in his place.

640

*L'amant.*

To love truely, there as it ought of right,  
Ye maie not be mistakin doutlesse,  
But ye be foule discevid in your sight  
By your light understandyng, as I gesse,  
Yet maie we well repele your businesse,  
And unto reson have some attendaunce,  
Moche bettir than to abide by simplenes  
The feble foccouris of desperaunce.

650

*L'amant.*

Reson, counsaile, wisedome, and gode advise  
Ben undir love arrestid everichone,  
To whiche I can accorde in every wise,  
For thei ben not rebell, but still as stone,  
Ther will and myne be medlid all in one,  
And therwith boundin with so strong a chain,  
That as in 'hem departyng shall be none,  
But pitie breke the mightie bonde atwain.

660

*La dame.*

Ye love not your self, what evir ye be,  
That in love stande subject in every place,  
And of your wo if ye have no pite,  
Othirs pite bileve not to purchase,  
But be fullie assured, as in this cace,  
I am alwaic undir one ordinaunce,  
To havin bettir trust not astir grace,  
And all that levith, take to your plesaunce.

*L'amant.*

I have my hope so sure and so stedfast,  
That soche a Ladie should not lacke pitie,

670

But now alas! it is shrit up so fast  
That daungir sheweth on me his crueltie,  
And if she se the vertue faile in me  
Of true service, though she doe faile also  
No wondir were, but this is my surete  
I must suffre, whiche waie that er it go.

*La dame.*

Leve this purpose, I rede you for the best,  
For the lengir ye kepe, it is in vain,  
The lesse ye get, as of your hert's rest,  
And to rejoyce it shall you ner attain,  
When ye abide gode hope to make you fain  
Ye shall be founde asottid in dotage,  
And in the ende ye shall knowe for certain,  
That hope shall paie the wretchis for ther wage.

680

*L'amant.*

Ye saie as fallith moste for your plesaunce,  
And your powir is grete, all this I se,  
But hope shall ner out of my remembraunce,  
By whiche I fele so grete adversite,  
For when nature hath set in you plente  
Of all godenesse, by vertue and by grace,  
He ner assemblid 'hem, as semid me,  
To put pitie out of his dwellyng place.

690

*La dame.*

Pitie of right ought to be resonable,  
And to no wight do grete disfavantage,  
There as is nede, it should be profitable,  
And to the pitous shewyng no damage,  
If a Ladie will doe so grete outrage  
To shewe pitie and cause her owne debate,  
Of soche pitie comith dispitous rage,  
And of soche love also right dedly hate.

700

*L'amant.*

To comfort 'hem that live all comfortlesse  
That is no harme, but comfort to your name,  
But ye that have a herte of soche duresse  
And a faire Ladie' I must affirme the same,  
If I durst saie, ye winne all this defame  
By crueltie, whiche sittith you full ill,  
But if pitie, whiche maie all this attain,  
In your high herte maie rest and tary still.

*La dame.*

What er he be that saieth he lovith me,  
And paraventure I leve well it be so,  
Ought he be wrothe, or should I blamid be,  
Though I did not as he would have me doe?  
If I medlid with soche or othir moe  
It might be callid pitie mercilesse,  
And aftirward if I should live in wo,  
Then to repent it were to late I gesse.

710

*L'amant.*

O marble herte, and yet more harde parde,  
Whiche mercie maie not perce for no labour,  
More strong to bowe then is a mighty tre,  
What availeth you to shewe so grete rigour!  
Pleseth it you more to se me die this hour  
Before your eyen, for your disport and plaie,  
Then for to shewe some comfort and foccour  
To respite deth, whiche chafith me alwaie?

720

*La*



*La dame.*

Of your discafe ye may have allegeaunce,  
And as for myne, I let it ovir flake,  
Also ye shall not die for my plesaunce,  
Nor for your hele I can no suretie make,  
I will not hurte my self for othirs sake,  
Wepe thei, laugh thei, or sing thei, I waraunt 730  
For this mattir, so will I undirtake  
That none of 'hem shall make therof avaunt.

*L'amant.*

I can not skill of love by God alone,  
I have more cause to wepe in your presence,  
And well ye wote, avauntour am I none,  
For certainly I love bettir silence,  
One should not love by his hert's credence,  
But he were sure to kepe it secretlie,  
For avauntour is of no reverence,  
When that his tongue is his moste enemye. 740

*La dame.*

Male bouch in court hath grete commaundement,  
Eche man studieth to saie the worst he maie,  
These false lovirs in this tyme now present  
Thei servin best to jangle as a Jaie,  
The moste secrete iwis, yet some men saie  
How he mistrustid is in some partise,  
Wherefore to ladies when men speke or saie,  
It should not be bilevid in no wise.

*L'amant.*

Of gode and ill shall be, and is alwaic,  
The world is soche, the yerth is not al plain, 750  
Thei that be gode, the profe sheweth every daie,  
And othir wife grete villonie certain,  
It is not reson, though one his tongue disdain  
With cursid speche to doe hymself a shame,  
That soche refuse should wrongfully remain  
Upon the gode renomid in ther fame.

*La dame.*

Soch as be nought, when thei here tidinges new  
That eche trespas shall lightly have pardon,  
Thei that pursuin to be gode and true  
Will not set by none ill disposicion, 760  
To continue in every gode condicion  
Thei are the first that fallin in damage,  
And full frely the hertis habandon  
To lityl faithe, with soft and faire language.

*L'amant.*

Now knowe I well of verie certainte  
If one doe truelie, yet shall he be shente,  
Sith all manir of justice and pite  
Is banished out of a Ladies entente,  
I can not se, but all is at one stente,  
The gode, the ill, the vice, and eke the vertue, 770  
Soche as be gode, soche have the punismente,  
For the trespas of 'hem that live untrue.

*La dame.*

I have no powir you to do grevaunce,  
Nor for to punishe none othir creature,  
But to eschewin the more encombraunce,  
To kepe us from you all, I holde it sure,  
For false semblaunce hath a face full demure

Lightlie to catche these Ladies in a waite,  
Wherefore we must, if we will here endure,  
Make right gode watch, lo! this is my conceite.

*L'amant.*

Sith that of grace a godely worde not one  
Maie now be had, but alwaie kept in store,  
I appele to God, for he maie here my mone,  
Of the duresse, which grevith me so fore,  
And of pite I complaine furthirmore,  
Whiche he forgate in all his ordinaunce,  
Or els my life to have endid before,  
Whiche so sone am put out of remembraunce.

*La dame.*

My herte nor I have doen you no forfeite,  
By whiche ye should complaine in any kinde, 790  
Nothyng hurtith you, but your own conceite,  
Be judge your self, for so ye shall it finde,  
Thus alwaie let this sinke into your minde,  
That your desire shall ner recovered be,  
Ye noye me fore in wastying all this winde,  
For I have saied inough, as semith me.

This wofull man rose up in all his paine,  
And departid with wepyng countinaunce,  
His wofull herte almoste to brast in twaine,  
Full like to die, walkyng forthe in a traunce, 800  
And sayid deth come forthe, thy self avaunce,  
Or that myne herte forget his propertie,  
And make shortir all this wofull penaunce  
Of my pore life, full of adversitie.

Fro thens he went, but whithir wist I nought,  
Nor to what part he drewe in sothfastnesse,  
But he no more was in his ladie's thought,  
For to the daunce anone she gan her dresse,  
And aftirward one tolde me thus expresse,  
He rent his heer, for anguishe and for pain, 810  
And in hymself toke so grete heviness  
That he was dedde within a daie or twain.

*L'envoy.*

THE true lovirs thus I beseeche you all,  
Soche adventres flie 'hem in every wise,  
And as peple defamid ye 'hem call,  
For thei truelie do you grete prejudice  
His castelles strong stuffid with ordinaunce,  
For thei have had long tyme by their office  
The whole cuntry of love in obeisaunce.

And ye Ladies, or what estate ye be, 820  
Of whom worship hath choise his dwellyng place,  
For Godd's love doe no soche crueltie,  
Nor in no wise ne folowe not the trace  
Of her that here is namid right wisely,  
Whiche by reson me semith in this cace  
Maie be callid, *La belle dame sans mercy.*

Go lityl boke, God sende The gode passage,  
Chese well thy waie, be simple of manere,  
Loke thy clothyng be like thy pilgrimage,  
And specially let this be thy praiere  
Unto 'hem all, that The will rede or here,  
Where thou art wrong after ther helpe to call  
The to correcte in any parte or all.

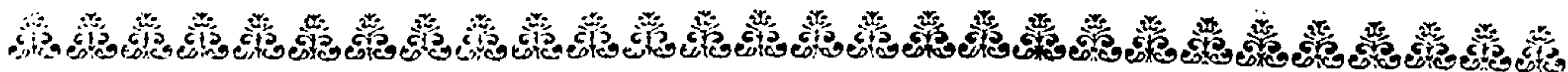


Praie 'hem also with thine humble servise  
 Thy boldnesse to pardon in this cace,  
 For els thou art not able in no wise  
 To make thy self appere in any place,  
 And furthir more beseeche 'hem of ther grace  
 By ther favour and supportacion  
 To take in gre this rude transacion. 840

The which God wore standith full destitute  
 Of eloquence, of metre, and colours,  
 Like as a belt nakid without refute  
 Upon a plain to abide all manir showers;


I can no more, but aske of 'hem socours,  
 At whose request thou wer made in this wife,  
 Commaundying me with body and servise.

Right thus I make an ende of this proses,  
 Beseeching hym, that all hath in balaunce,  
 That no true man be vexid causèlesse 850  
 As this man was, whiche is of remembraunce,  
 And all that doen ther faithfull observaunce,  
 And in ther trowth purpose 'hem to endure,  
 I praie God sende 'hem bettir avinture.  
*Explicit.*



## Of Quene ANNELIDA, and false ARCITE.

ARCITE a Theban Knight forsaketh QUEEN ANNELIDA, who lov'd him entirely,  
 and taketh a new Lady; whereupon ANNELIDA maketh this great Complaint.

 Thou fiers God of armis Mars the rede,  
 That in thy frostie countrey callid Thrace  
 Within thy grisly templis full of drede  
 Honourid art as patrone of that place,  
 With The Bellona Pallas full of grace  
 Be present, and my song continue' and gie,  
 At my beginnyng, thus to The I crie.

For it full depè is sonkin in mynde  
 With pitous herte in Englishe to endite  
 This olde storie, in Latine whiche I finde, 10  
 Of Quene Annelida and false Arcite,  
 That elde, whiche all thingis can frete and bite,  
 And it hath fretin many' a noble storie,  
 Hath nigh devourid out of our memorie.

Be favourable' eke thou Polymnia,  
 On Parnassus that with thy sustirs glade,  
 By Helicon, and not ferre from Cirrha,  
 Singist with voice memoriall in the shade,  
 Undir the Laurir, which that maie not fadè,  
 And doe that I my ship to havin winne, 20  
 First followe' I Stace, and aftir him Corinne.

*Janque domos patrias, Scythica post aspera gentis  
 Prælia, laurigero subeuntem Theſea curru  
 Latifusi plauſus, miſſuſque ad ſidera vulgi, &c.*

When Theſeus with warris long and grete  
 The aspre folke of Scythie hath overcome,  
 The Laurir crounid in his chaire golde bete  
 Home to his countre housis is icome,  
 For whiche the peple blisfull all and some  
 So cridin, that to the Sterris it went,  
 And hym to' honourin did all ther entent.

Before this Duke, in ſigne of victorie,  
 The Trompis come, and in his banir large 30  
 The Image of Mars, and in token' of glorie  
 Men mightin ſe of treſure many' a charge,  
 Many' a bright helme, and many' a ſpere and targe,  
 Many' a freſhe knight, and many' a blisfull rout,  
 On horſe and fore, in all the field about.

Hyppolyta his wife, the hardie Quene  
 Of Scythia, that he conquerid had,  
 With Emelie her younge ſuſtir ſhene,

Faire in a chare of golde he with him lad,  
 That at the ground about her chare ſhe ſprad 40  
 With brightneſſe of the beautie in her face,  
 Fulfillid all of largeſſe and of grace.

With his triumph and laurir corouned thus  
 In all the ſloure of Fortun's yeyng  
 Lete I this noble prince this Theſeus  
 Toward Athenis in his waie ridyng,  
 And ſonde I woll in ſhortly for to bryng  
 The ſlie waie of that I began to write,  
 Of quene Annelida and false Arcite.

Mars that through his furious courſe of ire, 50  
 The oldè wraſhe of Juno to fulfill,  
 Hath ſet the peplis hertis bothe on fire  
 Of Thebes and Grece, everich othir to kill  
 With blodie ſperis, reſtid nevir ſtill,  
 But throng now here now there among 'hem both,  
 That everiche othir ſlue, ſo were thei wroth.

For when Amphiorax and Tydeus  
 Hippomedon and Parthenope' alſo  
 Were dedde, and ſlain was the proude Capaneus,  
 And when the wretchid Thebans brethrin two 60  
 Were ſlain, and kyng Adraſtus home ago,  
 So deſolate ſtoode Thebis, and ſo bare,  
 That no wight could remedie of his care.

And when that the old Creon gan eſpie  
 How that the blode roiall was brought adoun,  
 He helde the cite by his tyrannie,  
 And did the gentils of that region  
 To ben his frendis, and dwell in the toun,  
 So what for love of him, and what for awe,  
 The noble folke were to the toun idrawe. 70

Emong all theſe Annelida the quene  
 Of Ermonie was in that toun dwellyng,  
 That fairir ferre was then the Sonnè ſhene,  
 Throughout the worlde ſo gan her name to ſpyng.  
 That her to ſe had every wight likyng,  
 For as of trouthe ne is there none her liche,  
 Of all the women in this worlde riche,

Yong was this quene, of twentie yeris olde,  
 Of middle ſtature, and of ſoche faireneſſe  
 That nature had a joye her to beholde, 80  
 And for to ſpekin of her ſtedfaſtneſſe;

She



She passid hath Penelope, and Lucrese,  
And shortlie if she shall ben comprehended,  
In her there mightin nothyng ben amended.

This Theban knight Arcite eke sothe to faine  
Was yong, and therwithal a lustie knight,  
But he was double in love, and nothing plaine,  
And subtil in that crafte ovr' any wight;  
And with his connyng wan this ladie bright,  
For so ferforthe he gan her trowth assure,  
That she hym trustith o'er any cature. 90

What should I faine? she lovith Arcite so,  
That when that he was absent any throwe,  
Anone her thought her herte brast a two,  
For in her sight to her he bare hym lowe,  
So that she wende have all his herte iknowe,  
But he was false, it n'as but fainid chere,  
As nedith not soche craftis men to lere.

But nerthelasse full mikill businesse  
Had he, er that he might his ladie winne, 100  
And swore that he would dyin for distresse,  
Or from his witte he sayid he would twinne;  
Alas the while! for it was routhe and sinne,  
That she upon his sorowis would rue,  
But *nothing thinketh the false as doth the true.*

Her fredome found Arcite in soche manere,  
That al was his, that she hath moche or lite;  
Ne to no manir cature made she chere  
Furthir then as it likid to Arcite,  
Ther was no lack, with which he might her wite,  
She was so ferforthe yevin him to plesse,  
That all that likid hym did her to ese.

There n'as to her no manir lettir sent,  
That touchid love, from any manir wight,  
That she ne shewid hym or it was brent,  
So plain she was, and dyd her fullè might  
That she n'ill hidin nothyng from her knight,  
Left he of any untrouthe her upbreide,  
Withoutin bode his herte she obeide. 120

And eke he made hym jelous ovir her,  
That what that any man had to her saied  
Anon he would yprayin her to swere  
What was that worde, or make him ill apaied.  
Then wenid she out of her witte have braied,  
But all was nought but sleight and flatterie,  
Withoutin love he fainid jelousie.

And all this toke she so debonairly,  
That al his wil her thought it skilful thing;  
And er the lengir loved hym tendirly, 130  
And did hym honour as he were a kyng,  
Her herte was to hym weddid with a ryng,  
For so ferforthe on trouthe is her entent  
That where he goith, her hert with him went.

Whan she shal ete, on him is so her thought,  
That wel unnethis of mette toke she kepe,  
And whan that she was to her rest ybrought,  
On him she thought alway tyl that she slepe,  
Whan he was absent, prively dothe she wepe.  
Thus livith faire Annelida the quene, 140  
For false Arcyte, that dyd her al this tene.

This false Arcyte, of his newfanglenesse,  
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,  
Ytoke lesse deintè for her stedfastenesse,  
And sawe anothir lady proude and newe,  
And right anon he clad him in her hewe,  
Wote I not whethir in white, red, or grene,

And falsid faire Annelida the quene.

But nerthelasse, grete wondir was it none  
Though he were false, for it is the kinde of man.  
Sithe Lamech was, that is so longe agone,  
To be in love as false as er he can,  
He was the firste fathir that began  
To lovin two, and was in bigamie,  
And he founde tentis first, but yf men lye.

This false Arcite, somewhat must he nede faine,  
Whan he was false to coveren his traitourie,  
Right as an horse, that can both bite, and plaine,  
For he bare her in honde of trechirie,  
And swore he coude her doubleness elpye, 160  
And al was fallenesse that she to him ment,  
Thus swore this thefe, and forth his way he went

Alas what herte might endurin it,  
For routhe or wo, her sorowe for to tel,  
Or what man hath the conning or the wir,  
Or what man might within the chambre dwel,  
If I to him reherlin shall the hel,  
That suffrith faire Annelida the quene,  
For falsa Arcite, that did her al this tene. 170

She wepith, wailith, swounith pitously,  
To grounde as ded she fallith as a stone,  
She crampith her limmis crokidly,  
She spekith as her witte were al agone,  
Othir colour than ashin hath she none,  
Ne none othir worde speketh she moch or lite,  
But *mercy crail hertè min Arcite.*

And thus endureth, til that she was so mate,  
That she ne hath fote on which she may sustene,  
But forth languishing er in this estate  
Of which Arcite hath neithir rothe ne tene, 180  
His herte was ellifwhere sette new and grene,  
That on her wo ne deinet him not to think,  
Him reckith ner whethir she flete or sinke.

This newe lady holdith him so narowe  
Up by the bridil, at the slav's ende,  
That every worde he dred it as an arowe,  
Her daungir made him bothè bowe and bende,  
And as her luste, madin him turne or wende,  
For she ne grauntid him in her living, 190  
No grace, why that he hath therof to finge,

But drove him forth, unneth list her to knowe  
That he was servaunt to her ladyship,  
But lesse that he were proude, she held him lowe,  
Thus servith he, withoutin mete or sip,  
She sente him nowe to lande, and nowe to ship,  
And for she yave him daungir al his fil,  
Therefore she had him at her owne wil.

Ensamble of this, ye thrifful women al,  
Take hede of Annelida and false Arcite,  
That for her list him her dere herte call, 200  
And was so meke, therefore he loved her lite,  
The kinde of mann's herte is to delite  
On thing that straunge is, al so God me save,  
For what they may not get, that wold they have.

Nowe turne we to Annelida ayen,  
That pinith day by day in languishing,  
But whan she sawe that her ne gate no geyn,  
Upon a day ful sorowfully weping  
She cast her for to make a complaining,  
And with her owne hande she gan it write, 210  
And sente it to her Theban knight Arcyte.

The



## The Complaint of ANNELIDA to false ARCITE.

**S** O thirlid with the point of remembraunce  
The swerde of sorowe, whette with false  
plefaunce,

Myne herte bare of blisse, and black of hewe,  
That turnid is to quaking all my daunce,  
My swertye in wapid countinace,  
Sens it availith nothing to ben trewe,  
For who so trewe is certis it shall her rewe  
That servith love, and dothe her observaunce, 220  
Alway to one, and chaungith for no newe.

I wote my selfe as well as any wight,  
For I loved one with al min hert and might,  
More than my self, an hundred thousande sith,  
And callid him my hert's lyfe, my knight,  
And was al his, as ferre as it was right,  
And whan that he was glad, than was I blithe,  
And his disese ywas my dethe as swithe,  
And he ayen his trouthe hath to me plight 230  
For evirmore his lady me to kith.

Nowe is he false alas! and causeles,  
And of my wo he is so routheles,  
That with a worde him list not onis daine  
To bring ayen my sor'owful herte in pees,  
For he is caught up in an othir lees,  
Right as hym lyst he laughith at my paine,  
And I ne can min herte not restraine  
For to love him yet alway nertheles,  
And of all this I n'ot to whom to plaine. 240

And shoulde I plain, alas the hardè stounde!  
Unto my soc that yave myn herte a wounde,  
And yet desirith that myn harme be more,  
Now certis ferthir woll I nevir founde  
None othir helpe my foris for to founde,  
My destiny hath shapid so ful yore,  
I woll none othir medecyne ne lore,  
I woll ben aye there I was onis bounde,  
That I have said, be said for evirmore.

Alas! where is become your gentillnesse, 250  
Your wordes full of plefaunce and humblenesse,  
Your observaunce in so lowe a manere,  
Your awaitinge, and eke your besinesse  
On me, that ye tho callid your maistresse,  
Your soveraine lady in this worlde here?  
Alas! is there now neithir worde ne chere  
Ye vouchsafin upon myn hevinesse?  
Alas your love, I bye it al to dere!

Nowe certis swete Arcite, though that ye  
Thus causelesse the rusfull Cause ybe 260  
Of all my pync, and dedly' Adversite,  
Your manly reason ought it to respite,  
To fle your sothefast frende, and namely me,  
Which that have nevir yet in no degre  
Offendid you in ought, as wisly he,  
That all thinges wote of wo my soule quite.

But for I was so plain to The Arcite,  
In all my wordes and workis moche and lite,  
And was so besy aye you to delite,  
Myne honour only save meke, kinde, and fre, 270  
Therefore Arcite ye put in me this wite,  
Alas! Alas! ye rechin not a mite  
Though that the percing swerde of sorow byte  
My woful hert, thorough your cruilte.

My swete soc, why do ye so for shame?

And thinkin ye that furthered be your name  
To lovin a newe, and ben untrewed aye,  
And putin you in flaundir now and blame,  
And do to me adversyte and grame,  
That love you most, God thou wotist alway 280  
Yet turne ayen, and yet be plaine some daye,  
And then shall this that now is mis ben game,  
And al forgevin, whilis I lyve maye.

Lo herte myne, al this is for to saine;  
As whethir shal I praye or ellis plaine,  
Which is the way to done you to be trewe?  
For cithir mote I have you in my chaine,  
Or with the deth ye mote depart us twayne,  
There beth none othir mene ne wayis newe,  
For God so wysely on my soule rewe, 290  
As verily ye flaine me with the paine,  
That mowe ye se unfainid on mine hewe.

For thus ferforth have I my deth ysought,  
My selfe I murdir with my privie thought,  
For sorowe' and routh of your unkindenesse  
I wepe, I waile, I fast, al helpith naught,  
I voide alle joy that is to speak of aught,  
I voide alle company, I flye gladnesse,  
Who may avaunt her bet of hevinesse  
Than I, and to this plite have ye me brought, 300  
Withoutin gilte, me nedith no witnesse.

And shoulde I pray, and weivin womanhede?  
Nay rathir deth, than do so foule a dede,  
And aske mercy, and giltlesse, what nede?  
And if that I complaine what life I lede  
You reckith not, that know I out of drede;  
And if I unto you mine othis bede  
For mine excuse, a scorne shal be my mede,  
Your chere yflourith, but it woll not fede,  
Ful longe agon I might have takin hede. 310

For though I had you to morowe againe,  
I might as wel holde Aprilis from raine,  
As holdin you to makin you stedfast,  
Almyghty God, of trouthe the soveraine,  
Wher is the trouthe of man, who hath it flaine?  
She that 'hem lovith, shall 'hem finde as fast  
As in a tempest is a rottin mast,  
Is that a tame best, that is evir faine  
To renne away, when he is left agast?

Nowe mercy swete Arcite, if I missay 320  
Whethir have I aught said out of the way  
I n'ot, my witte is wastid al away,  
I fare as doth the fonge of chantepleure,  
For nowe I plaine, and nowe agen I pley  
I am so masid that I dey, I dey,  
Arcite, Arcite hath born away the key  
Of al my wele, and my gode avinture.

For in this world there ne is no cature,  
Walking alas! in more discomfiture  
Than I, ne that more sorowe doth endure, 330  
For yf I slepe a furlonge way or twey,  
Than thinkith me anon that your figure  
Suppliant before me stante clad in asure  
Redy este to proffe a newe assure  
For to ben trewe, and mercyme to prey.

The longè night this wondir syght I drie,  
That on the day, for soche Affray I dye,  
And of al this right naught iwys ye retche,



Ne nevirmore myne eyin two ben drye,  
And to your routhe, and to your trouthe I crye, 340  
But wel away! to ferre ben they to fetehe,  
Thus holdith me my destiny a wretche,  
But me to rede out of this drede or gye  
Ne may my wit (so weke is it) not stretche.

Than ende I thus, sithe I may do no more,  
I yeve it up for nowe and evirmore,  
For I shall nevir este putten in balaunce  
My sikirness ne lerne of love the lore,  
But as the swan, I have herde say ful yore,  
Ayenst his deth wol sing in his penance,

So singe I here the destinie and chaunce,  
Howe that Arcite Annelida so fore  
Hath thrillid with the poynt of remembraunce.

Whan that Annelida this woful quene  
Hath of her hande ywrittin in this wise,  
With face all ded, betwixin pale and grene  
She fel a swoone, and sithe she gan to rise,  
And unto Mars avowith sacrifice  
Within the temple, with a so'rowfull chere,  
That shapin was, as ye may plainly here.

Explicit.

The Assemble of Ladies.

A Gentlewoman dreameth that she seeth a grete number of Ladies put up their  
Billes of Complaint before a Judge; who promisetht to relieve their Grie-  
vances.



N Septembre' at the fallinge of the lefe,  
The freshe ceson was atogidir done,  
And of the corne was gathirid the shefe,  
In a gardine aboute twayne astir none  
Ther were ladies walking, as was ther wone  
Foure in nombre, as to my minde dothe fall,  
And I the fifthe, the simplist of 'hem al.

Of gentilwomen faire there were also  
Disporting 'hem, everiche astir her gife,  
In crosse aleis walking by two and two; 10  
And some alone, astir ther fantasies,  
Thus occupied we were in diverse wise,  
And yet in trouthe we were not al alone,  
There werin knightes and squiris many one.

Wherof I served, one of 'hem askid me,  
I said ayen, as it fel in my thought,  
To walke aboute the mase in certainte,  
As a hedeless woman that nothing rought.  
He askid me ayen whom that I sought,  
And of my colour why I was so pale? 20  
Forsothe (q'ð I) and therby lithe a tale.

That must me wete (q'ð he) and that anone  
Tel on, let se, and make no taryng.  
Abide (q'ð I) ye ben a hastie one,  
I let you wete it is no lityl thing,  
But for bicause ye have a grete longing  
In your desire this proceffe for to here,  
I shal you tel the plaine of this matere.

It happid thus, that in an astirnone  
My felawship and I by one assent, 30  
Whan al othir besinnessis were done,  
To passe our time, into this mase we went,  
And toke our waies, eche astir our entent,  
Some went inward, and went they had gon out.  
Some stonde in the mid, and loked all about.

And soth to say, some were ful ferre behinde,  
And right anon as ferforthe as the best,  
Othir there were so masid in ther minde  
Al waies were gode for 'hem both est and west, 40  
Thus went they forth, and had but lityl rest,  
And some ther courage dyd 'hem sore assaile,  
For very wrathe, they dyd step o'er the raile.

And as they sought 'hem selvin to and fro,  
I gate my self a lityl avauntage,  
Al forweried I might no furthir go,  
Though I had won right grate for my viage,  
So came I forthe into a straite passage,  
Which brought me to an herbir faire and grene,  
Ymade with benchis ful crasty and clene.

That as methoughtin, there might no cecture 50  
Devise a bette by dewe proporcioun,  
Safe it was closid wel I you ensure,  
With masonrye of compace environn,  
Ful secretly with stannis goyng down,  
In myddes the place, with turning whele certain,  
And upon that a porte of Margelaine.

With margerettes growinge in ordinannce  
To shewe 'nem selfe, as folke went to and fro,  
That to beholde it was a grete plesaunce,  
And how they were accompainid with mo, 60  
Ne momblisnesse and sonenesse also,  
The poure penis were not dislogid there,  
Ne gode wote ther place was every where.

The flore and bench was pavid faire and smothe  
With stonis square, of many divers hewe,  
So wel joynid, that for to say the soth  
Al semid one, that no one othir knewe,  
And undimith the stremis newe and newe,  
As silvir bright, springing in soche a wise,  
That whence it came, ye coude it not devise. 70

A lityl while ywas I al alone  
Beholding wel this delectable place,  
My felawship were coming everichone,  
So musle we nedis abyde for a space,  
Remembiring of many divers cace  
Of tyme ypassid yore with sighis depe,  
I set me downe, and there I fel aslepe.

And as I slept, me thought there came to me  
A gentylwoman, metely of stature, 80  
Of grete worship she semid for to be,  
Atyrid wel, not high, but by mesure,  
Her countinaunce full sad was and demure,  
Her colours blewe, al that she had upon,  
Ther ne came no mo but her selfe alone.

5 S

Her



Her gowne wel was embrandrid certainly  
 With floris sette aftir her owne devise  
 In her purfillis, her worde by and by,  
*Bien & loyalement*, as I coude devise:  
 Than praide I her in any manir wise  
 That of her name I might have remembraunce, 90  
 She said she was callid Perfeveraunce.

So furthirmore to spekin was I bolde,  
 Where she dwellid, I prayed her for to say?  
 And she againe ful curtilly me tolde,  
 My dwelling is, and hath be many a day,  
 With a lady: what lady I you pray?  
 Of gret estate, thus warne I you (q<sup>d</sup> she)  
 What cal ye her? Her name is Loyalte.

In what office stande ye, or what degre?  
 (Q<sup>d</sup> I to her) that would I wete right faine? 100  
 I am (q<sup>d</sup> she) unworthy though I be,  
 Of her chambre her ushir in certaine,  
 This rodde I bere, as for a tokin plaine,  
 Lyke as ye knowe the rule in soche service,  
 Apertaining is to the same office.

She chargid me by her commaundement  
 To warne you, and your felawes everichone,  
 That ye shulde come there as she is present,  
 For a counsaile, whiche shal be nowe anone,  
 Or sevin dayis be comin and gone, 110  
 And furthirmore, she bad that I shulde say,  
 Excusis there might be none nor delay.

Anothir thing was not forget behinde,  
 Whiche in no wise I wolde but that ye knewe,  
 Remembre wel, and bere it in your minde,  
 Al your felawes and ye must come in blewe  
 Everilyche, your matirs for to sewe,  
 With more, whiche I pray you to thinke upon,  
 Your wordis on your felvis everychon.

And be not abashed in no manir wise, 120  
 As many ben, in soche an high presence,  
 Make your request, as ye can best devise,  
 And she gladly wol yeve you audience,  
 There is no grete, nor no manir offence,  
 Wherin ye fele that your herte is displefed,  
 But with her help right sone ye shal be cled.

I am right glad (q<sup>d</sup> I) ye tel me this,  
 But there is non of us that knoweth the waie;  
 As of your way (q<sup>d</sup> she) ye shal not mis,  
 Ye shal have one to gyde you day by day 130  
 Of my felawes, I can not bettir say,  
 Soche one as shal tel you the way ful right,  
 And Diligence this gentilwoman hight.

A woman of right famous govirnaunce  
 And wel cherished, I tel you in certaine,  
 Her schalshipp shal do you grete plessaunce,  
 Her porte is soch, her manirs trewe and plaine,  
 She with glad chere wold do her besy paine  
 To bring you there, now farewell, I have done,  
 Abyde said I, ye may not go so sone. 140

Why so (q<sup>d</sup> she) and I have ferre to go,  
 To yeve warning in many divers place  
 To your felawes, and so to othir mo,  
 And well ye wote I have but lytil space?  
 Now yet (q<sup>d</sup> I) ye must tel me this cace,  
 If we shal any men unto us cal;  
 Not one (q<sup>d</sup> she) may come amonges you all.

Not one than said I, eigh *Benedicite*!  
 What have I done? I pray you tel me that?

Nowe by my lyfe, I trowe but wel (q<sup>d</sup> she) 150  
 But er I can byleve there is somwhat,  
 And for to saye you trouthe more can I not,  
 In questions I may nothing be to large,  
 I meddle must no furthir then my charge.

Than thus (q<sup>d</sup> I) do me to undirstande  
 What place is there this lady is dwelling?  
 Forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> she) and one fought al this lande  
 Fairir is none, though it were for a king,  
 Devysid wel, and that in every thing,  
 The touris hie ful plessaunt shal ye finde, 160  
 With phanis fresch, turning with every wynde.

The chambris and the parlirs of a sorte,  
 With bay windowes, godely as may be thought,  
 As for daunsing, and othir wise disporte,  
 The galeries be all right well ywrought,  
 That wel I wote, if ye were thydir brought,  
 And take gode hede therof in every wise,  
 Ye wol it thinke a very paradise.

What hight the place (q<sup>d</sup> I) now say me that?  
 Plessaunt Regarde (q<sup>d</sup> she) to tel you plaine; 170  
 Of very trouth (q<sup>d</sup> I) and wote ye what,  
 It may right wel be callid so certaine,  
 But furthirmore this wold I wit right fain,  
 What I shulde do as sone as I come there,  
 And aftir whom that I may best enquire?

A gentilwoman, portir of the yate,  
 There shal ye finde, her name is Countinaunce,  
 If ye so hap ye come erly or late,  
 Of her wer gode to have some acquaintaunce,  
 She can you tel howe ye shal you avaunce, 180  
 And howe to come to her ladye's presence,  
 To her wordis I rede ye geve credence.

Nowe it is time that I shulde parte you fro,  
 For in gode faithe I have grete businesse.  
 I wote right wel (q<sup>d</sup> I) that it is so,  
 And I thanke you of your grete gentilnesse,  
 Your comforte hath yevin me hardinesse,  
 That nowe I shal be bolde withoutin faile  
 To do' aftir your advice and gode counsaile.

Thus partid she, and I leste all alone, 190  
 With that I sawe (as I behelde aside)  
 A woman come a verie godely one,  
 And forth withal as I had her asyde  
 Me thought anone it shoulde be the gide,  
 And of her name anone I did enquire,  
 Ful womanly she yave me this answere,

I am (q<sup>d</sup> she) but a simple cature,  
 Sent from the courte, my name is Diligence,  
 As sone as I myght come, I you ensure,  
 I taried not attir I had licence, 200  
 And nowe that I am come to your presence,  
 Loke what service I can you do or may,  
 Commaundith me, I can no furthir say.

I thankid her, and prayed her to come nere,  
 Bycause I woulde se how she was araide,  
 Her gown was blew dresid in gode manere,  
 With her devise, her worde also that saide  
*Tant que je puis*, and I was wel apaide;  
 And than wist I, withoutin any more,  
 It was ful trewe that I had herde before. 210

Though we toke nowe before a litil space  
 It were ful gode (q<sup>d</sup> she) as I coude gesse,  
 Howe farre (q<sup>d</sup> I) have we unto the place?  
 A daye's journey (q<sup>d</sup> she) but litil lesse,  
 Wherfore



Wherefore I rede that now we outwarde dresse,  
For I suppose our felawship is past,  
And for nothings I wolde not we were the last.

Than departid we' at springing of the daye,  
And forth we wente a softe and esy pace,  
Til at the last we were on our journey 220  
So far outwarde, that we might se the place;  
Nowe let us rest (q's I) a litil space,  
And say we as devoutly as we can  
A *Pater noster* for saint Julian.

With al my herte I assent with gode wil,  
Moch bettir shal we spede, whan we have done,  
Than taried we, and said it every dyl,  
And whan the day was past farre aftir none,  
We sawe a place, and thi'sir came we sone,  
Whiche rounde aboute was closid with a wal, 230  
Seming to me full like an hospitall.

There found I one had brought all min aray,  
(A gentil woman of mine acquaintaunce)  
I have mervaille (q's I) what manir way  
Ye had knowlege of al this ordinaunce.  
Yes yes (q's she) I herde Perseveraunce  
Howe she warnid her felawes everichone,  
And what aray ye shouldin have upon.

Nowe for my love (q's I) this I you praye,  
Sith ye have take upon you all the paine, 240  
That ye wolde helpe me on with mine araye,  
For wit ye wel I wolde be gone right faine,  
Al this prayir us nedith not certaine:  
(Q's she) againe, come of and hyc you sone,  
And ye shal se anone it shal be done.

But this I doute me gretly, wote ye what,  
That my felawes be passid by and gone?  
I warnè you (q's she) that are they nat,  
For here they shall assemble everichone,  
Notwithstandinge I counsaile you anone 250  
Make you redy, and tary you no more,  
It is no harme though ye be there before.

So than I dresid me in mine araye,  
And asked her whether it were wel or no:  
It is right well (q's she) unto my pay,  
Ye nede not care to what place er ye go,  
And whiles that she and I debatid so,  
Came Diligence, and sawe me al in blewe,  
Sistir (q's she) right wel broke ye your newe.

Discrecion purveicour.

Than wente we forth and met at avinture 260  
A yonge woman, an officir seminge,  
What is your name (q's I) tell gode cretute?  
Discrecion (q's she) without lesinge.  
And where (q's I) is your most abidinge?  
I have (q's she) this office of purchase,  
Chefe purveyour that longith to this place.

Acquayntaunce herbyger.

Faire love (q's I) in al your ordinaunce,  
What is her name that is the herbigere?  
Forsothe (q's she) her name is acquaintaunce,  
A woman of right gracious manere; 270  
Then thus (q's I) what straungirs have ye here?  
But fewe (q's she) of high degre ne lowe,  
Ye be the first, as ferforth as I knowe.

Countinaunce porter.

Thus with talis we came streight to the yare;  
This yonge woman departid was and gone,  
Came Diligence, and knockid fast thereat,  
Who is without (q's Countinaunce) anone?  
Truly (q's I) fayre sistir here is one.  
Which one (q's she) and therewithal she lough?  
I Diligence, ye knowe me wel ynonghe. 280

Than opened she the gate, and in we go,  
With wordis faire she saide full gentilly,  
Ye are welcome ywis, are ye no mo?  
Nat one (q's she) save this woman and I;  
Now than (q's she) I pray you hertily,  
Takith my chaumbre for a while to rest,  
Til your felawis come, I holde it best.

I thanked her, and forth we go everichone  
Til her chambre withoutin wordis mo,  
Came Diligence and toke her leve anone, 290  
Where er ye lyst (q's I) nowe may ye go,  
And I thanke you right hertily also  
Of your labour, for whiche God do you mede,  
I can no more, but Jesu be your spede.

Than Countinaunce thus askid me anone,  
Your felawship, where be they all (q's she)?  
For sothe (q's I) they're cominge everichone,  
But where they are I knowe no certainte,  
Without I may 'hem at this windowe se,  
Here wil I stande a waiting here amonge, 300  
For wel I wote they wil not hence be longe.

Thus as I stode musing ful busily,  
I thought to take gode hede of her aray,  
Her gowne was blewe, this wote I verily,  
Of gode facyon, and furrid wel with gray,  
Upon her sleve her worde this is no nay,  
Whiche said thus, as my pennè can endite,  
A may, qui voy writin with lettirs white.

Then forth withal she came streight unto me,  
Your wordes (q's she) sain wold I that I knewe, 310  
Forsothe (q's I) ye shal wel knowe and se,  
And for my worde I have none, this is trewe,  
It is ynough that my clothing be blewe,  
As here before I had commaundement,  
And so to do, I am right well content.

Largeffe stewarde.

But tel me this I pray you hertilye  
The steward here say me, what is her name?  
She hight Largeffe I say you furily,  
A faire lady and of right noble fame,  
Whan ye her se ye wil reporte the fame, 320  
And undir her to byd you welcome al  
There is Belchier marshal of the hal.

Now al this while that ye here tary still,  
Your own matirs ye may wel have in mind,  
But tel me this, have ye brought any bill?  
Ye ye (q's I) and els I were behinde,  
Where is there one tel me that I may finde  
To whom that I may shewe my matirs plaine?  
Surely (q's she) unto the chambirlaine.

Remembraunce chamberlaine.

The chambirlaine (q's I) and say ye trewe? 330  
Ye verily (said she) by myne advise,  
Ben nat aferde, unto her lowlye sewe,

It



It shal be done (qð I) as ye devyse,  
But I must knowe her name in any wise:  
Trewly (qð she) to shewe you in substaunce  
Withouten fainyng her name is Remembraunce.

The secretarye may not be forget,  
For she dothe right moche in every thinge,  
Wherefore I rede, when ye have with her mete,  
Your matere whole tel her without fainyng, 340  
Ye shal her fynde ful gode and ful lovinge.  
Tel me her name (qð I) of gentilnesse?  
By my gode sothe (qð she) Av.senesse.

That name (qð I) for her is passing gode,  
For every byl and schedule she must se,  
Nowe gode (qð I) come stande there as I stode,  
My felawes be cominge, yondir they be.  
Is it in jape, or say ye sothe (qð she)?  
In jape, nay nay, I say you for certayne,  
Se how thei come togethir twain and twaine. 350

Ye say ful sothe (qð she) that is no nay,  
I se coming a godely company:  
They ben foch folke (qð I) dare I to say  
That lyst to love, thinkir it verily,  
And for my love I pray you faythfully  
At any tyme, whan they upon you call,  
That ye wol be gode frende unto hem all.

Of my frenship (qð she) they shal not misse,  
And for their ese to put therto my paine.  
God yelde it you (qð I) but take you this, 360  
Howe shal we know who is the chambirlayne?  
That shal ye wel know by her word certaine.  
What is her worde syltir, I pray you say?  
(Plus ne purroye) thus writith she alwaye.

Thus as we stode togyðir she and I,  
Even at the yate my felawes were echone,  
So met I hem (as me thought was godely)  
And bade hem welcome al by one and one:  
Then came forth Countinaunce to us anone,  
Ful hertily, faire siltirs al (qð she) 370  
Ye be right welcome into this countre.

I counsaile you to take a litil rest  
In my chambre, if it be your plessaunce,  
Whan ye be there, me think it for the best  
That I go in, and cal Perseveraunce,  
Bycause she is one of your acquaintaunce,  
And she also wil tel you every thinge,  
Howe ye shal be ruler of your cominge.

My felawes al and I, by one advyse,  
Were wel agreed, to do lyke as she sayde, 380  
Than we began to dresse us in our gise,  
That folke shoulde say we were not unpurvide,  
And gode wagirs among us there we laide  
Whiche of us was atirid moste godelest,  
And of us al whiche shulde be praisid best.

The portir came and brought Perseveraunce,  
She welcomid us in curteise manere,  
Thinke not long (qð she) of your attendaunce,  
I wil go speke unto the herbigere,  
That she may purvey for your lodging here, 390  
Than wil I go unto the chambirlaine,  
To speke for you, and comé anone againe.

And whan that she departid was and gone,  
We sawe folkis coming without the wal,  
So gret peple, that nombre coude we none,  
Ladies they were, and gentil women al,  
Clothid in blewe, echone her worde withal,

But for to knowe her worde or her devyse  
They came so thicke, I ne might in no wise.

With that anone came in Perseveraunce, 400  
And where I stode, she came streight unto me,  
Ye ben (qð she) of min olde acquaintaunce,  
You to enquire the boldir wolde I be,  
What worde they bere eche aftir her degre,  
I you pray tel it me in secret wise,  
And I shall kepe it close on warrantise.

We ben five ladies (qð I) al in fere,  
And gentil women four in company,  
When they begin to opin ther matere,  
Than shal ye knowe ther wordis by and by, 410  
But as for me I have none verily,  
And so I tolde Countinaunce here before,  
Al min aray is blewe, what nedith more?

Nowe then (qð she) I wol go backe againe,  
That ye may have knowlege, what ye shuld do,  
In soth (qð I) if ye wolde take the paine,  
Ye dyd right moche for us, if ye dyd so,  
The rathir spede, the sonir may we go,  
Grete coste alway there is in tarynge,  
And longe to sewe it is a wery thinge. 420

Then partid she, and came againe anone,  
Ye must (qð she) come to the chambirlaine:  
We be nowe redy (qð I) everychone,  
To folowe you, whan er ye list certaine,  
We have none cloquence to tel you plaine,  
Beseching you we may be so excused  
Our trewe meaning, that it be not refused.

Than went we forth aftir Perseveraunce,  
To se the prees it was a wondir cace,  
There for to passe it was a grete combraunce, 430  
The peple stode so thicke in every place,  
Nowe stande ye stil (qð she) a litil space,  
And for your ese somewhat I shal assay,  
Yf I can make you any bettir way.

And forth she gothe among hem everychon,  
Making a way, that we might thorough passe,  
More at our ese, and whan she had so done  
She beckende us to come, where as she was,  
So aftir her we folowed more and las,  
She brought us streight unto the chambirlayne,  
There lefte she us, and than she went againe.

We salued her, as reson woulde it so,  
Ful humble beseching her gret godenesse  
In our mattirs, that we had for to do,  
That she wolde be gode lady and maistresse.  
Ye be welcome (qð she) in sothfastenesse,  
And se what I can do, you for to plesse,  
I am redy, that may be to your ese.

We folowed her unto the chambir dore,  
Siltirs (qð she) come ye in aftir me, 450  
But wete ye wel, there was a pavid flore,  
The godlyist, that any wight might se,  
And furthir more about than lokid we,  
On eche cornir, and upon every wal,  
Whiche was ymade of Burel and Crystal.

Wherein was graven of stories many one,  
Firsste howe Phyllis, of womanly pite  
Dyed piteously for love of Demophone,  
Next aftir was the story of Thisbe,  
Howe that she slewe her selfe undir a tre, 460  
Yet sawe I more, howe in ryght pitous caas  
For Antony was slaine Cleopatras.

Upon



Upon that othir side was Hawes the shene,  
 Ful untrewly discevid in her baine.  
 There was also Annelida the quene,  
 Upon Arcite howe fore she did complaine!  
 Al these stories were gravid there certaine;  
 And many mo, than I reherse you here,  
 It were to longe to tel you al in fere.

And bicause that the wallis shone so bright 470  
 With fine umple they were al ovir sprad,  
 To the entent folke shulde not hurte ther sight,  
 And thorough it the stories might be radde;  
 Than furthirmore I went, as I was lad,  
 And there I sawe withoutin any faile  
 A chaire yset, with ful riche aparaile:

And five staxis it was set fro the grounde;  
 Of Cassidony ful curiously wrought,  
 With soure pomelles of golde, and very rounde,  
 Set with saphirs, as gode as coude be thought, 480  
 That wot ye what, if it wer thorough sought  
 As I suppose, fro this countre to Inde,  
 Anothir soche it were right harde to finde:

For wete ye wel, I was right nere to that;  
 So as I durst, beholding by and by,  
 Above there was a riche clothe of estate  
 Ywrought with the nedle ful straungely,  
 Her worde thereon, and thus it said truely,  
*En Dieu est* to tel you in wordis fewe,  
 With grete lettirs, the bertir I hem knewe. 490

Thus as we stode, a dore opened anone,  
 A gentilwoman, semely of stature,  
 Bering a mace, came out her selfe alone,  
 Sothely me thought her a godely cature;  
 She spake nothings to lowde, I you ensure,  
 Nor hastily, but with godely warninge,  
 Make rome (qð she) my lady is cominge.

With that anone I sawe Perseveraunce  
 Howe she helde up the tapet in her hande,  
 I sawe also in godely ordinaunce 500  
 This gret lady within the tapet stonde,  
 Comyng outwarde, I wol ye undirstande,  
 And aftir her a noble company,  
 I coude not tel the nombre sikirly.

Of ther namis I wolde nothing enquire,  
 Furthir than soche as we wolde fewe unto,  
 Save a lady whiche was the chauncellere,  
 Attemperaunce, sothely her name was so,  
 For us nedith with her have moche to do  
 In our mattirs, and alway more and more, 510  
 And so forthe to tellin you furthirmore,

Of this lady, her beaute to discrive,  
 My conninge is to simple verily,  
 For nevir yet the dayis of my live  
 So inly faire I have sene none trewly,  
 In her estate aslurid uttirly,  
 There wantid nought, I dare you wel assure,  
 That longid to a most godely cature.

And furthirmore to speke of her araye, 520  
 I shal tel you the manir of her gowne,  
 Of clothe of golde ful riche, it is no nay,  
 The colour blewe of right godely facyoun,  
 In taberde wise, the sleeves hanging adown,  
 And what purfil there was, and in what wise,  
 So as I can I shal it you devise.

Aftir a sorte, the collir and the vente,  
 Lyke as Armine is made in purfilinge,

With grete perlis ful fine and orient,  
 They were couchid all aftir one worching, 530  
 With diamondes in stede of powdiring,  
 The slevis and the purfill of a fise,  
 They werin made alike in every wise.

Aboute her necke a sorte of faire rubyes,  
 In white flouris of right fine enamaile,  
 Upon her hed set in the fairist wise  
 A cirle of grete balais of entaile,  
 That in ernest to speke withoutin faile,  
 For yonge and olde, and every manir age,  
 It was a worlde to loken on her visage.

Thus coming forth to sit in her estate, 540  
 In her presence we kneled down everychone,  
 Presenting our byllis, and wore ye what,  
 Ful humbly she toke hem by one and one,  
 Whan we had done, than came they al anone,  
 And did the same eche aftir her manere,  
 Kneling at ones, and risinge al in fere.

Whan this was don, and she set in her place,  
 The chambirlaine she did unto her cal,  
 And she godely coming to her apace, 550  
 Of her entent knowinge nothing at al,  
 Voyde backe the prese (qð she) up to the wall,  
 Make large rome, but loke that ye do not tary,  
 And take these byllis to the secretary.

The chambirlaine did her commaundement,  
 And came againe, as she was byd to do,  
 The secretary there beyng present,  
 The byllis were delivered her also,  
 Not onely ours, but many othir mo,  
 Than the lady with gode advise againe  
 Anone with al callid her chambirlaine. 560

We wol (qð she) the first thing that ye do  
 The secretary ye make come anone,  
 With ther billis, and thus we wil also  
 In our presence she rede hem everychon,  
 That we may takin gode advise thereon,  
 Of the ladies that ben of our counsaile,  
 Loke this be done, withoutin any faile.

Whan the chambirlaine wiste of her entent,  
 Anone she did the secretarye call,  
 Let your billis (qð she) be here present, 570  
 My lady' it wil: Madame (qð she) I shal,  
 And in presence she wil that ye hem call,  
 With right gode wil I am redy (qð she)  
 At her plesure, whan she commaundith me.

And upon that was made an ordinaunce,  
 They that came first ther byllis shulde be red,  
 Ful gentilly than said Perseveraunce,  
 Reson it wil that they were sonist spedde;  
 Anone withal, upon a tapet spredde,  
 The secretary layde hem downe echone, 580  
 Our byllis first she redde tho one by one.

The first lady bering in her devise,  
*Sans que jamays*, thus wrote she on her byl,  
 Complaining fore, and in ful pitous wise  
 Of promise made, with faithful hert and wyll,  
 And so brokin ayenst al manir skil,  
 Without deserte alwaies on her partie,  
 In this matir desiring remedye.

Her next fol'owing, her word was in this wise,  
*Un sans changer*, and thus she did complaine, 590  
 Though she had be guerdoned for her service,  
 Yet nothing like as she that toke the paine,  
 5 T Wherfore



Wherfore she coude in no wise her restraine,  
But in this case sewe until her presence,  
As reson wolde to havin recompence.

So furthir more, to speke of othir twaine,  
One of 'hem wrote aftir her fantasy,  
*Onques puis lever*, and for to tel you plaine,  
Her complaint was ful pitous verily,  
For as she said, there was grete reson why, 600  
As I can remembre in this matere,  
I shal you tell the proceffe al in fere.

Her byl was made complaininge in her gife,  
That of her joye, her comforte, and gladnesse,  
Was no suretie, for in no manir wise  
She said therin no point of stablenesse,  
Nowe yl, now wele, out of al skirncle,  
Ful humbly desiring of her high grace  
Sone to shewe her remedy in this case.

Her felawe made her bil, and thus she said, 610  
In plaining wise, there as she lovid best,  
Whethir that she were wrothe or wele apaide,  
She might not se whan that she wole faintest,  
And fulle wrothe she was in very earnest,  
To tel her worde, as ferforth as I wote,  
*Eniement vostre*, right thus she wote.

And upon that she made a grete request  
With hert and wil, and al that might be done,  
As until her that might redresse it best,  
For in her minde there might she find it sone, 620  
The remedy of that whiche was her bone,  
Reherfing that that she had saide before,  
Beseeching her it might be so no more.

And in like wise as they had done before  
The gentylwomen of our company  
Put ther byllis, and for to tell you more,  
One of 'hem wrote (*C'est sans dire*) verily,  
And her matere wholly to specyfy,  
Within her byl she put it in writinge,  
And what it said, ye shall yhave knowinge. 630

It said, God wote, and that ful pitously,  
Lyke as she was disposid in her herte,  
No misfortune that she toke grevously,  
Al one to her was the joy and the smerte,  
Sometime no thanke for al her gode deserte,  
Othir comforte she wantid none coming,  
And so usid, it grevid her nothing,

Desiring her, and lowly beseeching,  
That she wolde for her seke a bettir way,  
As she that had yben her daies lyving 640  
Stedfast and trewe, and wil be so alway,  
Of her felawe somewhat I shal you say,  
Whose byl was red the nexte forthe withal,  
And what it ment, reherfin you I shal.

*En Dieu est* she wrote in her devise,  
And thus she said withoutin any faile,  
Her trouthe ne might be takin in no wise,  
Like as she thought, wherfor she had mervaille,  
For trouthe somtyme was wont to take availe 650  
In every matere, but al that is ago,  
The more pyte that it is suffrid so.

Moche more there was, wherof she shulde complain,  
But she thought it to gret an encombraunce,  
So moche to write, and therefore in certain  
In God and her she put all her affiaunce,  
As in her worde is made a remembraunce,  
Beseeching her, that she wolde in this case

Shewe unto her the favour of her grace.

The thirde she wrote reherfing her grevaunce,  
Ye, wote ye what, a pitous thing to here, 660  
For as me thought she felt grete displeaunce,  
One might ryght wel perceve it by her chere,  
And no wondir, it fate her passyng nere,  
Yet lothe she was to put it in writinge,  
But *nede wol havin course in every thinge*.

*Soyes assuré*, this was her worde certain,  
And thus she wrote within a litil space,  
There she lovid, her labor was in vaine,  
For he was set al in anothir place, 670  
Ful humilly desiring in that case  
Some gode comforte her sorowe to appese,  
That she might livin more at hertis ese.

The fourth surely me thought she likid wele,  
As in her porte, and in her behavinge,  
And *bien moneste*, as ferre as I coude fele,  
That was her worde, tyl her wel belonging,  
Wherfore to her she praied above al thing  
Ful hertily, to say you in substaunce,  
That she wold sendin her gode countinaunce.

Ye have reherfid me these byllis all, 680  
But nowe let se somewhat of your entent;  
It may so hap, paravinture ye shal;  
Nowe I pray you while I am here present;  
Ye shal have knowlege parde what I ment,  
But thus I say, in trouth and make no fable,  
The case it selfe is inly lamentable;

And wel I wote that ye wol thynke the same,  
Lyke as I say, whan ye have herde my byl;  
Now gode tel on, I hate you by faint jame;  
Abyde a while, it is not yet my wil, 690  
Yet must ye wete by reson and by skil,  
Sith ye have knowlege of that was don before,  
And thus it is said, without wordis more:

Nothing so lese as deth to come to me,  
For final ende of my sorowes and paine,  
What shuld I more desire as semith ye,  
And ye knewe al aforne it for certaine,  
I wote ye wolde, and for to tel you plaine,  
Without her helpe, that hath al thinge in cure,  
I can nat thinke that it may longe endure. 700

As for my trouth it hath be provid wele,  
To say the sothe, and I can say no more,  
Of ful longe tyme, and suffrid every dele  
In pacience, and kepe it all in store,  
Of her godenesse beseeching her therfore,  
That I might have my thanke in soche a wife,  
As my deserte yservith of justife.

Whan these billis were rad everychone,  
The ladie toke a gode advisement,  
And 'hem to answerin by one and one 710  
She thought it was to moche, in her entent,  
Wherfore she yave to 'hem commaundement  
In her presence to come both one and al,  
To yeve 'hem her answeere in generall.

What dyd she than suppose ye verily?  
She spake her selfe, and said in this manere.  
We have wel sene your byllis by and by,  
And some of 'hem be pitous for to here,  
We wol therfore ye knowe al this in fere,  
Within shorte tyme our court of parliment 720  
Here shal be holde in our palays presente.

And



And in al this, wherein you find you greved,  
There shall ye finde an opyn remedy,  
In soche a wise as ye shal be releved  
Of al that ye reherfin here throughly,  
As for the date ye shal knowe verily,  
That ye may have a space in your coming;  
For Diligence shal tel you by writing.

We thankid her in our most humble wise,  
Our felawship eche one, by one assent, 730  
Submittinge us lowly til her service,  
For as we thought, we had our travaile spent  
In soche wise as we heldin us content,  
Than eche of us toke othir by the sleeve,  
And forth withal, as we shulde take our leve.

Al sodainly the watir sprange anone  
In my visage, and therewithal I woke,  
Where am I now? thought I, al this is gone,  
Al masid, and up I began to loke;  
With that anon I went and made this boke, 740

Thus simplyly reherfing the sustaunce,  
Bicause it shulde not be out of remembraunce.

Now verily your dreame is passing gode,  
And worthy to be had in remembraunce,  
For though I stand here as longe as I stode,  
It shulde not to me be none encombraunce,  
I toke therin so inly grete plesaunce;  
But tel me nowe what ye the boke do cal,  
For I muste wete: Wyth right gode wyl ye shal:

As for this boke, to say you very right, 750  
And of the name to tel you in certainte,  
*L'assemble de dames*, thus it hight,  
How thinkin ye, that name is gode parde,  
Nowe go, farewell, for they cal aftir me  
My felawes al, and I must aftir sone,  
Rede wel my dreame, for now my tale is done.

*Finit.*

## The Conclusions of the Astrolabie.

This Book (written to his Son in the Year of our Lord 1391, and in the 14 of King *Richard II.*) standeth so good at this Day, especially for the Horizon of *Oxford*, as in the Opinion of the Learned it cannot be amended, says the last Edit. of *Chaucer*.

**L**ytel Lowys my sonne, I perceve well by certaine evidences thyne abylyte to lerne scyences, touching nombres and proporcions, and also well consydre I thy besye prayer in especyal to lerne the trefyfe of the Astrolabye. Than for as moche as a Philosopher saithe, he wrapeth hym in his frende, that condiscendeth to the ryghtfull prayers of his frende: Therefore I have given The a sufficient Astrolabye for oure orizont, compowned after the latitude of Oxenforde: Upon the whiche by mediacion of this lytell tretise, I purpose to teche The a certaine nombre of conclusions, pertaynyng to this same instrument. I say a certaine nombre of conclusions for thre causes, the first cause is this. Truste wel that al the conclusions that have be founden, or ells possiblye might be founde in so noble an instrument as in the Astrolabye, ben unknowen perfytely to anye mortal man in this region, as I suppose. Another cause is this, that forthely in any cartes of the Astrolabye that I have yfene, ther ben some conclusions, that wol not in al thinges perfourme ther behestes: and some of hem ben to harde to thy tender age of ten yere to conceve. This tretise divided in five partes, wil I shewe The wondir light rules and naked wordes in Englishe, for Latine ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my litel sonne. But neverthelesse suffiseth to The these trewe conclusyons in englishe, as well as suffiseth to these noble clerkes grekes these same conclusions in greke, and to the Arabines in Arabike, and to Jewes in Hebrewe, and to the Latin folke in Latyn: whiche Latyn folke had hem firste out of other divers langages, and write hem in ther owne tonge, that is to saine in Latine.

And God wote that in all these languages and in manye mo, have these conclusyons ben sufficientlye lerned and taught, and yet by divers rules, right as

divers pathes leden divers folke the right waye to Rome.

Now wol I pray mekely every person discret, that redeth or hereth this lityl tretise to have my rude ententing excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The first cause is, for that curious entituyng and harde sentences is ful hevy at ones, for soch a childe to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothely me semeth better to writen unto a childe twise a gode sentence, than he foriete it ones. And, Lowis, if it be so that I shewe The in my lith Englishe, as trewe conclusions touching this mater, and not only as trewe but as many and subtil conclusions as ben yshewed in latin, in any comon tretise of the Astrolabye, conne me the more thanke, and praye God save the kinge, that is lorde of this langage, and all that him faith bereth, and obeieth everiche in his degre, the more and the lasse. But consydreth well, that I ne usurpe not to have founden this werke of my labour or of myne engin. I name but a leude compilatour of the laboure of olde Astrologiens, and have it translated in myn englishe onely for thy doctrine: and with this swerde shal I flene envy.

### The first party.

**T**HE firste partye of this tretise shall reherce the figures, and the membres of thyne astrolaby, bycause that thou shalte have the greter knowinge of thine owne instrument.

### The seconde party.

**T**HE seconde partye shall teche The to werken the very practike of the foresaid conclusions, as ferforthe and also narowe as may be shewed in so smale



smale an instrumente portatife aboute. For wel wote every Astrologien, that smallest fractions ne wol not be shewed in so smal an instrument, as in subtil tables calculated for a cause.

#### The thirde partye.

**T**HE thirde partye shal containe divers tables, of longitudes and latitudes of sterres, fixe in the Astrolabie. And tables of the declinations of the Sonne, and tables of the longitude of cities and townes. And tables as wel for the governacion of the clocke, as for to finde the altitude meridian, and many an other notable conclusion after the kalenders of the reverent clerkes frere John Som, and frere N. Lenne.

#### The fourth partye.

**T**HE fourth partye shall be a theorike, to declare the meninge of the celestiall bodyes, wyth the causes, the whiche the fourth partie in special shal shew in a table of the very mevinge of the mone, from one to one, every daye and every signe, after thin almanacke. Upon the which table there foloweth a canon, sufficyent to tech as wel in maner of workynge in the same conclusions, as to knowe in our Orizont, with which degre of zodiack the mone ariseth in any latitude, and the arisinge in any planete after his latitude fro the eclyptyke lyne.

#### The fyfte partye.

**T**HE fyfte partye shall ben an introductorye, after the statutes of our doctours, on whiche thou mayste lerne a grete parte of the generall rules of theorike in Astrologie. In whiche fyfte partie thou shalt finde tables of equacions of houses, after the latitude of Oxenforde, and tables of dignitees of planettes, and other noteful thinges, if God vouchsafe and his mother the mayden, mo than I behete.

#### The ryng.

**T**HY Astrolabye hath a ringe to putten on thy thomb on thy right honde, in takinge of the heyght of thinges. And take kepe, from hence forwarde I wol clepe the heyght of hevy thing, that is take by the rule, the altitude withouten mo wordes.

#### The turet.

**T**His ringe ronnet in a maner of a turet, fastened to the moder of thin Astrolabye, in a rounne or space, that it distroubeleth not the instrument to hangen after his right centure. The moder of thin Astrolabye is thickest by the brinks, that is the utmost ringe with degrees, and al the myddle within the ryng shall be thynner, to receve the plates for divers clymates, and also for the rethe, that is shape in maner of a net, or els after the webbe of a loppe.

#### The moder.

**T**HE moder of thin Astrolabye is the thickest plate perced with a large hole, that receveth in her wombe the thinne plates compowned of divers clymats, and thy rete shapen in maner of a net or of a web of a loppe.

#### Of the soure lynes.

**T**His moder is devided on the backhalfe with a line, that cometh disscendynge fro the ryng down

to the netherest bordure, the which line, fro the foresaid ring unto the centre of the large hole amiddle, is cleped Southe line, or els the line Meridionall: and the remenaunt of this line doune to the bordure is cleped the North line, or all the line of the Mid-night.

#### Of fower lines, East, West, Northe, and Southe;

**O**Verthwarte this foresaid long line there crosseth hym an other line of the same length, fro Este to West, of the which line, from a little crosse in the bordure unto the centure of the large hble, is cleped the Est line, or els the line Oriental: and the remenaunte of the line, fro the foresaid Orientall unto the bordure is icleped the Weste line, or the line Occidental.

Now hast thou here the fower quarters of thin Astrolabie, devided after the fower principall plages or quarters of the firmament.

#### Whiche is the right side, and which is the left.

**T**HE Este side of the Astrolabie is cleped the right side, and the Weste side is cleped the lefte side. Foryet not this little Lowis. Put the ring of thyne Astrolabie uppon the thombe of thy right hande, and then woll his right side be towarde thy left side, and his left side woll be towarde thy right side. Take this rule generall, as well on the backe, as on the wombe side. Uppon the ende of this Este line (as I first saied) is imarked a little crosse, where as evermore generally is considered, the entryng of the Este degre, in the whiche the Sonne ariseth.

#### The degrees fro the Est line, to the Southe.

**F**RO the little crosse up to the ende of the Meridionall lyne under the ryng shalt thou finde the bordure, devided with xc. degrees, and by that same proporcion is every quarter of thyn Astrolabie devided, over the whiche degrees, there ben numbers of Augrim, that deviden thilke same degrees fro five to five, as sheweth by longe strikes bitwene: of the whiche by long strikes the space bitwene containeth a mile waie, and every degre of thilke bordure containeth fower Minutes, that is to saie, fower minutes of an houre.

Of the twelve signes, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, and the other.

**U**nder the Compasse of thilk degrees ben written the names of the twelve signes, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces. And the nombres of the degrees of the signes ben written in Augrime above, and with long divisions, from five to five, devideth from the tyme that the signe entreth unto the laste ende. But understande well, that these degrees of signes ben everiche of hem considered of lx. Minutes, and every Minute of lx. secondes, and so forthe into small fractions infinite, as saith Alcabucius. And therefore knowe well, that a degre of the bordure containeth fower Minutes, and a degre of a signe containeth lx. minutes, and have this in minde.

#### The circle of the daies.

**N**Exte this followeth the circle of the daies, that ben figured in maner of the degrees that containen in number thre hundred, threscore and five, devided



devided also with longe strikes, from five to five, and the numbers of Augrime, written under the circle.

#### The circle of the twelve monethes.

**N**Ext the circle of daies followeth the circle of the twelve names of the Monethes, that is to saie, Januarius, Februarius, Marcius, Aprill, Maius, Junius, Julius, August, September, October, November, December.

The names of these Monethes taken their names, some for properties, and some by statutes of Emperours, and some by other Lordes of Rome. Eke of these Monethes, as liked to Julius Caesar, and Caesar Augustus, some were icompounded of divers numbers of daies, as July and August. Then hath Januarius xxxi. dayes, Februarius xxviii. Marcius xxxi. April xxx. Maie xxxi. Junius xxx. August xxxi. September xxx. October xxxi. November xxx. December xxxi. Nathelesse although that Julius Caesar toke two daies out of Feverire, and put 'hem in his Monethe of July, and Augustus Caesar cleped the Monethe of Auguste after his name, and ordained it of one and thirtie daies, yet trust well that the sonne dwelleth therfore never the more, ne the lasse in one signe, then in an other.

#### The names of the holie daies.

**T**Hen followeth the names of the holie daies in the Kalender, and next 'hem the letters A. B. C. on whiche thei fallen.

#### The scale of the Astrolabie.

**N**Ext the foresaied circle of the A. B. C. under the crosse line is marked the scale, in maner of two Squires, or els in maner of ledders, that ferueth by his xxii. pointes, and his divisions of full many a subtell conclusion of this foresaied scale: For the crosse line unto the verie angle, is cleped *Umbra recta*, or els *Umbra extensa*, and the nether partie *Umbra versa*.

#### The Rule.

**T**Hen hast thou a brode rule, that hath on every ende a square plate, parted with certaine holes, some more, and some lesse, to receven the stremes of the sonne by daie, and eke by mediacion of thyne eye, to knowe the altitude of the sterres by night.

The pin, whiche is imagined to be pole artike and the horse.

**T**Hen is there a large pin, in maner of an exiltre, that goth through the hole that halte the tables of the climathes in the rete, in the wombe of the moder, thorowe whiche pin there goeth a little wedge, the whiche is cleped the Horse, that straineth all these partes together. This foresaied grete pin, in maner of an exiltre, is imagined to be the pole artike in thyne Astrolabie.

#### For lines on the wombe side.

**T**HE wombe side of thyne Astrolabie is also divided, with a longe crosse in fower quarters, from the Est to Weste, and from the Southe to Northe, from right side to left side, as is the backside.

#### The degrees of the wombe side.

**T**HE border of whiche wombe side is divided fro the point of the Est line, unto the point of the South line, under the ryng in xc. degrees, and by the same proporcion is every quarter divided, as is the backside, that amounteth thre hundred lx. degrees. And understande well, that the degrees of this border ben aunswerynge and consentyng to the degrees of Equinoctiall, that is divided in the same number, as every other circle is in the heven.

This border is divided also with xxiii. letters, and a small crosse about the South line, that sheweth the xxiii. houres equales of the clocke. And I have saied five of these degrees maken a mile waie, and thre mile waie maken an houre, and every degre of this border containeth fower Minutes, and every Minute fowertie secondes. Nowe have I tolde The twise, and for the more declaracion.

#### Of the principall circles.

**T**HE plate under the rete is discribed with thre circles, of whiche the left is cleped the Circle of Cancer, because that the hedde of Cancer tourneth ever more concentrike, upon the same Circle. In this halfe of Cancer is the gretest declinacion Northward of the sonne and therefore is he icleped *Solstitium* of Sommer, whiche declinacion after Ptholome is xxiii degrees and fiftie Minutes, as well in Cancer, as in Capricorne. This Signe of Cancer is cleped the Tropike of Sommer, of Tropos, that is to saie, ayenward. The middell circle in widenesse of these thre, is cleped the circle Equinoctiall, upon whiche turneth ever more the heddes of Aries and Libra. And understande well, that evermore this circle Equinoctiall tourneth justlie fro very Este, to very Weste, as I have shewed in the sphere solid. This same circle is cleped also the wayer of the daie. For when the Sonne is in the hed of Aries and Libra, then ben daies and nightes like of lengthe, in all the worlde, and therefore ben these two signes called Equinoctis. And al that meveth within these heddes of Aries and Libra, is icalled Northward, and all that meveth without these heddes, his mevyng is cleped Southward, as for the Equinoctiall take kepe of the latitudes Northe and South, and forget it not: but this circle Equinoctiall ben considered the xxiii houres of the clocke. For evermore the arising of xv. degrees of the Equinoctiall maketh an hour equall of the clocke. This Equinoctiall is cleped the midwaie of the first mevyng, or els of the Sonne. And note that the first mevyng is cleped mevyng of the first movable of the eight Sphere, whiche mevyng is fro Est to West, and again into Est. Also it is cleped girdell of the first mevyng. For it departeth the first mevable, that is to saie, the sphere, in two, like parties, even distaunte fro the Poles of this worlde. The widell of these thre circles principall, is cleped the circle of Capricorne, and tourneth evermore concentrike, upon the same circle. In the hedde of this foresaied Capricorne is the gretest declinacion Southward of the Sonne. And therefore it is cleped *Solstitium* of Winter. This signe of Capricorne is also cleped the Tropike of Winter. For then beginneth the sonne to come again to us warde.

#### Of the almicanteras, the signet, and what is the Orizont.

**U**Pon this foresaied plate ben compased certain circles, that highten almicanteras: of whiche some of 'hem semen partise circles, and some semen unpartise



imparfite. The centure that standeth a middest the narrowest circle, is cleped the signet. And the nertherest circle, that devideth the two emispheres, that is the partie of the heven above the yerthe, and the partie beneth. These almicanteras ben compounded by two and two, all be it so that on divers Astrolabies some almicanteras ben divided by one, and some by two, and some by thre, after the quantite of the Astrolabie. This foresaied signet is ymagined to be the very point over the crowne of thy hedde, and also this signet is the very pole of the orizont in every region.

What been thyn Azimutes.

**F**ROM this signet (as it semeth) there comen crooked strikes, like to the clawes of a loppe, or els like to the werke of a womans calle, in kerving overthwart the almicanteras, and these same strikes or divisions ben cleped Azimutes, and thei deviden the Orizontes on thine Astrolabie in xxiii divisions. And these Azimutes serve, to knowe the costes of the firmamente, and to other conclusions, as for to knowe the signet of the Sonne, and of every sterre.

Of the xii houres of the Planettes.

**N**EXTE these Azimutes, undir the circle of Cancer ben the twelve divisions embolite, moche like to the shappe of the Azimutes, that shewen the spaces of houres of Planettes.

Thy Rete or els thy Zodiake.

**T**HY rete of thyn Astrolabie, whiche is thy Zodiake shapen in maner of a Nette, or of a lop webbe, after the olde descripcion; whiche thou maiest tourne up and doune, as thy self liketh, containeth certaine number of Sterres fixe, with ther longitudes and latitudes determinate, if so be that the maker have not erred. The names of the Sterres ben written in the margin of thy Rete, there thei sit, of the whiche Sterres the small pointe is cleped the Centure. And understande, that all the Sterres sitting within the zodiake of thyn Astrolabie, ben cleped Sterres of the North, for thei arisen by the North Est line, and all the remenaunt fixed out of the zodiake ben cleped Sterres of the South, but I saie not that thei arisen all by the Southe Est line, witnesse of Aldeberan and also Algomisa. Generally understonde this rule, that thilke Sterres, that ben cleped Sterres of the Northe, arisen rather then the degree of ther longitude, and all the Sterres of the South arisen after the degree of ther longitude, that is to saie, Sterres in thyn Astrolabie.

The mesure of longitude of Sterres is itaken in the line ecliptike of heven, under the whiche line when the Sonne and the Mone ben line righte, els in the superficie of this line, then is the eclips of the Sonne or of the Mone, as I shall declare and eke the cause why: but forthely the Ecliptike line of the zodiake is the uttereste bordure of the zodiake, there thy degrees ben marked. The zodiake of thy Astrolabie is shapen as a Compasse, whiche that containeth a large brede, as after the quantite of thy Astrolabie, in ensample that the zodiake of heven is imagined to be a superficies, containyng the latitude of twelve signes, where as all the remenaunte of circles in heven ben imagined verie lines, withouten any latitude; amiddes the celestial zodiake is imagined a line, which that is cleped the Ecliptike line, under the whiche line, is evermore the waie of the sonne. Thus ben there fixe degrees of the zodiake, on that one side of the line, and fixe degrees on that other. The Zodiake is

devided in twelve principall divisions, that departen the xii signes, and for the straitnes of thine Astrolabie then is every small devision in a signe iparted by two degrees and two, I mene degrees containyng lx Minutes, and this foresaied hevenishe Zodiake is cleped the circle of the Signes, or the circle of bestes: For Zodiake in language of Greke souneth bestes in Latin tongue, and in the Zodiake ben the xii Signes, that have names of bestes, bicause when the Sonne entereth in any of the Signes, he taketh the propertie of soche bestes, or els for that the sterres that ben there, ben fixed, ben disposed in signe of bestes, or shape like bestes, or els when Planettes ben under the Signes thei transmue us by ther influence, operations, and effectes. And understande also, that when an hotte Planette cometh into an hote Signe, then entereth his hete, and if a Planette be cold, then amenuseth his coldnesse, bicause of the hotte Signe. And by this conclusion maiest thou taken ensample in all Signes, be thei moiste or drie, movable or fixe, reckenyng the qualitie of the Planettes, as I first saied. And everich of these xii signes, hath respect to a certaine parcell of the bodie of a man, and hath it in governaunce: as Aries hath thyn hed and Taurus thy necke and thy throte, Gemini thyn arme holes and thyn armes, and so forthe, as shall be shewed more plainlie in the fifth parte of this tretise. The Zodiake, the whiche his partie of the eight Sphere, overkerveth the Equinoctial, and he overkerveth hym again in even partes, and that one halfe declineth Southwarde, and that other Northwarde as plainlie declareth the tretise of the Sphere.

The Labell.

**T**HEN haste thou a labell, that is shapen like a rule, save that it is strait, and hath no plates on either ende, but with the smal point of the foresaied labell shalt thou calcule the equacions in the bordure of thyn Astrolabie, as by thin almurie.

The Almurie, the denticle of Capricorne, or els the calculere.

**T**HYN almurie is cleped, the denticle of Capricorne, or els the calculere, this same almurie set fixe in the hed of Capricorne, and it serveth of many a necessarie conclusion in equacion of thynges, as shall be shewed.

Here beginneth the conclusions of thyn Astrolabie, to finde the degree in the whiche the Sonne is daie by daie, after his course about.

**R**ECKEN and knowe, whiche is the daie of the moneth, and lay thy rule uppon the same daie, and then wolt the verie point of thy rule verely fitten on the bordure, upon the degree of the Sonne. Ensamble as thus. The yere of our Lorde a thousande thre hundred ninetie and one the xii daie of Marche at middaie, I would knowe the degree of the Sonne, I sought in the back halfe of myne Astrolabie and founde the circle of the daies, the whiche I knewe by the names of the Monethes, written under the same Circle: Tho laied I my Rule over the foresaied daie, and founde the point of my Rule in the border, uppon the first degree of Aries, a litle within the degree: and thus knewe I this conclusion.

An other daie I would knowe the degree of my Sonne, and this was at Middaie in the xiii daie of December, I founde the daie of the moneth in manner as I saied: tho laied I my Rule upon the foresaied xiii daie, and founde the point of my Rule, upon the first degree of Capricorne, a litle within the degree,



gre, and then had I of this conclusion the verie Experience.

To knowe the altitude of the Sonne either of celestiaall bodies.

**P**UT the ryng of thyne Astrolabie uppon thy right thombe, and tourne thy lifte side again the light of the Sonne, and remeve thy Rule up and doune, till the streame of the Sonne shine through bothe holes of the Rule: loke then how many degrees this Rule is areised fro the little crosse upon the Est line, and take there the altitude of thy Sonne: and in this same wise maiest thou knowe by nighte the altitude of the Mone, or of the bright Sterres. This Chapter is so generall ever in one, that there nedeth no more declaration; but forget it not.

To knowe the degre of the Sonne, and of thy Zodiake, by the daies in the backside of thine Astrolabie.

**T**Hen if thou wilt wete the reckenyng to knowe whiche is the daie in thy Kalender of the moneth, that thou art in, laie thyne Astrolabie, that is to saie the allidatha, upon the daie in the Kalender of thyne Astrolabie, and he shal shewe The thy degre of the Sonne.

To knowe every tyme of the daie, by light of the Sonne, and every tyme of the nighte, by the Sterres fixe, and eke to knowe by night or by daie the degre of the signe that ascendeth on th' est Orizont, which is cleped comenly ascendent.

**T**Ake the altitude of the Sonne, when The liste, as I have said, and set the degre of the Sonne (in case that it be before the middle of the daie) among thin almicanteras, on the Este side of thyne Astrolabie: and if it be after the middle of the daie, sette the degree of the Sonne upon the Weste side. Take this maner of setting, for a generall rule ones for ever.

And when thou hast sette the degre of the Sonne uppon as many almicanteras of height, as was the Sonne, taken by thy rule, laie over thy labell uppon the degre of the Sonne, and then woll the pointe of the labell sitten in the bordure, upon the very tide of the daie. Ensample of this.

The yere of our Lorde a thousande, thre hundred, ninetie and one, the twelvethe daie of Marche, I would knowe the tide of the daie, I toke the altitude of my Sonne, and found that it was xxv degrees, and xxx Minutes of height of the bordure in the backside, tho' tourned I myne Astrolabie, and bicause it was before middaie, I tourned my rete, and set the degre of the Sonne, that is to saie, the firste degre of Aries, in the right side in myne Astrolabie, uppon the xxv degre, and xxx minutes of height, among my almicanteras: Tho laied I my label uppon the degree of my Sonne, and found the point of my labell in the bordure, on the capital letter, that is cleped an X. Tho reckened I all the capital letters fro the line of Midnight, unto the foresaied letter X, and founde it was nine of the Clocke of the daie. Tho loked I over my Est Orizont, and found there the twelvethe degre of Geminus ascendyng, whiche that I toke for myne ascendente, and in this wise had I the experience for evermore, in whiche maner I should knowe the tide of the daie, and eke myne ascendente. Tho would I wete that same night following the houre of the nighte, and wrought in this wise: among an hepe of Sterres, it liked me to take the altitude of the faire white Sterre, that is cle-

ped the Alhabor, and founde her sitting on the Weste side of the line of Middaie, eightene degrees of height taken by my Rule on the backside. Tho sette I the Centure of this Alhabor, upon eightene degrees, among my almicanteras, upon the Weste side, bicause that he was founde upon the Weste side: tho laied I my Labell over the degre of the Sonne, that was descended under the Weste Orizont, and reckened all the letters, capitalles, fro the line of Middaie, unto the pointe of my label in the bordure, and founde that it was after none, passed seven of the clocke the space of eleven degrees. Tho loked I doune uppon my Este Orizont, and founde there twentie degrees of Libra ascendyng, whom I toke for myne ascendente, and thus lerned ones for ever, to knowe in whiche maner, I should come to the houre of the nighte, and to myne ascendent, as verelie as maie be taken, by so small an instrumente. But nathelesse, this rule in generall will I warne thee for ever: ne make thou never none ascendente at none of the daie. Take a juste ascendente of thyne Astrolabie, and have set justlie a cloke when any celestiaall bodie, by the whiche thou wenest governe thilke thynges, ben nie the Southe line; for trust well, when the Sonne is nere the Meridionall line, the degre of the Sonne remaineth so long concentrike upon thyne almicanteras, that sothelie thou shalt erre fro the juste ascendente. The same conclusion saie I by my centure of my Sterre fixe by the night, and moreover by experience, I wote wel that fro our Orizont, fro eleven of the clocke, unto one, in takyng of the juste ascendente, in a portatife Astrolabie, it is to harde to knowe, I mene from eleven of the clocke before none, till one of the clocke next followyng: and for the more declaration, loe here thy figure nexte after this rule that followeth.

To knowe the degre of the Sonne in thy Zodiake, by the daies, in the backside of thine Astrolabie.

**T**Hen thou wolte weten to reckon and knowe whiche is the daie of the moneth, that thou art in, and lay the rule of thy Astrolaby, that is to saie, the allidatha, upon the daie, in the Kalender of thine Astrolabie, and he shal shewe The thy degree of Sonne.

Speciall declaration of the ascendente.

**T**HE ascendente sothelie is as well in all Nativities, as in questions, and as in elections of tymes, is a thyng, whiche that these Astrologiens gretlie observen, wherefore me semeth convenient, I speke of the ascendent, to make it of a speciall declaration. The ascendent sothelie, to take it at the largeste, is thilke degre that ascendeth, at any of these foresaied tymes, on the Este Orizon: and therefore, if that any Planet ascende at thilk same time, in the foresaied same degre of his longitude, men saie that thilke Planet is in Horoscopo, but sothelie the hous of that ascendent, that is to saie, the firste hous or the Est angle, is a thyng more brode and large, for after the statutes of Astrologiens, what celestiaall body, that is v. degrees above thilke degre, that ascendeth on the Orizont, or within that number, that is to saie, nere the degre that ascendeth, yet reckon thei thilk planete in the ascendent, and what Planet that is under thilke degre, that ascendeth the space of xv. degrees, yet saie thei that Planet is like to hym, that is the houre of the ascendent. But sothelie, if he passe the boundes of the foresaied spaces, above or beneath, thei saie that thilke Planete is fallyng fro the ascendent: yet saie these Astrologiens, that the ascendent, and eke the Lorde of the ascendent, maie be shapen for to be fortunate,



fortunate, or infortunate: as thus. A fortunate ascendent clepen thei, when that no wicked Planette of Saturne or Mars, or eis the taile of the Dragon, is in the hous of the ascendente, ne that no wicked Planette have no aspecte of enemitie uppon the ascendente: But thei woll caste, that thei have fortunate Planet in ther ascendente, and yet in his felicitie, and then saie thei that it is well. Furthermore, thei saie that Fortune of an ascendente is the contrary of these foresaid thinges. The Lorde of the ascendente saie thei, that he is fortunate, when he is in gode place for the ascendent, and eke the Lorde of the ascendent is in an angle, or in a succedent, where he is in his dignitie, and comforted with frendly aspectes receved, and eke that he maie see the ascendent not retrograde ne combust, ne joined with no shrewe in the same signe, ne that he be not in his discencion, ne reigned with no Planette in his discensions, ne have uppon hym none aspecte infortunate, and then they saie that he is well.

Nathelasse these ben observaunces of judiciall matter, and rites of Painims. in whiche my spighte hath no faile, ne knowyng of ther horoscopus, for thei saie, that every signe is departed in thre even partes by x degrees, and the ilke porcion thei clepen a face. And although a Planette have a latitude fro the Eclipse, yet saie some folke, so that the planette arise in that same signe, with any degre of the foresaid face, in whiche his longitude is reckened: And yet is the Planette in horoscopo, be in nativities or in eleccion.

To knowe the verie equacion of the degrees of the Sonne, if it so be that it fall betwixt ii almicanteras.

**F**OR asmoche as the almicanteras of thyne Astrolabie ben compouned by two and two, where as some almicanteras in sondrie Astrolabies be compouned by one, or els by two, it is necessarie to thy lernyng, to teche The firste to knowe, and wirche with thyne instrumente: wherfore when that the degre of the Sonne falleth betwene two almicanteras, or elles if thyne almicanteras ben graven with over grete a pointe of a Compasse, for bothe these thynges maie cause erreure, as wel in knowyng of the tide of the daie, as of the verie ascendente: Thou must werken in this wise: set the degre of the Sonne uppon the higher almicanteras of bothe. And waite well, where the almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there a pricke of ynke, set adoune again the degre of the Sonne upon the nether almicanteras of bothe, and sette there an other pricke: remeve then thy almurie in the bordure, even amiddes bothe prickes, and this woll leden justlie the degre of the Sonne to fit betwene bothe the almicanteras in his right place. Laie then the label on the degre of the Sonne, and finde in the bordure the very tyde of the day or of the night. And also verely shalt thou fynde upon thy Est orizonte thin ascendent.

To knowe the sprynge of the dawning, and the ende of the evening, the whiche ben cleped the two crepusculis.

**S**ETTE the nadire of thy sonne upon 18. degrees of height amonge thyn almycanteras on the west syde, and lay thy labell on the degre of the Sonne, and than shall the pointe of the label shewe the sprynge of the daye: also sette the nadire of the sonne upon the 18. degrees of height among thin almicanteras on the est side, and lay over thy label upon the degre of the sonne, and wyth the point of thy labell fynde in the bordure the ende of thin eveninge, that is very night. The nadyre of the sonne is thylke de-

gre that is opposyte to the degre of the sonne in the 320. signe, as thus. Every degre of Aries by order, is nadire to every degre of Libra by order, and Taurus to Scorpion, Gemini to Sagittarius, Cancer to Caprycorne, Leo to Aquary, Virgo to Pisces. And yf any degre in thy zodiake be derke, hys nadire shall declare hym.

To knowe the arche of the day, that some folke callen the day artificial, fro the sonne rising tyl it go downe.

**S**ETTE the degre of the sonne upon thin Est orizonte, and lay thy label on the degre of the sonne, and at the poynte of thy label in the bordure sette a pricke: turne than thy rete aboute, tyll the degre of the sonne syt upon the Weste orizonte, and laye the label upon the same degre of the sonne, and at the poynte of the labell sette another pricke. Reken than the quantite of time in the bordure betwix both prickes, and take there thine arche of the daye: the remnaunt of the bordure under the orizonte is the arche of the night. Thus maist thou reken bothe arches of every porcion where that thou likeste, and by this maner of working maist thou se how longe that any sterre fyxe dwelleth above the erthe, fro the time that he riseth tyl he go to reste. But the daye naturell, that is to sayne 24. houres, is the revolution of the equinoctiall, with as moche partye of the zodiake, as the sonne of his proper mowinge passeth in the mene while.

To turne the houres inequalles, and the houres equalles.

**T**O knowe the nombre of the degrees in the houres inequalles, and departe hem by 15. and take there thyne houres equalles.

To knowe the quantite of the day vulgare, that is to say, fro sprynge of the day unto the very night.

**K**NOWE thy quantyte of thyne crepusculis, as I have it taught in the chapitre before, and adde hem to the arche of the day artificial, and take there thy space of al the whole day vulgare unto the very nyght. In the same maner mayste thou werke to knowe the vulgare nyght.

To knowe the houres inequales by daye.

**U**NDERSTANDE well that these houres inequales ben cleped houres of the planettes: And understonde wel that sometyme ben they longer by daye than they be by nyght, and somtyme contrarie. But understand thou well, that evermore generally the houres inequale of the daye, with the houres inequale of the night, containeth 30. degrees of the bordure, the whiche bordure is evermore answeringe to the degrees of the equinoctiall, wherfore depart the arche of the daye artificiall in 12. and take there the quantite of the houre inequale by daye, and if thou abate the quantite of the houre inequale by daye out of 360. degrees, than shall the remnaunt that leaveth performe the houre inequale by night.

To knowe the quantite of houres equales.

**T**HE quantytes of houres equales, that is to sayne the houres of the clocke, ben departed by 15. degrees alredey in the bordure of thy Astrolabie, as wel by night as by daye, generally for evermore. What nedeth any more declaracion? wherfore whan The lyste to knowe how many houres of the clocke



clocke ben passed, or any parte of any of these houres ben to comen, fro soch a time to soche a time, by day or by nyght, knowe the degre of thy Sonne, and laye thy labell on it: than turne thy rete aboute joyntly with thy label and with the point of it reckon in the border fro the Sonne arisyng, into the same place there thou desirest by day as by night. This conclusion woll I declare in the fourthe partye of the laste chapter of this tretyse, so openly that there shal lacke no worde that nedeth declaracion.

Speciall declaracion of the houres of the planettes.

**U**nderstand wel that evermore fro the arising of the Sonne tyl it go to reste, the nadyre of the Sonne shal shewe the houre of the planet, and fro that time forward al the nyght tyll the Sonne arise, than shall the very degre of the Sonne shewe the houre of the planet. Ensamble as thus. The 13. day of Marche fel upon a saturday paraventure, and at the arising of the Sonne I founde the second degre of Aries sitting upon min Est orizonte, al be it was but lytel. Than founde I the seconde degre of Libra nadire of my Sonne discendynge on my West orizonte, upon whiche west orizont every day generally at the Sonne arisyng entrethe the houre of any planet, under the forsaide west orizonte, after the whiche planete the day bereth his name, and endeth in the nexte strike of the planet, under the forsaide west orizonte: and ever as the Sonne clymbeth upper and upper, so gothe his nadire downer and downer, and echinge fro soch strikes the houres of planettes by order, as they sitten in heven. The fyrst hour inequale of every saturday is Saturne, and the seconde to Jupiter, the thirde to Mars, the fourth to the Sonne, the fyfth to Venus, the sixt to Mercurius, the seventh to the Mone, and than ayen the eight to Saturne, the nineth to Jupiter, the tenth to Mars, the eleventh to the Sonne, the twelfth to Venus. And now is my Sonne gon to rest as for that saturday; than sheweth the very degre of the Sonne the houre of Mercury, entring under my west orizont at even. And nexte him succedeth the Mone, and so forth by order planete after planet, in houre after houre al the night longe til the Sonne arise. Now riseth the Sonne the sonday by the morowe, and the nadyre of the Sonne upon the west orizont, sheweth me the entrynge of the houre of the forsaide Sonne. And in this maner succedeth planete under planete fro Saturne unto the Mone, and fro Mone up againe to Saturne, houre after houre generally, and thus knowe I this conclusion.

To knowe with which degre of the zodyake any sterre fixe in thin Astrolabie ariseth upon the Est orizonte, although the orizonte be in an other signe.

**S**ette the centure of the sterre upon the Est orizonte, and loke what degre of anye signe that sitteth upon the same orizonte at the same tyme: And understande wel that with the same degre ariseth the same sterre. And this mervailous arisinge with a stronge degre in another sygne, is bycause that the latitude of the sterre fyxe is either Northe or Southe fro the equinoctial. But sothly the latitudes of planettes ben comenly یرهckened fro the ecliptike, bycause that none of hem declineth but few degrees out fro the brede of the zodyake. And take gode kepe of this chapter of arisinge of celestiall bodyes, for ther trusteth wel, that neither mone neither sterre in our ambolife orizont, that ariseth with the same degre of his longitude, save in one case, and that is whan they have no longitude fro the eclyp-

ticke lyne. But never the lesse somtime is everyche of these planettes under the same lyne.

To knowe the declinacion of any degre in the zodiake, fro the equinoctiall circle.

**S**ette the degre of any sygne upon the lyne meridional, and reken his altitude in the almicanteras, fro the Est orizonte up to the same degre sette in the forsaide lyne, and sette there a pricke: Turne up than thy rete and sette the hed of Aries or Libra in the same meridional line, and set there another pricke. And whan that this is done, consider the altitudes of hem bothe: for sothly the difference of thilke altitude is the declinacion of thilke degre fro the equinoctial. And yf it so be that thilke degre be northwarde fro the equinoctiall, than is his declinacion North, and if it be southward, than it is south.

To knowe for what latitude in any region the almicanteras in my tables ben compowned.

**R**eken how many degrees of almicanteras in the meridional line, be from the circle equinoctial, unto the signet, or els from the pole artike unto the North orizont, and for so gret a latitude or so smale a latitude, is the table compowned.

To knowe the latitude of the Sonne, in the myddes of the day, that is cleped the altitude meridian.

**S**ET the degre of thy Sonne upon the lyne meridional, and reken how many degrees of almicanteras ben bytwix thin Est orizonte, and the degre of thy Sonne, and take there thin altitude meridian, that is to sayn, the highest degre of the Sonne, as for that daye. So mayst thou knowe in the same line the highest lyne that any starre fyxe clymbeth by nyght, this is to sayn, that whan any starre fyxe is passed the lyne meridional, than beginneth it to discede, and so doth the Sonne.

To knowe the degre of the Sonne, by the rete for a maner curyosyte.

**S**Eke busely with thy rule the highest of the Sonne in myddes of the daye, tourne than thyn Astrolabye, and with a pricke of ynke marke the nombre of the same altitude, in the lyne meridional. Tourne than thy rete aboute tyl thou finde a degre of thy zodiake, accordyng with the pricke, this is to sayn, sitting on the pricke, and in sothe thou shalt finde but two degrees in al the zodiake of that condicion. And yet thilke two degrees ben in divers sygnes. Than mayst thou lightly by the feson of the yere knowe the signe in whiche is the Sonne.

To knowe whiche day is like to other in length throughout the yere.

**L**Oke whiche degrees ben lyke from the hedes of Cancer and Capricorne, and loke whan the Sonne is in any of thilke degrees, than ben the dayes lyke of length, that is to sayn, that as longe is that day in that moneth, as was soche a daye in soche a moneth, there varieth but lytell. Also if thou take two dayes naturelles in the yere, ylike farre from eyther points of the equinoctial, in the opposite parties, than as long is the day artificiall on that one day as on that other, and eke the contrarie.



This chapter is a maner declaracion to conclusions that foloweth.

**U**nderstande well, that thy zodiake is departed into halfe circles, from the hed of Caprycorne unto the hed of Cancer, and ayenwarde from the hed of Cancer unto the hed of Capricorne. The hed of Capricorne is the lowest point, wher as the sonne goth in winter, and the hed of Cancer is the highest point, in which the sonne goth in sommer. And therefore understande wel, than any two degrees that ben ylyke far from any of these two hedes, trust wel that thilke two degrees ben lyke declinacion, be it Southward or Northwarde, and the dayes of 'hem ben lyke of length, and the nyghtes also, and shadowes ylyke, and the altitudes ylyke at mydday for ever.

To knowe the very degre of any maner starre straunge after his latitude, though he be indeterminate in thyn Astrolaby, sothly to the trouth thus he shal be knowen.

**T**Ake the altitude of thy starre, whan he is on the Est side of the lyne meridional, as nygh as thou mayste gesse, and take that ascendent anone right by some maner starre fyxe, which thou knowest, and forget not the altitude of the first starre ne thin ascendent. And whan that this is done, aspie diligently whan this same first starre passeth any thing to the south westward, and catche him anone right in the same nombre of the altitude on the west syde of thys lyne meridional, as he was caught on the Est syde, and take a newe ascendent anone right by some maner fyxe, the whiche that thou knowest, and forgete not this seconde ascendent. And whan this is done, reken than howe many degrees ben bytwixt the first ascendent, and the seconde ascendent, and reken wel the middel degre bytwyxt bothe ascendentes, and set thilke myddel degre upon thin Este orizonte, and than loke what degre sit upon the line meridional, and take there the very degre of the ecliptike, in whiche the starre standeth for the tyme. For in the ecliptyke is the longitude of a celestial body, rekened even fro the halfe of the hed of Aries, unto the ende of Pisces, and his latitude is rekened after the quantyte of hys declynacion Northe or South, towarde the poles of thys werke. As thus, if it be of the sonne or any fix starre, reken his latitude or his declinacion fro the equinoctial circle, and if it be of a planete, reken than the quantite of his latitude from the ecliptike line, al be it so that from the equinoctial may the declinacion or the latitude of any body celestiall be rekened, after the sight Northe or Southe, and after the quantite of his declinacion. And yet so may the latitude or the declinacion of anye body celestiall, save onelye of the Sonne, after his sight Northe or Southe, and after the quantite of his declinacion be rekened from the ecliptike line, fro whiche lyne all planettes somtime decline, North or Southe, save only the forsaide Sonne.

To know the degrees of longitudes of fyxe sterres, after that they ben determinate in thin astrolabye, if it so be that they ben trewly set.

**S**ette the centre of the sterre upon the lyne meridional, and take kepe of thy zodiake, and loke what degre of anye signe sitte upon the same lyne meridional at the same tyme, and there the degre in whiche the sterre standeth, and with the same degre cometh the same sterre unto the same line from the orizonte.

To know in special the latitude of our centre, I mene after the altitude of Oxenforde, and the hight of our Pole.

**U**nderstande wel that as farre is the hed of Aries or Libra in the equinoctial, from our orizonte, as is the synet from the pole artike, and as hie as the pole artike from the orizonte, as the equinoctial is ferre from the synet, I preve it thus by the latitude of Oxenforde, understande wel that the height of our pole artike from our North orizont is 51. degrees, and 50. minutes, than is the sinet from the pole artike 38. degrees and 10. minutes, than is the equinoctial from our sinet 51. degrees, and 50. minutes, than is our southe orizonte from our equinoctial 38. degrees, and 10. minutes. Understande well this rekenyng, also forget not that the sinet is 90. degrees of height from the orizont, and our equinoctial is 90. degrees from our pole artike. Also this shorte rule is soth that the latitude of any planet in a region, is the distaunce from the sinet unto the equinoctial.

To prove the latitude of any place in a region by the preffe of the height of the pole artike in that same place.

**I**N some winter's nyght, whan the fyrmamente is clere and thicke sterred, waite a tyme tyll that every ster fix sit line right perpendicular over the pole artike, and clepe that ster A. and wayte another ster that sit lyne right under A. and under the pole, and clepe that ster F. and understand wel that F. is not confidred but onely to declare that A. that syt ever on the pole. Take than anone right the altitude of A. from the orizonte and forget it not, let A. and F. go farwel tyl againste the dawning a gret while, and come than again, and abyde tyll that A. is even under the pole under F. for sothely than wil F. sit over the pole, take than eftsones the altitude of A. from the orizonte, and note as wel the seconde altitude as the firste altitude. And whan that thys is done, reken how many degrees that the first altitude A. exceded his altitude, and take halfe the ilke porcion that is exceded, and adde it to his seconde altitude, and take there the elevacion of the pole, and eke the altitude of thy region. For these two ben of one nombre, that is to sayn, as many degrees as thy pole is elevat, so moche is the latitude of thy region. Ensample as thus. Paraventure the altitude of A. in the eveninge is 92. degrees of height, than wil the seconde altitude or the dawning be 21. that is to sayn, lesse than 92. that was his first altitude at even. Take than the halfe of 92. and adde to it 21. that was his seconde altytude, and than hast thou the height of the pole and the latitude of thy region. But understande wel to preve this conclusion, and many another faire conclusion, thou maiste have a plomet hanginge on a lyne hygher than thy hed on a perche, and that lyne mote hange even perpendicular bytwixt the pol and thine eye, and than shalte thou se yf A. syt even over the pole and over F. at even. And also if F. syt even over the pole and over A. at daye.

Another conclusion to preve the hyght of the pole artike from the orizont.

**T**Ake any sterre fyxe that ever descendeth under the orizont in thilk region, and consyder his hyghest altitude and his lowest altitude from the orizont, and make a number of these altitudes, take than and abate halfe that nombre, and take there the



the elevation of the pole artike in that same region, and for the more declaracion, &c.

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Another conclusion to preve the latitude of a region that ye ben in.

**U**nderstande well that the larytude of any place in a region, is verely the space betwyxe the sygne of 'hem that dwellen there, and the equinoctial circle, North, or Southe, takinge the mesure in the merydyonall line, as sheweth in the almicanteras of thin astrolaby, and thilke space is as moch as the Pole artike is hie in the same place fro the orizont. And than is the depressyon of the pole Antartike beneth the orizonte, the same quantite of space, neither more ne lesse, than if thou desire to know this latitude of the region, take the altitude of the Sonne in the myddle of the daye, when the Sonne is the hed of Aries or of Libra, for than moverthe the Sonne in the lyne equinoctial, and abate the nombre of that same Sonnes altitude out of 90 degrees, and than is the remnaunt of the nombre that leaveth, the altitude of the region, as thus. I suppose that the Sonne is thilke daye at noone 38 degrees of heygth, abate than 38 degrees out of 90, so leaveth ther 52, than is 52 degrees the latitude, I saye not this, but for ensample, for wel I wote the latitude of Oxenorde is certain minutes lesse. Nowe if it so be that The thinketh to longe a tarying to abyde til that the Sonne be in the hed of Aries or of Libra, than waite whan that the Sonne is in anye other degre of the zodiake, and consider the degre of this declinacion be Northward from the equinoctial, abate than from the Sonnes altytude at none the nombre of his declinacion, and than hast thou the highest of the hedes of Aries and Libra, as thus. My Sonne peradventure is in the 10 degre of Leo almoste 56 of height at none, and his declinacion is almost 18 degrees northward from the equinoctial, abate than thilke 18 degrees of declinacion out of the altitude at none, than leaveth 38 degrees, so there the hed of Aries or Libra, and thin equinoctial in that region. Also if it so be that the Sonnes declinacion be southwarde from the equinoctial, adde than thilke declinacion to the altitude of the Sonne at none, and take there the hedes of Aries and Libra and thyn equinoctial, abate than the height of the equinoctial out of 90 degrees, and than leaveth there 38 degrees, that is the distaunce of the region from the equinoctial of any sterre fixe that thou knowest, and take the nether elongation lengthning from the same equinoctial lyne, and werke after the maner aforesaid.

Declaracion of the ascencion of signes as well in the circle directe, as in oblique.

**T**HE excellence of the sphere solid amonges other noble conclusions, sheweth manifest the divers ascencions of signes in divers places, as wel in right circles as in embolyfe circle. These auctours writen that thilke signe is cleped of right ascencion with which the more part of the circle equinoctial and the lesse part of the zodiake ascendeth, and thilke signe ascendeth embolyfe, with which the lesse of the zodiake equinoctial, and the more parte of the zodiake ascendeth, and ever mo the arche of the daye, and the arche of the night is there ylike longe, and the sonne twise every yere passing through the signet of ther hed and 2 sommers and 2 winters in a yere have these forsaide people, and the almycanteras in ther Astrolabie ben streight as a line, so hath shewed in this fygure. The utilities to knowe the ascencions of sygnes in the right circle is this. Trust wel that by mediacyons of thilke

ascencions, these Astrologiens by ther table and other instrumentes, knowen verely the ascencion of every degre and minute in al the zodiake, in the embolyfe circle, as shal be shewed. And note that this forsaide right orizonte that is cleped orizont rectum, devideth the equinoctial into right angles, and embolyfe orizonte, where as the pole is enhaunced upon the orizonte, overcometh the equinoctial embolyfe angles.

This is the conclusion to knowe the ascencions of sygnes in the right circle, that is *circulus directus*.

**S**ette the hed of what signe The lyst to knowe the ascencion on the right circle, upon the lyne meridionall, and wayte where thin almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there a pricke, tourne than thy rete westwarde til the ende of the forsaide signe, sette upon the meridional lyne, and estones waite where thine almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there another pricke. Reken than the nombres of degrees in the bordure betwixe bothe prickes, and take than the ascencion of the signe in the right circle, and thus maist thou werke with every porcion of the zodiake.

To knowe the ascencions of signes in the embolyfe circle in every region, I mene in *circulo obliquo*.

**S**ette the hed of the sygne, which as The liste to knowe his ascencion upon the Est orizonte, and wayte where thine almurie toucheth the bordure, and sette there a pricke, tourne than thy rete upwarde til the ende of the same sygne, set upon the Est orizont and waite estones where as thine almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there another prycke, reken than the nombre of the degrees in the bordure bytwixe both prickes, and take there the ascencion of the signe in the embolyfe circle. And understand wel that al the signes in the zodiake, from the hed of Aries unto the ende of Virgo, ben cleped signes of the Northe from the equinoctial, and these signes arisen betwixe the very Est and the verye Northe in our orizont generally for ever: and all the signes from the hed of Libra, unto the ende of Pisces ben cleped signes of the southe fro the equinoctial, and these signes arisen evermore betwixe the very Est and the very southe in our orizonte; also every signe betwixe the hed of Capricorne unto the ende of Gemini, ariseth in our orizonte in lesse than two houres equalls and these same signes from the hed of Capricorne unto the ende of Gemini, ben called tortuous signes or croked signes, for they risen embolyfe in our orizonte, and these croked signes ben obedient to the signes that ben of the right ascencion. These signes of right ascencion ben fro the hed of Cancer unto the hed of sagittary, and these signes arisen more upright than dothe the other, and therefore they ben called soveraine signes, and everye of 'hem ariseth in more space than in two houres, of which sygnes Gemini obeyeth to Cancer, and Taurus to Leo, and Aries to Virgo, Pisces to Libra, Aquarius, to Scorpio, and Capricorne, to Sagitarie, and thus evermore two signes that ben like ferre from the hed of Capricorne obeyeth everiche of 'hem to other.

To knowe justly the soure quarters of the worlde, as Est, West, South, and North.

**T**ake the altitude of thy sonne whan thou liste, and note well the quarter of the worlde in which the sonne is from the tyme by the asynutes, tourne than thin Astrolaby, and set the degre of the sonne in the almicanteras of his altytude, on thilke syde that the Sonne standeth, as is in maner of taking of houres, and ley thy labell on the degre of the Sonne



Sonne, and reken howe many degrees of the Sonne ben bytwene the lyne meridional, and the point of thy label, and note wel the nombres. Tourne than agayne thine Astrolabie, and set the point of thy grete rule there thou takest thin altitudes, upon as many degrees in hys bordure from his meridional, as was the point of thy label from the lyne meridional on the wombe syde. Take then thine Astrolabye with both handes sadly and flyly, and let the sonne shine through bothe holes of thy rule, and flyly in thilke shyning laye thine Astrolabye couche adoune even upon a playne ground, and than wyl the meridional lyne of thin Astrolabye be even south, and the Est lyne will lye even Est, and the West lyne West, and the Northe lyne Northe, so that thou werke softely and avifely in the couchynge, and thou haste thus the foure quarters of the firmament, &c.

To knowe the altitude of planettes from the way of the sonne, whether they ben Northe or Southe fro the way aforefayde.

**L**Oke whan a planette is on the line meridional, yf that her altitude be of the same heichte, that is the degre of the Sonne for that daye, and than is the planette in the very way of the Sonne, and hath no latitude. And yf the altitude of the planette be hyer than the degre of the Sonne, than is the planette Northe from the way of the sygne Southe, a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thine Almycanteras, and yf the altitude be lesse than the degre of the Sonne, than is the planette South from the waye of the Sonne, soche a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thine Almycanteras. This is to saine from the waye of the Sonne in everye place of the zodiake, for on the morowe the Sonne wyll be in another degre.

For to knowe the signet for the arising of the Sonne, this is to saine the party of the orizonte in whiche the Sonne ariseth.

**T**Hou muste first consider that the Sonne ariseth not in the verie Este signet, sometyne by North Este, and sometyne by Southe Este, sothely the Sonne ariseth evermore in the verie Este in our Orizonte, but if he be in the hedde of Aries or Libra. Now is thine Orizonte departed into xxiiii parties, of thy Minutes in signification of xxiiii partes of the worlde, though it be so, that shipmen reken all that parties in xxxii. Then is there no more but waite in the whiche minute, that the Sonne entreth at his arising, and take there the signet of the rising of the Sonne.

The maner of devision of thine Astrolabie, is thus enjoined, as in this case.

**F**irst, it is devided in fower places principallie, with the line that cometh fro the Est to the Weste, and then with an other line, that goeth fro the South to the North, then is it divided in smal parties of minutes, as Est and Est by Southe, where that is the firste minute above the Est line, and so forthe fro partie to partie, till that thou come again to the Este line. Thus thou might understand the signet of every sterre, in whiche partie he ariseth.

To knowe in whiche partie of the firmament is the conjuncion.

**C**onsider the tyme of the conjuncion, by the Kalender, as thus: howe many houres that the conjuncion is fro middaie of the daie before, as sheweth the Canon of the Kalender. Reken then that number in the bordure of thine Astrolabie, as thou

were wont to doe in knowyng of the houres of the daie, or of the night, and lay thy labell over the degre of the sonne, then will the point of the labell sit upon the houre of the conjuncion. Loke then in whiche minute the degre of the Sonne siteth, and in that partie of the firmamente is the conjuncion.

To knowe the signet of the altitude of the Sonne.

**T**His is no more to saie, but any time of the daie take the altitude of the sunne, and by the minutes in whiche he ascendeth thou might se in whiche partie of the Firmamente he is, and in the same wise might thou se by night any Sterre, whether he sit Este, Weste, or Southe, or any parte bitwixe, after the name of the minutes, in whiche the Sterres standeth.

To knowe sothlie the longitude of the Mone, or any Planette, that hath no latitude, fro the tyme of the Ecliptike line.

**T**Ake the altitude of the Mone and reken thine altitude up, emong thine almycanteras, on whiche side that the Mone standeth, and set there a pricke. Take then anone right uppon the Mone's side, the altitude of every sterre fixe that thou knowest, and set his circle upon his altitude, emong thine almycanteras, there the Sterre is founden, waite then of whiche degre the zodiake is, to whiche the pricke of the altitude of the Mone, and there take the degre in whiche the Mone standeth. This conclusion is verie sothe, of the Starres in thine Astrolabie, and standeth after the trowth. Some tretise of the Astrolabie maketh non excepcion, whether the Mone have latitude or none, nor whether side of the Mone the altitude of the Sterre be founde. And note if the Mone shewe her self by daie, then thou maicste worche the same conclusion by the Sonne, as well as by the Sterre fixe.

This is the werching of the conclusions to knowe whether any Planette be directe, or retrograde.

**T**Ake the altitude of any sterre, that is cleped a Planette, and note it well, anone righte take the altitude of some Sterre fixe, that thou knowest, and note it well also, and come againe the thirde or the fowerth night next folowyng, for then thou shalt perceve well the mevyng of the Planet, whether he move forward, or backward, and waite well then when the Sterre fixe is in this same altitude that she was, when thou toke her firste altitude, of the foresaid Planet, and note it well, for truste well, if so be that the Planet be in the right side of the meridional line, so that his seconde altitude be lesse then the firste altitude was, then is the Planet directe, and if he be in the West side in that condicion, then is he retrograde, and if so be that this Planet be in the Est side, when his altitude is take, so that the seconde altitude be more then his firste altitude, then is he retrograde, and if he be in the West side of the line meridional, then is he direct, but the contrary moving of these parties is the cours of the Mone, for sothlie the Mone moveth the contrary fro either Planettes, in her ecliptike line, but in none other maner.

The conclusion of equacions of houses, after the Astrolabie.

**S**ET the beginning of the degre that ascendeth upon the ende of the viii. houre inequall, than will



will the line of the second house sit upon the line of Midnight, remove then the degre that ascendeth, and set hym upon the ende of the x. houre inequall, then will the beginnyng of the iii. house sitte upon the Midnight line, bring up again the same degre that ascendeth firste, and set hym upon the Este Orizonte, and then will the beginning of the iiii. hous sit upon the Midnight line. Take then the nadire of the degre, that ascendeth firste, and set hym upon the ende of the ii. houre inequall, and then will the beginnyng of the v. house sit upon the Midnight line. Take then the nadire of the ascendent, and set him upon the ende of the iiii. houre inequall, and then will the beginnyng of the vi. house sit upon the Midnight line. The beginnyng of the seventh house is nadire of the ascendente, and the beginnyng of the viii. house is nadire of the seconde, and the beginnyng of the ninth house is nadire of the thirde, and the beginnyng of the tenth house is nadire of the iiii. and the beginnyng of the 'leventh house is nadire of the fiveth, and the beginning of the xii. house is nadire of the vi. house.

An other maner of equacions of houses, by the Astrolabie.

**T**ake thyne ascendente, and then thou haste the fower angles, for well thou woteste, that th' opposite is of thine ascendente, that is to saie, the beginnyng of the seventh hous, sit upon the West Orizont, and the beginnyng of the tenth house, upon the line Meridionall, and his opposite upon the line of Midnight, then laie thy labell upon the degre that ascendeth, and reken then fro the point of thy labell all the degrees in the bordure, till that thou come to the Meridionall line, and departe all thilke degrees into thre even partes, and take there the even porcions of thre other houses, for to laie thy labell over every of these thre parties, and then thou might see by the labell in the Zodiake the beginning of these thre houses fro the ascendent, that is to saie, the twelveth next above the ascendente, and then the eleventh house and the x. house, upon the Meridional line, as I first saied, the same wise werche, fro the ascendent, doune to the line of Midnight, and thus thou haste thre houses, that is to saie, the beginning of the seconde, the thirde, and the fowerth house: then is the nadire of these thre houses, the beginnyng of these iii. houses that foloweth.

To finde the line Meridionall, to dwell fixe in any certain place.

**T**ake a rounde plate of metall, for warpyng the border the better, and make thereupon a iuste compace; a little within the bordure, and laie this rounde plate upon an even grounde, or some even stone, or on a even stocke fixe in the ground, and laie it even by a rule, in the centre of the compace sticke an even pinne or a wire upright, the smaller the better, and set thy pinne or thy wire, by a plomme rule's ende upright even, and let this pinne be no longer then a quarter of thy diameter of the compace fro the pinne, and waite busilie aboute tenne or eleven of the clocke, when the Sonne sheweth, when the shadow of the pinne entereth any thing, within the circle of the compace one here brede, and make there a pricke with ynke: abide then still waityng on the Sonne, after one of the cloke, til that the shadowe of the pinne, or of the wire, passe any thyng out of the circle or compace be it never so little, and sette there a pricke. Take then a compace and mesure even the middle, betwixt bothe prickes, and set there a pricke: Take then a Rule and drawe a strike, even

fro the pinne unto the middle prick, and take there the line Meridional for evermore, as in the same place. And if thou draw a crosse overthwarre the compace, justly over the line Meridionall, then haste thou Est and West, and per consequens the oppositife, that is Southe and North.

Discripcion of the Meridionall line, and of the longitudes and latitudes, of citces and townes, as well as of climates.

**T**his line Meridionall, is but a maner discripcion of a line ymaged, that passeth upon the poles of the worlde, and by the signette of our hedde: and it is cleped the signet, for in what place that any manne is at any tyme of the yere, when the Sonne by mevyng of the Firmamente cometh to his Meridionall place, then is it the verie Middaie, that we clepe None, and therefore it is cleped the line of Middaie. Then take hede that evermore of two Citces, or of two Townes, of whiche the one approacheth nerer the Ell, then doeth the other Towne, trust well that thilke two Townes have divers Meridians. Take kepe also, that the arche of the Equinocciall, that is contained and bounded betwene the two Meridians, is cleped the Longitude of the Towne. And if so be that two Townes have Meridian like, or one Meridian, then is the distaunce of them bothe like farre: and in this maner thei chaunge not ther Meridian, but sothelie thei chaunge ther Almicanteras, for the haunsyng of the Pole, and the distaunce of the Sonne. The longitude of a climate maie be cleped the space of the yerth, fro the beginnyng of the firste climate, unto the laste ende of the same climate, even directe against the Pole artike, thus saie some aucthous. And some clerkes saie, that if men clepe the latitude of a center the arche Meridian, that is contened or intercepte, betwixe the signet and the Equinocciall, then thei saie, that the distaunce fro the Equinocciall unto the ende of the climate, even ayenst the pole artike, is the longitude of the climate for Southe.

To knowe with what degree of the Zodiake, that any Planet ascendeth on the Orizonte, where his latitude be North, or South.

**K**Nowe by thyne Almanacke the degre of the Ecliptike of any signe, in which that the planette is rekened for to be, and that is cleped the degre of his longitude. And knowe also the degre of his latitude, fro th' ecliptike, North or South, and by these ensamples folowing in especialle, thou maicte wirc with every signe of the Zodiake. The longitude peraventure of Venus, or of an other planet was of Capricorne, and the latitude of them Northward degrees, fro the Ecliptike line, then toke I subtil compas, and cleped the one point of my compace A, and that other F. then toke I the point of A. and set in the ecliptike line, and my zodiake in the degre of the Longitude of heddes, that is to saie in the ende of Capricorne, and then set I the point of F. upward in the same signe, bicause that the altitude was North, upon the latitude of Venus, that is to saie, in the degre fro the hed of Capricorne, and thus have I the degrees betwixe my two prickes, then laid I doune softe my compace, and set the degre of the longitude upon the Orizont, then toke I and waxed my labell, in maner of a paire of tables to receive distinctly the pricke of my compace, then toke I this forsaide labell, and laied it fixe over the degre of my longitude, then toke I up my compace, and the point of A. in in the waxe of my labell, as I cond gette, over th' ecliptike line, in th' ende of the longitude I set the point



point over endlonge on the labell, upon the space of the latitude inwarde, and on the zodiake, that is to say, Northward fro the ecliptike: then laied I down my compasse, and loked well in the waie upon th' ecliptike of A. and F. then tourned I my rete, till that the prick of F. fate upon the Orizont, then sawe I well, that the bodie of Venus in her latitude of degrees septentrionals, ascendeth in the ende of degre, fro the hed of Capricorne. And note that in this manner, thou mightest werch with any latitude septentrionall in al signes: but sothly the latitude Meridionall of a planet in Capricorn maie not be take, because of the little space betwixe the ecliptike, and the bordure of the Astrolabie, and sickerly in al other signes it maie be take. Also the degre peraventure of Jupiter, or of any other planette, was in the first degre of Pisces in longitude, and his latitude was degrees Meridionall. Then toke I the point of A. and set it in the first degre of Pisces on th' ecliptike, then set I the point downward of F. in the same signe, because that the latitude was South degrees that is to saie, fro the hed of Pisces, and thus have I degrees betwixe both prickes. Then set I the degre of the longitude, upon the Orizont, then toke I my labell, and laied him fixe upon the degre of longitude, then sette I the point of A. on my labell even over the ecliptike line, in the ende of the degre of the longitude, and I sette the point of F. endelong on my labell, the space of degrees of the latitude outwarde fro the Zodiake, that is to saie, Southwarde fro the Ecliptike towarde the bordure, and then tourned I my rete, til the point of F. fate upon the Orizont, then sawe I well that the bodie of Jupiter, in his Latitude of degrees Meridionall, ascendeth with the degre of Pisces in horoscopo. And in this maner thou maiest werche, with any Latitude, as I saied first, save in Capricorne. And thou wilt plie this crafte, with the arisyng of the Mone, loke thou reken well the course of houre by houre, for she dwelleth in a degre of her Longitude but a little while, as thou wost well: but nevertheless, if thou legen well her verie mevyng by the tables, or after her course houre by houre, thou shalt doe well inough.

*Umbra recta.*

**I**F thou wilt wirche with *Umbra recta*, if thou might come to the base of the toure, in this maner shalt thou wirche: take the altitude of the Toure with bothe holes, so that the rule lie even on a point. Ensam- ple, as thus. I se hym through the point of fower then mete I the space betwixe me and the Toure, and I finde it twentie fore, then behold I how fower is to twelve, and I find it is the third part of twelve. Right so the space betwixe The and the Toure is the thirde parte of the altitude of the Toure: then thrise twentie fore is the highest of the toure, with th' addicion of thine owne bodie fro thyne eye. If the Rule fall on five, then is five times twelve, the highest of the Toure.

*Umbra versa.*

**I**F thou maiest not come to the base of the toure, and thou fixe hym through the number of one, set there a prick at thy fore, then go nere the Toure and se hym through at the point of two, and set there an other prick, and then beholde howe one hath hym to twelve, and thou shalt finde that he hath hym twelve sithes, then behold how two have hym to xii, and thou shalt finde it six sithes, and therefore the space betwixe two prickes, is six times thyne altitude. And note that at the first altitude of one, thou settest a prick, and afterward when thou seest

hym through at two, there thou settest a prick, then thou findest betwene lxxx fore, then thou shalt finde that tenne is the 8th parte of lxxx. then is a fore the altitude of the Toure, but if it fall upon an other point, as thus. It falleth on fixe at the seconde takyng it, when it falleth on fower, then shalt thou find that fixe is the second part of twelve, and fower is the third parte of twelve, by the thirde parte, that is to say, the space betwixe two prickes, twice the height of the Toure, and if the difference wer three, then would it be thre times the height. *Et sic de singulis.* An other maner werchyng by *Umbra recta*. If thou maiest not come by the base of the Toure, wirche in this wise: Sette thy rule upon one, till thou se the altitude, and set at thy fore a prick, and then set thy rule upon two, and so doe in the same manner: then loke what is the difference betwixe one and two, and thou shalt finde that it is one. Then mesure the space betwixe the two prickes, and that is the twelveth part of the altitude of the Toure, and so of all other.

*Umbra recta.*

**I**F thy Rule fall upon the eighte point, on the right shadowe, then make the figure of eight, than loke howe moche space of the fete is, betwixe The and the Toure, and multiplie that by twelve, and when thou hast multiplied it by the same number then devide it by the number of eight, and kepe the residue, and adde thereto thy height unto thyne eye, to the residue, and that shall be the verie height of the Toure. And thus maiest thou worche on the same side, from one to twelve, &c.

*Umbra recta.*

**A**N other maner of workyng upon the same side. Loke upon what point thy rule falleth, when thou seest the toppe of the Toure, through the two holes, and then mete the space from thy fore, to the base of the Toure, and right as the number of the point hath hymself to twelve, right so the measure, betwixt The and the Toure, hath hym self to the height of the same Toure. Ensam- ple as thus. I sette case thy rule fall upon eight, then is eight two thirde partes of twelve, so is the space two thirde partes of the Toure.

*Umbra versa.*

**T**O knowe the height, by the point of *Umbra versa*. If the rule fall upon iii. when thou seest the toppe of the toure set a prick there thy fore standeth, and go nere till thou maiest se the same toppe, at the point of ii. and sette there an other prick: then mete howe many fore is betwixe the two prickes, and the height up to thine eye, and that shall be the height of the toure. And note, that iii. is the fowerth part of xii. and ii. is the thirde parte of xii. Now passeth ii. the number of iii. by distance of i. therefore the same space with thy height to thy eye is the height of the toure. And if it were so that there were two or thre distances in the numbers, so should the measure betwixe the prickes be twice or thrise the height of the toure.

*Umbra recta.*

**T**O know the height, if thou maiest not come to the base of the thing, set thy rule upon what point thou wilt, so that thou maist se the toppe of the thing through the two holes, and make a marke, there as thy fore standeth, and go nere or farther,



ferther, till thou maieſte ſe it through an other point, and make there an other marke, and loke what difference is betwixe the two pointes in the ſcale, and right as that difference hath hym to xii. right ſo the ſpaces betwixe the two markes hath hym to the height of the thing. Enſample. I ſet the caſe, that thou ſeeſt it through the point of iiii. and after at the point of iii. Now paſſeth the number of iiii. the number of iii. the diſtance of i. and right as this difference of one, hath hymſelf to xii. right ſo the meſure betwixe both the markes hath him to the height of the ſame thing puttyng therto the height of thy ſelf to thine eye. And thus maieſt thou werke from i. to xii.

*Umbra verſa.*

FERthermore, if thou wilt knowe in *Umbra verſa*, by the craſte of *Umbra reſta*, I ſuppoſe to take thine altitude at the point of iiii. and makeſt a marke, and then thou goeſt nere, till thou haſte it at the pointe of iii. and makeſt there an other marke, then muſt thou devide 144. by 4. the number that cometh thereof ſhall be 36. and after devide 144. by 3. and the number that cometh thereof is 48. then loke what difference is betwixe 36. and 48. and that ſhalt thou finde 12. and right as 12. hath hym to 12. ſo the ſpace betwixe the two prickes hath him to the altitude of the thyng.

Here endeth the conſuſions of the Aſtrolabie.



## The Complaint of the blacke Knight.

The heavy Complaint of a Knight, for that he can not win his Lady's Grace.

**I**N Maie when Flora the freſhe luſtie Quene  
The ſoile hath cladde, in grene, and red,  
and whight,  
And Phœbus gan to ſhede his ſtremis ſhene  
Amidde the Bulle, with al the bemis bright,  
And Lucifer to chace awaie the night  
Ayen the morowe our Orizont hath take,  
To bid all lovirs out of ſleepe awake.

And hertis hevie for to recomforte  
From drerihed of hevie night's ſorowe,  
Nature bad 'hem riſe, and 'hem diſporte  
Ayen' the godelic and the glad greie morowe,  
And hope alſo with ſainct Ihon to borowe,  
Bad in deſpite of daungir and diſpaire  
For to takin the whoſome luſtie aire.

And with a ſigh I gan for to abreide  
Out of my ſlombre', and ſodainly up ſterte,  
As he (alas) that nigh for ſorowe deide,  
My ſikeneſſe ſate aye ſo nie my herte,  
But for to findin ſocour of my ſmerte,  
Or at the leſt ſome releſe of my paine  
That me ſo ſore yhalte in every veine.

I roſe anone, and thought I wouldè gone  
Into the wodde, to here the birdis ſyng,  
When that the miſtie vapour was agone,  
And cleare and faire ywas the morownyng,  
The dewe alſo like ſilvir in ſhinyng  
Upon the levis, as any Baume ſwete,  
Till ſirie Titan with his perſaunt here

Had dryid up the luſtie licour newe,  
Upon the herbis in the grenè mede,  
And that the floures of many divers hewe  
Upon ther ſtalkis gonin for to ſprede,  
And for to ſplaie out ther levis in brede  
Again the Sonne, golde burnid in his ſpere,  
That doun to 'hem ycaſt his bemis clere.

And by a rivir forthe I gan coſtei  
Of watir clere as birell or criſtall;  
Till at the laſt I founde a little weie  
Toward a parke, enclodid with a wall,  
In compace rounde, and by a gatè ſmall,

Who ſo that would he frelie mightin gone  
Into this parke, ywallid with grene ſtone.

And in I went to here the birdis ſong,  
Which on the braunchis both in plain and vale,  
So ſoude yſang, that all the wode yrong,  
Like as it ſhould ſhivir in pecis ſmale,  
And as methoughtin that the Nightingale  
With ſo great might her voice began out wreſt,  
Right as her harte for love would all to breſt.

10 The ſoile was plain and ſmoth, and wondir ſoit, 50  
All overſprad with rapettes that Nature  
Had made her ſelf: covirid eke aloft  
With bowis grene, the flouris for to cure,  
That in ther beantie thei maie long endure  
From all aſſaute of Phœbus ſervent fere,  
Whiche in his ſphere ſo hotte yſhone and clere.

The aire attempre, and the ſmothè winde  
Of Zephyrus emong the bloſomes white  
So whoſome was, and nourifhing by kinde,  
20 That ſmale buddis, and round bloſomis lite, 60  
In maner gan of her brethe to delite,  
To yeve us hope that there fruit ſhall ytake  
Ayenit Autumpne redy for to ſhake.

I ſawe the Daphne cloſid undir rinde  
With the grene Laurir and the whoſome Pine  
The Mirre alſo that wepith ever' of kinde,  
The Cedris hie, as upright as a line,  
The Filbert eke, that lowe doith encline  
Her bowis grene unto the yerth adoun,  
Unto her knight callid Demophoon. 70

30 There ſawe I growing eke the treſſie Hawthorne  
In white Motley, that ſo ſore doeth yſmell,  
Aſhe, Firre, and Oke, with many a yong acorn,  
And many a tre mo then I can tell,  
And me beforne I ſawe a little well  
That had his courſe, as I could wele beholde  
Undir an hill, with quicke ſtremis and colde.

The gravill gold, the watir pure as glaſſe,  
The bankis rounde, the well invironing  
40 And ſoit as Velvet was the yongè graſſe 80  
That



That thereupon lustilie came springyng,  
The sute of trees aboutin compassyng  
Ther shadowe cast, closyng the well arounde,  
And all the herbis growyng on the grounde,

The water was so wholsome, and so vertuous  
Through might of herbis growyng it beside  
Not like to the welle where as Narcissus  
Hlain was, through the vengeance of Cupide  
Where so wondir covertly he did hide  
The grain of deth upon eche fatal brinke, 90  
That deth mote folowe, who that ever drinke.

Ne like unto the pitte of the Pegace  
Undir Parnassus where Poëtis slept,  
Nor like to the welle of pure chastite  
Which that Diana with her nymphis kept,  
When she nakid into the watir lepte,  
That slowe Actæon with her handis fell,  
Only for he came so nigh the well.

But this welle which that I now here reherse  
So wholsome was, that it wouldin aswage 100  
Wighes bollin hertis, and the venim perce  
Of pensifched, withall the cruill rage,  
And ovir more refreshin the visage  
Of them that were in any werinesse  
Of grete labour, or fallin in distresse.

And I that had through daungir and disdain  
So drie a thurst thought that I would assaie  
To tastin a draught of this Welle or twain,  
My bittir langour if it might alaie, 110  
And on the banke anone me dounce I laie,  
And with mine hed unto the Welle I raught,  
And of the watir dranke I a gode draught.

Whereof me thought I was refreshid wele  
Of the brennyng that fate so nigh my herte,  
That verily anone I gan to fele  
An hugè parte relefid of my smerte,  
And therewithall anone up I asterte,  
And thought that I would walkin and se more,  
Forthe in the parke, and in the holtis hore.

And thorough a launde as I yede apace, 120  
And gan aboutin fast for to beholde,  
I founde anone a delectable place,  
That was beset with treis young and olde,  
Whose namis here for me shall not be tolde,  
Amidde of whiche there stode an herbir grene,  
That benchid was with colours new and elene.

This herbir was all full of flouris gende,  
Into the whiche as I beholde began,  
Betwixt an Hulfere, and a Wode bende,  
As I was ware, I sawe where laie a man 130  
In blacke, and of white colour pale and wan,  
And wondir dedly also of his hewe,  
Of hurtis grene, and freshe woundis newe.

And ovirmore disstrainid with sicknesse  
Beside all this he was full grevouslie,  
For upon hym he had an hote accesse,  
That daie by daie hym shoke full pitouslie,  
So that for constraint of his maladie  
And hertely wo, thus lying all alone, 140  
It was a deth for one to here hym grone.

Whereof astoined, my fote I gan withdrawe,  
Full gretly wondiring what it might be,  
That he so laye and haddin no felawe,  
Ne that I coude no wight with him yse,  
Wherof I had grete routhe, and eke pite,

And gan anone, so softely as I coude,  
Amonge the bushis prively me to shroude,

If that I myght in any wise aspie  
What was the cause of this his dedly wo, 150  
Or why that he so petously gan crie  
On his fortune, and on his ure also,  
With al my myght I layid an ere to  
Every worde, to marke wel what he saide,  
Out of his swough anon as he abraide.

But first, if I shulde makin mencion  
Of his persone, and plainly him discrive,  
He was in sothe, without excepcion,  
To speke of manhode, one the best one live, 160  
There may no man ayen the trouth ystrive,  
For of his time, and of his age also  
He provid was, there men shuld have ado.

One of the best therto of brede and length,  
So wel ymade by gode proporcion,  
If he had be in his delivir strength,  
But thought and sicknesse were occasyon  
That he thus lay in lamentacyon  
Grouffe on the grounde, in place so desolate,  
Sole by him self, awhapid and amate.

And for me semith that it is fitting 170  
His wordis al to put in remembraunce,  
To me that herdin all his complaining,  
And al the grounde of this his woful chaunce,  
If there withall I maye you do plesaunce,  
I wol to you so as I can anone  
Lyke as he saide, reherce everichone.

But who shal helpin me nowe to complaine,  
Or who shal nowe my stilè gie or lede?  
O Niobe, let nowe thy teris rayne  
Into my penne, and helpe me eke in nede 180  
Thou woful Myre, that felist mine hert blede  
Of pitous sorowe, and myn hande eke quake,  
Whan that I writin for this mann's sake.

For unto wo accordith complaining,  
And doleful chere unto hevinesse,  
To sorowe also sighing and weping,  
And pitous mourning unto drcrinesse,  
And whoso that shall writin of distresse,  
In party nedith to knowe felingly  
The cause and rote of al soche malady. 190

But I alas! that am of witte but dul,  
And that have no knowing of soche matere  
For to discrive and writin at the ful  
The woful complainte, which that ye shal here,  
But evin like as doth a skrivinere  
That can no more tell what that he shal write,  
But as his maistr beside dothe endite,

Ryght so fare I, that of no sentement  
Can sayin right naught in conclusioun,  
But as I herde whan that I was present 200  
This man complainin with a pitous soun,  
For even like without addicioun  
Or disencrese cythir of more or lesse,  
For to reherse anone I wol me dresse.

And if that any nowe be in this place,  
That felith in love breninge or fervence,  
Or hindirid were to his ladie's grace,  
With false tongis, that with pestilence  
Sle trewe men, that never did offence  
In worde nor dede, ne yet in ther entent, 210  
If any soche there be here nowe present,

Lct



Let him of routhe lay him to audience  
With doleful chere, and sobre countinaunce,  
To herin this man by ful hye sentence  
Hys mortal wo, and his dire perturbaunce  
Complaining and now lying in a traunce  
With lokis upcast, and with ruful chere,  
Th' effecte of which was as ye now shal here.

The thought oppressed with inward sighis fore,  
The painful lyfe, the body languishing; 220  
The woful gost, the herte rent and tore,  
The pitous chere all pale in complaining,  
The dedly face, like ashis in shining,  
The fakte teris, that from min eyin fall,  
Percel declare grounde of my painis al.

Whose herte is grounde to blede in hevynesse,  
The thought receite of wo, and of complainte,  
The brest is chest of dole and drerynesse,  
The body eke so feble and so fainte,  
With hote and colde mine axis is so maïnte, 230  
That nowe I chivir for defaute of hete,  
And hote as glede nowe sodainly I swete.

Nowe hote as fire, nowe cold as ashis ded,  
Now hote for colde, now cold for hete again,  
Now cold as yse, and now, as colis red,  
For hete I brenne, and thus betwixin twaine  
I possid am, and al forcaste in paine,  
So that my hete full plainly as I fele  
Of grevous colde is cause every dele.

This is the colde of inward hie disdaine, 240  
Colde of despite, and colde of cruil hate,  
This is the colde that doth his besy payne  
Ayenist trouthe to fight and to debate,  
This is the colde that doth the fyre abate  
Of trewe mening, alas the hardè while,  
This is the colde that wol me begile.

For er the bettir that in trouth I mente  
With al my myght her fathfully to serve,  
With hert and al to be right diligent,  
The lesse thanke, alas! I can deserve, 250  
Thus for my trouthe daungir doth me serve,  
For one that shuld my deth of mercy let,  
Hath made despite anew his swerde to whet

Against me, and his arowis to fyle,  
To take vengeance of wilful cruilte,  
And tongis false thorough ther sleightly wyle  
Han gone a werre, that wil not stintid be,  
And false envie, with wrathe and envyte  
Have conspirid against al right and lawe,  
Of ther malyce that trouth shal be yllawe. 260

And malèbouche gan first the talè tel  
To sclaudir trouth of indignacion,  
And false reporte so loud yrange the bel,  
That misbylese and false suspicion  
Have trouthe ybrought to his dampnacion,  
So that alas! wrongfully he dyith,  
And falsenesse nowe his place occupyith,

And entirid is into trouth's londe,  
And hath thereof the ful possession,  
O rightful God, that first the trouthe fonde, 270  
Howe maie thou suffre soche oppressyon,  
That falsshed shulde have jurisdiction  
In troth's right to sle him giltiles!  
In his franchise he may not live in pees.

Falsly accused, and of his Fone forjued,  
Withoutin answere, while he was absent,

He damnid was, and maie not be excused,  
For cruilte yfare in judgèment,  
Of hastynesse without advisèment;  
And badde disdaine do execute anone, 280  
His judgèment in presence of his fone.

Attourney there maye, none admittid ben  
To excuse trouthe, ne a worde to speke,  
To faith or othe the judge ne lyste not sene,  
There ne is no gaine, but he will be wreke.  
O Lorde of trouthe, to The l cal and clepe,  
Howe may thou sein thus in thy presence  
Withoutin mercy murdrid innocence!

Nowe God, that art of trouthe soveraine,  
And seist how I lie for trouthe bounde, 290  
So fore yknitte in lov's fyrie chaine,  
Even at the deth through gyrrè with many'a wounde,  
That lykily are never for to founde,  
And for my trouthe am dampnid to the deth,  
And not abyde, but drawe along the breth:

Confide' and se in thine eternal right  
Howe that min herte professid wailom was  
For to be trewe with al my ful myght  
Onily to one, the whiche nowe alas!  
Of volunte without any trespas 300  
Myne accusours hath takin unto grace,  
And cherishith 'hem, my deth to purchase.

What menith this? what is this wondir ure  
Ot purveiaunce, yf so I shal it cal,  
Of God of love, that false 'hem so assure,  
And trewe alas! downe of the whele ben fal!  
And yet in sothe, this is the worst of al,  
That falsshed wrongfully' of troth hath the name,  
And trouth ayenward of falsshed the blame.

This blindè chaunce, this stormy avinture, 310  
In love hath mostely his experience,  
For who that doth with trouthe most his cure  
Shal for his mede yfindin moste offence,  
That servith love with al his diligence;  
For who can fainin undir lowlyhede,  
Ne failth not to findin grace and spede.

For i lovid one ful longe sythe agone  
With all mine herre, and body, and ful might,  
And to be ded my herte can not gone,  
From his behestè, but hold that he hath hyght, 320  
Though i be banishid out of her syght,  
And by her mouth dampnid that i shal dey,  
To my behestè yet I will er obey.

For evir sithins that the worlde began  
Who so lystè lokin, and in story rede,  
He shal aye findin that the trewe man  
Was put abacke there, where as the falsshede  
Yfurthered was, for love takith none hede,  
To sle the trew, and hath of 'hem no charge,  
Where as the false gothe frely at ther large. 330

I take recorde of true Palamedes  
The giltlets man, the noble worthy knight,  
That evir lovid, and had no reles,  
Notwithstanding his manhode and his might  
Yet love unto him dyd ful gret unright,  
For aye the bet he dyd in chivalrye  
The more he still was hindrid by envye.

And aye the bett he did in every place  
Thorough his knighthode and his busy paine,  
The ferdir was he from his ladye's grace, 340  
For to her mercy might he ner attame,



And to his deth he coude it not refraine  
For no daungere, but aye obey and serve,  
As he beste coude, plainly tyl that he lerve.

What was the fyne also of Hercules,  
For al his conquest and his worthinesse,  
That was of manly strength alone pereles,  
For lyke as bokis of him lisse expresse  
He set pillers thorough his hye prowesse  
Away at Gades, for to sygnifie  
That no man might him passe in chivalrye, 350

The whichè pilliris ferre beyonde Inde  
Beset of golde for a remembraunce,  
And for al that yet was he set behinde  
With hem that love lyst feble to avaunce,  
For him alas! set last upon a daunce  
Against whom there helpe may no siffe,  
And so for al his trowth he loste his life.

Phœbus also for al his plesant lyght  
Whan that he wouid here in yerthe belowe, 360  
Unto the verry herte with Venus fight  
Ywoundid was thorough Cupidis bowe,  
And yet his lady lyst him not to knowe,  
Though for the love of her his herte dyd blede,  
She let him go, and toke of him no hede.

What shal I sayin of yonge Pyramus?  
Of trewe Tristram, for al his hye renowne,  
Of Achilles or of Antonius,  
Of Arcyte, or of him Palomowne,  
What was the ende of all ther passiwne, 370  
But astir sorowe deth, and than ther grave,  
Lo here the guerdon that these lovirs have.

But false Jason with his doublenesse,  
That was untrewé at Colchos to Medec,  
And Theseus rote of unkindenesse,  
And with these two also the false Enee,  
Lo thus the false evir in one degre  
Haddin in love ther lust and al ther wil,  
And save falshode, there was none othir skil.

Of Thebis City eke the false Arcite, 380  
And falsir Demophon eke for his slouth,  
They had ther lust and al that myght delite,  
For al ther falshode and ther gret untrouth.  
Thus evir love alas! and that is routhe,  
His false liegis forthirith what he may,  
And sleeth the trewe ungodely day by day.

For trewe Adonis was slayne with the bore  
Amidde the forest in the grenè shade,  
For Venus love he feltin al the sore, 390  
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,  
The foulè chorde had many nightis glade,  
Where Mars armipotent her knight and man  
To syndin mercy comforte none he can.

Also the yongè freshe Hippomenes  
So lustly fre he was of his corage,  
That for to serve with al his hert he ches  
Atalanta so faire of her visage,  
But love alas! quite him so ill his wage,  
With cruil daungir plainly at the laste,  
That with the dethè guerdonlesse he paste. 400

Lo here alas! the fine of love's service!  
Lo howe that love can his servauntis quite!  
Lo how he can his faithful men dispise  
To sle the trewe men, and false to respite!  
Lo howe he dothe the swerde of sorowe byte  
In hert'is, soche as moste his luste obey

To save the false, and do the trewe to dey.

For faith, nor othe, nor worde, ne assuraunce,  
Trewe mening nor awaite, nor busynesse,  
Neithir stil porte, ne faithful attendaunce, 410  
Manhode, ne might, in armis worthinesse,  
Nor pursute of worship, nor hie prowesse,  
Nor in straunge landis riding ne travaile,  
Ful lytil or nought in love dothe availe.

Peril of dethe, neithir in Se ne lande,  
Hungir ne thurst, sorowe ne sykennesse,  
Ne gret emprisis for to take on hande,  
Sheding of blode, ne manful hardinesse,  
Ne ofte wounding at sautis by distresse, 420  
Nor in parting of life, nor deth also,  
Al is for nought, love taketh no hede therto.

But lesing oures with ther base flattirie  
Through ther falsshede, and with ther doublenesse,  
With talis newe, and many fainid lie,  
By false semblaunt, and counterfeit humblese,  
Undir colour depainte with stedfastnesse,  
With fraude covered under a pitous face,  
Acceptid be nowe rathist unto grace,

And can themselvin nowe best magnifie,  
With fainid porte, and ther presumpcion, 430  
They hauncin ther cause with false surquidrie,  
Undir menyng of double entencion,  
To thinkin one in ther opinion,  
And saye' anothir to set them self alofte,  
And hindir trouthe, as it is sene ful ofte.

The whichè thinge I bye nowe al to dere,  
Thankid be Venus, and the god Cupide,  
As it is sene by mine oppressid chere,  
And by his arowes that stycken in my side,  
That save my deth, I nothings elles abide 440  
Fro day to day, alas the hardè while!  
Whenevir his darte that hym lyst to file,

My woful herte for to rive atwo,  
For faute of mercy, and lack of pite  
Of her that causith al my paine and wo,  
And lyst not onis of grace for to se  
Unto my trothe thorough her cruelte,  
And most of al for this I me complaine,  
That she hath joy to laughin at my paine,

And wilfully she hath my deth ysworne 450  
Al giltlesse, and wote no causè why,  
Save for the trouthe that I had aforne  
To her alone to servin faithfully,  
O God of love, all unto The I crye,  
And to thy blynde and double deite  
Of this my gret wronge I complaine me,

And to thy stormy wilful variaunce  
Lment with chaunge and gret unstablenesse,  
Now up, now doune, so renning is thy chaunce, 460  
That The to trust may be no sikirnesse,  
I wite it nothings but thy doublenesse,  
And who that is an archir and is blende,  
Markith nothings, but shotith ay by wende,

And for that he hath no discrecion  
Without advise he let his arowe go,  
For lacke of sight, and also of reson,  
In his shoting it happith oftin so  
To hurte his frendist rathir than his fo,  
So doith this blind god with his sharpe fone,  
The trew he sleeth, and lettith the false gone.



And of his wounding this is worst of al,  
Whan he hurt doith to so cruil wretche,  
And makith the sycke for to crie and cal  
Unto his very foe to be his leche,  
And harde it is sothe for a man to seche  
Upon the point of deth in jeoperdye  
Unto his foe to findin remedie.

Right thus furith it nowe evin by me,  
That to my foe that gave my herte a wounde  
Mote askin grace, and mercy, and pite, 480  
And namly there where none may be founde,  
For nowe my fore my lechè wil confounde,  
And God of kinde so ill hath set mine ure,  
My lyv'is foe to have my wounde in cure.

Alas the while nowe that I was borne  
Or that I evir sawe the brighte sonne!  
For nowe I se plaine that ful longe aforne  
Or I was borne my destiny was sponne  
By the susterne to fle me yf they conne,  
For they my deth had shopin or my sherte, 490  
Onely for trouthe I may it not asterte.

The mighty goddesse also of Nature,  
That undir God hath the whole govirnaunce  
Of wordely thinges committid to her cure,  
Disposid have through her wise purveiaunce  
To give my lady so moche suffisaunce,  
Of al vertues, and therwithal purvyde  
To murdre trouthe, hath take daungir to gide.

For bounte, beaute, shape, and semelihede,  
For prudence, wit, and passingly fairenesse, 500  
For benigne porte, glad chere with lowlyhede,  
Of womanhede right plenteous largenesse,  
Dame Nature dyd in her fully empresse,  
Whan she her wrought, and alhir last disdaine,  
To hindir trouthe, she made her chambirlaine.

Whan mistrust eke, and false suspeccion  
With misbeleve she madin for to be  
Chefe of counsaile, to this conclusion  
For to exilin trouthe, and eke pite,  
Out of her courte to makin mercy fle, 510  
So that dispite now holdith forthe her reine  
Through hasty bileve of tales that men feine.

And thus I' am only for my trouthe alas!  
Murdrid and slayn, with wordis sharpe and kene,  
Although gyltlesse, God wote, of al trespas,  
And lye and blede upon this coldè grene;  
Nowe mercy, swete, mercy my liv'is quene,  
And to your grace of mercye yet I preye,  
In your service that your true man may deye.

But if so be that I shal die algate, 520  
And that I shal none othir mercy have,  
Yet of my deth let this yben the date,  
That by your wil I was brought to my grave,  
Or hastily, if that you lyste me save,  
My sharpe woundis, that akin so and blede,  
Of mercy charme, and also' of womanhede.

For othir charme plainly ne is there none,  
But onely mercy, to helpe in this case,  
For though my woundis blede evir in one,  
My lyfe, my deth ystandith in your grace, 530  
And though my gilte ybe nothinge, alas!  
I aske mercy in all my best entente,  
Redy to dyin if that ye assente.

For there against shal I never strive  
In worde ne werke, plainly I ne may,

For levir I have then to be alyve  
To dye forthly, and it be to her paye:  
Ye though it shuldè be this same day,  
Or whan that evir her lyfe to devise,  
Suffisith me to die in your service. 540

Thou God that knowest the thought of every wight,  
Right as it is, in every thing maist se,  
Yet er I dyin with al my ful myght  
Lowly I pray to grauntin unto me,  
That ye Lady godely, faire, freshe and fre,  
Which onely fle me for defaute of routhe,  
Or that I dyin ye may knowe my trouthe.

For that in sothe inow suffisith me,  
And the it knowe in every circumstaunce, 550  
And afir I am wel apaide that she,  
If that her lyst of deth to do vengeance,  
Unto me that am undir her lygeaunce,  
It sife me not her dome to disobeye,  
But at her luste fülle wilfully to deye.

Withoutin grutchinge or rebellion  
In wil or wordis wholly I assente,  
Or any manir contradiction,  
Fully to be at her commandement,  
And if I dyin, in my testament  
My here I fende, and my spirite also 560  
What so evir she lyste with 'hem to do.

And aldir last unto her womanhede,  
And to her mercy, me I recommaunde,  
That lye nowe here betwixin hope and drede,  
Abidinge plainly what she list commaunde,  
For uttirly this ne is no demaunde,  
Welcome to me whilis me lastith breth  
Ryght at her choise, where it be lyfe or deth.

And in this matir more what might I saine  
Sithe in her hand, and in her wil is al, 570  
Bothe lyfe and deth, my joye and al my peine?  
And finally my heste holdin I shall  
Tyl my spirite by destinye fatal,  
Whan that her lystith fro my body wende,  
Have here my trouthe, and thus I make an ende.

And with that worde he gan to sighe as fore,  
Like as his hert yrivin would atwaine,  
And helde his pece, and spake no wordè more,  
But for to se his wo and mortal paine  
The teris gonin fro mine eyin raine 580  
Ful pitcoulsly for very inwarde rothe,  
That I him sawe so long wishyng for troth.

And al this while my selfe I kepte close  
Amonge the bowis, and my selfe gonne hide,  
Tyl at the last the woful man arose,  
And to a lodge ywent there close beside,  
Where al the May his custome was t'abyde  
Sole to complainin of his painis kene  
From yere to yere undir the bowis grene.

And for bycause, that it drewe to the night, 590  
And that the sonne his arke diurnal  
Ypassid was, so that his persaunt lyght,  
His brighte beinis and his stremis al  
Were in the wavis of the watir sal  
Undir the bordure of our ocean,  
His chare of golde his courte so swiftly ran.

And while the twilight and the rowis rede  
Of Phœbus light were deaurat alite,  
A penne I toke, and gan me fast to spede  
The woful plaintis of this man to wite 600  
All



All worde by worde right as he dyd endite,  
Like as I herde and coude him tho reporte;  
I have here fet, your hertis to disporte.

If ought be misse, laye alle the wite on me,  
For I am worthy for to bere the blame,  
If any thinge amyssle reporrid be,  
To make this ditte for to seme lame  
Through myne unconning for to sain the same  
Like as this man his complaint dyd expresse.  
I aske you mercy and forgivèness. 610

And as I wrote, me thought I sawe aserre,  
Aferre in the west lustily appere  
Esperus the so bright and godely sterre,  
So glade, so faire, so persaunte eke of chere,  
I menè Venus with her bemis clere,  
That hevy hertis only to releve  
Is wonte of custome for to shewe at eve.

And I as fast fel adowne on my kne,  
And evin thus to her gan I to prey,  
O lady Venus so feire on to se, 620  
Let not this sothfast man for his trouthe deye,  
For that joy which thou haddist whan thou leye  
With Mars thy knight, when Vulcanus yfonde,  
And with a chaine invisible you bonde

Togiðir bothè tway, in the same whyle  
That al the courte above celestial  
At your shamè began to laughe and smyle,  
Ah, fairist lady willy fonde at al,  
Comforte to careful Goddis immortal,  
Be helping now, and do thy diligence 630  
To let the stremis of thine influence

Discendin downe, in forthering of the trouthe,  
Namely of 'hem that lye in sorowe bounde,  
Shew now thy might, and on ther wo have routh,  
Er that false daungir sle 'hem and confounde,  
And special let thy might in this be founde  
For to help and socour what that thou may  
The trewe man that in the herbir lay;

And al that trewe are forthir for his sake,  
O glade sterre, O lady Venus myne, 640  
And cause his lady him to grace to take,  
Her hert of stele to mercy so encline,  
Er that thy bemis go up to declyne,

And er that thou nowe go fro us adowne,  
For that love which thou haddist to Adowne.

And whan that she was gone unto her rest,  
I rose anone, and home to bed ywente,  
For wery I was, me thought it for the best,  
Desiring thus in al my best entente,  
That al trewe men, that be with daungir shente,  
With mercy may in relese of ther paine  
Recurid be, er Maye come efte againe.

And for that I ne may no lengir wake,  
Farewel ye loviris al that be trewe,  
Praying to God, and thus my leve I take,  
That er the sonne to morowe be ryfen newe,  
And er he have ayen his rosin hewe,  
That eche of you may havin soche a grace,  
His owne lady in armis to embrace:

I mene thus only, in al honeste 660  
Withoutin more ye may togiðir speke  
What so ye lystin at gode liberte,  
That eche may to othir ther herte ybreke  
On Jelousie only to be awreke,  
That hath so long of malice and envy  
Ywerrid Trouthe with his tyranny.

*L'envoye.*

Princesse, plesith it your benignite  
This lityl dyte for to have in minde  
Of your womanhede, also for to se  
That your trew man may of you mercy find, 670  
And pite eke, that longe hath be behinde,  
Let him againe be provokid to grace,  
For by my trouthe it is against alle kinde  
That false Daungere should occupye his place.

Go litil quaire unto my liv'is quene,  
And to my very hert'is soveraine,  
And be right glad, for that she shal The sene,  
Soche is thy grace, but I alas! in paine  
Am leste behinde, and n'ot to whom to plaine,  
For mercy, ruthe, and grace, and eke pyte 680  
Exilid be, that I may not attaine  
Recure to finde of mine adversite.

*Explicit.*



### A Praise of Women.



Al tho that lyste of women illi to speke,  
And sayin of 'hem worse than they deserve,  
I pray to God that ther neckis to breke,  
Or on some yll dethe mote tho janglirs  
serve,

For every man were holdin 'hem to serve,  
And do 'hem worship, honour and servise,  
In every manir they best coude devise.

For we ought first to think on what manere  
Thei bring us forth, and what pain thei endure,  
First in our byrth, and sith fro yere to yere, 10  
How busily they done ther busy cure  
To kepe us fro every mysfavinture  
In our youthhed whan that we have no might  
Our selfe to kepe, neythir by day nor night.

Alas! howe may we say on 'hem but wele,  
Of whom we were yfostred and ybore,  
And ben all our socoure, and trewe as stele,  
And for our sake ful ofte they suffre fore,  
Without women were al our joye ylore,  
Wherefore we ought al women to obey 20  
In al godeness, I can no more ysay.

This is welknowin, and hath ben or this,  
That women ben the cause of al lightness,  
Knighthode, norture, eschewing al malis,  
Encrese of worship, and of worthiness,  
Therto curteys, meke, grounde of alle godness,  
Glad and mery, and trewe in every wise,  
That any gentle hert can thinke or devise.

And



And though any would trust to your untruth,  
And to your faire wordis would aught assent, 30  
In gode faith me thinkith it wer grete ruth,  
That othre' women should for ther gilt be shent,  
That ner knew ne wist nought of ther entent,  
Ne list not to here the faire wordes ye write,  
Whiche ye you paine fro daie to daie t' endite.

But who maie beware of your tales untrue,  
That ye so busilie painte and endite?  
For ye will swerin that ye nevir knewe,  
Ne sawe the woman, neithir moche ne lite, 40  
Save only her to whom ye had delite,  
As for to serve, of all that er ye sey,  
And for her love must ye nedis dey.

Then wil ye swere that ye knew ner before  
What love was, ne his dredfull observaunce,  
But now ye felin that he can wounde sore,  
Wherefore ye put you' into her govirnaunce,  
Whom love hath ordeined you to serve and do ple-  
saunce.  
With al your might your lityl liv'is space,  
Whiche endith sone, but if she doe you grace.

And then to bedde will ye you sone ydrawe, 50  
And sone your selvis sicke ye will then rain,  
And swerin fast your Ladie hath you flawe,  
And brought you sodainly in so high pain,  
That fro your deth maie no man you restrain,  
With a daungerous loke of her eyin two,  
That to your dethè must ye nedis go.

Thus will ye morne, thus will ye sighin fore,  
As though your hert anon in two wold brest,  
And swerin fast that ye maie live no more,  
Myne owne Ladie, that might if ye lest 60  
Bryngin myne herte somdele into rest,  
As if you list mercie on me to have,  
Thus your untrouth will evir mercie crave.

Thus woll ye plainin, tho you nothing smerte,  
These innocent cretures for to begile,  
And swere to 'hem, so woundid is your herte  
For love of them, that ye maie live no while,  
Scarlle so long as one might go a mile,  
So hyith deth to bryng you to an ende,  
But if your soverain lady list you' amende. 70

And if she comfort you in any wise  
For routh for pite' of your false othis fere,  
So that she weneth it be as you devise,  
And wenith your herte be as she maie here,  
Thus to comfort, and somewhat do you chere,  
Then woll these janglirs deme of her full ill,  
And saine ye have her fully at your will.

Lo how redie ther tonguis ben, and prest,  
To spekin harme of women causlesse,  
Alas! why might ye not as well saie the' best, 80  
As for to demin 'hem thus giltylesse?  
In your herte iwis there' is no gentilnesse,  
That of your own gilt list thus women fame,  
Now by my trouth me thinke ye be to blame.

For of women comith this worldly wele,  
Wherefore we ought worship 'hem evirmore,  
And though it mishap one, we ought to hele,  
For it is all thorough our false lore,  
That daie and night we pain us evirmore 90  
With many' an othe these women to begile  
With false talis, and many' a wickid wile.

And if falskede should be reckened and told,  
It n'ere in women iwis full trouth were  
Not as in men is, by a thousande fold,  
Fro all vicis iwis thei standin clere,  
In any thyng that er I could of here,  
But if entisyng of these men it make,  
That 'hem to flatteren connin nevir flake.

I would fain wete where evir ye coud here  
Without mens tising women did amis, 100  
There ye get 'hem, ye lie fro yere to yere,  
And many' a gabbyng ye make to 'hem iwis,  
For I could nevir here, ne knowen er this,  
Where evir ye coud finde in any place  
That evir women besought you of grace.

There ye you paining with al your full might,  
With all your herte, and all your businesse,  
To plesin 'hem aye both by daie and night,  
Praying 'hem of ther grace and gentilnesse 110  
To have pite upon your grete distresse,  
And that thei woldin on your pain have routh,  
And fle you not, sithin ye mene but trouth.

Thus maie ye sein that thei ben fautesse,  
And innocent to all your werkis lie,  
And all your craftis, that touchin falsnesse,  
Thei knowe 'hem not, ne maie 'hem not espie,  
So swerin ye, that ye must nedis die,  
But if thei woldin of ther womanhedde  
Upon your trouth rewe, er that ye be dedde.

And then your lady, and your hert'is quene 120  
Ye callin 'hem, and therewith ye sigh fore,  
And saie, my ladie' I trowe that it be sene  
In what plite that I have livid full yore,  
But now I hope that ye wollin no more  
In these painis suffre me for to dwell,  
For of all godenesse iwis ye be the' well.

Lo whiche a paintid processe can ye make  
These harmlesse creturis for to begile:  
And when thei slepe, ye painin you to wake,  
And to bethinke you' on many' a wickid wile, 130  
But ye shal se the daie that ye shall curfe the while  
That ye so busily did your entent  
'Hem to begile, that falsked nevir ment.

For this ye know wel, though I woldin lie,  
In women is all trouth and stedfastnesse,  
For in gode faith I nevir of 'hem sic  
But moche worship, bounte, and gentilnesse,  
Right commyng, faire, and full of mekenesse,  
Gode and glad, and lowlie I you ensure, 140  
Is this godelic and angelike cature.

And if it happe a man be in difese,  
She doeth her businesse, and her full paine,  
With al her might, him to comfort and plesse,  
If fro his difese she might hym restrain,  
In worde ne dede iwis she woll not faine,  
With al her might she doth her businesse  
To bryngin hym out of his hevinesse.

Lo here what gentillesse these women have!  
If we could knowe it for our rudenesse,  
How busie thei be us to kepe and save 150  
Bothe in hele, and also in sickenesse,  
And alwaie right sorie for our distresse,  
In every manir thus shewe thei routh,  
That in 'hem is all godenesse and all trouth.

And sith we find in 'hem gentilnesse, trouth,  
Worship, bounte, and kindnesse evirmore,  
6 A

Let



Let nevir this gentilleſſe, through your ſlouth,  
In ther kinde trowth be evir aught forlore,  
That in women is, and hath ben full yore,  
For in revèrence of heven's quene  
We ought to worſhip all women that bene.

For of all cretures that were get and borne  
This wote ye well, a woman was the beſt,  
By her was recovered the bliſ we' had lorne,  
And through that woman ſhall we come to reſt,  
And ben iſavid, if that our ſelf leſt;

Wherefore me thinkith, if that we had grace,  
We oughten honour women in every place.

160 Therefore I rede, that to our liv'is ende  
Fro this time forth, while that we havin ſpace, 170  
That we have treſpaced, purſue to amende,  
Praying our Ladie, the welle of all grace,  
To bryngin us unto that bliſfull place,  
There as ſhe' and all gode women ſhal be' in fere  
In heven above, emong the angils clere.

*Explicit.*



## The House of Fame.

### THE PROLOGUE.

In this Book is ſhewed how the Deeds of all Men and Women, be they good  
or bad, are carry'd by Report to Poſterity.



**G**OD tourne us everie dreame to gode,  
For it is wondir thyng by the' Rode,  
To my witte, what cauſith ſwevines  
On the morowe or on evines,  
And why the' effecte foloweth of ſome,  
And of ſome it ſhall nevir come,  
Why that is an aviſion,  
And this a revelacion,  
Why this a dreame, why that a ſweven,  
And not to every man liche even,  
Why this a fantome, why that Oracles,  
I n'ot: but whoſo of theſe miracles  
The cauſis knowith bet than I,  
Define he, for I certainly  
Ne can 'hem not, ne nevir thinke  
To buſie my witte for to ſwinke  
To knowe of ther ſignificacions  
The gendris, ne the diſtinccions  
Of the tymes of 'hem, ne the cauſis,  
Or why that this is more then that is,  
Or if folkis complexions  
Make 'hem dreame of reflexions,  
Or ellis thus, as othir ſaine,  
For the' grete febleneſſe of ther braine  
By abſtinence, or by ſickneſſe,  
By priſon, ſtrief, or grete diſtreſſe,  
Or ellis by diſordinaunce,  
Or naturall accuſtomaunce,  
That ſome men be to curious  
In ſtudie, or melancolious,  
Or thus, ſo inly full of drede,  
That no man maie 'hem botè rede,  
Or ellis that devocion  
Of ſome, and contemplacion,  
Cauſin to them ſoche dremis ofte,  
Or that the cruill life unſofte  
Of 'hem that unkind lovis leden,  
That oſtin hopin moche or dreden,  
That purely ther impreſſions  
Cauſin 'hem to have viſions,  
Or if that ſpirites han the might  
To makin folke to dreame on night,  
Or if the ſoule of propir kinde  
Be ſo perſite as men yfinde,  
That it welle wote what is to come,  
And that he warnith all and ſome

Of everiche of ther avintures,  
By aviſions, or by figures,  
But that our fleſhe ne hath no might  
To underſtandin it aright, 50  
For it is warnid to derkely,  
But why the cauſe is, not wote I,  
Well wotin of this thyngè clerkes,  
That treten of that and othir werkes,  
For I of none opinion  
10 N'ill as now makin mencion,  
But onely that the holy Rode  
Tournin us every dreame to gode,  
For nevir ſithin I was borne,  
Ne no man ellis me beſorne 60  
Ymette I trowe right ſtedfaſtly  
So wondirfull a dreame as I,  
The tenthe daie now of December,  
The whiche, as I can remember,  
I woll you tellin every dele;  
20 But at beginnyng truſtith wele  
I woll make invocacion  
With devoute ſpeciall devocion  
Unto the God of ſlepe anone,  
That dwellith in a cave of ſtone, 70  
Upon a ſtreame that cometh fro Lete,  
That is a flode of hell unſwete  
Beſide a Fulke, men clepe Cimerie,  
There ſlepith aye this God unmerie,  
With his ſlepith thouſande ſonnis,  
30 That alwaie to ſlepe ther won is,  
And to this God, that I of rede,  
Praise I, that he wollin me ſpede  
My ſwevin for to tell aright,  
If every dreame ſtande in his might, 80  
And he that movir is of all  
That is and was, and evir ſhall,  
So give 'hem joyè that it here,  
Of all that thei dremen to yere,  
And for to ſtandin all in grace  
40 Of ther lovis, or in what place  
That 'hem were levist for to ſtonde,  
And ſhelde 'hem from povertè and ſhonde,  
And from every unhappe and diſeſe,  
And ſende 'hem that which maie 'hem pleſe, 90  
That takith well, and ſcornith nought,  
Ne it miſdemin in ther thought

Through



Through malicious entencion;  
And whoſo through preſumpcion,  
Or hate, or ſcorne, or through envie,  
Diſpite, or jape, or felonie,  
Miſdeme it, praie I Jeſus gode,  
Dreme he barefore, or dreme he ſhode,  
That every harme, that any man  
Hath had ſithin the worlde began,  
Befall hym thereof, or he ſterve,  
And graunt that he maie it deſerve:  
Lo! with right ſoche concluſion  
As had of his aviſion  
Crefus, that was the kyng of Lyde,  
That high upon a gibet dyde;  
This prayir ſhall he have of me,  
I am no bette in charite.

The Firſt Boke.

NOW herkin, as I have you ſaied,  
What that I mette or I abraied,  
Of December the tenth daie,  
When it was night, to ſlepe I laie,  
Right as I was wonte for to doen,  
And ſill aſlepè wondir ſone,  
As he that was werie forgo  
On pilgrimagede milis two  
To the corps of ſainct Leonarde,  
To makin lithe that crſt was harde.

But as me ſlept me mette I was  
Within a temple imade of glas,  
In whiche there werin mo Images  
Of golde, ſtandyn in ſondrie ſtages,  
Sette in mo riche Tabirnales,  
And with perrè mo pinnacles,  
And mo curious portraiture,  
And queint manir of figuris  
Of golde worke, then I ſawe evir.

But certainly I n'ist never  
Where that it was, but well wiſt I  
It was of Venus redily  
This temple, for in purtreiture  
I ſawe anone right her figure  
Nakid yſletyng in a Se,  
And alſo on her hedde parde  
Her roſy garland white and redde,  
And her combe for to kembe her hedde,  
Her dovis, and Dan Cupido  
Her blindè ſonne, and Vulcano,  
That in his face ywas full broune.

But as I romid up and doune,  
I founde that on the wall there was  
Thus writtin on a table of bras.

*I woll now ſyng, if that I can,  
The armis, and alſo the man,  
That fiſt came through his deſtine  
Fugitiſe fro Troye the countre  
Into Itaile, wi h full moche pine,  
Unto the ſtrond of Lavine,  
And tho began the ſtorie anone,  
As I ſhall tellin you echone.*

Fiſt ſawe I the diſtruccion  
Of Troie, thorough the Greke Sinon,  
With his falſe untrue forwerynges,  
And with his chere and his leſynges,  
That made a horſe, brought into Troye,  
By whiche Trojans loſte all ther joye.

And aftir this was graved, alas!  
How Ilions caſtill aſſailed was,  
And won, and kyng Priamus ſlain,  
And Polites his ſonne certain,  
Diſpitouſly of Dan Pyrrhus.

And next that ſawe I howe Venus,

When that ſhe ſawe the caſtill brendè,  
Doun from hevin ſhe gan diſcende,  
And bade her ſonne Æneas fle,  
And how he fled, and how that he  
Eſcapid was from all the pres,  
And toke his fathre', olde Anchifes,  
And bare hym on his backe awaie,  
Crying alas and welawaie!

The whiche Anchifes in his hande  
Bare tho the Goddis of the lande  
I mene thilke that unbrennid were.

Then ſawe I next that all in fere  
How Creuſa, Dan Æneas wife,  
Whom that he lovid all his life,  
And her yong ſonne clepid Julo,  
And eke Aſcanius alſo,  
Fleddin eke, with full drierie chere,  
That it was pite for to here,  
And in a foreſt as thei went  
How at a tournyng of a went  
Creuſa was iloſte, alas!

That rede not I, how that it was  
How he her fought, and how her ghofte  
Bad hym to ſlie the Grekis hoſte,  
And ſaied he muſt into Itaile,  
As was his deſtinie, ſauns faile,  
That it was pitie for to here,  
When that her ſpirite gan appere,  
The wordis that ſhe to hym ſaied,  
And for to kepe her ſonne hym praied.

There ſawe I gravin eke how he  
His fathir eke, and his meinè,  
With his Shippis began to faile  
Toward the countrey of Itaile,  
As ſtreight as ere thei mightin go.

There ſawe I eke The, cruill Juno,  
That art Dan Jupiter his wife,  
That haſt ihatid all thy life  
Mercileſs all the Trojan blode,  
Rennin and crie as thou were wode  
On Æolus, the God of Windes,  
To blowin out of allè kindes  
So loudè, that he ſhould ydrenche  
Lorde, and ladie, and grome, and wenche  
Of all the Trojanis nacion,  
Without any' of ther ſavacion.

There ſawe I ſoche tempeſt ariſe,  
That evèry herte might agriſe  
To ſe it paintid on the wall.

There ſawe I eke gravin withall,  
Venus, how ye, my Ladie dere,  
Ywepyng with full wofull chere  
Yprayid Jupiter on hie,  
To ſave and kepin that navie  
Of that dere Trojan Æneas,  
Sithins that he your ſonne ywas.

There ſawe I Jovis Venus kiſſe,  
And grauntid was of the' tempeſt liſſe.

There ſawe I how the tempeſt ſtente,  
And how with allè pine he went,  
And privilie toke a rivage  
Into the countrey of Carthage,

And on the morowe how that he  
And a Knight, that hight Achate,  
Ymettin with Venus that daie  
Goyng in a full queinte araie,  
As ſhe had be an huntireſſe,  
With winde blowyng upon her treſſe,  
And how Æneas gan to plaine,  
When that he knewe her of his paine,  
And how his Shippis dreint ywere,  
Or els iloſte, he n'iste not where;  
How ſhe began hym comforte tho,  
And bade hym unto Carthage go,

And



And there he should his folke yfinde,  
That in the Se were leste behinde.  
And shortly of this thyng to pace,  
She made Æneas so in grace  
Of Dido, Quene of that countre,  
That shortly for to tellin, she  
Became his love, and let hym do  
All that weddyng ylongith to,  
What should I spekin it more quainte,  
Or pain me my wordis to painte?  
To speke of love, it woll not be,  
I can not of that faculte,  
And eke to tellen of the manere  
How that thei first acquaintid were,  
It were a long processe to tell,  
And ovir long for you to dwell.

There sawe I grave how Æneas  
Tolde to Dido evëry caas,  
That hym was tidde upon the Se.

And eft gravin was how that she  
Made of hym shortly at a worde  
Her life, her love, her lust, her lorde,  
And did to hym all reverence,  
And laied on hym all the dispence  
That any woman might ydo,  
Wenyng that it had all be so  
As he her swore, and hereby demed  
That he was gode, for he soche femed.

*Alas what harme doth apparence  
When it is false in existence!*

For he to her a traitour was,  
Wherefore she slowe her self, alas!

Lo, how a woman doeth amis,  
To love him that unknowin is!  
For by Christ, lo thus it farith,  
*It is not all golde that glarith;*  
For al so broke I well myne hedde,  
*There maie be undir godelihedde  
Covirid many a shreude vice;*  
Therefore let no wight be so nice  
To take a love onely for chere,  
Or speche, or for frendly manere,  
For this shall every woman finde  
That some man of his pure kinde  
Woll shewin outward the fairist  
Till he have caught that what hym list,  
And then anon woll causis finde,  
And swere how that she is unkinde,  
Or false, or privie, or double was.  
All this saie I by Æneas  
And Dido, and her nicc lef,  
That lovid all to sone a gest.  
Wherefore I woll saie o proverbe,  
That *He that fullie knoweth the herbe  
Maie safely laie it to his eye,*  
Withoutin drede this is no lie.

But let us speke of Æneas,  
How he betrayid her, alas!  
And lef her full unkindelie.

So when she sawe all uttirle  
That he would her of trouthe faile,  
And wendin from her into Itaile,  
She gan to wring her handis two.

Alas (qð she) that me is wo!  
Alas, is every man thus true,  
That every yere woll have a newe,  
If it so long tyme endure,  
Or ellis thre peravinture!  
And thus of one he woll have fame,  
In magnifying his owne name,  
An othir for frendship saiet he,  
And yet there shall the thirde ybe,  
That is ytaken for delite,  
Lo! 'or els for singuler profite.

In soche wordis began complaine  
This wofull Dido of her paine,  
As me mette dremyng redily,  
240 None other auctour aledge woll I.  
Alas! (qð she) my swetè herte,  
Have pitie on my sorowes smerte,  
And fle me not, go not awaie.  
O wofull Dido, welawaie!  
(Qð she) unto her selvin tho.

O Æneas, what woll ye do? 320  
O that your love, neithir your bonde,  
Which that ye swore with your right honde,  
Ne yet my cruill deth (qð she)  
250 Maie holdin you still here with me!

O! have ye' of my deth no pite? 3  
I wis myne own dere herte that ye  
Knowing full well that nevir yet,  
As farre as evir I had wit,  
Agilte you, in thought, ne in dede.

O! have ye men soche godelihede 330  
In speche, and ner a dele of trouthe?  
Alas Alas, that er had routh  
Any woman on a false man!

260 Now I se well, and tellin can  
We wretchid women can no arte,  
For certaine, for the more parte,  
Thus we ben servid everichone,  
How sore so that ye men can grone;  
Anon as we have you received  
Full certainlie we ben deceived, 340  
For though your love last a ceson,  
Waite upon the conclusion,

And loke eke how ye determine,  
270 And for the more parte define.  
O welawaie that I was borne!  
For thorough you my name is lorne.  
And mine actis are redde and song  
O'er all this lande in every tong.

O wickid fame, for there n'is  
Nothing so swifte lo! as she is! 350  
O sothe is, *every thyng is wist,*  
*Though it be coverde with the mist!*  
Eke though that I might durin ever,  
280 That I have done recovre' I never,  
That it ne shall be saied, alas!  
I shamid was through Æneas,  
And that I shall thus judgid be,

Lo! right as she hath doen, now she  
Woll doen eftsonis hardily,  
Thus saie the peple privily, 360  
But that is doen n'is not to done.  
But all her complaint ne her mone  
Certain availed her not a stre:

290 And when she wist sothely that he  
Was forthe into his ship agone,  
She into chambir went anone,  
And callid on her sustir Anne,  
And gan her to complainin thanne,  
And saied that she the cause ywas  
That she first lovid him, alas!  
And first coufailid her thereto. 370  
But what whan this was saied and do  
She roste her selvin to the herte,  
300 And deide thorough the woundis smerte.

But all the manir how she deide,  
And all the wordis how she seide,  
Who so to knowe it hath purpofe,  
Rede Virgile in Æneidos,  
Or the Epistils of Ovide, 380  
What that she wrote or that she dide,  
And n'ere it to long to endite  
By God I would it here ywrite.  
But welawaie! the harme and routh,  
310 That hath betide for soche untrouth,



As men maie oft in bokis rede,  
And al daie seen it yet in dede,  
That for to thinkin it tene is.

Lo! Demophon, Duke of Athenis,  
How he forswore him falsly,  
And trayid Phyllis wickidly,  
That kingis doughtir was of Thrace,  
And falsely gan his termè pace,  
And whan she wist that he was false,  
She hong her self right by the halfe,  
For he had doen her such untrouthe,  
Lo! was not this a wo and routh?

Eke loke how false and richèles  
Was to Briseida Achilles,  
And Paris eke to Ocnone,  
And Jason to Hypsipyle,  
And este Jason to Medea;  
And Hercules to Deianira,  
For he left her for Iole,  
That made hym take his deth parde.

How false was eke Duke Theseus,  
That as the storie tellith us,  
How he betrayid Adriane,  
The devill be his foul's bane,  
For had he laughid or iloured  
He must have ben anone devoured,  
If Ariadne ne had be,  
And for she had of hym pite,  
She made hym fro the deth escape,  
And he made her a full false Jape,  
For aftir this within a while  
He left her slepyng in an Ile  
Desert alone right in the Se,  
And stalle awaie, and let her be,  
And toke her sustir Phadra tho  
With hym, and gan to shippe ygo,  
And yet he had ysworne to here,  
On all that evir he could swere,  
That so she savid hym his life,  
He would takin her to his wife,  
For she desirid nothings elles  
In certain as the boke us telles.

But for to excuse this Æneas  
Fullliche of all his grete trespas,  
The boke sayith withoutin faile  
The Goddes bad hym go to Itaille,  
And levin Affriques regioun,  
And faire Dido and her faire toun.  
Tho sawe I grave how to Itaille  
Dan Æneas gan for to saile,  
And how the tempest all began,  
And howe he lost his sterisman  
Whiche that the sterne, or he toke kepe,  
Smote ovir the borde as he slepe.

And also saugh I how Sibile  
And Æneas beside an Ile  
To helle went yfere for to se  
His father Anchises the fre  
And how he there founde Palinurus,  
And also Dido and Deiphobus,  
And everiche tourment eke in hell  
Sawe he, whiche long is for to tell,  
Whiche painis who so liste to knowe,  
He must redin many a rowe  
In Virgile, or in Claudian,  
Or Dantes that it tellin can.

Tho sawe I all the arivaile,  
That Æneas made in Itaille,  
And with kyng Latine his trete,  
And all the battailis that he  
Was at himselfin and his knightes,  
Or he had all iwonne his rightes,  
And how he Turnus reft his life,  
And wan Lavina to his wife,

And all the marveilous signals  
Of the Goddis celestials,  
How maugre Juno Æneas,  
For all her sleighte and her compas,  
Atchivid all his avinture.

390 For Jupiter toke on hym cure  
At the praier of his Mo'sir Venus,  
Whiche I praie alwaie savin us,  
And us aie of our sorowes light.

When I had sein all this sight  
Within this noble temple thus,  
Hey! Lord, thought I, that madist us,

Yet sawe I never soch nobleste  
Of Imagis, nor soche richesse,  
As I se gravin in this churche,  
400 But nought wote I who did 'hem worche,  
Ne where I am, ne' in what countre,  
But now will I out gone and se,  
Right at the wickit if I can  
Seen oughtwhere fleyng any man,  
That maie me tellin where I am.

When I out of the dorè cam,  
I faste aboutin me behelde,  
Then sawe I but a large felde  
As farre as evir I might se,  
410 Withoutin toun, or house or tre,  
Or bushe, or grasse, or arid lande,  
For all the felde was but of sande  
As smal as men maye se at eye  
In the desertis of Lybye;  
Ne ferthir no manir cature,  
That is yformid by nature,

Ne sawe I, me to rede or wisse;  
O Christ, thought I, that art in blisse,  
From fanton and illusion  
420 Me save, and with devocyon  
Mynce eyin to the heven I caste,  
Tho was I ware lo! at the lasse,  
That faste by the sonne on hie  
As kennin myght I with mine eye,  
Me thought I sawe an Egle fore,  
But that it semid mochil more  
Than I had anye Egle' yseine,  
This is as sothe as deth certaine,  
It was of golde, and shone so bright,  
430 That never sawe men soche a sight,  
But yf the hevin had ywonne  
Al newe of God anothir sonne,  
So shone the Egl'is fethirs bright,  
And somwhat downward gan it lyght.

*Explicit liber primus.*

440 **N**Owe herkin everye manir man,  
That Englishe undirstande can,  
And lystith of my dreame to here,  
For now at erst shallin ye lere  
So sely' and dredefull avysion,  
That I saye neithir Scipion,  
Ne kinge Nabugodonosore,  
Pharao, Turnus, ne Alcanore,  
Ne mettin soche a dreame as this,  
Nowe O Thou faire blisful Cipris,  
450 So be my favour at this time,  
That ye me to endite and rime  
Helpith that in Parnassus dwel  
Besyde Helicon the clere wel.

O thought, that wrote al that I met,  
And in the tresorie it set  
Of my braine nowe shal men yse  
If any vertue in The be,  
To tellin al my dreame aright  
Nowe lithe thy engin and thy might.



This Egge of whiche I have you tolde,  
 That with fethirs shone al of golde,  
 Whiche that so hie began to fore,  
 I gan beholden more and more,  
 To see her beaute and the wonder,  
 But never was that dente of thonder,  
 Ne that thinge that men callin foudre,  
 That smite sometime a roure to poudre,  
 And in his swifte comminge brende,  
 That so swithe gan downward discende,  
 As this foule whan that it behelde  
 That I arowme was in the felde,  
 And with his grim pawis so stronge  
 Within his sharpe nailis longe  
 Me sleyn at a swappe he hente,  
 And with his sours again up wente,  
 Me caryng in his clawis starke,  
 As lightly as I had ben a larke,  
 Howe hye I can not tellin yowe,  
 For I came up, I nill ner howe,  
 For so allonied and asweved  
 Was every virtue in me heved,  
 What with his sours, and with my dred,  
 That al my felinge gan to ded,  
 For why, it was a gret affraye.

Thus I longe in his clawis laye,  
 Til at the last he to me speke  
 In mann's voice, and said, Awake,  
 And be not agast so for shame,  
 And callid me tho by my name,  
 And for I shulde bettir abraide,  
 Me to awakin thus he saide,  
 Right in the same voice and stevin,  
 That usith one I can nevin,  
 And with that voice the sothe to saine,  
 My minde ycame to me againe,  
 For it was godely saide to me,  
 So n'as it never wonte to be,  
 And herewithal I gan to stere,  
 As he me in his fete ybere,  
 Til that he felte that I had hete,  
 And felte eke tho mine herte ybete,  
 And tho gan he me to disporte,  
 And with gentil wordes me comforte,  
 And sayid twise by saint Mary  
 Thou arte a noyous thinge to cary,  
 And nothinge nedith it parde,  
 For all so willy God helpe me,  
 As thou no harme shalte have of this,  
 And this case, that betidde The is,  
 Is for thy lore, and for thy prowé,  
 Lette se, darist thou loke yet nowé,  
 Be ful enfurid boldily  
 I am thy frende, and therwith I  
 Gan for to wondir in my minde.

O God (qð I) that madest al kinde,  
 Shal I none otherwise ydie?  
 Wheðir Jove wil me stellysie,  
 Or what thing maye this signifie?  
 I am neithir Enocke ne Helye,  
 Ne Romulus, ne Ganimede,  
 That werin bore up, as men rede,  
 To hevin with Dan Jupiter,  
 And made the goddis botiler;  
 Lo! this was tho my fantasie:  
 But he that bare me gan asprie  
 That I so thought, and sayid this,  
 Thou demist of thy selfe amis,  
 For Jove ne is not thereabouté,  
 I dare The put ful out of doute,  
 To makin of The yet a sterre,  
 But er I berin The moche ferre,  
 I wil The tellin what I am,  
 And where thou shalte, and why I came;

To doin this, so that thou take  
 Gode herte, and not for fere yquake;  
 Gladly (qð I) now wel (qð he)  
 First I, that in my fete have The,  
 Of whom thou haste grete fere and wonder,  
 Am dwellinge with the God of thonder, 100  
 Whiche men ycallin Jupiter,  
 That doth me flyin ful ofte fer,  
 To do all his commaundement,  
 30 And for this cause he hath me sent  
 To The: Herkin nowé, by thy trouthe,  
 Certaine he hath of The grete routhe,  
 For that thou haste so truily  
 So long servid ententifly  
 His blindé nephewe Cupido,  
 And the faire Quene Venus also; 110  
 Withoutin guerdon evir yet,  
 And nathcles hast set thy wit,  
 Althoughe in thy hed ful lite is;  
 40 To make bokes, songis, and ditis,  
 In rime or ellis in cadence,  
 As thou best canst, in reverence  
 Of love, and of his servauntes eke,  
 That have his service sought, and seke,  
 And painist The to praise his arte,  
 Althoughe thou haddist never parte, 120  
 Wherefore so willy God me blesse,  
 Jovis yhalte it grete humbleste,  
 And vertue eke, that thou wilt make  
 50 Anight ful oft thine hed to ake  
 In thy studye, so thou ywritest,  
 And evirmore of love enditest,  
 In honour of him and praisinges,  
 And in his folkis fourthiringes,  
 And in ther matir al devisest,  
 And not him ne his folke dispisest, 130  
 Althoughe thou maiste go in the daunce  
 Of them, that him lyst not avaunce,  
 Wherefore as I now saide ywis,  
 60 Jupiter considrit wel this,  
 And als, beausire, of othir thinges,  
 That is, that thou halte no tidinges  
 Of lov's folke, if they be glade,  
 Ne of nothinge els, that God made,  
 And not onely fro ferre countre,  
 That no tidinges comin to The, 140  
 Not of thy very neighbouris,  
 That dwellenalmost at thy doris  
 Thou herist neithir that ne this;  
 70 For whan thy labour al done is,  
 And haste made al thy reckiniges,  
 In stede of reste and of newe thinges  
 Thou goest home to thine house anone,  
 And al so dombe as any stone  
 Thou sittist at anothir boke,  
 Tyl fully dasid is thy loke, 150  
 And lyvist thus as an Hermite,  
 Although thine abstinence is lyte;  
 And therefore Jovis throughe his grace  
 80 Wil that I bere The to a place,  
 Whiche that ylight the house of Fame,  
 And for to doe The sporte and game,  
 In some recompensacion  
 Of thy labour and devocion,  
 That thou haste hadde, lo! causeless,  
 To God Cupido the recheles, 160  
 And thus this God throughe his merite  
 Wil with some manir thing The quite,  
 So that thou wilt be of gode chere;  
 90 For trustith wel that thou shalte here,  
 Whan we ben comen there as I say,  
 Mo wondir thingis dare I lay,  
 And of love's folke mo tidingis,  
 Bothe sothfawis and lesingis,

And



And of mo lovis newe begon,  
And longe servid tyl love is won,  
And of mo lovirs casuelly  
That ben betide, no man wote why;  
But as a blinde man starteth an Hare;  
And more jolite and welfare,  
Whilis they findin love of stele,  
As thinkin men, and o'r al wele  
Mo discordes and mo jalousies,  
Mo murmures, and mo novilties,  
And also mo dissimulacions,  
And eke feinid reperacions,  
And mo berdis in two houres  
Withoutin rasour or sisoures  
Ymade, than grainis be of sandes,  
And eke mo holdinge in mo handes,  
And also mo renovaunces  
Of olde forletin aqueintaunces,  
Mo love dayis, and mo accordes,  
Than on instrumentis ben cordes,  
And eke of love mo exchaungis  
Than evir corne were in graungis;  
Unnethis maist thou trowin this,  
(Qð he) no so' helpe me God as wis,  
(Qð I) No why? (qð he) for it  
Were impossible to my wit,  
Although that Fame had al the pyes  
In al a relme, and al aspies,  
Howe that yet he shulde here al this,  
Or they espyin; O. yes yes,  
(Qð he) to me, that can I preve  
By reson, worthy for to leve,  
So that thou give thin advertence  
To understandin my sentence.  
First shalt thou here where she dwellith,  
Right so as thine owne boke tellith,  
Her palais standeth as I shal say  
Right even emiddis of the way  
Bytwene hevin, and yerthe, and Se,  
That what so er in al these thre  
Is spoken' in prive or apperte,  
The way therto is so overte,  
And stante eke in so juste a place,  
That every sowne more to it pacc,  
Or what so cometh from anie tongue,  
Whethre' it be rownid, redde, or songe,  
Or spokin in suertè or drede,  
Certaine it motin thiðir nede.  
Nowe herkin wel, for why I wil  
Ytellin The a propir skil,  
And worthy demonstracion  
In mine imaginacion.  
Geffray, thou wottist full wel this,  
That every kindly thinge that is  
Yhath a kyndely stede, there he  
May best in it conservid be,  
Unto whiche place every thinge  
Thorough his kyndely enclinige  
Ymevith for to comin to,  
Whan that it is away thersro,  
As thus, Lo! thou maiste al day se,  
Take any thinge that hevy be,  
As stone or led, or thinge of weight,  
And bere it ner so hie on height,  
Let go thine hande, it fallith downe,  
Right so say I by fire or sowne,  
Or smoke, or othir thingis light,  
Alway they seke upwarde on height,  
Light thinges up, and hevie down charge,  
While everiche of 'hem be at large,  
And for this cause thou maist wel se,  
That every rivir to the Se  
Enclinid is to go by kynde,  
And by these skillis as I finde

170 Have fishes dwellinge in flotle and Se;  
And treis eke on the erthe be:  
Thus every thinge by his reson  
Hath his owne propir mancion,  
To whiche he sekith to repaire,  
There as it shuldin nat appaire.  
Lo! this sentence is knowin couthe  
Of every Philosophir's mouthe, 250  
As Aristotle, and dan Platone,  
And othir clerkis many one,  
And to confirmin my resonne,  
180 Thou wotist wel that speche is sowne;  
Or ellis no man might it here,  
Nowe herkin what I wol The lere.  
Sowne is not but eyre ybrokin,  
And every speche, that is spokin,  
Where loude or prive, soule or faire;  
In his substaunce ne is but eyre, 260  
For as flame is but lightid smoke,  
Right so is sowne but eyre ybroke;  
But this may be in many wise,  
190 Of the whiche I will The devise,  
As sowne comith of pype or harpe;  
For whan a pype is blowin sharpe,  
The eyre is twisl with violence,  
And rent: Lo! this is my sentence;  
Eke, whan that men harpestingis smyte;  
Wheðir that it be moche or lyte, 270  
Lo! with the stroke the eyre it breketh,  
And right so breketh it whan men speketh.  
Thus wot thou wel what thing is speche,  
200 Nowe hennisforthe I wil The tiche  
Howe everiche speche, voice, or sowne,  
Throughe his multiplicaciowne,  
Thoughe it were pipid of a mause,  
More nedis come to Fam's house.  
I prove it thus: takith hede nowe  
By experience, for if that thou 280  
Threwe in a watir nowe a stone,  
Wel wost thou it wil make anone  
A lityl roundil as a circle,  
210 Para'venture as brode as a covirle,  
And right anone thou shalte se wele  
That circle cause anothir whele,  
And that the thirde, and so forthe brother,  
Every circle causinge other  
Moch brodir than himselfin was,  
And thus from roundil to compas 290  
Eche aboutin othir goinge  
Ycausith of othirs steringe,  
And multiplying evirmo,  
220 Tyl that it be so far ygo,  
That it at bothè brinkis be,  
Although thou mayist it not se  
Above, yet gothe it alwaye under,  
Although thou thinke it a grete wonder,  
And whoso saithe of trouthe I vary,  
Bydde him provin the contrary. 300  
And right thus every worde ywis,  
That loude or pryve' yspokin is,  
Ymovith firste an eyre aboute,  
230 And of his movinge out of doute  
Anothir eyre anone is moved,  
As I have of the watir proved,  
That every circle causith other,  
Right so of eyre, my leve brother,  
Everiche eyre anothir sterith 310  
More and more, and speche up berith,  
Or voise or noyse, or worde, or sowne,  
Aye through multiplicaciowne,  
Tyl it be at the house of Fame,  
240 Take it in earnest or in game;  
Nowe have I tolde, if thou have mind,  
Howe speche or sowne of pure kinde

Enclinid



Enclined is upward to meve,  
 This mayist thou fele wel by preve,  
 And that fame kindly stede ywis,  
 That every thinge enclined to is,  
 Yhath also his kyndelyche stede,  
 That shewith it withoutin drede,  
 That kindly the mancioun  
 Of everyche speche, of every soun,  
 All be it either foule or faire,  
 Yhath his kindely place in eyre;  
 And sith that every thinge ywis,  
 Out of his kindely place ywis,  
 Ay movith thurȝir for to go,  
 Yf that it awaye be therfro,  
 As I have before provid The,  
 It shewith every soun perde  
 Ymovith kindly to pace  
 As up into his kindely place;  
 And this place, of whiche I The tel,  
 There as Fame doth yliste to dwell,  
 Is sette amiddis of these thre,  
 Hevin, and erthe, and eke the Se,  
 As moste conservatise of soun;  
 Than is this the conclusion,  
 That every speche of every manne,  
 As I The tellin firste beganne,  
 Ymovith up on height to pace  
 Kindly unto Fam's place.

I tellith me this nowe faithfully,  
 Have I not provid thus simply,  
 Withoutin any subtilte  
 Of speche, or grete prolixyte  
 Of terms of Philosophie,  
 Of figuris of Poetrie,  
 Of colouris of Rhetorike,  
 Perde it oughtin The to like,  
 For harde langage, and harde matere,  
 Is incombrous for The to here  
 At onis, wost thou not wel this?  
 And I answerid and said, yes.

Ah ha (q̃d he) lo! so I can  
 Leudye unto a leude man  
 Yspek, and shewin him soche skilles,  
 That he maye shake 'hem by the bylles,  
 So palpable they shuldin be;  
 But tel me this nowe praye I The,  
 Howe thinketh The my conclusioun?

Parde a gode persuasioun  
 (Q̃d I) it is, and lyke to be,  
 Right so as thou haste provid me.  
 By God (q̃d he) and as I leve  
 Thou shalte have it or it be eve,  
 Of every worde of this sentence  
 A profe, by thine experience,  
 And with thine eris herin wel  
 The toppe and taile, and every del,  
 That every worde that spokin is  
 Comith into Fame's house ywis,  
 As I have saide, what wilt thou more?  
 And with this worde uppir to fore  
 He began, and saide by sainte Jame,  
 Nowe wyll we spekin al of game.

Howe farest thou now q̃d he to me,  
 Right wel (q̃d I) now se (q̃d he)  
 By thy trouthe yondir adowne,  
 Where that thou knowist any towne,  
 Or house, or any othir thinge,  
 And whan thou haste of ought knowynge  
 Tho lokith that thou warne me,  
 And I anone shal tellin The  
 How farre that thou arte nowe therfro.

And I adowne gan lokin tho,  
 And behelde feldis and plainis,  
 Nowe hyllis, and nowe mountainis,

Nowe valeys, and nowe forestis,  
 And nowe unnethis grete bestis,  
 Nowe riveris, nowe citeis,  
 320 Nowe townis, and nowe grete treis,  
 Nowe shippis sailinge in the Se.  
 But thus sone in a while he  
 Was flowin fro the grounde so hye,  
 That al the worlde as to myne eye  
 No more ysemid than a pricke,  
 Or ellis was the eyre so thicke,  
 400 That I ne might it not discerne;  
 With that he spake to me so yerne,  
 And said: Seist thou any token,  
 330 Or ought, that in this worlde's of spoken?  
 I answered naye; no wondir is,  
 (Q̃d he) for halfe so hye as this  
 N'as Alexandre' of Macedon  
 Kyng: Ne of Rome dan Scipion,  
 That sawe in dreme at pointe devise  
 Heven and erthe, hel, and paradise,  
 410 Ne eke the bold wretche Dadalus,  
 Ne yet his childe nice Icarus,  
 That slewe so hiȝ, that the here  
 340 Hys wingis molte, and he fel wete  
 In mydde the Se, and there he dreinte,  
 For whom was made a grete complainte.  
 Nowe tourne upwarde (q̃d he) thy face,  
 And beholde here this large place,  
 This eyre, but loke that thou ne be  
 Adrad of 'hem that thou shalt se,  
 420 For in this regioun certaine  
 Dwellith many a citizeine,  
 Of whiche yspekith dan Plato,  
 350 These ben the eyrishe bestis lo!  
 And tho sawe I al the menyne,  
 That bothe ygone, and also flye.  
 Lo there! (q̃d he) cast up thine eye,  
 Se yondir lo! the Galaxie,  
 The whiche men clepe the milky way,  
 For it is white: And some parfay  
 430 Ycallin it han Watlynge strete,  
 That onis was brente with the hete,  
 Whan that the Sunn's sonne the rede,  
 360 Which that hite Phaeton wolde lēde  
 Algate his fathir's carte, and gie.  
 The carte horsis gan wel alpie  
 That he ne coude no govirnaunce,  
 And gonin for to lepe and prauunce,  
 And bere him now up, and nowe downe,  
 Tyl that he sawe the Scorpiowne,  
 440 Whiche that in heven a signe is yir,  
 And he for fere ylost his wit  
 Of that, and let the reinis gone  
 370 Of his horsis, and they anone  
 Sone up to mounte, and downe discende,  
 Tyl bothe the eyre and erthe ybrende,  
 Tyl Jupiter lo! at the laste  
 Hym slewe, and fro the carte ycaste.  
 Lo! is it not a grete mischaunce  
 To let a sole have govirnaunce  
 450 Of thinges, that he can not demaine?  
 And with this worde, sothe for to saine,  
 He gan alway uppir to fore,  
 380 And gladid me than more and more,  
 So faithfully to me spake he.  
 Tho gan I to loke undir me,  
 And behelde the eyrishe bestis,  
 Cloudis, mystis, and tempistis,  
 Snowis, hailis, rainis, and windes,  
 460 And the engendringe in ther kindes,  
 Al the way thorough which I came,  
 O God (q̃d I) that made Adame,  
 Moche is thy myght and noblenes!  
 390 And tuo thought I upon Boece,

That



That writeth a thought may flye so hie  
With fethirs of Philosophie,  
To passin everyche Element,  
And when he hath so farre ywent  
Than may ben sene behinde his backe,  
Cloude, erthe, and al that I of spake.

Tho gan I wexin in a were,  
And said, I wore wel I am here,  
But whether in body or in gost  
I n'ot ywis, but God thou wost,  
For a more clere entendement  
N'as to me nevir yet ysent.

And than thought I on Marcian,  
And eke of Anticlaudian,  
That sothe was ther discipcion  
Of al the hevin's region,  
As farre as that I sawe the preve,  
And therefore I can 'hem beleve.  
With that the Egle gan to crie,  
Let be (qð he) thy fantasie,  
Wylte thou lernin of sterris ought?

Nay certainly (qð I) right nought;  
And why? (qð he) for I am olde;  
Or ellis wolde I The have tolde  
(Qð he) the sterris namis lo!  
And al the hevin's signis to,

And whiche they be: No force (qð I)  
Yes perde (qð he) wost thou why?  
For whan thou redist poëtry,  
Howe the goddis can stellify  
A birde, a fyfhe, or him, or her,  
As of birdes, the Ravyn and other,  
Or Ariones harpè tyne,  
Or Castor, Pollux, or Delphine,  
Or Atalante's doughtirs seven,  
How al these are yset in heven,  
For though thou have 'hem ofte in hande,  
Yet n'ost thou nat where that they stande.

No force (qð I) it is no nede,  
As wel I leve, so God me spede,  
'Hem that writin of this matere,  
As though I knewe ther placis here,  
And eke they femin here so bright,  
That it shulde shendin al my sight  
To loke on 'hem; that may wel be,  
(Qð he) and so forth bare he me  
A while, and tho began to crie,  
That nevir herde I thinge so hie,  
Holde up thine hed, for al is wel,  
Sainte Julian lo! bonne hostel,  
Se here the hōuse of Fame lo!  
Mayist thou not here that I do?

Here what (qð I) the grete sowne  
(Qð he) that romblith up and downe  
in Fam'is house ful of tidinges,  
Bothe of faire speche and of chidinges,  
And of false, and sothe compownid  
Herkin wel, it is not rownid.

Herist thou not the grete swough?  
Yes perde (qð I) well ynough,  
And what sowne is it lyke (qð he)

Peter, lyke the' bering of the Se  
(Qð I) against the rochis halowe,  
Whan tempestes done, ther shippis swalow,  
And that a man stande out of doute  
A myle off thens, and here it route:

Or ellis lyke to the humblinge  
Aftir the clappe of a thundringe,  
Whan Jovis hath the eyre ybete,  
But it doth me for fere to swete.

Nay drede The not therof (qð he)  
It is nothing that will bytin The,  
Thou shalte have no harme truily.

And with that worde both he and I

As nighe the place arivid were,  
As men might castin with a spere,  
I ne wist howe, but in a strete  
He set me faire upon my fete,  
And sayid, walkith forth a pace,  
And tel thine advinture and case,  
That thou shalte finde in Fam'is place.

Nowe (qð I) while that we have space  
To speke, or that I go fro The,  
For the love of God tellith me  
In sothe, that I will of The lere,  
If this ilke noise which that I here  
Be as I have herde The me tell  
Of folke that done in erthe ydwell,  
And comith here in the same wise  
As I The herde or this devise,  
And that here liv'is body n'is  
In al that house, that yondir is,  
That makith al this londè fare.

No (answerid he) by sainte Clare,  
And al so wisely God rede me,  
But o thinge I will warnè The,  
Of the whiche thou wilt have wondir.

Lo! to the house of Fame yondir  
Thou wost howe comith every speche,  
It nedith not The este to teche,  
But undirstande now right wel this,  
Whan any speche ycomin is  
Up to the palais, anone right  
It wexith like the samè wight,  
Whiche that the worde in erth yspake,  
Be he clothid in red or blake,  
And hath so very his likenesse,  
And spake the worde that thou wilt geffe  
That it the samè body be,

Wher Man or woman, he or she.  
And is not this a wondir thinge?  
Yes (qð I) tho by hevin kinge;  
And with this worde farewell (qð he)  
And here wil I abydin The,  
And God of hevin sende The grace  
Some gode to lernin in this place!  
And I of him toke leve anone,  
And gan forth to the palays gone.

510 *Explicit liber secundus.*

**T**Hou God of science and of light  
Apollo thorough thy grete might  
This litil last boke now thou gye,  
Nowe that I will for maistèrie,  
Here arte potencial be shewde,  
But for the rime is lyght and lewde,  
Yet make it somewhat agreable,  
Though some verse faile in a syllable,  
And that I do no diligence  
To shewin craftè but sentence,  
And if that divine virtue thou  
Wiltè helpin me to shewin nowe  
That in my hed ymarkid is,  
Lo! that is for to menin this,  
The house of Fame for to discrive,  
Thou shalt yse me go as blive  
Unto the next laurir I se,  
And kylle it for it is thy tre;  
Nowe entre in my brest anone.

Whan I was from the egle gone,  
I gan beholde upon this place;  
And certaine or I furthir passe,  
I wol you al the shape devise  
Of house and cite, and al the wise,  
Howe I gan to this place approche,  
That stode upon so hie a roche,



Hyir ystandith none in Spaine,  
 But up I clambe with mochil paine,  
 And though to clime ygrevid me,  
 Yet I entente was to se,  
 And for to porin wondre lowe,  
 If I coude any wise yknowe  
 What manir ston this roche ywas,  
 For it was lyke a limid glas,  
 But that it shone ful more clere,  
 But of what congelid matere  
 It was I ne wiste redily,  
 But at the laste espyd I,  
 And founde that it was everydele  
 A roche of yse, and not of stele;  
 Thought I by saint Thomas of Kent  
 This were a feble foundement  
 To buildin on a place so hie,  
 He ought hym lite to glorifie,  
 That heron buile, God so me save.  
 Tho sawe I all the hall igrave  
 With famous folkis namis fele,  
 That haddin ben in mochil wele,  
 And ther famis full wide iblowe,  
 But well unnethis might I knowe  
 Any lettiris for to rede  
 Ther namis by, for out of drede  
 Thei werin almoste of thawed so,  
 That of the lettiris one or two  
 Were molte awaie of every name,  
 So unfamous was wexe ther fame,  
 But men saie, *what maie evir last?*  
 Tho gan I in myne herte cast  
 That thei were molte awaie for here,  
 And not awaie with stormis bete,  
 For on that othir side I sey  
 Of this hill, that Northward yley,  
 How it was writin full of names  
 Of folke that had afore grete fames  
 Of oldè tyme, and yet thei were  
 As freshe, as men had written 'hem there  
 The self daie, or that verry houre  
 That I on 'hem began to poure:  
 But well I wiste what it made,  
 It was conservid with the shade,  
 All the writyng which that I sie,  
 Of a Castill that stode on hie,  
 And stode eke in so cold a place,  
 That here ne might it not deface.  
 Tho gan I on this hill to gone,  
 And found upon the coppe a wone,  
 That all the men that ben on live  
 Ne han the comyng to discrive  
 The beaute of that ilkè place,  
 Ne couidin castin no compace  
 Soche an othir for to ymake,  
 That might of beantie be his make,  
 Ne one so wondirly iwrought,  
 That it astonieth yet my thought,  
 And makith all my witte to swinke,  
 Upon this Castill for to thinke,  
 So that the wondir grete beantie,  
 Caste, craft, and curiosite,  
 Ne can I not to you devise,  
 My witte ne maie me not suffise,  
 But nathelèsse all the substance  
 I have yet in my remembraunce;  
 For why? me thoughtin by saint Gile,  
 That all was of stone of Berile,  
 Bothè the Castill and the Toure,  
 And eke the hall, and every boure,  
 Withoutin pecis or joynynges,  
 But many subtile compasynges,  
 As Barbicans and pinnacles  
 Imageries and tabernacles,

I sawe, and full eke of windowes,  
 As flakis fallin in grete Snowes,  
 And eke in eche of the pinacles  
 30 Ywerin fondrie habitacles,  
 In whiche stodin all withoutin  
 Full the castill all aboutin  
 Of all manir of Minstralis,  
 And Jestsours, that tellin talis  
 Bothe of wepyng and eke of game,  
 And all that longith unto fame,  
 110 There herde I playin on an harpe,  
 That ysound bothe well and sharpe,  
 Hym Orpheus full craftily,  
 40 And on this othir side fast by  
 Yfatte the Harpir Orion,  
 And Gacides Chirion,  
 And othir Harpirs many one,  
 And the Briton Glaskirion  
 And smale Harpirs with ther gleees  
 Satte undir 'hem in divers sees,  
 120 And gone on 'hem upwarde to gape,  
 And counterfited 'hem as an Ape,  
 Or as crafte counterfeitith kinde.  
 50 Tho sawe I standin 'hem behinde,  
 Afarre from 'hem all by 'hem selve,  
 Many a thousande tymis twelve,  
 That madin loudè Minstralsies  
 In Cornmusc and eke in Shalmies,  
 And in many an othir pipe,  
 That craftily began to pipe,  
 130 Bothe in Douced and eke in Rede,  
 That ben at festis with the brede,  
 And many' a floite, and litlyng horne,  
 60 And pipis made of grenè corne,  
 As have these little herdègromes,  
 That kepin bestis in the bromes.  
 There sawe I then dan Citherus,  
 And of Arhenes dan Proserus,  
 And Mercia that losse her skinne,  
 140 Bothe in the face, bodie, and chinne,  
 For that she would envyin, lo!  
 To pipin bette than Apollo.  
 There sawe I famous old and yong  
 70 Pipiris of all the Duche tong,  
 To lernin love dauncis springis,  
 Reyis, and the straungè thingis.  
 Tho sawe I in an othir place  
 Ystandyng in a largè space,  
 Of 'hem that makin blodie soun  
 In trumpe, beme, and Clarioun.  
 150 For in fight and in blodeshedynges  
 Is usid glad clarionynges.  
 There herde I trumpin Messenus,  
 80 Of whom that spekith Virgilius.  
 There herd I Joab trumpe also,  
 Theodomas, and othir mo,  
 And all that usid clarion  
 In Casteloigne, and Aragon,  
 That in ther tymis famous were,  
 To lernin sawe I trumpin there.  
 160 There sawe I sit in othir sees,  
 Playing on othir fondrie gleees,  
 Whiche that I can not now nevin,  
 90 Mo then Sterris ben in hevin,  
 Of whiche I n'ill as now not rime,  
 For ese of you, and losse of time,  
 For tyme ilost, this knowin ye,  
 By no waie maie recovered be.  
 There sawe I playing Jogelours,  
 Magiciens, and Tragètours,  
 170 And Phetonissis, Charmereffis,  
 And olde Witchis, and Sorcereffis,  
 That usen Exorsifacions,  
 100 And eke subfumigacions,  
 And



And clerkis eke, whiche connin well  
 All this Magike hight naturell,  
 That craftily doe ther ententes  
 To maken in certain ascendentes  
 Imagis lo! through whiche Magike  
 To maken a man ben whole or fike.  
 There sawe I the quene Medea,  
 And Circe, and Caliophia.  
 There sawe I Hermes Ballenus,  
 Limote, and eke Symon Magus.  
 There sawe I, and yknewe by name,  
 That by soche arte doen men have fame.  
 There sawe I eke Coll Tragètour  
 Upon a table of Sicamour  
 Playin an uncouth thyng to tell,  
 I sawe hym cary a windemell  
 Undir a Walnote shale.  
 What should I makin lengir tale?  
 Of all the peple that I sey  
 I could not tell till Dom'isdey.  
 When I had all this folke beholde,  
 And founde me loce, and not yholde,  
 And I amufid a longe while  
 Upon this wall all of Berile,  
 That shone lightir then any glas,  
 And made well more then it ywas,  
 As it kindly thing of fame is,  
 And then right anone aftir this,  
 I gan forthe romin till I fonde  
 The castill yate on my right honde,  
 Whiche all so well ycorvin was,  
 That nevir soche an othir n'as,  
 And yet it was by avinture  
 I wrought by grete and subtrill cure,  
 It nedith not you more to tellen,  
 To makin you to long to dwellen,  
 Of these ilke yatis florishynges,  
 Ne of compacis, ne karvynges,  
 Ne the hackyng in Mafonries,  
 As corbettis, and Imageries.  
 But Lorde so faire it was to shewe!  
 For it was all with golde behewe;  
 But in I went, and that anone,  
 There met I crying many one,  
 A larges, larges, holde up well,  
 God save the ladie of this pell,  
 Our ownè gentill Ladie Fame,  
 And 'hem that willen to have a name  
 Of us, thus heard I cryin all,  
 And fast comin out of the hall,  
 And shoke noblis and starlyngis,  
 And corounid were as kyngis  
 With crounis wrought full of Losynges,  
 And many ribans, many fringes,  
 Were on ther clothis truily.  
 Tho at the last espyd I,  
 That Pursevautes and Heraudis,  
 That cryin riche folkis laudis,  
 It werin all, and every man  
 Of 'hem, as I you tellin can,  
 Had on him throwin a vesture,  
 Whiche men ycelepe a cote armure,  
 Embroudirid wondirly riche.  
 As though thei werin not iliche;  
 But nought will I, so mote I thrive,  
 Be now aboutin to discrive  
 All these armis that there yweren  
 That thei thus on ther cotis weren,  
 For to me were impossible,  
 Men might make of 'hem a bible  
 Full twentie fote thicke as I trowe,  
 For certain, who so coud it knowe,  
 Ymight there all the armis fene  
 Of famous folke that er had bene

In Affrike, Europe, and Asie,  
 Sithins first began chivalrie. 250  
 Lo! how should I now tell all this!  
 Ne of the hall eke what nede is,  
 To tellin you that every wall  
 Of it, and rose, and flore withall,  
 Was platid halfe a fote thicke  
 Of golde, and that ne was not wicke,  
 But for to provin in all wise  
 As fine as ducket in Venise,  
 Of whiche to lite all in my pouche is?  
 And thei were set as thicke of ouchis 260  
 Fine, of the finist stonis faire,  
 That men reden in the lapidaire,  
 Or as Grassis growen in a mede,  
 But it were all to long to rede  
 The namis: and therefore I pace.  
 But in this lustie and riche place  
 That Fam'is Hall ycallid was,  
 Full mochil pres of folke there n'as  
 Ne crouding for to mochil pres,  
 But all on hie above a des 270  
 Satte in a se Imperiall,  
 That made was of Rubie roiall,  
 Whiche that a Carbuncle is called,  
 I sawe perpetually istalled  
 A femine cature,  
 That nevir formid by nature  
 Was soche an othir thyng I saie,  
 For althirfirste the sothe to saie,  
 Me thoughtin that she was so lite,  
 That the smale length of a cubite 280  
 Was lengir than she semid be,  
 But thus sone in a while she  
 Her self tho' wondirly ystreight,  
 That with her fete she th' erthe yreight,  
 And with her hedde she touchid heven,  
 There as shinith the Sterris seven,  
 And thereto yet, as to my wit,  
 I sawin a grete wondir yit,  
 Upon her eyin to beholde,  
 But certainly' I 'hem nevir tolde, 290  
 For as sele eyin haddin she,  
 As fethirs upon foulis be,  
 Or werin on the bestis foure,  
 That Godd'is trone can to honoure,  
 As writeth Ihon in the' Apocalyps,  
 Her here that was owndie and crips,  
 As burnid golde it shone to se,  
 And sothe to tellin also she  
 Had also sele upstandyng eres,  
 And tongis, as on best ben heres, 300  
 And on her fete woxin sawe I  
 Partrich'is wingis redily.  
 But Lorde the perrie' and the richesse,  
 I sawe sittyng on the Goddesse,  
 And the hevinly melodie  
 Of songis full of armonie  
 I herde about her trone isong  
 That all the palais wall yrong!  
 So songe the mightie Musè, she  
 That clepid is Caliope, 310  
 And her sevin Sustirin eke,  
 That in ther facis femin meke,  
 And evirmore eternally  
 Thei songin of Fame, tho heard I,  
 Yheried be thou and thy name,  
 Goddis of renoun and of Fame,  
 Tho was I aware at the last,  
 As I myne eyin gan upcast,  
 That this ilke grete and noble Quene  
 Upon her shuldurs gan sustene 320  
 Bothè the armis and the name  
 Of tho that haddin largè Fame,  
 Ali-



Alifander, and Hercules,  
That with a sherte his life did lese;  
And thus founde I sitting this Goddesse,  
In noble honour and richesse,  
Of which I stinte a while now,  
Of othir thing to tellin you.

Tho sawe I stande on th' other side  
Streight doune unto the doris wide,  
From the dees many a pillere  
Of metall, that shone not full clere,  
But though thei were of no richesse,  
Yet were thei made for grete noblesse,  
And in 'hem was there grete sentence,  
And folke of hie and digne reverence,  
Of which to tellin will I fonde.

Upon a pillir sawe I stonde,  
Alderfirst there I ysie  
Upon a pillir stonde on hie,  
That was of Lede and Iron fine,  
Hym of the scie Saturnine,  
The Ebraike Josephus the old,  
That of the Jewis gestis told,  
And he bare on his shuldurs hie  
All the fame up of the Jurie;  
And by hym stod in othir seven,  
Full wise and worthie for to neven,  
To helpe hym berin up the charge,  
It was so hevie and so large,  
And for thei writtin of battailes  
As well as of othir marvailles,  
Therefore ywas lo! this pillere,  
Of the whiche I you tellin here,  
Of Lede and Iron bothe iwis,  
For Iron Mart's metall is,  
Whiche that the God is of battaile,  
And eke the Lede withoutin faile  
Is lo! the metall of Saturne,  
That hath ful largè whele to turne,  
To standin forthe on eithir rowe  
Of 'hem, whiche that I could yknowe,  
Though I by ordir 'hem not tell,  
To makin you to long to dwell.

These, of the whiche I gan to rede,  
These sawe I standin out of drede  
Upon an Iron pillir strong,  
That paintid was all endelong  
With Tigr's blode in every place,  
The Tholafon with that height Stace,  
That bare of Thebis up the name  
Upon his sholdurs, and the fame  
Also of cruill Achilles;  
And by hym stode withoutin lese  
Full wondir hie on a piller  
Of Iron he the grete Omer,  
And with him Dares and Titus  
Before, and eke he Lollius,  
And Guido eke the Colempnis,  
And Englishe Galfride eke iwis,  
And eche of these, as I have joye,  
Was busie for to bere up Troye,  
So hevie thereof was the fame,  
That for to bere it was no game;  
But yet I gan full well espie  
Betwene 'hem was a little' envie,  
One saied that Omer madè lies  
And feinyng in his poëtries,  
And was to the Grekes favourable,  
And therefore helde he it but fable.

Tho sawe I stande on a pillere,  
That was of tinnid Iron clere,  
Him the Latine Poete Virgile,  
That hath bore up a longè while  
The fame of Pius Æneas.

And nexte hym on a pillir was

Of Coppir, Venus clerke Ovide,  
That both yfowin wondirs wide  
The grete God of lov's fame,  
And there he bare up well his name  
Upon this piller al so hie  
As I might se it with myne eye,  
For why? this hall whereof I rede,  
Was woxe on height, and length, and brede,  
Well more by a thousande dele  
Then it was erst, that sawe I wele.

Tho sawe I on a pillir by  
Of Iron wrought full sternly  
The grete Poete him dan Lucan,  
That on his sholdurs bare up than  
As hie as that I might it se  
The fame of Julius and Pompe,  
And by hym stod in all these clerkes,  
That write of Rom's mightie werkes,  
That if I would ther namis tell,  
Tho all to long ymust I dwell.

And nexte hym on a pillir stode  
Of Sulphure liche as he were wode,  
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,  
That bare up all the fame of hell,  
Of Pluto, and of Proserpine,  
That Quene is of the derkè pine.  
What should I more tellin of this?  
The hall ywas all full iwis  
Of 'hem that writtin oldè jestes,  
As ben on treis Rokis nestes,  
But it a full confuse mattere  
Were all these jestis for to here,  
That thei of write, and how thei height.  
But while that I beheld this sight,  
I herde a noise approchin blive,  
That fareth as Bees doen in an hive  
Ayenst ther tyme of out flying,  
Right soche a manir murmuring,  
For all the worlde, it semid me.

Tho gan I loke about, and se,  
That there come entryng into the' hall  
A right grete companie withall,  
And that of sondrie regions,  
Of all kind of condicions,  
That dwell in yerthe undir the Mone,  
Bothe pore and riche, and al so sone,  
As thei were come into the hall,  
Thei gan on kneis doune to fall  
Before this ilkè noble quene,  
And sayid, graunt us Ladie shene,  
Eche of us of thy grace a bone.  
And some of 'hem she grauntid sone,  
And some she warnid well and faire,  
And some she grauntid the contraire  
Of ther asking all uttirlic,  
But this I saie you truilie,  
What that her grace was I ne wist,  
For of these folke full well I wist,  
Thei haddin gode fame eche deserved,  
Although thei were diversly served,  
Right as her sistir dame Fortune  
Is wont to servin in commune.

Now herkin how she gan to paie  
'Hem that gan her of grace to praie,  
And yet lo! all this companie  
Ysaide sothe, and not a lie.

Madame (thus sayid thei) we be  
Folke whiche that here besechin The,  
That thou grauntin us now gode fame,  
And let our workis have gode name  
In full recompensacion  
Of gode worke, give us gode renoun.

I warne it you (qð she) anone,  
Ye gettin of me gode fame none,

400

410

420

430

440

450

460

470  
By



By God, and therefore go your waie.  
 Alas (qð thei) and welawaie.  
 Tellith us what your cause maie be.  
 For that me lifte it not (qð she)  
 No wight shall speke of you iwis  
 Ne gode ne harme, ne that ne this.  
 And with that worde she gan to call  
 Her messengir, that was in hall,  
 And bad that he should fast ygone  
 Upon pain to be blinde anone,  
 For Æolus the God of Winde,  
 In Thrace there ye shall hym yfinde,  
 And bid hym bryng his clarioun,  
 That is full divers of his soun,  
 And it is clepid clerè Laude,  
 With whiche he wont is to heraude  
 'Hem that me list ipraisid be,  
 And also bid hym how that he  
 Bryng eke his othir clarioun,  
 That hight Sclaundir, in every toun  
 With whiche he wont is to diffame  
 'Hem that me list, and doe 'hem shame.  
 This messengir gan fast to gone  
 And founde where in a cave of stone  
 In a countre which that hight Thrace  
 This Æolus with hardè grace  
 Yhelde the windis in distresse,  
 And gan 'hem undir hym to presse,  
 That thei gone as the Beris rore,  
 He bounde and pressid 'hem so fore.  
 This messengir gan fast to crie,  
 Rise up (qð he) and fast The hie,  
 Untill thou at my Ladie be,  
 And take thy clarions eke with The,  
 And spede The fast; and he anone  
 Toke to him one that hight Tritone,  
 His clarions to berin tho,  
 And let a certain winde ygo,  
 That blewe so hidoutly and hie,  
 That it ne lestè not a skie  
 In all the Welkin long and brode.  
 This Æolus no where abode  
 Till he was come to Fam'is fete,  
 And eke the man that Triton hete,  
 And there he stode as still as stone,  
 And here withall there came anone  
 An othir hugè companie  
 Of gode folke and began to crie,  
 Ladie, grauntith us now gode Fame,  
 And let our workis have that name,  
 Now in honour of gentilnesse,  
 And al so God your soule ybleffe,  
 For we han well deservid it,  
 Therefore is right that we be quit.  
 As thrive I (qð she) ye shall faile,  
 Gode workis shall you not availe  
 To have of me gode Fame as now,  
 But wote ye what, I grauntin yowe  
 That ye shall havin a shrewde name,  
 And wickid loos, and worsè fame,  
 Though ye gode loos have well deserved,  
 Now goeth your waie, for ye ben served;  
 And thou Dan Æolus (qð she)  
 Take forthe thy trompe anone, let se,  
 That is iclepid Sclaundir light,  
 And blowe ther loos, that every wight  
 Speke of 'hem harme and shreudinesse  
 In stede of gode and worthinesse,  
 For thou shalt trompe all the contraire  
 Of that thei have doen well and faire.  
 Alas thought I what avintures  
 Yhavin these forie cretures,  
 That thei emongis al the pres  
 Should thus be shamid giltles!

But what? it must nedis ybe.  
 What did this Æolus, but he  
 Toke out his blackè trompe of bras,  
 That foulir then the Devill was,  
 And gan this trompè for to blowe,  
 As all the worlde should oirthrowe;  
 Throughout evèry regioun  
 Ywent this foulè trump'is soun  
 As swift as pellit out of gonne,  
 When fire is in the poudir ronne,  
 And soche a smokè gan out wende  
 Out of the foulè trump'is ende,  
 Blacke, blue, and grenishe, swartishe, rede,  
 As doith where that men melte lede,  
 Lo! all on hie from the tewell;  
 And thereto one thyng sawe I well,  
 That ay the ferthir that it ranne,  
 The gretir wexin it beganne,  
 As doeth the rivir from a well,  
 And it stanke as the pitte of hell;  
 Alas! thus was ther shame irong,  
 And giltlesse, on evèry tong.  
 Tho came the thirdè companie,  
 And gone up to the dees to hie,  
 And doune on knees thei fell anone,  
 And saidin, we ben everichone  
 Folke, that yhan full truilie  
 Deservid fame rightfullie,  
 And prayin you it might be knowe  
 Right as it is, and forthe yblowe.  
 I graunte (qð she) for now me list  
 That your gode workis shall be wist,  
 And yet ye shall have bettir loos,  
 Right in dispite of all your foos,  
 Then worthie is, and that anone;  
 Let now (qð she) thy trumpè gone,  
 Thou Æolus, that is so blacke,  
 And out thynce othir trumpè take,  
 That hightin Laude, and blowe it so,  
 That through the worlde ther fame may go  
 All esily, and not to fast,  
 That it be knowin at the last.  
 Full gladly, Ladie myne, he saied,  
 And out his trompe of golde he braied  
 Anone, and set it to his mouthe,  
 And blewe it Est, and West, and Southe,  
 And Northe, as loude as any thonder,  
 That every wight hath of it wonder,  
 So brode it ran or that it stent,  
 And certis all the breth that went  
 Out of his trump'is mouthe ysmelde  
 As men a potte full of baume helde  
 Emong a baskit full of roses,  
 This favour did he to ther loses.  
 And right with this I gan espie  
 There came the fowirth companie,  
 But certaine thei were wondir fewe,  
 And gonne to standin on a rewe,  
 And saidin, certis, Ladie bright,  
 We have doen well with all our might,  
 But we ne kepe to havin fame,  
 Hidith our workis and our name,  
 For Godd'is love, for certis we  
 Have surely doen it for bounte,  
 And for no manir othir thyng.  
 I grauntin you all your askyng,  
 (Qð she) let your workis be dedde.  
 With that about I tourned my hedde,  
 And sawe anone the fivith rout,  
 That to this Ladie gan to lout,  
 And doune on knees anone to fall,  
 And to her though befoughtin all,  
 To hidin ther gode workis eke,  
 And sayid, thei yeve not a leke



For no fame, ne no soche renoun,  
For thei for contemplacioun,  
And Godd'is love, had it ywrought,  
Ne of fame wouldin thei have nought.

What (qð she) and be ye so wode?  
And wenin ye for to doe gode,  
And for to have of that no fame?  
Have ye dispite to have my name?  
Naie ye shall lyin everichone,  
Blowith thy trumpe, and that anone,  
(Qð she) thou Æolus, I hore,  
And ring these folkis workes by note,  
That all the worlde maie of it here,  
And he gan blowe ther loos so clere  
Within his goldin clarioun,  
That through the worlde ywent the soun  
Al so kindly, and eke so soft,  
That ther fame was yblowe aloft.

And tho came the sixt companie,  
And gonin fast to Fame to crie,  
Right verily in this manere;  
Thei saidin, mercie, Ladie dere,  
To tellin certain as it is,  
We have doen neithir that, ne this,  
But idill all our life hath be,  
But nathelless yet prayin we,  
That we maie have as gode a fame,  
And grete renome, and knowin name,  
As thei that have doe noble jesses,  
And have achevid all ther questes,  
As well of love, as othir thyng,  
All was us nevir broche, ne ryng,  
Ne ellis what fro women sent,  
Ne onis in ther herte iment,  
To maken us onely frendly chere,  
But mought ytemin us on bere,  
Yet let us to the peple seme  
Soche, as the worlde maie of us deme  
That women lovin us for wode,  
It shall do us as mochil gode,  
And to our herte as moche availe,  
The countirpeise, ese, and travaile,  
As we had wonnin with labour,  
For that is dere ybought honour,  
At the regard of our grete ese;  
And yet ye must us more yplese,  
Let us beholdin eke thereto  
Worthie, and wife, and gode also,  
And riche, and happie unto love,  
For Godd'is love, that sitteth above,  
Though we maie not the bodie have  
Of women, yet, so God me save,  
Let men yglewe on us the name,  
Suffisith that we have the fame.

I graunt it (qð she) by my trouthe:  
Now Æolus, withoutin slouth  
Take out thy trumpe of golde! (qð she)  
And blowe as thei have askid me,  
That every man wene 'hem at ese,  
Although thei go in full badde lese;  
This Æolus gan it so blowe,  
That through the worlde it was iknowe.

Tho came the seventh route anone,  
And fill on kneis everichone,  
And sayid Ladie, graunte us sone,  
The samè thyng, the samè bone,  
Which that this nexte folke you have done.

Fie on you (qð she) everichone,  
Ye nastic swine, ye idle wretches,  
Fullfillid of rottin slowe tetches,  
What? falsè thevis, where ye wolde  
Ben famid gode, and nothyng n'olde  
Deservin why, ne nevir thought,  
Men rathir you to hangin ought,

620 For ye be like the slepie Cat,  
That would have fishe: but wost thou what?  
He woll nothyng wete his clawis,  
Evill thrifte come to your jawis,  
And on myne, if I you it graunte,  
Or doe favour you to avaunte.

Thou Æolus, thou kyng of Thrace,  
Go, blowe this folke a sorie grace,  
(Qð she) anone, and wost thou how?  
As I shal tellin The right nowe,  
Say these ben they that wolde honour  
630 Have, and do no kinde of labour,  
Ne do no gode, and yet have laude,  
And that men wende that belle I faude,  
Ne coude 'hem not of lovè werne,  
And yet she that ygrint at querne  
Is al to gode to ese ther herte.

This Æolus anone up sterte,  
And with his blackè clarioun  
He gan to blasin out a soun  
As loude as bellith winde in hel,  
640 And eke therwith the forche to tel,  
This fownè was so ful of japes  
As evir mowis were in apes,  
And that went al the worlde aboute,  
That every wight gan on 'hem shoute,  
And for to laugh as they were wode,  
Soche game yfounde they in ther hode.

Tho came anothir companye  
That hadde ydone the trechery,  
The harme and the grete wickidesse,  
650 That any herte coudin ygesse,  
And prayid her to have gode fame  
And that she n'olde do 'hem nò shame,  
But give 'hem loos and gode renoun,  
And do it blowe in clarioun.

Nay wis (qð she) it were a vyce,  
Al be there in me no justice,  
660 Me lyst not for to do it nowe,  
Ne this I ne will graunt it you.

Tho came there lepinge in a route,  
And gan to clappin al aboute  
660 Evèry man upon the crowne,  
That al the hal began to fowne,  
And sayid, lady lese and dere,  
We ben soche folkes, as ye may here,  
To tellin all the tale aright,  
We ben shrewis evèry wight,  
And have delite in wickidnesse,  
As gode folke havin in godenesse,  
And joye to ben yknowin shrewes  
670 And ful of vice and wickid thewes,  
Wherfore we pray you on a rowe  
That our famè be soche yknowe  
In al thingis right as it is.

I graunte it you (qð she) ywis,  
But what arte thou, that faiest this tale,  
That werist on thy hose a pale,  
675 And on thy tippet soche a bel?

Madame (qð he) the sothe to tel,  
I am that ilke shrewe ywis,  
680 That brent the temple of Isidis  
In Athenis, lo! that cyte.  
And wherfore diddest thou so (qð she)?  
By my trouthe (answered he) madame,  
I woldè faine have had a name  
As othir folke had in the towne,  
Although they were of grete renowne  
For ther vertue and ther thewis,  
Thought I, as grete fame have shrewis  
(Though it be nought) for shrewdèness,  
690 As gode folke havin for godenesse,  
And sithen I may not have that one,  
That othir n'yl I not forgone,

700

710

720

112

730

740

750

760

As



As for to gettin a fame here,  
The temple sette I al on fire.  
Nowe done our loos be blowin swithe,  
As wisly be thou evir blythe.

Gladly (qð she) thou Æolus,  
Herist thou not what they prayen us?  
Madame I here ful wel (qð he)  
And I will trumpin it parde,  
And toke his blacke trumpe faste,  
And gan to puffin and to blaste,  
Tyl it was at the world's ende.

With that I gan aboutin wende,  
For one that stode right at my bake  
Me thought ful godely to me spake,  
And sayid, frende, what is thy name?  
Arte thou come hiðir to have fame?

Have Fame! nay for sothe, frende (qð I)  
I come nat hirbir, grant mercy,  
For no soche cause by my hed,  
Suffisith me as I were ded,  
That no wight have my name in honde,  
I wor my selfe best howe I stonde,  
For what I drie, or what I thinke,  
I wol my selfin al it drinke,  
Certainly for the more parte,  
As ferforth as I can mine arte.  
What doist thou here than (qð he)?  
(Qð I) that wol I tellin The,  
The cause why I standin here  
Is some new tidinges for to lere,  
Some newe thing I ne wot what,  
Tydingis eythir this or that,  
Of love, or of soche thingis glade;  
For certainly he that me made  
To comin hiðir said to me,  
I shuldin bothe yhere and fe  
In this place many wondir thinges,  
But these ne be no soche ridinges  
As I yment of: No (qð he?)  
And I answerid no parde;  
For ful wel I wote evir yet,  
Sithinis that firste I had wit,  
That some folke han desirid fame  
Diversly, and loos and gode name,  
But certainly I ne wist how,  
Ne where that fame dwellid or nowe,  
Ne eke of her discipcion,  
Ne also her condicion,  
Ne eke the ordir of her dome  
Knewe I not till I hithir come.

Why than be lo! these tidinges  
Which that thou nowe hethir bringis,  
That thou hast herde (qð he) to me,  
But nowe no force, for wel I se  
What thou desirist for to lere,  
Come forth, and stande no lengir here,  
And I woll The withoutin drede  
In to soche anothir place lede,  
There thou shalte herin many one.

Tho gan I forthe with him to gone  
Out of the castil sothe to fey.

Tho sawe I stande in a valey  
Undir the castil faste by  
An house, that *domus Dadali*,  
That *Labyrinthus* ycleped is,  
N'as made so wondirly ywis,  
Ne halfe so quently was ywrought,  
And evirmo, as swifte as thought,  
This queint house aboutin ywent,  
That nevirmo it still ystent,  
And there came out so gret a noise,  
That had it stondin upon Oyse,  
Men might have herde it esily  
To Rome, I trowin sikirly,

And the noise whiche that I yherde  
For al the worlde right so it serde  
As dothe the routing of the stone,  
That fro th' engin is letyn gone.

And al this house of whiche I rede,  
Was made of twyggis salowe, rede,  
And grene eke, and some werin white,  
Soche as men to the cagis twhite,  
Or makin of these paniers,  
Or ellis hutchis or doslers,  
That for the swough and for the twigges  
This house was al so full of gigges,  
And al so ful eke of chirkinges,  
And of many othir wirkinges,  
And eke this house hath of entrees  
As many' as levis ben on trees  
In sommir whan that they ben grene,  
And on the rose yet men may sene  
A thousande holis, and well mo,  
To lettin the sowne out ygo,

And by day in every tyde  
Ben al the doris opin wide,  
And by night eche one is unshette,  
Ne portir is there none to lette  
No manir tydinges in to pace,  
Ne nevir rest is in that place,  
That it n'is filled full of ridinges,  
Eythir loude, or of whisperinges,  
And evir all the housis angles  
Is ful of rowninges and of jangles,  
Of werres, of pece, of mariages,  
Of resles, of labour, of viages,  
Of abode, of dethe, and of lyfe,

Of love, of hate, accorde, of strife,  
Of losse, of lore, and of winninges,  
Of hele, of sickenesse, or lesinges,  
Of faire wethir, and tempestis  
Of qualme, of folke, and of bestis,  
Of divers transmutacions  
Of estates, and of regions,  
Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,  
Of witte, of winning, of foly,  
Of plenty, and of grete famine,  
Of chepe, of derthe, and of ruine,  
Of gode or of misgovernement  
Of tyre, and divers accident.

And lo! this house of whiche I write,  
Sykir be ye it n'as not lite,  
For it was syxtie mile of length,  
Al was the tymbir of no strength,  
Yet it is foundid to endure  
While that it lyste to avinture,  
That is the mothir of ridinges,  
As the Se of wellis and springes,  
And it was shapin lyke a cage.  
Certis (qð I) in al mine age  
Ne sawe I soche an house as this.  
And as I wondrid me ywis  
Upon this house, tho ware was I  
How that myne Egle faste by  
Was perchid hye upon a stone,  
And I gan streight to him to gone,  
And sayid Him thus, I pray The  
That thou a while abidin me  
For Godd's love, and let me sene  
What wondirs in that place ybene,  
For yet parauntir I may lere  
Some gode therin, or somewhat here,  
That lese me were, or that I went.

Peter, that is nowe myne entent,  
(Qð he to me) therfore I dwel,  
But certaine one thinge I The tel,  
That but I bringin The therin,  
Ne shal thou nevir conne the gin

850  
860  
870  
880  
890  
900

910  
To



To come in to it, out of doute,  
 So faste it whirlich lo! aboute;  
 But sihe that Jov'is of his grace,  
 As I have said wil The solace  
 Finally with these ilke thinges,  
 These uncounthe sightis and tidinges,  
 To passe away thine hevinessle,  
 Soche routh he hath he of thy distresse,  
 That thou suffrest debonairly,  
 And wofte thy selvin uttirly  
 Wholy desperate of al blisse,  
 Sihe that fortune hath made amisse  
 The sote of al thine hert's rest  
 Languishe, and eke in pointe to brest,  
 But he through his mightie melite  
 Wil do The ese, al be it lite,  
 And gave in expresse commaundement,  
 To whiche I am obedient,  
 To forthir The with al my myght,  
 And wishe and techin The aright,  
 Where thou maiste moste tidingis here,  
 Thou shalte here many one ylere.  
 And with this worde he right anone  
 Yhent me up bytwene his tone,  
 And at a windowe in me brought,  
 That in this house was, as me thought,  
 And therewithal me thought it stent,  
 And nothings it aboutin wente,  
 And me set in the flore adoun;  
 But soche grete congregacioun  
 Of folke, as I sawe rome about,  
 Some it within, and some without,  
 N'as nevir sene, ne shal be efre,  
 That certis in this worlde n'is leste  
 So many formid by nature,  
 Ne ded so many a cature,  
 That wel unnethis in that place  
 Had I a fot's brede of space,  
 And every wight that I sawe there  
 Rownid everiche in othir's ere  
 A newe tidinge privily,  
 Or els he tolde it opinly,  
 Right thus, and said; Ne wost nat thou  
 That is betiddin, lo! right nowe?  
 No certis (q' he) tel me what;  
 And than he tolde him this and that,  
 And swore therto, that it was sothe,  
 Thus hath he said, and thus he dothe,  
 And this shal be, and thus herde I say,  
 That shal be founde, that dare I lay,  
 That al the folke that is on lyve  
 Ne have the konninge to discrive  
 Tho thingis that I herdin there,  
 What aloude, and what in the ere,  
 But al the wondir moste was this,  
 Whan one had herde a thinge ywis,  
 He came streight to anothir wight,  
 And gan him tellin anone right  
 The same tale that to him was tolde  
 Or it a forlonge way was olde,  
 And began somwhat for to eche  
 Unto this tidinge in his speche  
 More than evir it spokin was,  
 And nat so sone departid n'as  
 Tho fro him, that he ne ymette  
 With the thirde man, and er he lette  
 Any sfounde, he ytolde him alse,  
 Werin the tidinges sothe or false,  
 Yet wolde he tel it natheles,  
 And evirmore with mo ences  
 Than it was erst: thus northe and southe  
 Went every tidinge, fro mouth to mouthe,  
 And that encrefinge evirmo,  
 As fire is wont to quicken and go,

From a sparcle sprongin amis,  
 Tyl al a cite brent up is. 990  
 And whan that that was ful up spronge,  
 And waxin more on every tonge  
 Than er it was, and went anone  
 920 Up to a windowe out to gone,  
 Or but it might out there ypassle,  
 It gan out crepe at some crevasse,  
 And flewe forthe faste for the nones.  
 And somtyme I sawe there at ones  
 A lesinge, and a fadde sothesawe,  
 That gonnin of avinture drawe 1000  
 Out at a windowe for to pace,  
 And whan thei mettin in that place,  
 They were acheckid bothè two,  
 930 And neithir of 'hem myght out go,  
 For eche othir they gonne so croude,  
 Tyl eche of 'hem gan cryin loude  
 Let me gone first, nay but let me,  
 And here I wol ensurin The  
 With vowis that thou wolt do so,  
 That I shal nevir fro The go, 1010  
 But be alway thin owne sworne brother,  
 We wol meddle us eche in othir,  
 That no man be he ner so wrothe  
 940 Shal have one of us two, but bothe  
 At onis, as beside his leve,  
 Come we amorowe or on eve,  
 Be we ycryde or styl yrowned;  
 Thus sawe I false and sothe compowned  
 Togiðir flye for o tidinge;  
 Thus out at holis gonne to wringe 1020  
 Evèry tidinge streight to Fame,  
 And she gan yevin eche his name  
 Aftir her disposicion,  
 950 And yeve 'hem eke duracion,  
 Some to wexin and wanin sone,  
 As dothe the faire and white mone,  
 And let him gonne, there might I sein  
 Wingid wondirs full fast flyin  
 Twenty thousande all in a route,  
 As Æolus 'hem blewe aboute, 1030  
 And lorde! this house in allè times  
 Was ful of shypmen and pilgrimes,  
 With scrippis bretteful of lesinges,  
 960 Entremedilid with tidinges,  
 And eke alonè by 'hem felve  
 A many thousande tymis twelve  
 Sawe I eke of these pardoners,  
 Currours, and eke of messaungers,  
 With boxis crommid ful of lyes,  
 As evir vessil was with lies. 1040  
 And as I althirfastist went  
 Aboute, and dyd al myne entent  
 Me for to playen and for to lere,  
 970 And eke a tiding for to here,  
 That I had herde of some countre,  
 That shal not nowe be tolde for me,  
 For it no nede is, redyly  
 Folke can ysinge it bet than I,  
 For al mote out or late or rathe  
 Allè the shevis in the fathe. 1050  
 I herdin a grete noise withall  
 Within a cornir of the hal,  
 There men of love tydingis tolde,  
 980 And I gan thiðirwarde beholde,  
 For I sawe renninge every wight  
 As faste as that they haddin might,  
 And everyche cride, what thinge is that?  
 And some said I n'ot nevir what,  
 And whan they were al on an hepe,  
 Tho thei behinde gonnin up lepe, 1060  
 And clambin up on othir faste,  
 And up the noise on hyghin caste,  
 And



And tredin fast on othir's heles,  
And stampe, as men done astir eles.  
But at the laste I sawe a mari,  
Whiche that I nought discribe ne can,  
But he ysemid for to be  
A man of grete auctorite.  
And therewithal I anon abraide  
Out of my slepe halfe afraid,  
Remembring wel what I had sene,

1070

And howe hye and ferre I had bene,  
In my gost, and had grete wonder  
Of that the mighty god of thonder  
Had let me knowen, and gan to write  
Lyke as ye have herde me endite,  
Wherfore to study and rede alway  
I purpose to do day by day.  
And thus in dreminge and in game  
Endith this litil Boke of Fame.

1080

Here endeth the Boke of Fame.



## The Floure and the Leafe, written by GEFERY CHAUCER.

### The Argument.

A Gentlewoman, out of an Arbour, in a Grove, seeth a great Company of Knights, and Ladies in a Dance upon the green Grasse. The which being ended, they all kneel down, and do honour to the Daïse, some to the Flower, and some to the Leaf. Afterward this Gentlewoman learneth by one of these Ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every Blast, are such as look after Beauty, and worldly Pleasure: But they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the Root, notwithstanding the Frosts and Winter Storms, are they which follow Virtue and during qualities, without regard of worldly Respects.



When that Phœbus his chair of gold so hie  
Had whirlid up the sterrie Sky aloft,  
And in the Bole was entrid certainly,  
When shouris fote of rain descendid soft,  
Causing the ground, felè timis and oft,  
Up for to give many an wholesome air,  
And every plain was yclothid faire.

With newè grene, and makith smale flours  
To springin here and there in field and mede,  
So very gode and wholesome be the shouris,  
That they renewin that was old and dede,  
In wintir time, and out of every fede  
Springith the herbè, so that every wight  
Of this seson wexith richt glad and light.

And I so gladè of the seson swete,  
Was happid thus, upon a certain night,  
As I lay in my bed, slepe full unmete  
Was unto me; but why that I ne might  
Rest, I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight  
[As I suppose] had more of hertis ese,  
Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese.

Wherfore I mervaile gretly of my self,  
That I so long withoutin slepe lay,  
And up I rose thre houris astir twelfe,  
About the springing of the gladsome dáy,  
And on I put my gear, and mine aray;  
And to a plesaunt grove I gan to pas,  
Long or the bright Sonnè uprisin was:

In which were okis grete, streight as a line,  
Undir the which the grasse so freshe of hew  
Was newly sprong, and an eight fote or nine  
Every tre well fro his fellow grew,

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With braunchis brode, ladin with levis new,  
That sprongin out agen the Sonnè shene,  
Some very rede; and some a glad light grene.

Which [as me thought] was a right plesaunt sight,  
And eke the birdis songis for to here,  
Would have rejoicid any erthly wight;  
And I, that couth not yet in ho manere  
Herin the Nightingale of all the yere,  
Full busily herk'nid with hert and ere  
If I her voice perceve could any where.

40

And at the last a path of litil brede  
I found; that greitly had not usid be,  
For it forgrowin was with grasse and wede,  
That well tinnethis a wight might it se,  
Thought I, this path some whiðir goth pârde!  
And so I followid; till it me brought  
To a right plesaunt herbir wel ywrought,

Which that benchid was, and with turfis new  
Freshly turnid, whereof the grenè grasse  
So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hew,  
That most like to grene wöll wot I it was:  
The hegge also, that yedin in compas,  
And closid in allè the grene herbère,  
With Sycamor was set and Eglatere,

50

60

Within in fere so well and cunninggly,  
That every braunch and lese grew by mesure  
Plain as a bord, of an height by and by,  
I se never a thing [I yoti ensure]  
So well ydone; for he that toke the cure  
It for to make [I stowe] did all his pèine  
To make it pass all tho that men have seine.

60

6 E

And



And shapin was this herbir rofe and all,  
 As is a pretty parlour; and also  
 The hegge as thick as is a Castil wall,  
 That who that list without to stond or go,  
 Thogh he wold all day pryin to and fro,  
 He should not se if there were any wight  
 Within, or no; but one within well might, 70

Perceve all tho, that yedin there without  
 Into the field, that was on every side  
 Cover'd with corn and grafs, that out of doubt  
 Tho one would sekin all the worldè wide,  
 So rich a feldè could not be espyde  
 Upon no cost, as of the quantity:  
 For of allè gode thing there was plenty.

And I, that all these plesant fightis se,  
 Thought suddainly I felt so swete an air  
 Of the Eglenterè, that certainly  
 There is no hert [I deme] in such dispair  
 Ne yet with thoughtis froward and contraire  
 So overlaid, but it should sone have bote,  
 If it had onis felt this favour fore.

And as I stode, and cast aside mine eye  
 I was ware of the fairist medler tre,  
 That evir yet in all my life I se,  
 As full of blossomis as it might be;  
 Therein a Goldfinch leping pretily  
 From bough to bough, and as him list, heete 90  
 Here and there of buddis and flouris swete.

And to the herbir side was adjoyning  
 This fairist tre, of which I have you told,  
 And at the last the bird began to sing,  
 [Whan he had etin what he etin would]  
 So passing swetely that by many fold  
 It was more plesant than I couth devise,  
 And whan his song was endid in this wise,

The Nightingale with so mery a note  
 Answerid him, that alle the wode yrong 100  
 So sodainly, that as it were a sote  
 I stode astonied, and was with the song  
 Thorow ravishid, that till late and long  
 I ne wist in what place I was, ne where,  
 Aye, methought, she song c'en by mine ere.

Wherefore I waitid about busily  
 On every side if I her might se,  
 And at the last I gan full well aspy  
 Where she sate in a fresh grene laury tre,  
 On the furthir side evin right by me, 110  
 That gave so passing a delicious smell,  
 According to the Eglanterè full well.

Whereof I had so inly grete plesure,  
 As methought I surely ravishid was,  
 Into Paradise, wherein my desire  
 Was for to be, and no ferthir to pas,  
 As for that day, and on the sote grafs  
 I fat me down; for as for mine entent,  
 The birdis song was more convenient,

And more plesant to me by many fold,  
 Than mete, or drink, or any othir thing,  
 Thereto the herbir was so fresh and cold,  
 The wholesome favours eke so comforting,  
 That [as I demid] sith the beginning  
 Of the worldè was nevir seen er than  
 So plesant a ground of none erthly man.

And as I fat the birdis herkening thus,  
 Methought that I herd voicis suddainly,

The most swetist, and most delicious,  
 That evir any wight, I trow trewly, 130  
 Herdin in ther life, for the armony  
 And swete accord was in so gode musike  
 That the voicis to Angels most were like.

At the last out of a grove evin by  
 [That was right godely and plesant to sight]  
 I se where there came singing lustily  
 A world of Ladies, but to tell aright  
 Ther beauty grete, lyith not in my might,  
 Ne ther array; nevirtheless I shall  
 Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all. 140

The Surcots white of velvet well fitting  
 They werin clad, and the femis eche one,  
 As it werin a mannir garnishing,  
 Was set with Emeraudis one and one 80  
 By and by, but many a richè Stone  
 Was set on the purfilis out of dout  
 Of Collours, Sleeves, and trainis round about;

As of grete perlis round and orient,  
 And Diamondis fine and rubys red,  
 And many othir stone of which I went 150  
 The namis now; and everich on her hede  
 A rich fret of gold, which withoutin drede  
 Was full of statèly rich stonys set,  
 And every lady had a Chapelet

On ther hedis of braunchis fresh and grene,  
 So wele ywrought, and so marvelously,  
 That it was a right noble sight to sene;  
 Some of Laurir, and some full plesantly  
 Had Chapelets of wodebind, and sadly 160  
 Some of *Agnus Castus* werin also,  
 Chapelets fresh, but there were many of tho,

That dauncid and eke song full sobirly,  
 But all they yede in maner of compage;  
 But one there yede in mid the company,  
 Sole by her self; but all follow'd the pace  
 That she kept, whose hevinly figured face  
 So plesant was, and her wele shape person,  
 That of beauty she past them everichone.

And more richly beseen by manyfold  
 She was also in every manir thing, 170  
 Upon her hede full plesant to behold  
 A Coron of gold rich for any King,  
 A braunch of *Agnus Castus* eke bering  
 In her hand, and to my sight trewily  
 She Lady was of all the company.

And she began a roundell lustily  
 That *Sus le foyle de uert moy men call,*  
*Sine & mon joly cœur est endormy,*  
 And than the Company answerid all 180  
 With voicis swete entunid, and so small  
 That methought it the swetist melody  
 That evir I herd in my life sothly.

And thus they all came dauncing and singing,  
 Into the middis of the Mede echone  
 Before the herbir where I was sitting, 120  
 And God wot I thought I was well bigone,  
 For than I might avise them one by one,  
 Who fairist was, who best could dance, or sing,  
 Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not dauncid but a little throw 190  
 When that I herd not fer of sodainly,  
 So grete a noise of thundering trumpis blow,  
 As though it should have departid the Skie,  
 And



517

And aftir that within a while I fe,  
From the fame grove, where the Ladies came out,  
Of Men of Armis coming fuch a rout,

As all men on erth had ben assemblid  
On that place well horrid for the nonis,  
Stering fo fast, that all the erth tremblid;  
But for to speke of richis and stonis, 200  
And men and horfe, I trow the large wonis  
Of Pretir John, ne all his Trefory  
Might not unneth have bought the tenth party,

Of their array; whofo list to here more,  
I shall reherfe, fo as I can, a lite.  
Out of the Grove, that I speke of before,  
I fe come firft all in their Clokis white  
A company, that wore for ther delite  
Chapèlets freth of okis ferial  
But newly fprong; and trumpets were they all.

On every trump hanging a brode bannere  
Of fine Tartarium full richly betè,  
Every trumpet his Lord's armis bere,  
About there neckis with grete perlis fete  
Collaris brode, for coft they wou'd not lete,  
As it would feem for ther fcochons echone  
Were fet about with many a precious ftone.

Ther horfis harneis was all white also;  
And aftir them next in one company  
Camin Kingis at armis and no mo, 220  
In clokis of white cloth with gold richly,  
Chaplets of grene on their heds on hye,  
The Crownisthat they, on their Scotchons, bere,  
Were fet with perl, and ruby, and faphere,

And eke grete Diamondis many one;  
But all ther horfe harneis and other gere,  
Was in a fute according everichone,  
As ye have herd the forfaid trumpets were,  
And by feming they were nothing to lere,  
And ther guiding they did fo manirly; 230  
And aftir them came a grete company

Of Heraudis and Purfevauntis eke,  
Arrayid in clothis of white velvet,  
And hardily they were nothing to feke,  
How they on them shouldin the harneis fet,  
And every man had on a chapèlet,  
Scotchonis and eke horfe harneis in dede  
They had in fute of them that fore them yede.

Next after thefe appere in armour bright,  
All fave their hedis, femely knightis nine, 240  
And every clasp and nail, as to my fight,  
Of ther harneis were of red gold fo fine;  
With cloth of gold, and furrid with ermine  
Were the tappoutis of their stedis strong,  
Both wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And every bofs of bridle and paitrel,  
That they had on, was worth, as I would wene,  
A thousand pound, and on ther hedis well  
Dressid were crounis of the laurir grene,  
The beft ymade that evir I had fene; 250  
And every knight had aftir him riding  
Thre henchmen ftill upon him awaiting;

Of which every (firft) on a fhort trunchon  
His lord's helmet bore fo richly dight  
That the worft of them was worth the ranfounne  
Of any King; the fecond a shield bright  
Bare at his back; the thred barin upright  
A mighty fperre, full fharpe yground and kene,

And evèry child ware of levis grene

A freth chap'let upon his hairis bright; 260  
And clokis white of fine velvet they were,  
Ther stedis trappid and arayid right,  
Without difference as ther lordis were,  
And aftir them on many' a freth Courfere,  
There came of armid knightis fuch a rout,  
That they besprad the large field about.

And all they werin, aftir ther degrees,  
Chappèlets new, or made of laurir grene,  
Or fome of oke, or fome of othir trees, 270  
Some in ther hondis barin boughis fhene,  
Some of laurir, and fome of okis bene,  
Some of hawthorne, and fome of the wodebind,  
And many mo, which I have not in mind.

And fo they came ther horfe frethly ftirring  
With bloudy fownis of ther trompis loud,  
There fe I many' an uncouth disguifing  
In the array of thilkè knightis proud;  
And at the laft, as evenly as they coud,  
They toke ther place, in middis of the mede,  
And every knight turnid his horfis hede 280

To his felow, and lightly laid a fperre  
Into the ref, and fo juftis began  
On ev'ry part aboutin here and there,  
Some brake his fperre, fome drew down horfe and 285  
man,  
About the felde aftray the stedis ran.  
And to behold their rule and govirnaunce,  
I you enfore, it was a grete plesaunce.

And fo the juftis laft an hour and more,  
But tho, that crownid were in laurir grene,  
Did win the prife; their dintis were fo fore, 290  
That there was none agenft them might fustene,  
And the jufting allè was left off clene:  
And fro ther horfe the nine alight anon,  
And fo did all the remnaunt everichone.

And forth they yede togiðir, twain and twain,  
That to behold it was a worthy fight,  
Toward the Ladies on the grene plain,  
That fong and dauncid, as I faid now right;  
The ladies, as fone as they godely might,  
They brakin off both the fong and the daunce,  
And yede to mete them with full glad femblaunce

And every lady toke full womanly  
By the hond a knight, and fo forth they yede  
Unto a faire laurir, that ftode faft by,  
With levis laid the boughis of grete brede,  
And to my dome thier nevir was indede  
A man, that had fene half fo faire a tre,  
For undirneth it there might well have be

An hundrid perfons, at ther own plesaunce,  
Shadowid fro the hete of Phæbus bright, 300  
So that they shouldin have felt no grevaunce  
Neithir for rain, ne haile, that them hurt might:  
The Savour eke rejoice would any wight,  
That had be fick, or melancholious,  
It was fo very gode and vertuous.

And with grete rev'rence they enclinid low,  
Unto the tre, fo fote and fair of hew;  
And aftir that, within a litil throw,  
They all began to fong, and daunce of new;  
Some fong of love, fome plaining of untrew, 310  
Environing the tre, that ftode upright,  
And evir yede a lady and a knight.

And



And at the last, I cast mine eie aside,  
 And was ware of a lusty Company,  
 That came roming out of the feldē wide;  
 And hond in hond a knight and a lady;  
 The ladies all in Surcotes, that richly  
 Purfilid were with many a rich stone,  
 And every knight of grene ware mantlis on,

Embroudid wele, so as the Surcots were, 330  
 And everich had a Chapelet on her hed,  
 [Which did right wele upon the shining here]  
 Makid of godely flouris, white and red,  
 The knightiske, that they in hondē led,  
 In fute of them ware chaplets everichone,  
 And before them went Minstrels many one:

As harpis, pipis, lutas, and fautory,  
 Alle in grene, and on ther hedis bare  
 Of diverse flouris made full craftily 340  
 All in a fute, godely chaplets they were;  
 And so dauncing into the Mede they fare.  
 In mid the which they found a rust that was  
 All ovisprad with flouris in compas.

Whereto they enclinid everichone,  
 With grete reverence, and that full humbly,  
 And at the last there tho began anon  
 A Lady for to sing right womanly  
 A Barget in praising the daisie.  
 For (as methought) among her notis swete,  
 She said *Si douce est la margarete.* 350

Then they all answerid her in fere,  
 So passingly well, and so plefauntly,  
 That it was a most blisfull noise to here,  
 But I n'ot how it happid sodainly,  
 As about None the Sonn so fervently  
 Waxe hotē, that the pretty tendir floures  
 Had lost the beauty of their fresh collours.

Forshronke with hete the Ladies eke to brent,  
 That they ne wist where they them might bestow,  
 The knightis swelt for lack of shade nic shent, 360  
 And aftir that within a litil throw  
 The wind began so sturdily to blow,  
 That down goth all the flowris everichone  
 So that in all the Mede there last not one;

Save such as succoured were among the leves  
 Fro every Storme that mightē them assaile,  
 Growing undir the heggis, and thick greves;  
 And aftir that there came a storme of haile  
 And rain in fere, so that withoutin faile  
 The ladies ne the knightis n'ade o'thred 370  
 Dry on them, so dropping wet was ther wede.

And when the storme was clene passid away,  
 Tho in the white, that stode undir the tre,  
 They felt nothing of all the grete affray,  
 That they in grene without had in ybe;  
 To them they yede for routh, and for pite,  
 Them to comfort aftir their grete disese,  
 So fain they were the helpelesse for to ese.

Than I was ware how one of them in grene  
 Had on a Coron rich, and well-fitting; 380  
 Wherfore I demid well she was a quene,  
 And tho in grene on her were awaiting;  
 The ladies then in white, that were coming  
 Towardis them, and the knightis in fere  
 Began to comfort them, and make them chere.

The quene in white, that was of grete beauty  
 Toke by the hondē the quene that was in grene,

And seidē, Sustir, I have grete pity  
 Of your annoy, and of your troublous tene,  
 Wherein ye, and your company have bene 390  
 So long alas! and if that it you plese  
 To go with me, I shall do you the ese

In all the plesure that I can or may;  
 Whereof that othir, humbly as she might,  
 Thankid her, for in right evil array  
 She was, with storme and hete I you behight;  
 And every lady then anon right,  
 That were in white, one of them toke in grene  
 By the hond, which when the knightis had sene,

In like manir eche of them toke a knight.  
 Clad in the grene, and forth with them they fare  
 To an heggē, where that they anon right,  
 To makin these justis they would not spare  
 Boughis to hew down, and eke trees to square,  
 Wherewith they made them stately fris grete,  
 To dry ther clothis, that were wringing were.

And aftir that of herbis that there grew  
 They made for blistirs of the Sonne brenning,  
 Ointmentis very gode, wholfome, and new,  
 Where that they yede the sick fast anointing; 410  
 And aftir that they yede about ga'dring  
 Plesant Saladis, which they made them etc,  
 For to refreshe ther grete unkindly hete.

The lady of the lefe then gan to pray  
 Her of the floure [for so to my seming  
 They should be callid as by ther array]  
 To soupe with her, and eke for any thing  
 That she should with her all her pepil bringe  
 And she ayen in right godely manere  
 Thankith her fast of her most frendly chere; 420

Saying plainely, that she would obay  
 With all her hert all her commandement:  
 And then anon without lengir delay  
 The lady of the lefe hath one ysent  
 To bring a palfray aftir her intent  
 Arrayid wele in fair harnais of gold,  
 For nothing lackid that to him long shold.

And aftir that to all her company  
 She made to purvey horse and every thing  
 That they nedid, and then full hastily 430  
 Even by the herbir where I was sitting  
 They passid all, so merrily singing,  
 That it would have comfortid any wight.  
 But then I se a passing wondir sight,

For then the Nightingale, that all the day  
 Had in the laurir sete, and did her might  
 The whole service to sing longing to May,  
 All sodainly began to take her flight,  
 And to the Lady of the lefe forthright  
 She flew, and set her on her hand softly, 440  
 Which was a thing I mervail'd at gretly.

The Goldfinch eke, that fro the Medlar tre  
 Was fled for hete unto the bushis cold,  
 Unto the lady of the flowre gan fle,  
 And on her hond he set him, as he wold  
 And plefauntly his wingis gan to fold,  
 And for to sing they peine them both as sore,  
 As they had do of all the day before.

And so these Ladies rode forth a grete pace,  
 And all the rout of knightis eke in fere, 450  
 And I that had sene all this wondir case  
 Thought that I would assay in some manere,  
 To



To know fully the trouthe of this mattere;  
 And what they were that rode so plesantly;  
 And when they were the herbir passid by,  
 I drest me forth, and happid mere anon,  
 A right fair lady I do you ensure,  
 And she came riding by her self alone,  
 Allè in white, with semblaunce full demure,  
 I her salued, bad her gode avinture 460  
 Mote her befall, as I couð most humbly,  
 And she answered, my doughtir, gramercy.  
 Madame, quoth I, if that I durst enquire  
 Of you, I wold fain, of that company,  
 Wit, what they be, that passed by this harbere?  
 And she ayen answerid right frendly;  
 My doughtir, all tho that passid hereby  
 In white clothing, be servants everichone  
 Unto the lefe, and I my self am one.  
 Se ye not her, that crownid is, (qð she) 470  
 Allè in white? Madame, then qð I, yes.  
 That is Dian, Goddes of chastity,  
 And for bicause that she a Maidin is,  
 Into her hond the branch she berith this,  
 That *Agnus Castus* men call propirly;  
 And all the Ladies in her company  
 Which ye se, of that herbè Chaplets were,  
 Be such, as han alwey kept maidinhede:  
 And all they, that of laurir chaplets bere,  
 Be such as hardy were in manly dede 480  
 Victorious, name which nevir may be dede,  
 And all they were so worthy of ther honde,  
 In their time that no one, might them withstonde.  
 And tho that were chapèlets on ther hede  
 Of fresh wodebind, be such as nevir were  
 To love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,  
 But ay stedfast, ne for plesance, ne fere,  
 Tho that they shulde ther hertis all to tere,  
 Woud never flit, but evir were stedfast,  
 Till that ther livis there assundir braff. 490  
 Now fair Madam, qð I, yet woud I pray  
 Your Ladiship [if that it mightin be]  
 That I might knowe by some manir of wey,  
 Sithin that it hath likid your beaute  
 The trouthe of these ladies for to tell me,  
 What that these Knightis be in rich armour,  
 And what tho be in grene, and were the flour?  
 And why that some did rev'rence to the tre,  
 And some unto the plot of flouris fair?  
 With right gode will, my doughtir fair, qð she, 500  
 Sith your desire is gode and debonaire,  
 Tho nine crownid be very exemplaire  
 Of all honour longing to chivalry,  
 And those certain be clept the Nine Worthy,  
 Which that ye may se riding all before,  
 That in ther time did many' a noble dede,  
 And for ther worthines full oft have bore  
 The crown of laurir levis on ther hede,  
 As ye may in your oldè bokis rede:  
 And how that he, that was a conqueror, 510  
 Had by laurir alwey his most honour.  
 And tho, that barin bowis in ther hond  
 Of the precious laurir so notable,  
 Be such as were [I woll ye undirstond]  
 Most noble Knightis of the round table,  
 And eke the douseperis honourable,

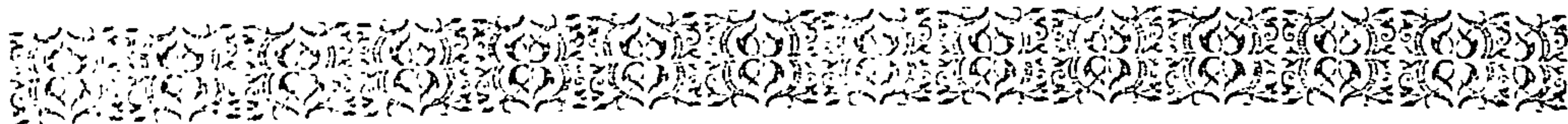
Which they bere in the sign of victory,  
 As witnes of ther dedis mightily.  
 Eke there be Knightis old of the Gartir,  
 That in ther timis did right worthily, 520  
 And the honour they did to the laurir,  
 Is for by it they have ther laud wholly,  
 Ther triumph eke, and martial glory,  
 Which unto them is more perfitte riches  
 Than any wight imagia can or gette.  
 For one lefe givin of that noble tre  
 To any wight, that hath done worthily,  
 [An it be done, so as it ought to be]  
 Is more honour than any thing erthly;  
 Witnes of Rome that foundir was truly 530  
 Of all Knighthode, and dedis marvelous,  
 Record I take of Titus Livius.  
 And as for her, that crownid is in grene,  
 It is Flora, of these flouris Goddelle,  
 And all that here on her awaiting bene,  
 It are such folk that lovid idlenesse,  
 And not delite in no kind besinesse,  
 But for to hunt, and hawke, and pley in medes,  
 And many othir such like idle dedes.  
 And for the grete delite and the plesance 540  
 They have to the flour, and so reverently  
 They unto it doin such obeisaunce,  
 As ye may se, now fair madame, qð I,  
 [If I durst ask] what is the cause, and why,  
 That Knightis have the ensigne of honour,  
 Rathir by the lefe than by the flour?  
 Sothly, doughtir, qð she, this is the trouthe,  
 For knightes evir shoud be persevering  
 To seke honour, without feintise, or slouth;  
 Fro wele to bettir in all manir thing, 550  
 In sign of which, with levis ay lasting,  
 They be rewardid afir ther degre,  
 Whose lusty grene may not appairid be,  
 But ay keping ther beauty fresh and grene,  
 For ther n'is no florme, that may them deface,  
 Ne hail nor snowe, ne wind, nor frostis kene,  
 Wherefore they have this propriety and grace.  
 And for the flour, within a litil space,  
 Wollin be lost, so simple of nature  
 They be, that they no grevaunce may endure. 560  
 And every florme woll blowe them sone away,  
 Ne they laste not but for a seson,  
 That is the cause [the very trouthe to say]  
 That they may not by no way of reson,  
 Be put to no such occupacion.  
 Madame, qð I, with all mine whole servise  
 I thank you now in my most humble wife.  
 For now I am ascertain'd thoroughly  
 Of every thing I desirid to knowe.  
 I am right glad that I have said, sothly, 570  
 Ought to your plesure, (if ye will me trow)  
 Quoð she ayen, but to whom do ye owe  
 Your service? and which wollin ye honour  
 [Pray tell me] this year? The lefe or the flour?  
 Madam, qð I, although I lest worthy,  
 Unto the lefe I ow mine observaunce;  
 That is, qð she, right weil done certainly,  
 And I pray God to honour you advance,  
 And kepe you fro the wickid remembraunce  
 Of Malebouch, and all his crueltie, 580  
 And all that gode and well-condition'd be.  
 6 F For



For here I may no lenger now abide,  
 But I must follow the grete company,  
 That ye may se yondir before you ride;  
 And forthwith as I couth most humily  
 I toke my leve of her, and she gan hie  
 Astir them as fast as evir she might:  
 And I drow homeward for it was nigh night.

And put all that I had sene in writing  
 Undir support of them that lust it rede. 590  
 O little boke! thou art so unconning,  
 How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede?  
 It is wondir that thou wexist not rede!  
 Sith that thou wost full lite, who shall behold  
 Thy rude langage full boytously unfold.

F I N I S.



## The PROLOGUE of the Testament of Love.

**M**Any men there ben, that with eres openly  
 sprad so moche swalowen the deliciou-  
 nette of jesses and of ryme, by queint knit-  
 tinge coloures, that of the godenesse or of  
 the badnesse of the sentence take they litel hede or  
 els none.

Sothelye dulle witte and a thoughtfull soule so fore  
 have mined and graffed in my spirites, that soche  
 craft of enditinge woll nat ben of mine acquaintaunce.  
 And for rude wordes and boistous percen the herte  
 of the herer to the inrest point, and planten there  
 the sentence of thinges, so that with litel helpe it is  
 able to spring, this boke, that nothyng hath of the  
 grete flode of wytte, ne of femelyche colours, is dol-  
 ven with rude wordes and boistous, and so drawe  
 togider to maken the catchers therof ben the more  
 redy to hent sentence.

Some men there ben, that painten with colours  
 riche and some with wers, as with red inke, and  
 some with coles and chalke: And yet is there gode  
 matter to the leude peple of thylke chalkye purtre-  
 ture, as 'hem thinketh for the time, and afterward  
 the syght of the better colours yeven to 'hem more  
 joye for the first leudenesse. So sothly this leude  
 clowdy occupacyon is not to prayse, but by the  
 leude, for comenly leude leudenesse commendeth.  
 Like it shal yeve syght that other precyous thynges  
 shall be the more in reverence. In latin and frenche  
 hath many souveraine wittes had grete delyte to en-  
 dite, and have many noble thinges fulfild, but cer-  
 tes there ben some that speken ther poissye mater in  
 Frenche, of whiche speche the Frenche men have  
 as gode a fantasie as we have in heryng of Frenche  
 mens Englishe. And many termes there ben in En-  
 glyshe, whiche unneeth we Englishe men connen de-  
 clare the knowleginge: Howe should than a Frenche  
 man boine? soche termes connejumpere in his mat-  
 ter, but as the Jay chatereth Englishe. Right so true-  
 ly the understandyn of Englistmen woll not stretche  
 to the privie termes in Frenche, what so ever we  
 bosten of straunge langage. Let than clerkes endi-  
 ten in latin, for they have the propertie of science,  
 and the knowinge in that facultie: and lette Frenche  
 men in ther Frenche also enditen ther queinte termes,  
 for it is kyndely to ther mouthes, and let us shewe  
 our fantasies in soche wordes as we lerneden of our  
 dame's tonge. And although this boke be lytel  
 thank worthy for the leudnesse in travaile, yet soch  
 writing exiten men to thilke thinges that ben neces-  
 sarye: for every man therby may as by a perpetual  
 myrrour sene the vices or vertues of other, in whyche  
 thyng lightly may be conceived to eschue perils, and  
 necessities to catch, after as adventures have fallen to  
 to other peple or persons.

Certes the souverainst thinge of desire and most  
 cature resonable, have or els shuld have full appetite  
 to ther perfeccyon: unresonable bestes mowen not,  
 fith reson hath in 'hem no workinge: Than resona-  
 ble that wol not, is comparisoned to unresonable,  
 and made lyke 'hem. Forsothe the most souveraine  
 and finall perfeccion of man is in knowynge of a  
 sothe, withouten any entent decevable, and in love  
 of one very God, that is inchaungeable, that is to  
 knowe, and love his creator.

Nowe principally the mene to bryng in know-  
 leging and lovyng his creatour, is the consideracyon  
 of thynges made by the creatour, wher through by  
 thylke thinges that ben made, understandynge here  
 to our wyttis, arne the unsene pryvities of God  
 made to us syghtfull and knowinge, in our contem-  
 placion and understandinge. These thinges, than  
 forsoth moche bringen us to the ful knowleginge  
 sothe, and to the parfytte love of the maker of heav-  
 enly thynges. Lo! David saith: thou haste delited  
 me in makinge, as who saith, to have delite in the  
 tune how God hat lent me in consideracion of thy  
 makinge. Wherof Aristotle in the boke *de Animalibus*,  
 saith to naturell Philosophers: it is a grete likynge  
 in love of knowinge ther cature: and also in know-  
 inge of causes in kindelye thynges, confidrid forsothe  
 the formes of kindelye thinges and the shap, a gret  
 kyndely love we shulde have to the werkman that  
 'hem made. The crafte of a werkman is shewed in  
 the werk. Herefore trulie the philosophers with a  
 lyvely studie manie noble thinges, righte precious,  
 and worthy to memorye, writen, and by a gret swet  
 and travaille to us lessen of causes the properties in  
 natures of thinges, to whiche therfore Philosophers  
 it was more joy, more lykinge, more herty lust in  
 kindely vertues and matters of reson the perfeccion  
 by busy study to knowe, than to have had all the tre-  
 sour, al the richesse, al the vaine glory, that the pas-  
 sed Emperours, Princes, or Kings hadden. Ther-  
 fore the names of 'hem in the boke of perpetuall  
 memorie in vertue and pece arne writen; and in the  
 contrarie, that is to saine, in Styxe the soule pitte of  
 helle arne thilke pressed that soch godenes hated.  
 And bicause this boke shall be of love, and the prime  
 causes of stering in that doinge with passions and de-  
 seses for wantinge of desire, I wil that this boke be  
 cleped the Testament of Love.

But nowe then rede, who is thilke that will not  
 in scorne laughe, to here a dwarfe or els halie a  
 man, say he wil rende out the swerde of Hercules  
 handes, and also he shulde set Hercules Gades a mile  
 yet fether, and over that he had power of strength  
 to pull up the spere, that Alisander the noble might  
 never wagge, and that passinge al thinge to ben may-

-h



ster of Fraunce by might, there as the noble gracious Edward the thirde for al his grete prowesse in victories ne might al yet conquere?

Certes I wote well, ther shall be made more scorne and jape of me, that I so unworthely clothed altogether in the cloudie cloude of unconning, wil putten me in prees to speke of love, or els of the causes in that matter, sithen al the grettest clerkes han had ynough to don, and as who saith gathered up clene toforne hem, and with ther sharp sithes of conning al mowen and made therof grete rekes and noble, ful of al plenties to fede me and many another. Envy forsothe commendeth noughte his reson, that he hath in hain, be it never so trusty. And although these noble repers, as gode workmen and worthy ther hier, han al draw and bounde up in the sheves, and made many shokes, yet have I ensample to gather the smale crommes, and fullin my walet of tho that fallen from the bourde among the smalle houndes, notwithstanding the travaile of the almoigner, that hath draw up in the cloth al the remissailes, as trenchours, and the relese to bere to the almesse. Yet

also have I leve of the noble husbnde Boece, although I be a straunger of conninge to come after his doctrine, and these grete workmen, and glene my handfuls of the shedyng after ther handes, and yf me faile ought of my ful, to encrese my porcion with that I shal drawe by privyties out of shokes; a fye servaunte in his owne helpe is often moche commended; knowyng of trouthe in causes of thynges, was more hardier in the firste sechers, and so sayth Aristotle, and lighter in us that han folowed after. For ther passing study han freshed our wittes, and oure understandyng han excited in consideration of trouthe by sharpenes of ther reasons. Utterly these thynges be no dremes ne japes, to throwe to hogges, it is lyfelych mete for children of trouthe, and as they me betiden whan I pilgramed out of my kith in wintere, whan the wether out of mesure was boillous, and the wyld wynd Boreas, as his kind asketh, with dryng coldes maked the waves of the ocean se to arise unkindely over the commune banks that it was in point to spill all the erthe.

Thus endeth the PROLOGUE.



## Hereafter foloweth the first Boke of the Testament of Love

This Book is an Imitation of BOECIUS *de Consolatione Philosophie*.

I. In the first Part whereof, Love by way of Legacy bequeaths to all them that follow her Instructions, the knowledge of Truth from Error, whereby they may rightly judge of the Causes of crosse Fortune, and such Adversities as befall them, whether in their suits of Love, or otherwise, and so in the end obtain their wish'd Desires.

II. In the second Part she teacheth the Knowledge of one very God our Creator, as also the State of Grace, and the State of Glory; all which good things are figur'd by a Margarite Pearl.

CHAUCER compil'd this Book as a Comfort to himself after great Griefs conceiv'd for some rash Attempts of the Commons, with whom he had join'd, and thereby was in fear to lose the Favour of his best Friends, and also therein to set an end to all his writing, being commanded by *Venus* (as appears by *Gower* in the end of his eighth Book, entituled *Confessio Amantis*) so to do, as one that was *Venus* Clerk; even as *Gower* had made his *Confessio Amantis*, his last Work, and shrift of his former Offences.

**A** Las! Fortune alas! I that some tyme in delicious houres was wont to enjoy blifful stoundes, am now dryve by unhappy heviness to bewaile my fondre yvels in tene. Trewlie I leve, in myn herte is writte of perdurable letters al the entencyons of lamentacion that now ben ynempned; for any maner disese outward in sobbyng maner sheweth sorowful yexyng from within. Thus from my comfort I ginne to spille, sith she, that shulde me solace, is ferre fro my presence. Certes her absence is to me an hell, my ster-vyng deth thus in wo it myneth, that endelese care is throughout myne herte clenched, blyse of my joye, that ofte me murthed, is turned into galle, to thynke on thing that may not at my wil in armes me hent.

Mirth is chaunged into tene, whan swink is there continually, that rest was wont to sojourne and have dwellyng place. Thus witleste, thoughtull, sightlesse lokinge, I endure my penaunce in this derke prisonne, caist fro frendshippe and acquaintance, and forsaken of al that any worde dare speke. Straunge hath by way of intrusion made his home there me shoulde be, yf reson were herce as he shuld. Never the later yet hertly lady precious Margarite, have minde on thy servaunte, and thynke on his disese, howe lightles he lyveth, sith he the bemes brendende in love of thin eien am so bewet, that woldes and cloude atwene us twey wol not futire my thowghtes of hem to be enlumyned. Think that ore vertue of a Margarite precious is amonget manye o-



ther the sorowful to comforte, yet wil of that me sorowfull to comforte, is my luste to have nought els at this tyme, dede ne deth, ne no maner traveyle hath no power myne hert so moche to fade, as shulde to here of a twincklinge in your disese. Ah! God forbode that, but yet let me dey, let me sterue withouten any mesure of penaunce, rather than myne hertely thinking comforte in ought were disefed. What may my service aveile in absence of her, that my service shulde accepte? is this nat endeleffe sorowe to thinke? Yes, yes, God wote, myne hert breketh nie asonder; how should the ground without kindly noriture, bringen forth any frutes? How should a ship withouten a sterne in the grete Se be governed? how shold I withouten my blisse, my herte, my desire, my joye, my godenesse, endure in this contrarious prision, that thinke every houre in the daie an hundred Winter? Wel maie now Eve saine to me Adam, in sorowe fallen from welthe driven art thou out of Paradise, with swete thy sustenaunce to beswinke. Depe in this pinyng pitte with wo I ligge illocked, with chaines linked of care, and of tene. It is so hie from thens I lie, and the common yerth, there ne is cable in no land maked, that might stretche to me, to drawe me into blisse, ne steys to steye on is none, so that without recover endeleffe here to endure I wote well I purveide. O! where art thou nowe frendship, that sometyme with laughande chere madeft bothe face and countenaunce to me wardes? Truelye nowe arte thou wente out of rounne, but ever me thinketh, he wereth his olde clothes, and that the soule, in the whiche the life of frendship was in, is drawn out from his other spirites. Now then farewell, frendship, and farewell felawes, me thinketh ye all han taken your leve: no force of you all at ones.

But ladie of love, ye wote what I mene, yet think on thy servaunt, that for thy love spilleth, all thynges have I forsake, to solowen thine hestes: reward me with a thought, though ye doe naught els. Remembraunce of love lith so fore under my breste, that other thought cometh not in my mynde, but gladnesse to thanke on your godenesse, and your merie chere, frendnes, and sorowe to think on your wretche and your daunger, from whiche Christ me save. My grete joye it is to have in meditacions the bounties, the vertues, the nobley in you printed: sorowe and hel comen at ones, to suppose that I be veined. Thus with care, sorowe, and tene am I shapt min ende with deth to make. Now gode godely thinke on this.

O wretched fole that I am fallen into so lowe, the hete of my brenning tene hath me all defased: how should ye, Lady, set prise on so soule filth? My conning is thinne, my witte is exiled, like to a fole naturell am I comparifoned. Truelye ladie, but your mercie the more were, I wote well all my labor were in idell: your mercie than passeth right. God graunt that propoficion to be verified in me, so that by trust of gode hope, I mowe come to the haven of ese! and sith it is impossible, the colours of youre qualities to chaunge, and forsoth I wote well, wemme ne spot maie not abide, there so noble vertue haboundeth, so that the defasyng to you is verily imaginable, as countenance of godenes with encrefing vertue, is so in you knit to abid by necessarie maner, yet if the rivers might fal, which is ayenst kinde, I woll well myn hert, ne should therefore naught flir, by the lestte point of Geometrie, so sadlie is it foned, that awaie from your service in love, maie he not departe. O love, when shall I ben plesed? O Charitie, when shal I ben efed? O gode godelie, when shall the Dice tourne? O full of vertue, do the chaunce of comforte upwarde to fall. O love, when wolt thou thinke on thy ser-

vaunt? I can no more, but here out cast of all welfare abide the daie of my deth, or els to se the sight that might all my wellynge sorowes voide, and of the flode make an ebbe. These diseses mowen well by duresse of sorowe make my life to unbodie, and so for to die: but certes, ye ladie in a full perfeccion of love ben so knitte with my soule, that deth maie not thilke knotte unbinde ne departe, so that ye and my soule together as endlesse in blisse should dwel, and there shall my soule at the full ben efed, that he maie have your presence, to shewe the entent of his desires: Ah! dere God, that shall be a grete joye. Now yerthlie Goddesse, take regarde of thy servaunt, though I be feble, for thou art wont to praise them better, that would conserve in love, all be he full mener then kinges or princes, that woll not have that vertue in minde. Now precious Margarith, that with thy noble vertue hast drawn me into love firste, me wenying thereof to have blisse, as Galle and Aloes are so moche sprong, that favour of swetenesse maie I not atast; alas! that your benigne eyen, in which that mercie semeth to have all his noriture, n'll by no waie tourne the clerenesse of mercie to mewardes. Alas! that your brennande vertues, shynnyng emonges all folke, and enluminyng all other peple, by habundaunce of encrefing, sheweth to me but smoke, and no light. These thynges to thinke in myne herte, maketh every daie wepyng in myne eyen to renne. These ligen on my backe so fore, that importable burden me semeth on my backe to be charged, it maketh me backwarde to me, when my steppes by comon course even forthe pretende: These thynges also on right side and lefte have me so envolved with care, that wanhope of helpe is throughout me ronne truelie, and leve that gracelesse is my fortune, whiche that ever shieweth it mewardes by a cloudie disese, all redy to make stormes of tene, and the blisfull side halte still awaiward, and woll it not suffer to mewardes to turne: no force yet woll I not ben conquered.

O, alas! that your nobley so moche emong all other cretures commended by folowying streame, by al maner vertues, but there ben wonderfull, I n'ot whiche that let the flode to come into my soul, wherfore purely mated with sorowe through sought, my self I erie on your godenes, to have pite on this caitife, that in the inrest degre of sorowe and disese is left, and without your godelic will, from any help and recovery. These sorowes maie I not sustene, but if my sorowe should be tolde, and to you wardes shewed, although moche space is betwene us twaine, yet me thynketh that by soche joleinyng wordes my disese ginneth eb. Truelie me thinketh that the sounne of my lamentacious wepyng is right now flowe into youre presence, and there crieth after mercie and grace, to whiche thyng me semeth The liste none answere to yeve, but with a deinous chere ye commaunded it to avoide, but God forbidde that any worde should of you spryng, to have so little ruth. Parde pite and mercie in every Margarith is closed by kinde, emonges many other vertues, by qualities of comforte, but comfort is to me right naught worthe, withouten mercie and pitie of you alone, whiche thynges hastily God me graunt for his mercie.

**R**etherfing these thynges and many other, without time or moment of rest, me semed for anguyshe of disese that all together I was ravished, I can not tell how, but wholly al my passions and felynges weren losse, as it semed for the time, and sodainly a maner of drede light in me al at ones, nought soche fere as folke have of an enemy, that were mightie, and would 'hem greve, or doen 'hem disese: for I

troue



troue this is well knowe to many persones that other-while if a man be in his Soveraine's presence, a maner of ferdnesse crepeth in his hert, not for harme, but of godelic subjeccion: namelic as men reden that Aungelles ben aferde of our saviour in heven. And parde there he is, ne maie no passion of disese be, but it is to mene, that Aungelles ben adradde, not by frendnes of drede, sithen thei ben perfittly blissed, as affection of wonderfulness, and by service of obedience; soche ferde also han these lovers in presence of ther loves, and subiectes asorne their soveraines: right so with ferdnesse mine hert was caught, and I sodainlie astonied; there entered into the place, there I was lodged, a ladie, the semeliche and moſte godelic to my sight, that ever to forme appeared to any creature, and trulie in the blustering of her loke she yave gladnesse and comforte sodainly to all my wittes, and right so she doeth to every wight, that cometh in her presence. And for she was so godelic (as me thought) mine herte began somdele to be enbolded, and went a little hardie to speke, but yet with a quakyng voice as I durst, I salued her, and enquired what she was, and why she so worthie to sight dained to enter into so foule a dongeon, and namely a prisson, without leve of my keepers. For certes, although the vertue of dedes of mercie stretchen to visiten the pore prisoners, and hem after that faculties ben had to comforte, me semed that I was so ferre fallen into miserie and wretched hid caritiffnesse, that me should no precious thing neigh: and also that for my sorowe every wight should ben hevie, and wishe my recovery. But when this lady had somdele apperceved, as well by my wordes, as by my chere, what thought busied me within, with a gode womanlie countenance she said these wordes: O my norie, wenest thou that my manner be, to foryet my frendes, or my servauntes? Naie (q<sup>d</sup> she), it is my full intent to visite and comfort all my frendshippes and alies, as well in tyme of perturbation, as of moſte propertie of blisse, in me shall unkindnesse never be founden. And also sithen I have so fewe especial true, now in these daies, wherfore I maie well at more leisir come to hem that me deser-ven, and if my comyng maie in any thyng availe, were well I woll come often.

Now godeladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) that art so faire on to loke, rinyng home by thy wordes, blisse of paradise and thy lokynges, joye and comfort are thy movinges, What is thy name? How is it that in you is so mo- kelle working vertues enpight, as me semeth, and in non other creature, that ever sawe I with mine eyen? My disciple (q<sup>d</sup> she) me wondreth of thy wordes and on The, that for a little disese hast foryetten my name. Wost thou not well that I am Love, that firste The brought to thy service? O gode Ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) is this worship to The, or to thyne excellence, for to come into so foule a place? Parde sometime tho I was in prosperitie, and with forain godes envolved I had mokil to doon to draw The to mine hostell, and yet many werninges thou madest, ere thou listest fullie to graunt thine home to make at my dwelling place: and now thou comest godelic by thine own wile, to comfort me with words, and so therethrough I ginne remember on passed gladnes. Trulie ladie I ne wot whether I shall saie welcome or none, sithen thy comyng woll as moche doe me tene and sorowe, as gladnesse and mirthe: se why. For that me comforteth to thinke on passed gladnesse, that me annoyeth est to be in doing. Thus thy comyng both glad- deth and teneth, and that is cause of moche sorowe: lo! Ladie, how then I am comforted by your coming, and with that I gan in teres to distill, and tenderlie wepe. Now certes (q<sup>d</sup> Love) I se well (and that me overthinketh) that wit in The faileth, and art in point to dote. Trulie (q<sup>d</sup> I) that have ye maked,

and that ever wol I rue. Wottest thou not well (q<sup>d</sup> she) that every Shepherde ought by reson to seke his sperkel and shepe that arne ron into wildernesse, among bushes and perils, and hem to ther pasture ayen bryng, and take of hem privie bulie cure on keping? And tho the unconning Shepe scattred would ben lost renning to wildernesse, and to desertes drawe, or els woulde put hem self to the swallowyng Wolfe, yet shall the Shepherde, by businesse and travaile, so put him forthe, that he shall not let him be lost by no waie. A gode shepherd putteth rather his life to ben lost for his shepe.

But for thou shalt not wene me being of werse con- dicion, trulie for everiche of my folke, and for all tho that to mewarde be knit in any condicion, I woll rather die than suffre hem through error to ben spilt. For me listeth, and it me liketh, of all myne a Shepherdesse to be cleped. Wost thou not well, I fail- ed never wight, but he me refused, and would neg- ligentlie go with unkindnesse? And yet parde, have I many soche holpe and releved, and thei have ofte me begiled, but ever at th' ende it disceded in ther own neckes. Haste thou not radde, howe kinde I was to Paris, Priamus sonne of Troie? How Jason me salued for all his fals behest? How Caesar sonke, I leste it for no tene, till he was troned in my blis for his ser- vice. What (q<sup>d</sup> she) moſte of all, maked I not a lovedaie bitwene God and mankind, and chese a maide to be nonpere, to put the quarell at ende? Lo, how I have travailed to have thanke on all sides! and yet list me not to reste, and I might finde on whom I should werche. But trulie mine own disciple, bi- cause I have The founde at all allais in thy will to be redie mine hestles to have followed, and hatle ben true to that Margarite Perle that ones I The shewed, and she alwaie ayenward hath made but dangerous chere, I am come in proper persone to put The out of errours, and make The glad by waies of reson, so that sorow ne disese shal no more hereafter The amai- stric. Wherthrough I hope, thou shalt lightlie com- to the grace, that thou longe haste desired, of this Jewell. Haste thou not herd many ensamples, how I have comforted and releved the scholars of my lo- Who hath worthied kinges in the felde? Who hath honoured ladies in boure, by a perpetuall me- of their truth in my service? Who hath caused the folke to voide vice and shame? Who hath ridde cities and realmes in prosperitie? If The list clepeyen thyne old remembraunce, thou condest every pointe of this declare in especiall, and saie that I thy mai- stres have be cause, causyng these thynges, and many mo other.

Now iwis Madame (q<sup>d</sup> I) all these thynges I knowe well my self, and that thyne excellence passeth the understanding of us bestes, and that no manne's witte yerthlie maie comprhende thy vertues. Well then (q<sup>d</sup> she) for I se The in disese and sorowe, I wote well thou art one of myne nories, I maie not suffer The so to make sorowe, thine owne self to slender: but I my self come to be thy fere, thine holy charge to make to seme the lisse, for wo is him that is alone: And to the sory to ben oned by a sorowfull wight it is grete gladnes. Right so with my sicke fiendes I am sicke, and with sorie I cannot els but sorowe make, till when I have hem releved, in soche wise that glad- nesse in a maner of counterpaifing shall restore as mokell in joye, as the passed hevynesse biforne did in tene. And also (q<sup>d</sup> she) when any of my servauntes ben alone in solitarie place, I have yet ever busied me to be with hem, in comfort of ther hertes, and taught hem to make songes of plainte and of blis, and to enditen letters of Rhetorike, in quent under- standinges, and to bethinke hem in what wise thei might beste ther Ladies in gode service please, and al-



so to lerne maner in countenance, in wordes, and in beryng, and to ben meke and lowlie to every wight, his name and fame to encrese, and to yeve grete yestes and large, that his renome maie spryngen; but The thereof have I excused, for thy losse and thy grete costages, wherethrough thou arte nedie, arne nothing to me unknowen, but I hope to God sometime it shal ben amended, as thus, as I saied. In norture have I taught al mine, and in curtesie made hem expert, ther Ladies hertes to winne, and if any would be deinous, or proude, or be envious, or of wretches acquaintance, hasteliche have soche voided out of my schole: for all vices trulie I hate: vertues and worthinesse in all my power I avaunce.

Ah worthie creature! (q<sup>d</sup> I) and by iuste cause, the name of Goddes dignely ye mow bere: in The lithe the grace, through whiche any cature in this worlde hath any godenesse, truly all maner of blisse, and preciousnesse in vertue out of The springen, and wellen, as brokes and rivers proceden from ther springes, and like as all waters by kinde drawen to the Se, so all kindly thinges threten by ful appetite of desire to drawe after thy steppes, and to thy presence aproche, as to ther kindlie perfeccion; how dare then bestes in this world aught forsere ayenst thy Divine purveighaunce? Also lady ye knowen all the privie thoughtes, in hertes no counsaile maie ben hidde from your knowyng. Wherefore I wote well, Ladie, that ye knowe your self, that I in my conscience am, and have ben willyng to your service, all conde I never doe as I should, yet forsothe fained I never to love otherwise then was in myne herte: and if I could have made chere to one, and ithought an other, as many other doen aldaie afore myne eyen, I trowe it would not me have vailed. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) haddest thou so doen, I would not now have The here visited. Ye wete well Ladie eke (q<sup>d</sup> I) that I have not plaid racket, Nettle in, Docks out, and with the Wethercocke waved, and truely there ye me sette by accorde of my conscience, I would not flie till ye and reaton by aperte strenght maden myne herte to tourne.

In gode faithe (q<sup>d</sup> she) I have knowe The ever of tho condicions, and sithen thou wouldest (in as moche as in The was) amade me privie of thy counsaill, and judge of thy conscience, tho I forsoke it in tho daies, till I sawe better my tyme, would never God that I should now faile, but ever I woll be redie, witnessyng thy sothe, in what place that ever I shall ayenst al tho that woll the contrary sustene, and for as moche as to me is naught unknowen, ne hid of thy privie herte, but all halte thou tho thynges made to me open at the full, that hath caused my comyng in to this prison, to voide the webbes of thine eyen, to make The clerely to se the errours thou haste ben in; and bicause that men ben of divers condicions, some adradde to saie a sothe, and some for a sothe anone redie to fight, and also that I maie not my self ben in place, to withsaie thilke men that of The speken otherwise then the sothe, I woll and charge The in vertue of obedience, that thou to me owest, to witten my wordes, and set hem in writynges, that thei mowe as my witnessyng ben noted among the peple. For bokes witten neither dreden ne shaming, ne strive conne, but onely shewen the entente of the writer, and yeve remembraunce to the herer: and if any woll in thy presencc saie any thinge to tho writers, loke boldlie, trust on Mars to answere at the ful. For certes, I shal him enforme of all the trouthe in thy love, with thy conscience, so that of his helpe thou shalt not varie at thy nede. I trowe the strongest and the best that maie be founde, woll not transverse thy wordes, whereof then wouldest thou drede?

**G**Retelie was, I tho gladdened of these wordes, and as who faith, wexen somedele light in hert, bothe for th' auctoritie of witnessse, and also of sikernes: of helpe of the foresaied behests, and said. Truely, ladie, now am I well gladdened, through comforte of your wordes: be it now likyng unto your nobly to shewe, whiche folke defame your servauntes, sith your service oughte above all other thynges to ben commended. Yet (q<sup>d</sup> she) I se well thy soule is not al out of the amased cloude: The were better to here thing, that The might light out of thyne hevie charge, and after knowyng of thyne owne helpe, then to stirre swete wordes, and soche resons to here: for in a thoughtfull soule (and namely soch one as thou art) woll not yet soche thinges sinken. Come of therefore, and let me seen thy hevie charge, that I maie the lightlier for thy comfort purveigh.

Now certes ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) the moste comfort I might have, were utterlie to wete me be sure in hertes of that Margarite I serve, and so I thinke to doen with all mightes, while my life dureth. Then (q<sup>d</sup> she) maicste thou thereafter, in soche wise that mispleaunce ne entre? In gode faithe (q<sup>d</sup> I) there shall no mispleaunce be caused, through trespase on my side. And I doe The to weten (q<sup>d</sup> she) I sette never yet persone to serve in no place (but if he caused the contrary, in defaultes and trespases) that he ne sped of his service. Myne owne yerthly ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I tho) and yet remember to your worthinesse how long sithen, by many revolving of yeres, in tyme when October his leve ginneth take, and November sheweth hym to sight, when Bernes ben full of godes, as is the Nutte on every halke, and then gode londe-tillers ginneth shape for the yerth with grete travaille to bryng forthe more Corne, to manne's sustenaunce, ayenst the next yeres folowing; In soche tyme of plentie, he that hath an home, and is wise, liste not to wander mervailles to seche, but he be constrained or excited: oft the lothe thing is doen, by excitation of other manne's opinion, whiche woulde faine have myne abidyng, take in herte of luste to travaille, and se the windyng of the yerth, in that tyme of Winter, by wodes that large stretes werne in, by small pathes, that swine and hogges hadden made, as lanes with ladels ther maste to seche, I walked thinkyng alone, a wonder grete while, and the grete bestes that the wode haunten, and adorneth al maner forestes, and herdes gone to wilde: then ere I was ware, I neighed to a Se banke, and for ferde of the bestes, shipcraft I cride: for ladie I trowe ye wete well your self, nothyng is werse then the bestes that shoulde ben tame, if thei catche ther wildenesse, and ginne again waxe ramage: thus forsothe was I aferde, and to Shippe me hied. Then were there inow to lache myne handes, and drawe me to Shippe, of whiche many I knewe well the names. Sight was the firste, Luste was an other, Thought was the thirde, and Will eke was there a Master: these broughten me within borde, of this Shippe of travaile. So when the saile was sprad, and this Shippe gan to move, the Winde and Water gan for to rise, and overtwhartlie to tourne the Welken, the waves semeden as thei kisse together, but often under colour of killyng is mokell olde hate privelie closed and kepte. The storme so straungelic, and in a devouryng manner ganne so faste us assaile, that I supposed the date of my deth should have made there his ginning, now up, now down, now under the wave, and now above was my shippe a grete while. And so by mokell duresse of wethers, and of stormes, and with grete avowyng pilgrimages, I was driven to an Ile, where utterlie I wend first to have be rescowed, but truelie at the firste beginnyng, it semed me so perilous the haven to catch, that but through grace I had ben comforted, of life I was full dispaired. Truelie Ladie,



Ladie, if ye remember a right of all maner thynges, your self came hastelie to seen us Se-driven, and to werten what we weren: but firste ye were deinous of chere, after whiche ye gon better alight, and ever as me thought, ye lived in grete drede of disese, it seemed so by your chere. And when I was certified of your name, the lenger I loked in you, the more I you godelie dradde, and ever myne herte on you opened the more, and so in a little tyme, my Shippe was out of mynde. But ladie, as ye me lad I was ware bothe of bestes and of fishes a grete nomber throngyng together: among whiche a Muskell in a blew shell had enclosed a Margarite Perle, the moste precious, and best that ever tofore came in my sighte, and ye tolden your self, that ilke jewell in his kinde was so gode and so vertuous, that her better should I never finde, all sought I thereafter to the worlde's ende, and with that I helde my pece a grete while: and ever sithen I have me bethought on the man, that sought the precious Margarites, and when he had founden one to his likyng, he solde all his gode to buy that jewell: I wis thought I, and yet so I think, now have I founden the jewell that mine herte desireth, whereto should I seche further! trulie nowe woll I stinte, and on this Margarite I sette me for ever. Now then also, sithen I wiste well it was your will, that I should to soche a service me take, and so to desire that thyng, of whiche I never have blisse, there liveth none but he hath disese: your might then that brought me to soch service, that to me is cause of sorrow and of joy, I wonder of your worde that ye faine to bringen men into joye, and parde ye wot well that defaute ne trespase maie not resonable ben put to me wardes, as ferre as my conscience knoweth: but of my disese me liste now a while to speke, and to enforme you in what maner of blisse ye have me throng. For truly I wene that all gladnesse, all joye, and all mirth is bestet under lock, and the keie throwe in soche place, that it maie not be found: my brenning who hath altered all my hewe. When I should slepe, I walowe and I thinke, and me disporte. Thus combred, I seme that all folke had me mased. Also ladie mine, desire hath long dured, some spekyng to have, or els at the leste have ben enmoised with sight: and for wantyng of these thynges, my mouthe would, and he durste, pleine right fore sithen evils for my godenesse, arne manifold to me holden. I wonder, Lady, truely, save evermore your reverence howe ye mowe for shame soche thynges suffer on your servaunte, to be so multiplied: wherefore kneling with a lowe herte I praie you to rue on this caitife, that of nothyng now maie serve. Gode ladie, if you liste, now your help to me shew, that am of your priviest servauntes, at all assaies in this tyme, and under your wings of proteccion. No helpe to mewardes is shapen, how shall then straungers in any wise after succour loke, when I that am so privie, yet of helpe I do faile? Further maie I not, but thus in this prisone abide: what bondes and chaines me holden, Ladie, ye se well your self? A reniant forjudged hath not halfe the care. But thus sighyng and sobbyng I waile here alone, and n'ere it for comforte of your presence, right here would I sterre. And yet a little am I gladded, that so godelie soche grace and none hadde I hente, graciously to finde the precious Margarite, that all other leste, men should buie, if thei should therefore sell al ther substance. Wo is me! that so many let-games, and purpose brekers ben maked waiters, soche prisoners as I am evermore to overlake and to hinder, and for soche lettours it is harde any soche jewell to winne. Is this, lady, an honour to thy deitie? Me thinketh by right, soche peple should have no maistrise, ne ben overlokers over none of thy servauntes. Truely were

it lesfull unto you, to all the Goddes would I plaine that ye rule your Divine purveighaunce amonges your servauntes nothing as ye should. Also Lady my mobile is insuffisaunte to countervaille the price of this jewell, or els to make th' eschaunge: eke no wight is worthie soche perles to were, but Kynges or Princes, or els their peers: This jewell for vertue would adorne and make faire all a relme, the nobley of vertue is so moche that her godenesse over all is commended. Who is it that would not waile, but he might soche riches have at his wille? the vertue thereof out of this prisone maie me deliver, and nought els. And if I be not there thorowe holpen I se my self withouten recovery: although I might hence voide, yet would I not, I would abide the daie, that destenie hath me ordeined, which I suppose is withoute amendement, so fore is myne herte bounden, that I maie thinke none other. Thus straite (Ladie) hath sir Daunger laced me in flockes, I leve it be not your will: and for I se you taken so little hede, as me thinketh, and woll not maken by your might, the vertue in mercie of the Margarite on me for to stretch, so as ye mowe wel, in case that you list, my blisse and my mirth arne felde, sickenesse and sorowe ben alwaie redie, the cope of tene is wounde about all my bodie, that standyng is me beste, unneith maie I ligge for pure miserie sorowe, and yet al this is little inough to be the earnest silver, in forward of this bargaine, for treblefolde so mokell muste I suffer, ere tyme come of myne ese. For he is worthie no welth, that maie no wo suffer. And certes, I am hevie to thinke on these thinges, but who shall yeve me water inough to drinke, lest mine eyen drie for rennyng stremes of teres? Who shall waile with me myne own happie heviness? Who shall counsaile me now in my likyng tene, and in my godelie harte? I n'ot. For ever the more I brenne, the more I covete: the more that I sorowe, the more thrust I in gladnesse. Who shall then yeve me a contrarious drinke, to slaunch the thrust of my blisfull bitternes? Lo thus I brenne, and I drenche, I shiver and swete; to this reversed yvel was never yet ordeined salve, forsoth al liches ben unconninge, save the Margarite alone, any soche remedy to pivey.

And wyth these wordes I brasle out to wepe, that every tere of myne eyen for gretnesse seemed they boren out the bal of my syght, and that al the water hadde ben out ronne. Than thought me, that love gan a litel to hevye for myscomforte of my chere, and gan soberly and in esy maner speke, wel avising what she said. Comenly the wise speken esylie and softe for many skilles: One is, ther wordes are the better beleved, and also in esy spekyng avisement men may catche what to put forthe, and what to holden in. And also the auctoritie of esye wordes is the more, and eke they yeven the more understanding to other intencion of the mater. Ryght so this ladye esily and in a softe manere gan say these wordes.

Mervaille (quod she) gret it is, that by no maner of semblaunt, as ferre as I can espie, thou lyfle not to have any reconr, but ever thou plainest and sorowest, and wayes of remedie for solisthe wittulnesse. The liste not to seche: but enquire of thy nexte frendes, that is thine inwitte, and me that have ben thy maistrise, and the reconr and syne of thy disese, for of disese is gladnesse and joye, with a ful vessel so helded, that it quencheth the feling of the first tenes. But thou that were wonte not onely these thynges remembre in thine herte, but also soles therof to enfourmen, in adnulling of ther erroures, and destroyinge of ther derke opinions, and in comfort of ther sere thoughtes, nowe canste thou not ben comforte of thine owne soule, in thinkinge of these thinges. O where haste thou be so long commensal, that haste so mikel

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eten of the potages of forgetfulnesse, and dronken so of ignorance, that the olde souking, whiche thou haddest of me, arne amaikred and lorne fro al maner of knowinge? O this is a worthy persone to helpe other, that can not counsaile him selfe. And with these wordes for pure and strong shame I wox al red.

And she than seinge me so astonied by divers foundes sodainly (whiche thyng kynde hateth) gan deliciously me comforte with sugred wordes, putting me in ful hope that I shulde the Margarite getten, if I folowed her helles, and gan with a faire clothe to wipen the teres that hyngen on my chekes: and than said I in this wise. Now welles of wisdom and of all welthe, withouten The may nothyng ben lerned, thou bereft the keyes of all privy thynges. In vaine travaille men to catche anye stedship, but if ye, lady, firste the Locke unshet, ye, lady, lerne us the waies and the bypathes to heaven: ye, lady, maken all the heavenly bodies godely and benignely to done ther course, that governen us bestes here on erthe: Ye armen your servauntes ayenst al debates, with imperciable harnais, ye setten in ther hertes insuperable blode of hardinesse, ye leden hem to the parfite gode. Yet al thing desireth, ye werne no man of helpe, that wele done your lore, graunt me now a litell of your grace, all my sorowes to cese. Myne own servaunt (q<sup>d</sup> she) trewly thou sittest nie myne herte, and thy badde chere gan forely me greve: but amonge thy plaining wordes, me thought thou allegeth thynges to be letting of thine helping, and thy grace to hinder, wherthrough me thinketh that wanhope is crope through thine hert: God forbid that nile unthristie thought should come in thy mynde thy wittes to trouble, sithen every thyng in comynge is contingent, wherefore make no more thy propofition by an impossible. But nowe I pray The reherse me ayen tho thynges, that thy myltrust causen, and thilke thynges I thinke by reson to destroyen, and put full hope in thine herte. What understandest thou there (q<sup>d</sup> she) by that thou saidest, many letgames are thin overlokers? And also by that, thy moebie is insuffysaunt? I n'ot what thou therof meneest.

Trewly (q<sup>d</sup> I) by the first, I say that janglers evermore atne spekinge, rather of evyll than of gode, for every age of man rather enclineth to wickednesse, than any godenesse to avaunce. Also false wordes springen so wide, by the sterynge of false lyinge tonges, that fame als swyttly flieth to ther eres, and, and saithe many wicked tales, and as sone shal falsenesse ben leved as trouthe, for all his grete sothenesse. Now by that other (q<sup>d</sup> I) me thinketh thilke jewel so precious, that to no soch wretche as I am wolde vertue therof extende, and also I am to feble in worldely joyes, any soche jewell to contrevaille. For soche peple that worldely joyes han at ther will, ben sette at the highest degre, and moste in reverence ben accepted, for false weninge maketh felicity therein to be supposed: but soche caytives as I am evermore ben hindred. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) take gode hede, and I shal by reson to The shewen, that all these thynges mowe not let thy purpose, by the lest point that any wight coude pricke.

**R**Emembreth nat (q<sup>d</sup> she) ensample is one of the strongest maner, as for to preve a manne's purpose. Than yf I nowe by ensample endure The to any propoficion, is it nat proved by strength? Yes forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). Well (q<sup>d</sup> she) raddeste thou never howe Paris of Troye and Helen loved togiðer, and yet had they not entrecomuned of speche? Also Acrisius shere Danae his doughter in a tour, for suertie that no wight shulde of her have no maistrice in

my service, and yet Jupiter by sygnes without any spech had al his purpose ayenst her father's will. And many soche mo have ben knitte in trouthe, and yet spake they never togiðer, for that is a thinge enclosed under secretenes of privitie, why twey persons entremellen hertes after a sight. The power in knowing of soche thynges so preven shal nat alutterly be yeven to you bestes, for manye thynges in soche precious matters ben reserved to judgement of divine purveiaunce, for amonge lyving peple by manne's consideracion moun they not be determined. Wherefore I saye, all the envye, al the jangling, that welny peple upon my servauntes maken este, is rather cause of esploite, than of any hindring. Why than (q<sup>d</sup> I) suffre ye soche wronge, and moun when ye list lightly all soche yvels abate? me semeth to you it is a gret unwurship. O (q<sup>d</sup> she) holde nowe thy pece, I have founden to many that han ben to me unkind, that trewly I woll suffre every wyght in that wise to have disese, and who that continueth to the end wel and trewly, hem wol I helpen, and as for one of mine into blyss to wende; as marcial doing in Grece; Who was yecrowned? by God, nat the strongest, but he that rathest come and lengest abode and continued in the journey, and spared nat to travaille as longe as the play lest. But thilke person that profereth him nowe to my service, theryn is a while, and anon voideth and redy to another, and of nowe one he thinketh, and nowe another, and into water entreth, and anon respireth, soche one liste me nat into persfite blisse of my servyce bring. A tre oft set in divers places woll not by kinde endure to brynge forth frutes. Loke nowe I pray The, howe myne olde servauntes of tyme passed continued in ther service, and folow thou after ther steppes, and thanne might thou not faile, in case thou worche in this wise.

Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) it is nothyng lich, this world to time passed, eke this cowntre hath one maner, and another cowntre hath another. And so maie not a man alwaye put to hys eye the salve that he heled with his hele. For this is sothe, betwyxe two thynges liche ofte diversite is required. Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) that is sothe, diversite of natyon, dyversite of lawe, as was maked by many resons, for that diversyte cometh in by the contrarious malice of wicked peple, that han envious hertes ayenst other. But trewly my law to my servauntes ever hath ben in generall, whiche maie not faile; for right as manne's law, that is ordeined by manie determinacions, may not be knowe for gode or badde, tyl assay of the peple han proved it, and to what end it draweth, and than it sheweth the necessite therof, or els the impossibilite, right so the law of my servauntes so wel hath ben proved in general, that hitherto hath it not failed. Wiste thou not well that all the lawe of kinde is my lawe, and by God ordeined and stablisht to dure by kinde reson? wherefore al law by manne's witte purveid ought to be underputte to lawe of kinde, whiche yet hath be commune to every kinde-ly creature, that my statutes and my lawe that ben kyndely, arne generall to all peples. Olde doinges, and by many turninges of yeres used, and with the peple's maner proved, mowen not so lightly ben defased, but newe doinges contrariauntes soche old often causen diseses and breken many purposes.

Yet saie I nat therfore, that ayen new mischefe men should not ordaine a newe remedye, but alway loke it contrary not the olde no farther than the malice stretcheth. Than foloweth it, the olde doinges in love han ben universall, as for moste exploite, forthi used: Wherefore I wold not yet that of my lawes norhinge be adnulled.

But thanne to thy purpose, soche jangelers and lookers, and waiters of games, if thei thinke in ought they



they mowe dere, yet love wel alway, and sette 'hem at nought, and lette thy porte ben lowe in every wightes presence, and redie in thine herte to mainteine that thou hast begone, and a litell The faine with mekenesse in wordes, and thus with sleight shalte thou surmounte and dequace the yvell in ther hertes. And wisdomes yet is to seme flye other while there a manne woll fight. Thus with soche thynges, the tonges of yvell shal ben stilled: els fully to graunte thy full mening, forsothe ever was and ever it shall be, that mine enemies ben aferde to trust to any fighting: and therefore have thou no cowarde's herte in my service, no more than somtime thou haddest in the contrarye, for if thou drede soche janglers thy viage to make: understand wel, that he that drederth any rain to sowe his cornes, he shall have thin bernas, also he that is aferde of his clothes, let him daunce naked. *Wlo nothinge undertaketh, and namelie in my service, nothinge achereth. After grete stormes the wether is often mery and smoth. After moche clattering there is mokiill rowninge:* thus after jangling wordes cometh hushite, pece and be still. O gode lady (q<sup>d</sup> I than) se now how seven yere passed and more, have I grafted and groubed a vine, and with al the waies that I conde, I sought to afede me of the grape, but fruit have I non founde. Also I have this seven yere served Laban to awedded Rachel his doughter, but blere-eyed Leah is brought to my bedde, whiche alway engendreth my tene, and is full of children in tribulacion and in care: and although the clippinges and kyssynges of Rachell should seme to me swete, yet is she so baraine, that gladnesse ne joye by no way wol springe, so that I may wepe with Rachel, I may not ben counsailed with solace, sithen illue of men hertely desire is failed. Nowe than I pray that to me sone freedom and grace, in this eight yere, this eyghterth mow to me bothe be kynreste and masseday after these seven werke daies of travail, to folow the christen lawe: and what ever ye do ells, that thilke Margarite be holden so lady in your pryvy chambre, that she in this case, to none other perion be committed. Loke than (q<sup>d</sup> she) in this case to none other persone be committed, loke than (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou persever in my service, in whiche I have The grounded, that thilke skorne in thy enemies mowe thus on thy person be not forhed: lo! this man began to edifie, but for his foundement is bad, to the ende maye he it nat bring. For mekenesse in countenance, with a manly herte in dedes and in longe countinaunce, is the conifance of my livery, to al my retinue delivered. What wenest thou that me lyst avaanee soche persones as loven the firste sittinges at festes, the higheste stoles in churches, and in hal, loutinges of peples in markettes and faires, unstedfaste to byde in one place any while togiðer, wenyng his owne wit more excellent than other, scornig al maner devise but his owne: Nay, nay, God wor, these shul nothing parten of my blyss. Truly my maner heretoforn hath ben worship with my blisse, Lions in the felde, and lambes in chambre, Egles at altaute, and maidens in hal, Foxes in counsaile, stil in ther dedes, and ther protection is graunted redy to ben a bridge, and ther baner is arered like wolves in the felde. Thus by these wayes shul men ben avaanced: ensample of David that from keping of shepe was drawn up into the order of kingly governaunce, and Jupiter from a boie to ben Europe's fere, and Julius Caesar from the lowest degre in Rome, to be maister of al erthly princes, and Æneas from hell, to be kynge of the countre there Rome is now stonding. And so to The I say thy grace by bering thereafter maye set The in soch plight, that no jangling may greve the lest tucke of thy hemmes, that all ther jang-

gles is nought to counte at a cresse in thy disavauntage.

**E**Ver (q<sup>d</sup> she) hath the peple in this worlde desired to have had grete name in worthinesse, and hated soule to bere any fame, and that is one of the objections thou alegest to be ayen thin hertely desire. Ye forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I) and that so comenly the peple wol lye a d bringe aboute soche ensame. Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) if men with lesinges put on The ensame, wenest thy self thereby ben enpeired? that wenyng is wrong, se why, for as moch as they lien, thy merite encreseth, and thei make The ben more worthy to 'hem that knowen of The the sothe, by what thing thou art apeired, that in to mokil thou arte encrefed of thy beloved frendes: and sothely a wounde of thy frend is to The litle harme, ye sir, and better than a false kyssyng in disceivable glosinge of thin enemy, above that than to be wel with thy frende maketh soch ensame, *exgo*, thou art encrefed and nat apeired. Lady (q<sup>d</sup> I) somtyme yet if a man be in disese, th' estimation of the envious peple ne loketh nothing to desertes of men, ne to the merites of ther doynge, but onely to the aventure of fortune, and thereafter they yeven ther sentence. And some loke the voluntary wil in his herre, and thereafter tellet his judgement, not taking hede to refon ne to the qualyte of the doing, as thus. If a man be riche and fulfild with worldly wellfulesse, some commenden it, and faine it is so lente by julle cause, and he that hath adversite, they faine he is wicked, and hath deserved thilke anoie. The contrarye of these thinges some men holden also, and sain that to the rich prosperite is purvaied into his confusion, and upon this matter, many autorites of many and grete-witted clerkes they alegen. And some men sayne, though all gode estimation forsaken folke that han adversite, yet is it merite and encrese of hys blisse; so that these purposes arne so wonderful in understandinge, that trewly for mine adversite, nowe I not how the sentence of the indifferent peple wyll judgen my fame. Therefore (q<sup>d</sup> she) if anye wight shulde yeve a trew sentence on soche matters, the cause of the disese maist thou se well, understande therupon after what ende it drawethe, that is to sayne gode or bade, to ought it to have his name by godenesse, ensame by baddenesse: for every resonable persone, and namelye of a wise man, his witte ought not without reson to forme herde, sodainly in a matter to juge. After the sayes of the wise, thou shalt not juge ne deme toforme thou knowe. Lady (q<sup>d</sup> I) ye remembre wel that in molle laude and praisig of certain saintes in holy church, is to reheren ther conversation some badde into gode, and that is to rehered, as by a perpetuall myroure of remembrance in wurshiping of tho saintes, and gode ensample to other misdoers in amendement. How turned the Romaine zedeories fro the Romaines, to be with Haniball ayenst his kind nacion: And afterwarde him seming the Romaines to be at the next degre of confusion, turned to his olde alies, by wote witte after was Hanibal discombed. Wherefore to enfourme you lady, the manner, why I mene, se now in my youth I was drawe to be assentaunt, and in my mightes helping to certaine conjuracions, and other grete matters of rulyng of citizins, and thylke thinges ben my drawers in, and extours to the matters werne so painted and coloured, that at the prime face, me semed them noble and glorious to al the peple: I than wenyng mykell merite have deserved in furthering and maintenance of tho thinges, besyed and laboured with all my diligence, in wenyng of thilke matters to the ende. And trewly, lady, to tell you the sothe, me rongt a lot of my lye



of the mighty senatours in thilke cite, ne of communes malice, for two skilles: One was I had comforte to ben in soche plite, that both profite were to me and to my frendes. Another was, for comen profite in comunaltie is not but pece and tranquillite with just governaunce proceden from thilke profite, sithen by counsaile of mine inwitte, me thought the first painted thinges, malice and evyll meninge, withouten any gode availinge to anye peple, and of tyrannye purposed, and so for pure sorrowe and of my medlyng, and badde infame that I was in ronne, tho teres lashed out of myne eyen, were thus awaye washe, thanne the under hydde malice and the ranoure of purposinge envie forncasse and ymaged, in distruccion of mokil peple, shewed so openly, that had I ben blinde, with mine handes all the circumstance I might well have feled.

Nowe than tho persones that soch thinges have caste to redresse, for wrathe of my firste meddlyng, shopen me to dwel in this pynande prison, tyll Lachesis my threde no lenger woulde tweyne. And ever I was sought, if me lyfte to have grace of my lyfe, and frenesse of that prision, I shulde openly confesse howe pece might ben endused to enden al the firste rauncours. It was fullie supposyd my knowinge to be ful in tho matters. Than lady I thought that every man that by any waye of ryght, ryghtfully done, maye helpe any comune helpe to ben saved, whiche thing to kepe above all thinges I am holde to mayntaine, and namely in distroyng of a wrong, al shulde I therthrough enpeche myne owne fere, if he wer guilty, and to do misdede assentaunt, and maiester ne frende maye nought availe, to the soule of hym that in falsenesse deyeth, and also that I nere desired wrathe of the peple, ne indignacion of the worthy, for nothinge that ever I wrought or dyd, in anye doinges my selfe els, but in the maintenaunce of these foresaid errours, and in hydyng of the privities thereof.

And that al the peples hertes holding on the errours side weren blinde and of elde so ferforthe begiled, that debate and strife they maintained, and in distruccion on that other side, by whiche cause the pece, that moste in comunaltie should be desired, was in pointe to be broken and adnulled. Also the cytye of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in whiche I was forth growen, and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindly cature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendrure, and to wilne reste and pece in that stede to abyde: thilke pece should thus there have ben broken, and of al wise it is commended and desired. For knowe thyng that is, all men that desiren to comen to the parfite pece everlasting, muste the pece by God commended bothe maintaine and kepe. This pece by angels voice was confirmed, our God entrynge in this worlde. This as for his testament he lefte to al his frendes, when he retourned to the place from whence he came: This his Apostell admonesteth to holden, without whiche man partly may have none insight. Also this God by his comynge made not pece alone betwene heavenly and yerthely bodies, but also among us on yerth so he pece confirmed, that in one hied of love one body we should persourne. Also I remembre well howe the name of Athenes was rather after the God of pece, than of bataile, shewyng that pece moste is necessarie to comunalties and cytyes. I than so stered by al these wayes toforne nempned, declared certain pointes in this wise. First that thilke persons that hadden me drawn to ther purposes, and me not witting the privy entent of ther meninge drawn also the feblewitted peple, that have none

insight of gubernatife prudence, to clamure and to crie on matters that they stired, and under pointes for commune avauntage, they enbolded the passife to take in the active's doying, and also stired innocentes of comynge to crie after thinges, whiche (q<sup>d</sup> they) maye not stand but we ben executours of tho matters, and auctorite of execucion by comen eleccion to us be delyvered, and that muste enter by strength of your maintenaunce, for we out of soch degre put, oppression of these olde hindrers shal againe surmouren and putten you in soche subjection, that in endlesse wo ye shul complaine. The governementes (q<sup>d</sup> thei) of your cite left in the handes of torcencious citezins shal bring in pestilence and distruccion to you gode menne, and therefore let us have the comune administration to abate soche yvelles. Also (q<sup>d</sup> they) it is worthy the gode to commende, and the guilty desertes to chastice. There ben citezins many for ferde of execucion that shall be done, for extorcions by hem committed, ben evermore ayenst these purposes, and al other gode meninges. Never the latter lady, trewly the meninge under these wordes was fully to have apeched the mighty senatours, whiche hadden hevie herte for the misgovernance that they seen. And so lady, when it fell that fre eleccion, by grete clamour of moche peple, for grete disefe of misgovernance so fervently stoden in ther eleccion, that they hem submitted to every maner face, rather than have suffered the maner and the rule of the hated governours, notwithstanding that in the contrary helden moch comune meiny, that have no consideration, but onely to voluntary lustes withouten refon. But than thilke governour so forsaken, faininge toforne his undoinge for mistrule in his time, shope to have letted thilke eleccion, and have made a newe him selfe to have bene chosen, and under that mokyl rore have arered. These thinges, lady, knowne amonge the princes, and made open to the peple, draweth in amendement, that every degre shal bene ordained to stande there as he shulde, and that of errours coming hereafter, men may lightly toforne hande purvaye remedye, in thys wise, pece and rest to be furthered and hold. Of the which thinges lady, thilke persons broughten in answer toforne ther most soverain judge, not coarted by paininge dwres openlye knowlegeden, and asked therof grace, so that apertely it preveth my wordes ben soche without forginge of lesinges.

But nowe it greveth me to remembre these divers sentences, in jangling of these shepy peple: certes me thinketh they oughten to maken joy that a sothe maie be knowe. For my trouth and my conscience bene witness to me bothe, that this knowing sothe have I saide for no harme, ne malyce of tho persones, but onely for trouth of my sacrament in my leigeaunce, by whiche I was charged on my kinges behalfe. But se ye not nowe lady, how the felonous thoughtes of this peple, and covins of wicked men, conspiren ayen my sothfast trouth? Se ye not every wight that to these erroneous opinions were assentaunt, and helpes to the noise, and knewen all these thinges better than I my selfen, apparaylen to synden newe frendes, and clepen me false, and studyen howe they mowen in ther mouthes werse plyte nempne. O God what maye this be, that thylke folke which that in tyme of my mayntenaunce, and whan my might availed to streth the forsaid matters, tho me commended, and yave me name of trouth, in so manye folde maneres, that it was nighe in every wight's ere, there as any of thylke peple weren, and on the other syde, thylke companie somtyme passed, yevynge me name of badde loos, nowe bothe tho peples turned the gode into badde, and badde into gode! whiche thinge is wonder, that they knowing me say-  
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ing but soth arne nowe tempted to reply ther olde prayfinges, and knowen me well in all doinges to ben trewe, and saine openly that I false have said many thinges. And they aleged nothinge me to ben false or untrew, save thilke mater knowleged by the parties 'hemselfe: and God wot other matter is none. Ye also lady knowe these thinges for trewe, I avaunte not in praisinge of my self, therby shulde I lese the precious secre of my conscience. But ye se well that false opinion of the peple for my trouthe, in tellinge out of false conspired maters, and after the judgement of these clerkes I shulde not hide the soth of no manner person, maister ne other, wherefore I wolde not drede, were it put in the consideracion of trewe and of wyse. And for comers hereafter shullen fully out of denwere all the sothe knowe of these thinges in acte, but as they werne, I have put it in scripture, in perpetuel remembraunce of true mening. For truly lady me semeth, that I ought to bere the name of trouthe, that for the love of rightwisenesse have thus me submitten: But nowe than the false fame whiche that clerkes saine flieth as faste as dothe the fame of trouthe, shall so wide sprede, til it be brought to the jewel that I of mene, and so shall I ben hindred withouten any mesure of trouthe.

**T**Han gan Love sadlye me beholde, and saide in a chaunged voyce, lower than she hadde spoken in any tyme. Faine wolde I (q<sup>d</sup> she) that thou were holpen, but hast thou said any thinge, whiche thou might not proven? Parde (q<sup>d</sup> I) the persons every thinge as I have said han knowleged 'hem selfe. Yea (q<sup>d</sup> she) but what yf they hadden naied, how woldest thou have maintained it. Sothelye (q<sup>d</sup> I) it is well wiste bothe amongst the grettest, and other of the relme, that I profered my body so largely into provinge of tho thinges, that Mars shuld have judged th'ende: but for sothnesse of my wordes they durst not to thilke judge trust. Now certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) above all fames in this world, the name of marcyal doynges moste plesen to ladies of my lore, but fythen thou were redy, and thine adversaires in thy presence refused thilke doyng, thy fame ought to be so borne, as if in dede it had take to the ende. And therfore every wight that anye droppe of reson hath, and hereth of the infame, for these thinges hath this answer to saye, trewly thou saidest, for thyne adversaries thy wordes affirmed. And yf thou haddest lied, yet are they discomfited, the prife lened on thy side, so that fame shall holde downe infame, he shall bringe upon none half. What greveth The thine enemyes to saine ther owne shame? as thus: We are discomfited, and yet oure quarell is trewe. Shall not the loos of thy frendes ayenward dequace thilke infame, and say they graunted a sothe without a stroke or fighting? Many men in batail ben discomfited and overcome in a rightfull quarell, that is Godde's privy judgement in heven: but yet although the partie be yolden, he may with wordes say his quarell is trew, and to yelde him in the contrarie for dred of dethe he is compelled, and he that graunteth and no stroke hath feled, he may not crepe away in this wise, by none excusacion. Indifferent folke will say, ye who is trew? who is false? himself knowlegeth tho thinges. Thus in every side fame sheweth to The gode and no badde. But yet (q<sup>d</sup> I) some will saye, I ne shuld for no deth have discovered my maistresse, and so by unkindnes they wol knette infame to pursue me aboute: thus enemies of wil in manifold maner wol seche privie serpentines queintises, to quenche and distroye by venime of many businesses the light of truthe, to make hertes to murmoure ayenst my persone, to have me in haine, withouten any cause. Nowe (q<sup>d</sup> she) here me a fewe wordes, and thou

shalt fully ben answered, I trow. Me thinketh (q<sup>d</sup> she) right nowe by thy wordes, that Sacramente of sweryng, that is to saie, charging by othe, was one of the causes, to make The discover the malicious ymaginacions tofore nempned, every othe by knittynge of copulacion must have these lawes, that is true judgement and rightwisenesse, in whiche thyng, if any of these lacke, the othe is turned into the name of perjurie: then to make a true sermente must nedes these thynges followe, for ofte tymes for a man to saie sothe, but judgement and justice folowe, he is forsworne: ensample of Herodes for holdyng of his serment, was dampned.

Also to saie truthe rightfullliche, but in judgement, otherwhile is forboden, by that all sothes be not to saine. Therefore in judgement, in truthe and rightwisenesse, is every cature bounden up paine of perjurie full knowyng to make, tho it were of his owne persone, for drede of sinne, after that worde better is it to dey, then live false, and all would perverted people false reporte make in unkindnes, in that entent thy fame to reise, when light of truthe in these matters is forthe sprongen, and openly published among commons, then shall not soche dark enfame dare appere, for pure shame of his falsnes, as some men there ben that ther owne enfame can none otherwise voide, or els excuse, but by hindring of other mennes fame, whiche that by none other cause clepen other men fals, but for with ther own falsnesse mowen thei not ben avaunsed, or els by false sclandryng wordes other men shendin ther owne true sclander to make seme the lasse, for if soche men woulden ther eyen of ther conscience revolve, thei shoulde se the same sentence, thei legen on other, spring out of ther sides, with so many branches, it wer impossible to nomber. The which therfore maie it be saied in that thing, this man thou demest, therein thy self thou condempnest. But (q<sup>d</sup> she) understande not by these wordes, that thou wene me saie The to be worthie sclander, for any matter tofore written, truly I would witnesse the contrary, but I saie that the bemes of sclandring words maie not ben doon awaie, till the daie of dome. For how should it not yet emonges so gret plentie of peple ben many shrewes, sithen when no mo but eighte persones in Noe's ship wer closed, yet one was a shrewe, and scorned his father? These things (q<sup>d</sup> she) I trowe, shewen that false fame is not to drede, ne of wise persones to accepte, and namely not of thy Margarite, whose wisdom hereafter I think to declare, wherefore I wot well soche thyng shall not her alert, then of unkindnesse thine oth hath The excused at the full. But now if thou woldest not greve, me liste a fewe thinges to shewe. Saie on (q<sup>d</sup> I) what ye wol, I trowe ye mene but trouthe, and my profite in tyme comyng. Truelie (q<sup>d</sup> she) that is sothe, so thou can wel kepe these wordes, and in the inrest secrete chamber of thine herte so faste 'hem close, that thei never sitte, then shalte thou finde 'hem availyng. Loke now what peple haste thou served, whiche of 'hem all in tyme of thine exile ever The refreshed, by the value of the left coigned plate, that walketh in money? Who was sorie, or made any rueth for thy disese? If thei hadden gotten ther purpose of thy misaventure, sette thei not an haw. Lo! when thou wer enprisoned, howe faste thei hied in helpe of thy deliveraunce. I wene of thy deth thei yeve but lite: Thei looked after no thyng, but after ther owne lustes. And if thou liste saie the sothe, all that meinie that in this brigge The broughten, lookeden rather after thyne helps, then The to have releved.

Owen not yet some of 'hem money for his commons? Paidest not thou for some of ther dispences, till



till thei were touned out of Seland? Who yave The ever ought, for any ridyng thou maideſt? Yet parde, ſome of 'hem token money for thy chamber, and putte the pens in his pouſe, unwetyng of the renter.

Lo! for which a companie thou medleſt, that neither The, ne them ſelf mighten helpe, of unkindeneſſe, nowe thei bere the name, that thou ſuppoſeſt of 'hem for to have. What might thou more have doen, then thou diddeſt, but if thou wouldeſt in a falſe quarell have ben a ſtinking martire? I wene thou ſledeſt as long as thou might, ther privitie to concele, whiche thyng thou heleſte lenger then thou ſhouldeſt. And thilke that ought The money, no pennie wold paie, thei wend thy returne had ben an impoſſible. How might thou better have 'hem proved but thus in thy nedie diſeſes? Now haſte thou enſample, for whom thou ſhalt meddle; truelie this lore is worth many godes.

**O**fte gan love to ſterne me theſe wordes, thinke on my ſpech, for truelie here after, it wold doe The likyng, and how ſo ever thou ſe Fortune ſhape her whele to tourne, this meditation by no waie reſolve. For certes fortune ſheweth her faireſt, when ſhe thinketh to begile. And as me thought heretofore, thou ſaideſt thy loos in love, for thy rightwiſeneſſe ought to be raiſed, ſhould be alowed in tyme comyng, thou might in love ſo The have, that loos and fame ſhull ſo ben raiſed, that to thy frendes comforte, and ſorowe to thin enemies, endleſſe ſhul endure.

But if thou were that one Shepe emonges the hundred, were loſte in deſerte, and out of the waie had erred, and nowe to the ſlocke art reſtored, the Shepherde hath in The no joye, and thou ayen to the Forreſte tourne. But that right as the ſorowe and anguiſhe was grete, in tyme of thyne outwaicgoyng, right ſo joye and gladnes ſhall be doubled, to ſeen The converted, and not as Lot's wiſe ayen lokyng, but whole counſaile with the Shepe folowyng, and with them graſſe and herbes gaðer. Never the later (qð ſhe) I ſaie not theſe thynges for no wantruſte that I have, in ſuppoſyng of The otherwiſe then I ſhould. For truelie I wote wel, that now thou art ſette in ſoche a purpoſe, out of whiche The liſte not to part. But I ſaie it, for many men ther ben that to knowyng of other mennes doyns ſetten all ther cure, and lightly deſiren the badde to clatter, rather than the gode, and have no will ther owne manner to amende. Thei alſo hate of old rancour lightly haven, and there that ſoche thing abideth, ſodainly in ther mouthes procedeth the habundaunce of the herte, and wordes as ſtones, ſtones out throwe. Wherefore my counſaile is evermore, openlie and apertlie, in what place thou ſit, counterplete th' errors and meninges, in as ferre as thou 'hem wiſteſt falſe, and leve for no wight to make 'hem be knowe in every bodies ere, and be alwaie patient, and uſe Jacobe's wordes, what ſo ever menne of The clappen, I ſhall ſuſtain my ladie's wraſhe, whiche I have deſerved, ſo long as my Margarite hath rightwiſed my cauſe. And certes (qð ſhe) I witneſſe my ſelf, if thou thus converted, ſoroweſt in gode menyng in thyne herte, wolt from all vanitie parſitely departe, in conſolation of al gode pleaſaunce; the Margarite, which that thou deſireſt, after wil of thine hert, in a manner of a mother's pitie, ſhull fullie accept The into grace. For right as thou renteſt clothes in open ſight, ſo openlie to ſowe 'hem at his worſhippe, withouten reproſe commended. Alſo, right as thou were enſample of mocheſolde errour, right ſo thou muſte be enſample of manyſolde correccion, ſo gode favour to forgoyng all erreure deſtroyinge cauſeth diligente

love with many plaited praiſynges to followe, and then ſhall all the firſte errors make the followyng worſhippes to ſeme hugelie encreſed; blacke and white ſette togiðer every for other more ſemeth, and ſo doth every thing contrarie in kinde. But infame that goeth alwaie tofore, and praiſing worſhip by any cauſe folowyng after, maketh to riſe thilke honour, in double of welth, and that quencheth the ſpote of the firſte enſame. Why weneſt I ſaie theſe thynges, in hinderyng of thy name? Naie, naie, God wote, but for pure encreſyng worſhippe, thy rightwiſeneſſe to commende, and thy trouthe to ſeme the more. Woteſt not well thy ſelf, that thou in forme of makyng paſſeſt not Adame, that ete of the apple? Thou paſſeſt not the ſtedfaſtneſs of Nòc, that etyng of the grape become dronke. Thou paſſeſt not the chaſtite of Lot, that laie by his daughter. Eke the nobley of Abraham, whom God reproved by his pride. Alſo Davide's mekeneneſſe, whiche for a woman made Urie be ſlawe. What? alſo Hector of Troie, in whom no defeaute might be founde, yet is he reproved that he ne had with manhod not ſuffered the warre begon: ne Paris to have went into Grece, by whom ganne all the ſorowe: for truelie hym lacketh no venime of privie conſentyng, whiche that openly levethe a wrong to withſaie. Lo eke an olde proverbe, emong many other! *He that is ſtill, ſemeth as he graunted.*

Now by theſe enſamples, thou might fully underſtand, that theſe thinges ben writ to your lernyng, and in rightwiſneſs of tho perſones, as thus: To every wight his default committed made godeneſſe afterwardeſ doen be the more in reverence, and in open ſhewyng; for enſample, is it not ſong in holy church? Lo how neceſſarie was Adame's ſinne? David the kyng gatte Salomon the king, of her that was Urie's wiſe. Truelie for reproſe is none of theſe thynges writte: Right ſo tho I reherſe thy beſoredeſe, I repreve The never the more, ne for no villany of The ar thei reherſed, but for worſhip, ſo thou continue well hereafter, and for profite of thy ſelf I rede thou on 'hem thinke.

Then ſaied I right thus. Ladie of unitie and accorde, envie, and wraſhe lurken there thou comeſte in place; ye weten well your ſelve, and ſo doen many other, that while I adminiſtred the office of common doynge, as in rulyng of the ſtabliſhementes emonges the peple, I deſouled never my conſcience for no maner dede; but ever by wit and by counſail of the wiſeſt the matters weren drawn to ther right endes. And thus truly for you ladie, I have deſired ſoche cure, and certes in your ſervice was I not idle, as far as ſoch doing of my cure ſtretcheth. That is a thing (qð ſhe) that may draw many herts of noble, and voyce of common into glorie, and fame is not but wretched and fickle.

Alas! that mankind coviteth in ſo leud a wiſe to be rewarded of any gode dede, ſithe glorie of Fame in this worlde is not but hinderyng of glorie in tyme comyng. And certes (qð ſhe) yet at the hardeſte ſoche fame into heaven is not the yerthe but a centre to the circle of heaven? A pricke is wonder little, in reſpecte of all the circle, and yet in all this pricke maie no name be borne, in manner of perſyng, for many obſtacles, as waters and wilderneſſe, and ſtraunge languages, and not onelie names of menne ben ſtilled, and holden out of knowleging, by theſe obſtacles, but alſo citees and relmes of proſperitie ben letted to be knowe, and ther reſon hindred, ſo that thei mow not ben perfectly in mennes proper underſtandyng. Howe ſhould then the name of a ſingular londonoyſ paſſe the glorious name of London, whiche by many it is commended, and by many it is lacked, and in many mo places in yerth not known,



en, then knowen? for in many countrees litle is London in knowyng, or in speche, and yet emong one maner of peple maie not soche fame in godenesse come, for as many as praïsen, commonly as many lacken. Fie then on soche maner fame! slepe and suffre him that knoweth privitie of hertes, to dele soche fame in thilke place, there nothing ayenst a sothe shal neither speke, ne dare apere, by attorney, ne by other maner. How many grete-named, and many grete in worthinesse losed, han be tofore this tyme, that now out of memorie are slidden, and clenelie forgotten, for defaute of writynges, and yet scriptures for gret eldeso ben defased, that no perpetualitie maie in hem ben judged. But if thou wolt make comparison to ever, what joye maïest thou have in yerthly name? it is a faire likenesse, a pees or one graine of Whete to a thousande shippes full of corne charged. What number is betwene the one and the other? and yet mowe bothe thei be nombred, and ende in rekenyng have. But truely al that maie be nombred, is nothing to reken, as to thilke that maie nor be nombred, for of thinges ended is made comparison, as one litle, an other grete, but in thynges to have an ende, and an other no ende, soche comparison maie nor be founden. Wherefore in heaven to ben losed with God hath none ende, but endlessse endureth, and thou canste nothyng doen arighte, but thou desire the rumour thereof be heled, and in every wightes ere, and that dureth but a pricke in respecte of the other. And so thou sekest rewarde of folkes, smale wordes, and of vain praïsynges. Truelie therein thou lesest the guerdone of vertue, and lesest the grettest valour of conscience, and uphap thy renome everlastyng. Therefore boldly renome of fame of the yerth should be hated, and fame after deth should be desired, of werkes of vertue asketh guerdoning, and the soule causeth all vertue: Than the soule delivered out of prizon of yerthe, is moste worthie soche guerdone emong to have in the everlastyng fame, and not the bodie that causeth all manne's evils.

**O**F twey thynges art thou answered, as me thinketh (q<sup>d</sup> Love) and if any thing be in doubte in thy soule, shewe it forthe, thyne ignoraunce to clere, and leve it for no shame. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) there ne is no bodie in this worlde, that aught could saie by reason ayenst any of your skilles, as I leve, and by my wit now fele I well, that evill spekers, or berers of enfame, may litle greve, or let my purpose, but rather by soche thing my quarel to be forthered. Yea (q<sup>d</sup> she) and it is proved also, that the ilke jewell in my keping shall not there-through be stered, of the lest moment that might be imagined. That is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). Well (q<sup>d</sup> she) then levest there to declare that thy insuffisaunce is no maner letting; as thus, for that she is so worthie, thou shouldest not climbe so high, for thy moebles and thin estate ara voided, thou thinkest fallen in soche miserie, that gladnes of thy pursute woll not on The discende. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) that is sothe: right soche thought is in myne herte, for commonlie it is spoken, and for an olde proverbe it is ledged: *he that beweth to hie, with chippes he maie lese his fighr.* Wherefore I have ben about in al that ever I might, to studie wayes of remedie by one side or by an other. Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) God forbede, ere thou seke any other doynges, but soche as I have lerned The in our restyng whiles, and soche herbes ben planted in our Gardins. Thou shalte well understande, that above man is but one God alone. How (q<sup>d</sup> I) han men tofore this tyme trusted in writtes and chauntementes, and in helpes of Spirites, that dwellen in the aire, and thereby thei han gotten ther desires, where as firste for all his manlie power he daunced behinde.

O (q<sup>d</sup> she) fie on soche matters! for truelie that is sacrilege, and that shal have no fort with any of my servauntes in myne eyen shal soche thing not be looked after. How often is it commanded by these passed wise, that to one God shall men serve, and not to Goddes? And who that list to have mine helpes, shall ask non helpe of foule spirites. Alas! is not man maked semblable to God? Wofte thou not well, that all vertue of liveliche werkyng by Godd's purveighaunce is under put to resonable cature in yerth? is not every thyng a thisshalfe God? Made buxome to manne's contemplacion, understanding in heaven, and in yerthe, and in helle. Hath not manne beyng with stones, soule of wexyng with trees and herbes?

Hath he not soule of feling with bestes, fishes, and foules, and soule of reson and understanding with Angels? so that in him is knitte all maner of livinges by a resonable proporcion. Also man is made of all the fower Elements. All universitie is rekened in him alone: he hath under God principalitie above althinges. Now is his soule here, now a thousande mile hence, now farre, now nighe, now lowe, as farre in a moment, as in mountenaunce of ten Winter, and all this in manne's governaunce and disposicion. Then sheweth it, that men ben liche unto Goddes, and children of moste height. But nowe sithen all thynges are underput to the wille of resonable creatures, God forbede any man to win that Lordship, and aske helpe of any thyng lower then hym selfe, and then namelic of foule thinges innominable.

Nowe then, why shouldest thou wene to love to high, sithen nothing is The above, but God alone. Truelie I wote well, that the ilke jewell is in a maner even in line of degre there thou art thy selfe, and nought above, save thus. Angell upon Angell, man upon man, and Devill upon Devill, han a maner of Sovereaintie, and that shall cese at the daie of Dome: and so I saie, though thou be put to serve thilke jewell, duryng thy life, yet is that no servage of underputtyng, but a maner of travailing plesaunce, to conquere and get that thou haste not.

I set now the hardest in my service, now thou deidest for sorowe of wantyng in thy desires: truelie all hevenlie bodies with one voyce shall come, and make melodie in thy coming, and saie welcome our sere, and worthie to enter into Jupiter's joy, for thou with mighte haste overcome dethe, thou wouldest never flitte out of thy service, and we all shall now praie to the Goddes, rowe by rowe to make the ilke Margarite, that no routhe had in this persone, but unkindely without comforte lette The deie, shall be set her self in soch wise, that in yerth for part of vengeaunce shall she no joye have in love's service: and when she is dedde, then shal her soule ben broughte up into thy presence, and whither thou wilt chese, the ilke soule shal ben committed. Or els after thy deth, anone all the foresaid hevenlie bodies by one accorde shal be nommen from thilke perle, all the vertues that firste her were taken, for she hath hem forfeited, by that on The my servaunte in thy live she would not suffer to worche all vertues, withdrawen by might of the high bodies: Why then shouldest thou wene so any more? And if The list to loke upon the lawe of kinde, and wise order, whiche to me was ordained, sothlie none age, none overtournyng tyme hitherto had no tyme ne power, to chaunge the weddyng, ne that knotte to unbinde of two hertes through one assente in my presence together accorded to endure till deth hem departe. What trowest thou every ideot wot the menyng and the privie entente of these thinges? Thei wene for sothe, that soche accorde mai not be, but the Rose of maidenhede be plucked, doe waie, doe waie, thei knowe nothyng of this: for consente of two hertes alone maketh the fastenyng



of the knot, neither lawe of kind, ne manne's Lawe, determineth neither the age, ne the qualitie of persones, but onelie accorde betwene thilke twaie. And truelie, after tyme that soche accorde by ther consent in herte, is enfeled and put in my tresorie, emonges my privie thinges then ginneth the name of spoufaile, and althoughe thei breken forward bothe, yet soche matter enfeled is kepte in remembraunce for ever. And se now that spouses have the name anon after accorde, though the Rose be not take. The Aungell bade Joseph, take Mary his Spouse, and to Egypt wende: Lo! she was cleped spouse, and yet toforne ne after neither of hem bothe mente no fleshely luste knowe, wherefore the wordes of trouthe accorden, that my servauntes shoulde forsake bothe father and mother, and be adherand to his spouse, and thei two in unitie of one fleshe shoulde accorde. And this wise two that werne firste in a little maner disacordaunte, higher that one, and lower that other, ben made evenliche in gre to stonde.

But now to enforme The, that ye benliche Goddes, these clerkes saie, and in determinacion shewen, that thre thinges haven the names of Goddes ben cleped, that is to saie, Man, Devill, and Images; but yet is there but one God, of whom all godenesse, all grace, and all vertue cometh, and he is loving and true, and everlasting, and prime cause of all beyng thynges: but men ben Goddes, loving and true, but not everlasting, and that is by adopcion of the everlasting God. Devils ben Goddes, stirring by a manner of livyng, but neither ben thei true, ne everlasting, and ther name of godlihedde thei han by usurpacion, as the Prophete saith: All Goddes of Gentiles, that is to saie Painims, are Devils. But Images ben Goddes by nuncupacion, and thei ben neither living ne true, ne everlasting: After these wordes thei clepen Goddes Images wrought with mennes handes.

But nowe resonable cature that by adopcion alone art to the grete God everlasting, and thereby thou art God cleped, let thy fathers maners so entre thy wittes, that thou might folowe, in as moche as longeth to The, thy father's worship, so that in nothing thy kinde from his will decline, ne from his nobley povertie. In this wise if thou werche, thou art above al other thinges, save GOD alone, and so saie no more thine herte to serve in to hie a place.

FULLIE have I nowe declared thin estate to be so gode, so thou followe thereafter, and that the objection first by The aleged, in worthines of thy Margarite shal not The let, as it shal forther The, and encrese The, it is now to declare the last objection in nothing maie greve. Yes certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) bothe greve, and let muste it nedes, the contrary maie not ben proved, and se now why. While I was glorious in worldlie welfulnesse, and had soch godes in welth, as maken men riche, tho was I drawe into compaignies that loos, prife, and name yeven: Tho louteden blasours, tho curreiden glosours, tho welcomeden flatterers, tho worshipped thilk, that now deinen not to loke. Every wight in soche yerthlie wele habundaunt is hold, noble, precious, benigne, and wise, to do what he shall in any degre that men hym set, all be it that the sothe be in the contrary of all tho thinges: but he that can, ne never so wel him behave, and hath vertue habundaunte, in manyfolde maners, and be not welthed with soche yerthlie godes, is holde for a sole, and saied his wit is but fotted. Lo howe false for ever is holde true! Lo howe true is cleped false, for wantyng of godes! Also Ladie, dignitees of office, maken menne mikell comended, as thus: he is so gode, wer he out, his pere should men not find. Truelie I trowe of some soch that art so praised, were thei out ones, an other should make

him so be knowe, he should of no wise no more ben looked after: but onely soles well I wot, desiren soch newe thinges. Wherefore I wonder that thilke governour, out of whom alone the causes proceden, that governen all thinges, which that hath ordeined this worlde in werkes of the kindly bodies so be governed not with unstedfaste or happious thinge, but with rules of reson, whiche shewen the course of certain thinges: why suffreth he soche sliding chaunges, the misturnen soche noble thinges as ben we men, that arne a faire persell of the yerth, and holden the uppereste degre under God of benigne thinges, as ye saiden right now your self, should never man have ben set in so worthie a place, but if his degre were ordained noble. Alas! thou that knittest the purveighaunce of all thynges, why lokest thou not to amenden these defautes? I se shrewes that han wicked maners sitten in chaires of domes, Lambes to punishen, there Wolves should ben punished. Lo, vertue shined naturally for povertie lurketh, and is hid under cloude: but the Mone false forsworne, as I knowe my self, for aver and yestes hath usurped to shine by daie light, with peinture of other mennes praisynges, and truely thilke forged light foully should fade, were the trouthe awaie of colours feined. Thus is night touned into daie, and daie into night, Winter into Sommer, and Sommer into Winter, not in dede, but in misclepyng of folishe peple.

Nowe (q<sup>d</sup> she) what weneste thou of these thynges? How selest thou in thine hert, by what governaunce that this cometh about?

Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) that wotte I never, but if it be, that Fortune hath graunt from above, to lede the ende of menne as her liketh. Ah nowe I se (q<sup>d</sup> she) the entent of thy menyng: Lo! bicause thy worldly godes ben fulliche dispente, thou berafte out of dignitie of office, in which thou madest thy gathering of thilke godes, and yet diddest in that office, by counsaile of wise, any thyng were ended, and true were unto hem, whose profite thou shouldest loke, and seest now many, that in the ilke herveest made of The mokell, and now for glosyng of other deinethe The nought to forther, but enhaunsen fals shrewes by witnesyng of trouthe: These thinges greveth thine herte, to seen thy self thus abated, and then frailtie of mankinde ne setteth but litle by the lesers of soche richesse, have he never so moche vertue, and so thou wenest of thy jewell to renne in dispite, and not ben accepted into grace: All this shal The nothyng hinder. Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) firste thou woste well, thou lostest nothyng that ever mightest thou challenge for thine own: When nature brought The forth, come thou not naked out of thy mother's wombe? Thou haddest no richesse, and when thou shalt enter into the ende of every fleshy bodie, what shalte thou have with The then? So every richesse thou haste, in tyme of thy living, n'is but lent, thou might therein challenge no propertie. And se now, every thing that is a manne's owne, he maie do therewith what hym liketh, to yeve or to kepe: but richesse thou plainest from The loste, if thy might had stretched so forth, saie thou wouldest have kepte, multiplied with mo other: and so ayenste thy will ben thei departed from The, wherefore thei wer never thine. And if thou laudest and joyest any wight, for he is stuffed with soche maner richesse, thou art in that beleve begiled, for thou wenest thilk joye to be felicesse, or els ese, and he that hath loste soche haps, to ben unfelie. Ye forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I). Well (q<sup>d</sup> she) then woll I prove that unfely, in that wise is to praise, and so the tother is the contrary to be lacked. Howe so (q<sup>d</sup> I)? For unfelie (q<sup>d</sup> she) begileth not, but sheweth the entent of her workyng. *Et è contra.* Scelinesse begileth, for in prosperitie, she maketh a jape in

that



in blindenesse, that is, she windeth hym to make sorowe, when she withdraweth. Wolte thou not (q<sup>d</sup> she) praise hym better, that sheweth to The his herte, tho it be with bitande wordes, and dispitous, then hym that gloseth, and thinketh in ther absence, to do The many harmes. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) the one is to commende, and the other to lacke and despise. A ha (q<sup>d</sup> she) right soe while she lasterh, gloseth and flattereth, and lightly voideth, when she moste pleasantly sheweth, and ever in her absence she is aboute to doe The tene and sorowe in herte: but unselie all be it with bitande chere, sheweth what she is, and so doeth not that other, wherefore unselie doeth not begile. Selinesse deceveth: unselie putteth awaie doubt. That one maketh men blind, that other openeth ther eyn, in shewyng of wretchednesse. The one is full of drede, to lese that is not his owne: That other is sober, and maketh men discharged of mokell heviness in burthen: The one draweth a man from very gode, the other haleth him to vertue, by the hokes of thoughtes. And wenest thou not, that thy disese hath doen The mokell more to winne, then ever yet thou lostest? And more than ever the contrary made The winne? Is it not a grete gode to thy thinking, for to knowe the hertes of thy forthfast frendes. Parde thei ben proved to the full, and the true have discovered from the false. Truly at the goyng of thilke brotoll joye, there yede no more a waie, then the ilke that was not thine proper: He was never firm that lightly departed, thine own gode therfore levet it stil with The. Nowe gode (q<sup>d</sup> she) for how moche woldest thou sometyme have bought this very knowynge of thy frendes, frome the flatcrynge flyes that they glosed, whan thou thought thy selfe sely! But thou that plainest of losse in riches, hast founden the most dere worthy thinge that thou clepest unsely hath made The moche thing to winnen. And also for conclusioun of all, he is frend that nowe levet not his hert from thin helps. And if that Margarit denieth now not to suffre her vertues shine to The wardes, wyth spredinge beemes, as farre or farther than if thou were sely in worldly joye, Trewly I saye not elles but she is some dele to blame.

Ah, pece (q<sup>d</sup> I) and speke no more of thys, mine herte braketh, nowe thou touchest any soche wordes. A well (q<sup>d</sup> she) thanne lette us syngen, thou hereft no more of these thinges at this thime.

Thus endeth the first boke of the Testament Love.

Here after foloweth the seconde.

**V**ery welth may not be founden in al this world, and that is wel sene: Lo! howe in my moste comfort, as I wende and most suposed to have had full answer of my contrary thoughtes, sodainly it was vanished. And all the workes of man faren in the same wise, whan folke wenen beste ther entente for to have, and willes to perfourm, anon chaunging of the list side to the right halve, tourneth it so clene into another kind, that never shal it come to the firste plite in doinge.

O this wrongful stering so sone otherwisef out of knowing! but for my purpose was at my beginnunge, and so dureth yet, yf God of his grace tyme woll me graunt, I thinke to performe this worke, as I have begonne in love, after as my thinne witte, wyth inspyracyon of him, that hildeth all grace, woll suffre. Grevously God wotte have I suffred a grete

throwe that the Romayn Emperour, whiche in unytc of love shuld accorde and every with other in cause of other to avaunce, and namely sithe this Empire to be corrected of so many sectes in heresy, of faith, of service, of rule in love's religion. Trewly all were it but to shende erronious opinions, I maye it no lenger suffre: For many menne ther ben that sain love to ben in gravell and sande, that with Se ebbing and flowing woweth, as riches that sodainly wanisheth. And some saine that love shulde be in windy blastes, that stoundemele tourneth as a phane, and glorie of renome, whiche after lustes of the variaunt peple is areysed or stilled. Manie also wenen that in the sunne and the mone, and other sterres, love shulde ben founden, for amonge all other planettes moste soverainlie they shinen, as dignitees in reverence of estates rather than gode han, and occupien. Full many also there ben that in okes and in huge postes supposen love to ben grounded, as in strength and in might, which mowen not helpen ther owne wretchednesse, whan they ginne to fal. But soche diversite of sectes ayenst the rightfull byleve of love, these errours ben forth spredde, that loves servauntes in the true rule and stedfast faith in no place darne apere: Thus irrecuparable joy is went, and anoy endlesse is entred. For no man aright reproveth soche errours, but confimen ther wordes, and sain that badde is noble gode, and godenes is badde, to whiche folke the prophet biddeth wo without ende.

Also many tongues of grete false techinges in gilinge maner, principallye in my times, not onely with wordes, but also with arnes, loves servauntes and professie in his religion of trew rule, pursuwen to confounden and to destroyen. And for as moche as holy fathers, that our christen faith aproved and strengthened to the Jewes, as to men resonable, and of divinite lerned, proved thilke faith with reson, and with auctoritees of the olde testament, and of the newe ther pertinacie to destroy: But to painyms, that for bestes and houndes wer hoide to putte hem out of ther errour, was myracles of God shewed. These thinges were figured by coming of th' angell to the shepherdes, and by the sterre to painims kinges as who faith: Angel resonable, to resonable creature, and sterre of miracle to peple bestial, not lerned, werne sent to enforme. But I lovers clerke in al my conning and with al my mightes, trewly I have no soche grace in vertue of miracles, ne for no disconfite falsheedes, suffiseth not auctorites alone, sithen that suche heretikes and mayntaynours of falsites. Wherefore I wot well, sithen that they ben men, and reson is approved in hem, the cloude of errour hath ther reson bewond with probable resons, whiche that catchende wit rightfully may not with sitte. But my travailyng studie I have ordeined hem, with that auctorite mysghosed by manne's reson to graunt shal be enduced.

Now ginneth my penne to quake, to thinken on the sentences of the envious peple, whiche alwaye ben redy, both ryder and goer to skorne and to jape this leude boke, and me for rancoure and hate in ther hertes they shullen so dispyse, that althoughe my boke be leude, yet shal it ben more leude holden, and by wicked wordes in manye maner apaired. Certes me thinketh the sowne of ther badde speche right nowe is full bothe mine eres. O gode precious Margarite, mine herte shulde wepe, yf I wist ye token hede of soche manere speche, but trewly I wotte wel in that your wysedome shal not afterte. For of God maker of kind witnesse I toke, that for none envy ne yvel have I drawe this matter togiðer, but only for godenesse to maintain, and errours in falsites to destroy. Wherefore (as I said) with reson I thinke thilke forsaide errours to destroye and dequace. These



These resons and soch other, yf they enduce men in love's service trewe to beleve of parfite blisse, yet to full faithe in credence of deserte fully mowe they not suffice, sithen faith hath no merit of mede, whan manne's reson sheweth experience in doing. For utterly no reson the parfite blisse of love by no way maye make to be comprehended. Lo! what is a perfell of lover's joye? parfite science in gode service, of ther desire to comprehende in bodely doinge the likinge of the soule, nat as by a glasse to have contemplacion of tyme cominge, but thilke firste imagined and thought, after face to face in beholdyng: what hert, what reson, what understandinge can make his heven to be seled and know without assay of doing? certes none. Sithen than of love cometh soche fruite in blisse, and love in himselfe is the moste amonge other vertues, as clerkes sain: The fede of soche springinge in all places, in all countreis, in all worldes shulde ben sowe.

But o wellawaye! thilke fede is forsake, and mowen not ben suffred the londetillers to set a werke, without meddlyng of cockle, badde wedes which somtime stonken hath caught the name of love amonge ydiotes and baddemening peple. Never the latter, yet howe so it be that menne clepe thilke kinge precieus-est in kinde, with many eke names, that other thinges, that the soule yeven the ilke noble name, it sheweth well that in a maner men have a grete lyk- ing in wurshipping of thilke name, wherfore this worke have I writte, and to the tytyle of love's name I have it avowed in a maner of sacrifice, that where ever it be radde, it mow in merite by the excellence of thilke name the more wex in autorite, and wurshippe of takinge in hede, and to what entente it was ordained, the inferes mowen ben moved: Every thinge to whome is owande occasion done as for his ende, Aristotle supposeth that the actes of every thinge ben in a maner his finall cause. A final cause is noblerer, or els even as noble as thilke thinge that is finally to thilke ende, wherfore accion of thinge everlasting is demed to be eternall, and not temporall, sithen it is his finall cause: Right so the actes of my boke love, and love is noble, wherfore though my boke be leude, the cause with whiche I am stered, and for whom I ought it don, noble forsothe ben bothe. But bycause that in conninge I am yonge, and came yet but crepe, thys leude A, b, c, have I set into lerning, for I can not passen the tellinge of thre as yet: and yf God will in shorte time, I shall amende this leudenesse in joyninge of syllables, whiche thinge for dulnesse of witte I maye not in thre letters declare. For trewly I say the godenesse of my Margarite perle wolde yeve matter enditinge to many clerkes: certes her mercy is more to me sweter than any lyvynges, wherfore my lyppes mowen not suffice in speking of her ful laude and worshippe as they shuld. But who is that in knowing of the orders of heven, and putteth his resones in the erthe: I forsothe may not with blere eyn the shininge sonne of vertue in bright whele of this Margarite beholde, therfore as yet I maye her not discrive in vertue as I wolde. In time comming in another tretise thorow Godde's grace, this sonne clerenesse of vertue to be knowe, and howe she enlumineth al this day, I think to declare.

**I**N this mene while this comfortable lady gan sing a wounder mater of enditing in Latin, but trewly the noble colours in Rhetorike wise knit were so craftely, that my conning woll not stretch to remembre, but the sentence I trowe somedele have I in minde. Certes they were wonder swete of sowne, and they were touched al in lamentacion wise, and by no werbelles of mirth. Lo! thus ganne she

sing in Latin, as I may constrewe it in our Englishe tonge.

Alas! that these hevenlye bodies ther lyght and course shewen, as nature yave hem in commaundement at the ginning of the firste age, but these thinges in fre choise of reson han none understandinge: but manne that ought to passe all thyng of doinge, of right course in kinde, overwhelmed sothenesse by wrongful tytyle, and hath drawen the sterre of envy to gon by his side, that the clipes of me that shoulde be his shininge sonne, so ofte is sey, that it wened thilke ertour thorowe him come in, shulde ben myne owne defaute. Trewly therfore I have me with-drawe, and made my dwellyng out of lande in an yle by my selfe, in the ocean closed, and yet saine there many they have me harborowed, but God wot they faylen. These thinges me greven to thinke, and namely on passed gladnesse, that in this worlde was wonte me disporte of highe and lowe, and nowe it is failed: they that wolden maistries me have in thilke stoundes, in heven on high above Saturne's sphere, in sesonable tyme wer they loged, but nowe come queinte counsaillours that in no house woll suffice me sejourne, wherof is pite: And yet sain some that they me have in celler with wine shed, in garnere ther corne is laide, covered with wher, in sacke sowed with wol, in purse with money faste knitte, among pannes mouled in a wiche, in presse among clothes laid with riche pelure araied, in stable amonge horse and other bestes as hogges, shepe, and nete, and in other maner wise. But thou maker of light (in winkinge of thin eye the sonne is queint) wotte right well that I in trewe name was never thus herberowed. Somtyme toforne the sonne in the seventh partie was smiten, I bare both crosse and mitre, to yeve it where I wolde. With me the pope went a fore, and I tho was wurshipped of al holy churche, kinges baden me ther crownes holden. The lawe was set as it shuld tofore the judge as wel that pore durst shewe his grefe as the riche, for all his money. I defended tho tailages, and was redy for the pore to pay. I made grete festes in my time, and noble songes, and married damofelles of gentill fature, withouten golde or other rychesse. Pore clerkes, for witte of schole, I sette in churches, and made soche persones to prech: and tho was service in holy churches honest and devoute, in plesauce bothe of God and of the peple. But nowe the leude for simonie is avanced, and shendeth al hollye churche. Now is steward for his achates, nowe is courtiour for his debates, now is eschetoure for his wronges, nowe is losell for his songes, personer and provendre alone, with whiche many thriftye shulde encrese. And yet is this shrewe behinde, freherte is forsake, and losengeour is take. Lo! it accordeth, for soche there ben that voluntarie lustes haunten in courte with ribaudrie, that til midnight and more wol playe and wake, but in the churche at matins he is behinde, for evil disposicion of his stomake: therfore he shuld ete benebrede, and so dyd his fire, his estate therewith to strengthen. His autler is broke, and lowe lithe in pointe to gone to the yerthe, but his horse must ben esy and hie to bere him over grete waters. His chalice pore, but he hath riche cuppes. No towaile but a shete there God shall ben handeled. And on his meteborde there shall ben bordeclothes and towelles many paire. At masse serveth but a clergion: five squiers in hall. Pore chauncell, open holes in every sidebeddes of filke with tapites going al about his chambfe. Pore masseboke and leude chapelaine, and broken surplice with manye an hole: gode houndes and manye, to hunte after harte and hare, to fede in ther festes. Of pore men have they grete care, for they ever crave, and nothinge offren, they wolden have hem dolven. But  
amonge



amonge legyslres there dare I not come, my doinge they saine maken 'hem nedie, they ne wolde for nothing have me in town, for than wer tort and forth nought worthe an haw about, and plesen no men, but thilke grevous and torcious ben in might and in doinge: these thinges toforne said mowe wel if men liste ryme, trewly they acorde nothinge. And for as moch as al thinges by me shulden of right ben governed, I am sorye to se that governaunce failerth, as thus: To sene smale and lowe governe the hie, and bodies above. Certes that polisyse is nought, it is forbode by them that of governaunce treten and enformen. And right as bestly witte shulde ben subiecte to reson, so erthely power in it self the lower shuld ben subiect to the hier.

What is worth thy body but it be governed with thy soule? right so litel or nought is worthe erthely power, but if regnatise prudence in hedes governe the smale, to whiche hedes the smal owen to obey, and suffre in ther governaunce. But soverainesse ayenwarde shulde thinke in this wise, I am servaunt of these cretures to me delivered, not lord but defendour, not maister but enfourmer, not possessor but in possession, and to 'hem lyche a tre in whiche sparowes shullen stelen, ther birdes to norishe and forth bringe under suertie ayenst al reveinous foules and bestes, and not to be tiraunt them selfe. And than the smale in rest and quiete, by the hedes wel disposed, owen for ther soveraines helth and prosperite to pray, and in other doinges, in maintenaunce thereof performe, wythouten other administracion in rule of anye maner governaunce. And they wit have in 'hem, and grace to come to soch thinges, yet shuld they cefe tyll ther hedes them cleped, although profit and plesaunce shulde folowe. But trewly other governaunce ne other medlinge ought they not to claime, ne the hedes on 'hem to put. Trewly amonges cosinage dare I not come, but if riches be my mene, forly she and other bodily godes maketh nigh cosinage, ther never propinquite ne aly-aunce in lyve was, ne shulde have be, n'ere it for ther medlinge maners, wherfore kindly am I not there leged. Povert of kinred is behind, riches suffreth 'hem to passe: trewly he saithe he come never of Japhete's children: wherof I am sory that Japhete's children for povert in no linage ben rekened, and Caine's children for riches be maked Japhete's heirs. Alas! this is a wonder chaunge bytwene tho two Noc's children, sithen that of Japhete's offspringe comeden knyghtes, and of Cain discended the line of servage to his brother's children. Lo! howe gentillesse and servage as cosins, both discended out of two bretherne of one body: wherfore I say sothnesse that gentillesse in kinrede maken not gentil linage in succession, without desert of a manne's own selfe. Where is nowe the lyne of Alysandre the noble, or els of Hector of Troye? Who is discended of right blode of lyne fro kinge Artour? Parde sir Perdicas, whom that kinge Alysandre made to ben his heire in Grece, was of no kinge's blod, his dame was a tomystere. Of what kinred ben the gentils in our daies? I trow therfore if any gode be in gentylesse, it is onely that it semeth a maner of necessitye be input to gentils, that they shulden not varien fro the vertues of ther auncestres. Certes all maner lynage of men bene evenlyche in birth, for one father maker of all godenes enformed 'hem al, and al mortal folke of one sede are greined. Wherto avaut men of ther lynage, in cosinage, or in elde fathers? Loke nowe the ginning, and to God maker of man's person, there is no clerke ne no worthy in gentillesse: and he that norissheth his corare with vices and unreasonable lustes, and leverth the kinde course, to whiche ende him brought forthe his byrthe, trewly

he is ungentil, and amonge clerkes may not ben nempned. And therfore he that wol ben gentil, he mote daunten his fleshe fro vices that causen ungentillesse, and leve also reignes of wicked lustes, and draw to him vertue, that in al places gentillesse gentils maketh. And so speke I in feminine gendre in generall, of tho persones at the reverence of one, whom every wight honoureth. for her bountie and her noblesse ymade her to God so dere, that his moðer she became, and she me hath had so gret in worship, that I n'il for nothinge in open declare that in any thing ayenst her este may sowne: For al vertue and al wortihnesse of plesaunce in 'hem haboundeth. And although I wolde any thinge speke, truly I can not, I may finde in yvel of 'hem no maner mater.

**R**Yght with these wordes she stinte of that lamentable melodie, and I ganne with a lyvely herte to praye, if that it were lykyng unto her noble grace, she wolde her deine to declare me the mater that first was begonne in whiche she lesse and stinte to speke before she ganne to singe.

O (qð she) this is no newe thyng to me to sene you menne desyren after mater, whiche your selfe caused to voyde.

Ah gode lady (qð I) in whom victorie of strenght is proved above all other thing, after the judgement of Eldram, whose lordshyp al lignes, who is that right as Emperour 'hem commandeth, whether thilke ben not women, in whose likenesse to me ye aperi. For right as man halte the principalte of al thing under his beinge, in the masculyne gendre, and no mo genders ben there but masculine, and femynyne, all the remnaunte ben no genders but of grace, in facultie of grammer. Ryght so in the feminine, the women holden the upperest degre of al thinges, under thilke gendre conteyned. Who bringeth forth kinges, which that ben lordes of Se and of yerthe? and al peples of women ben borne: they norishe 'hem that grassen vines, they make men comforte in ther gladde cheres. Ther sorowe is deth to manne's herte. Without women the beyng of men were impossible. They comen with ther sweetnesse the cruel hert ravish, and make it meke, buxome, and benyng, without violence meving. In beautie of ther eyen, or elles of other maner fetures, is all mens desires, ye more than in golde, preeyous stones, eyther anye riches. And in this degre lady your self manye hertes of men have so bounden, that parlite blisse in womankind to ben men wenen, and in nothinge els. Also lady the godenesse, the vertue of women, by propertie of discrecion, is so wel known, by ltelnesse of malice, that desire to a gode asker by no waye comen they warne, and ye thanne that woll not passe the kinde werching of your sectes by general discrecion, I wotte well ye woll so encline to by prayere, that grace of my requeste shal fully ben graunted. Certes (qð she) thus for the more parte fareth al mankind to praye, and to crie after woman's grace, and saine maine fantasies to make hertes to encline to your desires: and whan these sely women frely of ther kind beleven your wordes, and wenen all be gospel the promise of your behestes, than graunt they to you ther hertes, and fullfyllen your lustes, wherthrough ther liberty in maistership that they tofor had is thralled, and so maked soverain and to be praid, the first was servaunt, and voice of prayer used. Anone as filled is your luste, manye of you be so trewe, that litel hede take ye of soche kindnesse, but with traifoun anone ye thinke 'hem begile, and let light of that thyng whiche first ye maked to you wonders dere, so what thing to women is to love any wight or she him well know, and have him proved in many halfe, for every

speke

manie

that



*glittering thing is not golde*, and under colour of faire speche many vices may be hid and conseed. Therefore I rede no wight to trust on you to rath, mens chere, and ther speche right gileful is ful ofte, wherefore without gode assaye, it is not worthe on many on you to truste: Truly it is right kindly to every man that thinketh women betraye, and shewen outward al godenes, tyl he have his wil performed. *Lo! the birde is begiled with the mery voice of the fouler's whistell.* Whan a woman is closed in your nette, than wol ye causes finden, and bere unkindnes her on hande, or falsen upon her putte, your own malicious traïson with soche thing to excuse. Lo! than han women non other wrech in vengeance, but blober and wepe til 'hem lyst stent, and sorily ther mishap complaine, and is put into wenyng that al men ben so untrew. How often have men chaunged ther loves in a litel while, or els for failing ther wil in ther places 'hem sette: for frendship shal be one, and fame with another him list for to have, and a thirde for delyte, or els were he lost both in packe and in clothes: is this faire? nay, God wot. I maye nat tel by thousand partes the wronges in trechery of soche false peple, for make they never so gode a bonde, all set ye at a myte, whan your herte tourneth: And they that wenen for sorow of you dey, the pite of your false hert is flow out of towne. Alas therefore, that ever any woman wolde take any wighte in her grace, til she knowe at the ful on whome she might at all assayes truste! Women conno more crafte in queinte knowinge, to understande the false disceivable coniectementes of manne's begilinges. Lo! howe it fareth, though ye men gronen and crien, certes it is but disceit, and that preveth wel by th' endes in your working. How many women have bene lorne, and with shame soule shent by longe lastyng time, whiche thorowe mennes gile have ben disceved? ever ther fame shall dure, and ther dedes radde and songe in many londes, that they have done recoveren shal they never, but alway ben demed lightly, in soche plite ayen shulde they fal, of whiche flanders and tenes ye false men and wicked bene the very causes, on you by right ought these shames and these reproves all wholly discende. Thus arne ye al nyghe entrewe, for all your faire speche your herte is full sickell. What cause han ye women to dispise? better fruite than they bene, ne swetter spices to your behove mowe ye not finde, as farre as worldly bodyes stretchen. Loke to ther forminge at the makinge of ther persones by God in joye of paradise, for godenesse of manne's propre bodye were they maked, after the sawes of the bible, rehersing God's wordes in this wise: It is gode to mankinde that we make to him an helper. Lo! in paradise for youre helpe was this tre grafted, out of whiche all linage of man disceadeth: yf a man be noble frute, of noble frute it is sprongen: the blysse of paradise to mennes sory hertes yet in this tre abyde. O! noble helpes ben these trees, and gentil jewel to ben worshipped of every gode creature: He that 'hem annoieth doth his owne shame, it is a comfortable perle ayenst al tenes. Every company is mirthed by ther present being. Trewly I wist never vertue, but a women were therof the rote. What is heven the worse, though Sarazins on it lien? Is your faith untrew, though rennegates maken theron lesinges? If the fire doth any wight bren, blame his own witte, that put himself so farre in the hete. Is not fyre gentlest and moste element comfortable amonges all other? fire is chese werker in forthering sustenance to mankinde, shal fire bene blamed for it bren a sole naturelly, by his owne stulty witte in steringe? Ah wicked folkes! for your propre malice, and shrewdenesse of your self, ye blame and dispise the

precious thinge of your kinde, and whiche thinges amonge other most ye desiren. Trewly Nero and his children ben shrewes, that dispisen so ther dames. The wickednesse and giling of men, in disclaundring of thilke that most hath 'hem gladdened and plesed, were impossible to write or to nempne. Never the later yet I saye, *he that knoweth a waye, may it lightly passe: eke, an herb proved may safely to smertande fores ben laide:* So I say in him that is proved is nothing soch yvels to gesle. But these thinges have I rehersed to warne you women all at ones, that to lyghtly without gode assay ye assenten not to man's speche. The sonne in the day light is to knowen from the mone that shineth in the nighte. Nowe to The thy self (qð she) as I have oft said, I know wel thine herte, thou arte none of all the tofore nempned peple, for I know wel the continuance of thy service, that never sithen I set The a werke, might thy Margarete for plesance, frendship, ne fairehede of none other, be in pointe moved from thin herte, wherefore into myne housholde hastelye I woll that thou entre, and all the parfyte privyte of my werkyng make it be knowe in thy understandyng, as one of my privy familyers. Thou desirest (qð she) faine to here of tho thinges there I left.

Ye forsothe (qð I) that were to me a grete blisse. Nowe (qð she) for thou shalt not wene that wo-mans condicyons for faire speche soche thinge belongeth,

**T**Hou shalte (qð she) understand first amonge all other thynges, that al the cure of my servyce to me in the parfyte blisse in doinge is desyred in every manne's herte, be he never so moche a wretche, but every man travaileth by divers studye, and sekith thilke blysse by divers waies, but all the endes are knitte in selynesse of desire in the perfite blisse, that is soche joye, whan men it have gotten, there liveth no thing more to ben coveted: But how that desire of soche perfeccion in my service be kindly set in lovers hertes, yet ther erroneous opinions misturne it by falsenesse of wenyng. And although mennes understandinge be misturned, to knowe whiche shoulde ben the waye unto my persone, and whyther it abyde: yet wote they ther is a love in every wight, weneth by that thing that he coveteth most, he shoulde come to thilke love, and that is parfyte blysse of my servautes, but than fulle blysse maye not be, and there lacke anye thinge of that blisse in anye side. Eke it foloweth than, that he that muste have ful blysse, lacke no blysse in love on no side.

Therefore lady (qð I tho) thilke blisse I have desired, and sothe tofore this, my self, by wayes of riches, of dignite, of power, and of renome, wenyng me in tho thrages had ben thilke blisse, but ayenst the here it turneth. Whan I supposed best thilke blisse have get and come to the full purpose of your service, sodainly was I hindred, and throwen so fer abacke, that me thinketh an impossible to come there I leste. I wote (qð she) and therefore haste thou failed, for thou wentest not by the hie waye, a litell misgoynge in the ginyng causeth mikell error in the ende, wherefore of thilke blisse thou failedest, for having of richesse, ne none of th' other thinges thou nempnedest, mowen not make soche perfite blisse in love, as I shall shewe. Therefore thei be not worthie to thilke blisse, and yet somewhat must ben cause and waie to thilke blisse: *Ergo*, there is some soche thing, and some waie, but it is little in usage, and that is not openly iknow. But what felest in thin hert of that service, in which by me thou art entred? wenest aught thy self yet be in the hie waie to my blisse? I shall so shewe it to The, thou shalt not con saie the contrary.

Gode



Gode Ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) altho I suppose it in my herte, yet would I here thyne wordes, how ye menen in this matter. (Q<sup>d</sup> she) that I shall with my gode will. The ilke blisse desired somedele ye knowen, altho it be not perfytely, for kindly entencion ledeyth you thereto, but in thre maner livynges is all soche waies shewed. Every wight in this worlde to have this blisse, one of the ilke thre waies of lives muste procede, whiche after opinions of grete clerkes, are by names cleped, bestialliche, resonabliche, and vertuous: Manliche is worldliche, bestiallich is lustes and delitable, nothing restrained by bridle of reson, all that joiethe and yeveth gladnesse to the hert, and it be ayenst reson, is likened to bestiall living, whiche thing followeth lustes and delites, wherfore in soche thing maie not that precious blisse, that is maister of al vertues, abide. Your fathers tofornye you have cleped soche lustie livynges after the flesh passions of desire, whiche are innominable tofore God and man bothe. Then after determination of soche wise, we accorden that soche passions of desire shall not ben nempned, but holden for absolute from all other livynges and provynges, and so liveth into livynges, manliche and resonable, to declare the matters begon. But to make The fullie have understanding in manliche livynges, which is holden worldlich in these things, so that ignoraunce be made no letter, I wol (q<sup>d</sup> she) nempne these forsaied waies by names and conclusions.

Firste, riches, dignite, renome, and power, shall in this worke be cleped bodily godes, for in hem hath ben a grete throw manne's trust of felices in love, as in riches suffisaunce to have maintained that was begonne, by worldlie cattell in dignitie, honour, and reverence of hem that werne underput, by maiestrie thereby to obeie. In renome glory of peples praising, after lustes in ther herte, without hede taking to qualitie and maner of doying, and in power, by trowth of Lordships maintenaunce, thing to procede forthe in doying. In all whiche thynges a longe tyme manne's coveitise in commune hath ben gretly grounded, to come to the blis of my service, but truly thei wer begiled, and for the principall must nedes faile, and in helping mowe not availe. Se why, for holdest him not pore that is neddy? Yes parde (q<sup>d</sup> I). And him for dishonored that moche folke dein not to reverence? That is soth (q<sup>d</sup> I). And what him that his mightes failen and mowe not helpen? Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) me semeth of all menne he should be holden a wretche. And wenest not (q<sup>d</sup> she) that he that is little in renome, but rather is out of the praisinges, of mo men then a fewe be not in shame? Forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I) it is shame and villanie to hym that coveiteth renome, that more folke not praise in name then praise. Soth (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou failest sothe, but all these thynges are folowed of soche maner doying, and wenden in riches suffisaunce, in power might, in dignitie worship, and in renome glorie, wherfore thei disceded into discevable wening, and in that service disceite is folowed. And thus in generall, thou and all soche other that so worchen, failen of my blisse, that ye long han desired, wherfore truly in life of reson is the hie waie to this blisse, as I thinke, more openly to declare hereafter. Never the later, yet in a little to comforte thy herte, in shewyng of what waie thou art entred thy self, and that thy Margarite maie knowe The set in the hie waie, I wol enforme The in this wise. Thou hast failed of thy first purpose, bicause thou wenteste wrong, and leftest the hie waie on thy right side, as thus, thou lokest on worldly livyng, and that thyng The begiled, and lightly therfore as a litle assaie thou songedest, but when I tourned thy purpose, and shewed The a part of the hie waie,

tho thou abode therin, and no deth ne ferdnesse of none enemy might The out of thilke waie reve, but ever one in thine hert, to come to thilk blisse, when thou wer arested, and first time enprisoned, thou wer loth to change thy waie, for in thy herte thou wendest to have ben there thou shouldest, and for I had routh to sene The miscaried, and wist wel thine ablenes my service to forther and encrease. I come my self without other mene to visite thy persone, in comforte of thy herte: and parde in my comyng thou were gretely gladed, after whiche time, no disceite, no care, no tene might move me out of thy herte. And yet I am glad and gretly enpited, how continually thou haddest me in minde, with gode avisement of thy conscience, when thy king and his princes, by huge wordes and grete, looked after variaunce in thy spech, and ever thou wer redy for my sake, in plesaunce of that Margarite perle, and many mo other, thy body to oblige in to Marce's doing, if any contraried thy sawes; stedfast waie maketh stedfast herte, with gode hope in the ende. Truly I wold that thou it well knowe, for I se The so fer, and not chaunging hert haddest in my service, and I made thou haddest grace of thy king, in foryevenesse of mikil misdede: to the gracious king art thou mikil holden, of whose grace and godenesse sometime hereafter I thinke to enforme, when I shewe the ground, where as mortall vertue groweth. Who brought The to werke? Who brought this grace about? Who made thy herte hardie? Truly it was I, for haddest thou of me failed, then of this purpose had never taken in this wise. And therfore I saie, thou might well trust to come to thy blisse, sithen thy ginning hath ben herd, but ever graciously after thy herte's desire hath proceeded. Silver lined with many hetes menne knowen for true, and safely men maie trust in The alwaie in werkyng. This disceite hath proved, what waie hence forwarde thou thinkest to holde. Newe in gode faith, Ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I tho) I am now in, me semeth it is the hie waie and the righte. Ye forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> she) and nowe I wold disprove thy first waies, by whiche many men wenen to gette thilke blisse. But for as moche as every hert that hath caught full love, is tied with queinte knyttinges, thou shalt underlande that love, and thilke forsaied blisse tofornye declared, in this provynges, shall hote the knotte in the herte. Well (q<sup>d</sup> I) this impollesion I wold well underland. Now also (q<sup>d</sup> she) for the knotte in the herte must be from one to an other, and I knowe thy desire, I wold thou underlande these matters to ben faied of thy self, in disprovyng of thy first service, and in strengthyng of thilk that thou hast undertake to thy Margarite perle. A Godde's halte (q<sup>d</sup> I) right wel I se that all this case is possible and true, and therfore I admitted all together. Understanden well (q<sup>d</sup> she) these termes, and loke no contradiccion thou graunt. If God wol (q<sup>d</sup> I) of all these things wold I not faile, and if I graunte contradiccion, I should graunt an impossible, and that wer a foule inconvenience. Fro whiche thinges, Ladie, iwis hereafter I thinke me to kepe.

Well (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou knowest that every thyng is *Cause*, wherthrough any thyng hath beyng, that is cleped *Caused*, then if riches caulen knot in hert, thilke riches arne *cause* of the ilke precious thyng beyng: But after the sentence of Aristotle, every cause is more in dignite then his thyng caused, wherthrough it followeth richesse to ben more in dignite then thilke knotte, but richesse arne kindly naughtie, badde, and neddy, and the ilke knotte is thing kindly gode, moste praised and desired: Ergo thyng naughtie, badde, and neddy, in kindly understanding



standing is more worthie, then thyng kindly gode, moste desired and praised: The consequence is false, nedes the antecedente mote ben of the same condicion. But that riches ben badde, naughtie, and nedie, that woll I prove, wherfore thei mowe cause no soch thing, that is so glorious and gode: the more riches thou haste, the more nede hast thou of help 'hem to kepe. *Ergo* thou nedeest in riches, whiche nede thou shouldest not have if thou 'hem wantest. Then must riches ben nedie, that in ther havynge maken The nedie to helpe, in suretie thy riches to kepen, wherthrough soloweth riches to ben nedie. Every thing causynge evills is bad and naughtie: but riches in one causen misse, in an other thei mowen not evenly stretchen al about. Wherof cometh ple, debate, theft, begilings, but riches to win, whiche thinges ben bad, and by riches arn caused: *ergo* the ilke riches ben badde, whiche badnesse and nede ben knitte into riches, by a maner of kindlie properrie, and every Cause and Caused accorden, so that it followeth the ilke riches to have the same accordance with badnes and mede, that ther cause asketh. Also every thyng hath his beyng by his cause, then if the cause be destroyed, the beyng of caused is vanished: And so if riches causen love, and riches weren destroyed, the love should vanishe, but the ilke knotte and it be true, maie not vanishe for no goyng of no riches: *Ergo* riches is no cause of the knotte. And many men, as I saied, setten the cause of the knotte in riches, the ilke knitten the riches, and nothyng the evill: the ilke persones, what ever thei ben, wenen that riches is moste worthie to be had, and that make thei the cause: and so wene thei thilke riches, be better than the persone. Commonly soche asken, rather after the quantitie, then after the qualitie, and soche wenen as well by 'hem self, as by other, that conjuncion of his life, and of his soule is no more precious, but in as mikell as he hath of riches. Alas! howe maie he holden soche thynges precious or noble, that neither han life ne soule, ne ordinaunce of werchyng limmes: soche riches ben more worthie, when thei ben in gatheryng, in departyng ginneth his love of other mennes praisynge. And Avarice gatheryng maketh be hated, and nedie to many out-helpe: and when levethe the possession of soche godes, and thei ginne vanishe, then entereth sorowe and tene in ther herts. O bad and straite ben thilke, that at ther departyng maketh men teneful and forie, and in the gatheryng of 'hem make menne nedie moche folke at ones mowen not together moche thereof have. A gode geste gladdeth his hoste and all his meinie, but he is a bad geste, that maketh his hoste nedie, and to be aferde of his geste's goyng. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) me wondereth therefore, that the common opinion is thus: he is worthe no more then that he hath in catel. O (q<sup>d</sup> she) loke thou be not of that opinion, for if golde or money, or other maner of riches, shinen in thy sight, whose is that? Not thine: and tho thei have a little beaute, thei be nothyng in comparison of our kinde, and therefore ye should not set your worthinesse in thing lower then your self, for the riches, the fairenesse, the worthinesse of thilke godes, if there be any soche preciousnesse in 'hem, ar not thin, thou madeste 'hem so never, from other thei come to The, and to other thei shull from The: wherfore embracest thou other weightes godes, as tho thei wer thine kinde hath drawe 'hem by 'hem self. It is soth the godes of the yerth ben ordeined in your fode and nourishing, but if thou wolte holde The apaied with that suffiseth to thy kinde, thou shalt not be in daunger of no soch riches; to kind suffiseth little thing, who that taketh hede. And if thou wolt algates with superfluitie of riches be athroted, thou shalt hasteliche be anoied, or els

evill at ese. And fairnesse of fieldes, ne of habitacions, ne multitude of meine, maie not be rekened as riches that are thine owne, for if thei be bad, it is grete sclander and villanie to the occupier, and if thei be gode or faire, the matter of the workman that 'hem made is to praise. How should otherwise bountie be compted for thine, the ilke godedesse and fairnesse be proper to tho thinges 'hem selfe, then if thei be not thin, sorowe not when thei wend: ne glad The not in pompe and in pride, when thou 'hem hast for ther bountie and ther beauties cometh out of ther owne kind, and not of thine owne persone: as faire ben thei in ther not having; as when thou haste 'hem, thei be not faire, for thou haste 'hem; but thou hast gotten 'hem for the fairenesse of them self. And there the valance of men is demed in riches outforthe, wenen me to have no proper gode in them self, but seche it in straunge thinges. Truly the condicion of gode wening is in The mistourned, to wene your noblenes be not in your self, but in the godes and beaute of other thinges. Parde the bestes that han but feling soules have suffisaunce in ther owne selfe: and ye that ben like to God, seken increse of suffisaunce from so excellent a kinde, of so low thinges, ye do grete wrong to him that you made lordes over al yerthly thinges, and ye put your worthinesse under the nomber of the fete of lower things and soule, when ye judge thilke riches to be your worthinesse; then put ye your self by estimation under thilke soule thinges, and then leve ye the knowing of your self, so be ye viler then any dombe best, that cometh of shreude vice. Right so thilk person, that loven none evill, for dere worthines of the persone, but for straunge godes, and saith the adornement in the knotte lieth in soche thinge, his error is perilous and shreude, and he wrieth moche venime, with moche welth, and that knotte maie not be gode, when he hath it gotten. Certes thus hath riches with flickeringe sighte anoied many: and often when there is a throwout shrewe, he coineth al the gold, all the precious stones that mowen be founden to have in his bandon, he weneth no wight be worthi to have soch thinges but he alone. How many hast thou knowe now in late time, that in ther riches supposed suffisaunce have folowed, and now it is all failed? Ye, ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) that is for misse medling, and otherwise governed thilke riches, then thei should. Yea (q<sup>d</sup> she tho) had not the flode gretlie areifed, and throwe to 'hemwarde bothe gravell and Sande, he had made no medlyng. And right as Se yeveth flode, so draweth Se ebbe, and pulleth ayen under wawe all the firste ourthrowe, but if gode piles of noble governaunce in Love, in well-menyng maner ben sadlie grounded, to whiche hold thilke gravell, as for a while, that ayen lightly mowe not it turne: and if the piles ben true, the gravell and sande woll abide. And certes, full warning in love shalt thou never through 'hem get ne cover, that lightlie with an ebbe, ere thou beware, it will ayen meve.

In riches, many men have had tenes and difeses, which thei should not have had, if thereof thei had failed. Through whiche nowe declared, partlie it is shewed, that for riches should the knotte in herte neither ben caused in one, ne in other: truly knot maie ben knitte, and I trow more stedfast in love, though riches failed, and els in riches is the knot, and not in hert. And then soche a knotte is false, when the Se ebbe and withdraweth the gravel, that soche riches voideth, thilke knotte woll unknitte. Wherfore no truste, no waie, no cause, no parsite being is in riches, of no soche knot, therefore an other waie must we have.

Honor



**H**onor in dignitie is wened to yeven a full knotte. Ye certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) and of that opinion ben many, for thei saine dignitie, with honour, and reverence, causen hertes to encheinen, and so abled to knitte toghithir, for the excellence in soverainte of soche degrees.

Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) if dignitie, honoure, and reverence, causen thilke knotte in herte, this knotte is gode and profitable. For every cause of a cause is cause of thyng caused: Then thus, gode thynges and profitable ben by dignitie, honour, and reverence, caused. Ergo thei accorden, and dignities ben gode with reverences and honour, but contraries mowen not accorden: wherfore by reson there should no dignitie, no reverence, none honour accorde with shrewes, but that is false: Thei have ben cause to shrewes, in many shreudnesse, for with 'hem thei accorden. Ergo from beginning, to argue ayenwarde, till it come to the laste conclusion, thei are not cause of the knotte. Lo! all daie at eye arne shrewes not in reverence, in honour, and in dignitie? Yes forsothe, rather then the gode. Then foloweth it, that shrewes rather then gode, shull ben cause of this knotte. But of this contray of all lovers is beleved, and for a sothe openlie determined to holde.

Now (q<sup>d</sup> I) fain would I here, how soch dignities accorden with shrewes.

O (q<sup>d</sup> she) that wolle I shewe in manifolde wise. Ye wene (q<sup>d</sup> she) that dignities of office here in your Cite is as the Sonne, it shineth bright withouten any cloude: whiche thyng, when thei comen in the handes of malicious tyrautes, there cometh moche harme, and more grevaunce therof, then of the wilde fire, though it brende all a strete. Certes, in dignitie of office, the werkes of the occupier shewen the malice and the badnesse in the persone, with shrewes thei maken manifolde harmes, and moche peple shamen. How often han rancours, for malice of the governour should ben maintained? Hath not then soche dignities caused debate, rumours, and evils? Yes, God wote, by soche thynges have ben trusted to, make mennes understandynge encline to many queinte thynges. Thou worstest well, what I mene. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) therefore as dignitie soche thyng in tene iwrought, so ayenwarde the substaunce in dignitie changed, relied to bryng ayen gode plite in doynge. Do waie, do waie (q<sup>d</sup> she) if it so betide, but that is feld that soch dignitie is betake in a gode manne's governaunce. What thyng is to reckon in the dignities godenesse? Parde the bountie and godenesse is thers, that usen it in gode governaunce, and therefore cometh it, that honour and reverence should ben doen into dignitie, bicause of encrefynge vertue in the occupier, and not to the ruler, bicause of soverainte in dignite. Sithen dignitie maie no vertue cause, who is worthie worship for soch godenesse? Not dignitie, but persone that maketh godenesse in dignitie to shine. This is wonder thyng (q<sup>d</sup> I) for me thinketh, as the persone in dignitie is worthie honour for godenesse, so tho a persone for badnesse magre hath deserved, yet the dignitie leneth to be commended. Let be (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou erreth righte foule, dignitie with badnesse is helper to performe the felonous doynge: parde wer it kindly gode, or any propertie of kindly vertue hadden in 'hem self, shrewes should 'hem never have, with 'hem should thei never accorde. Water and fire that ben contrarious, mowen not togiðer ben assembled, kinde woll not suffre soche contraries to joyn. And sithen at eye by experience in doynge we seen that shrewes have 'hem more often, then gode men, siker maist thou be, that kindly gode in soch thynges is not appropred. Parde wer thei kindly gode, as well one as other shoulde evenliche in vertue of governaunce ben worthe: but

one faileth in godenesse, an other doeth the contrary, and so it sheweth kindly godenesse in dignitie not be grounded. And this same reson (q<sup>d</sup> she) maie be made in generall on all the bodily godes, for thei comen oft to throwout shrewes: After this he is stronge, that hath might to have grete burthens, and he is light and swifte that hath soverainte in ronning to passe other, right so he is a shrew; on whom shreude thynges and bad han moste werching. And right as Philosophy maketh Philosophers, and my service maketh lovers: right so if dignities weren gode, or vertuous, thei should maken shrewes gode, and tourne ther malice, and make 'hem be virtuous, but that doe thei not, as it is proved, but causen rancour and debate. Ergo thei be not gode, but utterly bad. Had Nero never ben Emperor, should never his dame have be slaine, to maken open the privitie of his engendrure. Herodes for his dignitie slewe many children. The dignitie of King Ihon would have destroyed all Englande. Therefore mokell wisdome and godenes bothe nedeth in a persone, the malice in dignitie sliu to bridell, and with a gode bit of a restre to withdrawe, in case it would prauunce otherwise then it should: truly ye yeve to dignities wrongful names in your cleping. Thei shuld here not dignitie, but monstre of badnesse, and manteiner of shrewes. Perde shine the sonne never so bright, and it bring forth no hete, ne selsonably the herbes out brynge of the yerth, but suffre froles and cold, and th'erth baraine to ligge, by time of his compas in circuite about, ye would wonder and dispreise that sonne. If the mone be at full, and sheweth no light, but dark and dimme to your sight appereth, and make distraccion of the waters, wol ye not suppose it be under cloude, or in clips? And that some privie thing unknowen to your wittes is cause of soche contrarious doynge? Then if clerkes that han full insight, and knowing of soche impedimentes, enforme you of the soth, very idiores ye ben, but if ye yeven credence to thilke clerkes wordes. And yet it doth me tene, to seen many wretches rejoycen, in soch many planettes. Truly little con thei on Philosophy, or els on my lore, that any desire haven soche lighting planettes, in that wise any more to shewe. Gode ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) tell ye me how ye mene in these thynges. Lo! q<sup>d</sup> she) the dignities of your citee, Sonne and Mone, nothing in kinde shew ther shining as thei should. For the sonne made no brenning hete in love, but frefed envie in mens hertes, for feblenes of shining hete: and the Mone was about under an old cloud the livynges by waters to destroye. Ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) it is supposed thei had shined as thei should. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> she) but now it is proved at the full, ther beutie in kindly shining failed, wherfore dignitie of him selsen hath no beantie in fairenesse, ne driveth not awaye vices, but encrefeth, and so be thei no cause of the knotte. Now se in gode truthe, holde ye not soche sonnes worthie of no reverence and dignities, worthie of no worship, that maketh men to doe the more harmes? I n'ot (q<sup>d</sup> I). No (q<sup>d</sup> she) and thou se a wife gode man, for his godenesse and wisenesse wolt thou not doe hym worship thereof he is worthie? That is gode skil (q<sup>d</sup> I) it is dewe to soche, bothe reverence and worshippe to have. Then (q<sup>d</sup> she) a shrewe for his shreudnesse, altho he be put forth to for other for ferde, yet is he worthie for shreudnesse to be unworshipped: of reverence no parte is he worthie to have, to contrarious doynge belongeth, and that is gode skille. For right as he besmiteth the dignities, thilk same thing ayenward him smiteth, or els should smite. And over this thou wolt well (q<sup>d</sup> she) that fire in every place heteth where it be, and water maketh wet: why? For kindly werkyng is so iput in 'hem to do soche thynges: for every kindly



in werking sheweth his kind. But though a wight had ben Maier of your Cite, many Winter together and come in a straunge place, there he were not knowen, he should for his dignitie have no reverence. Then neither worship ne reverence is kindlie proper in no dignitie, fithen thei shoulde doen ther kinde in soche doying if any were. And if reverence ne worshippe kindely be not sette in dignities, and thei more therein ben shewed than godenesse, for that in dignitie is shewed, but it proveth that godenesse kindlie in 'hem is not grounded. I wis neither worship ne reverence, ne godenesse in dignitie, doen none office of kind, for thei have none soche properie in nature of doying, but by false opinion of the peple. Lo! howe sometyme thilke that in your Cite werne in dignitie noble, if thou liste 'hem nempne, thei ben nowe overtourned, bothe in worshippe, in name, and in reverence; wherefore soche dignities have no kindely werchyng of worship, and of reverence, he that hath no worthinesse on it self: Now it riseth, and now it vanisheth, after the variaunte opinion in false hertes of unstable peple.

Wherefore, if thou desire the knotte of this jewelle, or els if thou wouldest suppose she should sette the knotte on The, for soche maner of dignitie, then thou weneest beantie or godenesse of the ilke somewhat encrefeth the godenesse or vertue in the bodie: but dignities of 'hem self ben not gode, ne yeven reverence ne worship by ther owne kinde, howe should thei then yeve to any other, a thing, that by no waie mow thei have 'hem self? It is seen in dignitie of the Emperour, and of many mo other, that thei mowe not of 'hem selve kepe ther worship, ne ther reverence, that in a little while it is now up, and now down, by unstedfast hertes of the peple. What bountie mowe thei yeve, that with Cloude lightlie levethe his shynyng? Certes to the occupier is mokell apeired, fithen soche doing doeth vilanie to him that maie it not maintain, wherefore thilke way to the knotte is croked: and if any desire to come to the knot, he must leve this waie on his left side, or els shal he never come there.

**A**Vaileth aught (q<sup>d</sup> she) power of mighte in maintenaunce of worthie to come to this knot. Parde (q<sup>d</sup> I) ye, for hertes ben ravished from soche maner thyngs. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) though a sole's herte, is with thyng ravished, yet therfore is no generall cause of the powers, ne of a liker parsite herte to be loked after. Was not Nero the moste shrewde, one of thilke that men rede, and yet had he power to make Senatours, Justices, and Princes of many landes? Was not that grete power? Yes certes (q<sup>d</sup> I). Well (q<sup>d</sup> she) yet might he not helpe hymself out of dilec, when he gan fall. Howe many enamples canst thou remember of kynges, grete and noble, and huge power holden, and yet thei might not kepe 'hem selve from wretchednesse. How wretched was kyng Henry Curtmantil ere he diede? He had not so moche as to cover with his members: and yet was he one of the gretest kynges of all the Normandes offspring, and moste possession had. O, a noble thing and clere is power, that is not founden mightie to kepe hymself.

Now truelie a grete sole is he, that for soche thyng would set the knotte in thyn herte. Also power of relmes is not thilke gretest power emonges the worldlie powers reckened? And if soche powers han wretchednesse in 'hemself, it foloweth other powers of febler condicion to ben wretched, and then that wretchednesse should ben cause of soch a knot. But every wight, that hath reson, wote well that wretchednesse by no waie maie ben cause of none soche knotte, wherefore soche power is no cause. That

powers have wretchednesse in 'hem self maie right lightly ben preved.

If power lacke on any side, on that side is no power, but no power is wretchednes: for all be it so, the power of Emperours or kinges, or els of ther relmes (which is the power of the Prince) stretchen wide and brode, yet besides is there 'mokell folke, of whiche he hath no commaundemente ne lordship; and there as lacketh his power, his nonpower entereth, where under springeth, that maketh 'hem wretches. Nopower is wretchednesse, and nothyng els: but in this maner hath kinges more porcion of wretchednes, than of power. Truly soche powers ben unmightie, for ever thei ben in drede, how the ilke power from lesyng maie be keped of sorowe, so drede sorily pricketh ever in ther hertes: Little is the power, which careth and ferdeeth it self to maintaine. Unmightie is that wretchednesse, whiche is entered by the ferdfull wenyng of the wretche hym self: and knotte imaked by wretchednesse, is betwene wretches, and wretches all thyng bewailen: wherefore the knotte should be bewailed, and there is no soche parfit blisse that we supposed at the ginning. Ergo, power in nothing should cause soch knottes. Wretchednesse is a kindlie properie in soche power, as by waie of drede, whiche thei mowe not eschue, ne by no waie live in sikernes. For thou wolste welle (q<sup>d</sup> she) he is nought mighty, that wolde done that he may not don ne performe. Therefore (q<sup>d</sup> I) these kinges and lordes that han suffisaunce at the ful of men and other thinges, mowen well ben holden mighty: ther commaundementes ben done, it is nevermore denied. Fole (q<sup>d</sup> she) or he wot him selfe mightye or wote it not: for he is nought mighty, that is blinde of his might, and wote it not.

That is soth (q<sup>d</sup> I). Than yf he wot it, he must nedes ben adrade to lesen it. He that wote of his might is in doute that he mote nedes lese, and so ledeth him drede to ben unmightie. And if he retche not to lese, litel is that worth that of the lesing reson retcheth nothyng: and if it were mighty in power or in strenght, the lesing shulde ben with set, and whan it cometh to the lesinge he may i not withsitte. Ergo, thilke might is leude and naught ty. Soch mightes arne ylike to postes and pillars: that upright stonden, and grete might han to bere, manye charges, and yf they croke on any side, litel thing maketh 'hem overthrowe. This is a gode ensample (q<sup>d</sup> I) to pillars and postes that I have sene overthrowed my self, and hadden they ben underput with anye helpes, they had not so lightlye fal. Than holdest thou him myghty that hath many men armed and many servautes, and ever he is adrade of 'hem in his herte, and for he gasteth 'hem somtime he mote the more fere have. Comenly he that othet agasteth, other in 'him ayenward werchen the same: and thus warnished mote he be, and of warnishe the houre drede: Litel is that might and right leude, who so taketh hede. Than semeth it (q<sup>d</sup> I) that soche famulers aboute kinges and grete lordes, shull grete might have. Although a sipher in augrim have no might in significacion of it selve, yet he yeveth power in significacion to other, and these clepe I the helpes to a post, to kepe him from falling. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) thilke skilles ben leude. Why? but if the shores ben wel grounded, the helpes shullen sliden and suffre the charge to fal, ther myght lytel availeth. And so me thinketh (q<sup>d</sup> I) that a poste alone stondyng upright upon a basse, maye lenger in grete burthen endure, then croked pillars for all ther helpes, and ther grounde be not siker. That is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> she) for as if the blind in bering of the lame ginne stamble, bothe shuld fal, right so soch pillars



pillers so environed with helps in falinge of the grounde faileth all togiðer, howe ofte than soche famulers in ther most pride of prosperite ben sodainly overthrowen! Thou haste knowe manye in a moment so ferre overthrowe, that cover might they never, whan the hevynesse of soche faling cometh by case of fortune, they mowe it not eschewe: and might and power, if ther wer any, shulde of strenght soche thinges voide and weive, and so it is not. Lo than whiche thing is this power, that tho men han it they ben agast, and in no time of full having be they siker: and if they wold weyve drede, as they mowe not, lytel is in worthines: Fye therfore on so noughty thing any knot to cause! Lo! in adversitie, thilke ben his foes that glosed and semed frendes in welth, thus arne his familiars his foes and his enemies: And nothing is werse ne more mighti for to anoye, than is a familier enemye, and these thinges may they not weive, so treuly ther might is not worth a cresse. And over al thinge, he that may not withdrawe the bridel of his fleshy lustes and his wretched complaintes (now thinke on thy self) trewly he is not mighty: I can sene no way that lithe to the knotte. Thilke peple than, that setten ther hertes upon soch mightes and powers, often ben begiled. Parde he is not myghty that may do any thinge, that another may done him the selve, and that men have as grete power over hym as he over other. A justice that demeth men, ayenward hath ben often demed. Busyris slew his gestes, and he was slayne of Hercules his gest. Hugelst betraihed many menne, and of Collo was he betraied. He that with swerde smiteth, with swerde shal be smitten. Than gan I to studien a while on these thinges, and made a countenaunce with my hande in maner to ben huishite. Nowe let sene (qð she) me thinketh somewhat there is within thy soule, that troubleth thy understanding, saye on what it is. (Qð I tho) me thinketh that although a man by power have soche might over me as I have over other, that disproveth no might in my persone, but yet maye I have power and might never the later. Se now (qð she) thine owne leudenesse: He is mighty that maye without wretchednesse, and he is unmighty that may it not withfite: but than he that might over The, and he woll put on The wretchednes, thou might it not withfite. *Ergo*, thou seest thy selfe what foloweth. But nowe (qð she) wouldest thou not skorne and thou se a flye han power to don harme to an other flie, and thilke have no might ne ayenturninge him selfe to defende? Yes certes (qð I). Who is a frailer thinge (qð she) than the fleshye body of a man, over whiche have often tyme flies, and yet lasething than a flye mokel myght in grevaunce and anoyinge, withouten anye withsittyng, for all thilke manne's mightes. And sithen thou seest thine fleshy body in kindly power faile, howe shoulde than the accident of a thyng be in more suretie of being than substantial: wherfore thilke thinges that we clepe power, is but accident to the fleshy body, and so they maie not have that suretie in might, which wanteth in the substancial body. Why there is no waye to the knotte, that loketh aryght after the hie waye as he shulde.

**V**erelye it is proved that richesse, dignite, and power ben not trewe way to the knotte, but as rath by soche thinges the knotte to be unbound: Wherfore on these thynges I rede no wight trust, to gette anye gode knotte. But what shuld we saye of renome in the peples mouthes, shuld that ben any cause? what supposeth thou in thin hert?

Certes (qð I) yes I trowe, for your flye resons I dare not safely it saye. Than (qð she) wol I prove

that shrewes as rathe shul ben in the knotte as the gode, and that wer ayenst kinde. Fayne (qð I) would I that here, me thinketh wonder how renome shuld as well knitte a shrewe as a gode persone: renome in every degre hath avaunced, yet wist I never the contrarye: shulde than renome accorde with a shrewe? It maye not sinke in my stomake till I here more. Now (qð she) have I nat said alwayes, that shrewes shul not have the knotte. What nedeth (qð I) to reherse that any more, I wotte wel every wight by kindly reson shrewes in knittinge woll eschewe. Than (qð she) the gode ought thilke not to have. How els (qð I). It were grete harme (qð she) that the gode were weved and put out of espoire of the knot, if he it desired. O (qð I) alas! on soche thinge to thinke, I wene that heaven wepeth to se soch wronges here ben suffred on yerth: the gode ought it to have and no wight elles. The godnesse (qð she) of a person maye not ben knowe outforth, but by renome of the knowers, wherfore he must be renomed of godenes to come to the knot. So muste it be (qð I) or elles all losse that we carpen. Sothly (qð she) that were grete harme, but if a gode man might have his desyres in service of thilke knot, and a shrewe to be veined, and they ben not knowen in general but by lacking and praifing and in renome, and so by the consequence it foloweth, a shrewe ben praifed and knit, and a gode to be forsake and unknit. Ah (qð I tho) have ye lady ben herabouten, yet wold I se by grace of our argumentes better declared, howe gode and bad do accorden by lacking and praifing, me thinketh it ayenst kinde. Nay (qð she) that shalt thou se as yerne: these elementes han contrarious qualites in kinde, by whiche they mow not accorde no more than gode and bad: and in qualites they accorde, so that contraries by qualite accorden by qualyte. Is not yerth drie, and water that is nexte and bytwene th' erth is wete, drie and wete ben contrary and mowen not accorde, and yet this discordaunce is bounde to accorde by cloudes, for bothe elementes ben colde. Right so the eyre that is nexte the water is wete, and eke it is hot. This eyre by his hete contrarieth water that is colde, but thilke contrarioulye is oned by moisture, for both be they moist. Alto the fyre that is nexte the yerth, and it encloseth al about, is drie, wherthrough it contrarieth yerth that is wete: and in hete they accorde, for bothe they ben hote. Thus by these accordaunces discordantes ben joyned, and in a maner of acordaunce they acorden by conneccion, that is knittinge togiðer, of that accorde cometh a maner of melodye that is right noble. Right so gode and bad arne contrarie in doinges, by lacking and praifing: gode is bothe lacked and praifed of some, and badde is bothe lacked and praifed of some: wherfore ther contrarioulye acorde bothe by lacking and praifing. Than foloweth it though gode be never so mokel praifed, oweth more to ben knit than the bad: or elles bad for the renome that he hath must be taken as wel as the gode, and that oweth not. No forsothe (qð I). Well (qð she) than is renome no waye to the knot: lo: sole (qð she) how clerkes writen of soche glorie of renome. O glorie, glorie, thou art none other thinge to thousandes of folke, but a grete sweller of eres. Manye one hath had ful grete renome by false opinion of variaunt peple: And what is fouler than folk wrongefully to ben praifed, or by malice of the peple giltlesse lacked? Nedes shame foloweth thereof to hem that wyth wronge prayseth, and also to the desertes praifed, and vylanye and reprofe of him that disclaundreth

Gode childe (qð she) what echeth soche renome to the conscience of a wise man, that loketh and measureth



sureth his godenesse, not by slevelesse wordes of the peple, but by sothfastnesse of conscience? by God so: henge. And if it be faire a manne's name be echel by moche folkes praising, and fouler thing that mo folke not praifen. I said to The a litel here before, that no folke in straunge countreies nought praifen soch renom may not comen to ther cres, because of unknowing, and other obstacles, as I saide: Wherefore more folke not praifen, and that is right soule to him that renome desireth, to wete lesse folke praifen than renome enhance. I trowe the thanke of a peple is naught worth, in remembraunce to take, ne it procedeth of no wise judgement, never is it stedfast pardurable: It is veine and fleyng, with winde wasteth and encreseth. Trewly soch glory ought to be hated. If gentillesse be a clere thyng, renome and glorie to enhance, as in reckening of thy linage, than is gentillesse of thy kinne, for why? it semeth that gentillesse of thy kinne is but prayfinge and renome that come of thine auncestres desertes, and if so be that prayfinge and renome of ther desertes make ther clere gentillesse, than mote they nedes ben gentill for ther gentill dedes, and not thou: for of thy self cometh not soche maner gentillesse, prayfinge of thy desertes. Than gentillesse of thine auncestres, that foraine is to The, maketh The not gentil, but ungentil and reproved, and if thou continuest not ther gentillesse. And therefore a wise man ones said: Better is it thy kinne to ben by The gentiled, then thou to glorifye of thy kinne's gentillesse, and hast no desert thereof thy selfe.

How passing is the beauteie of fleshy bodyes? more flyttinge than movable floures of sommer. And if thine eyen weren as gode as the Lynx, that may fene thorow many stone walles, both and faire and foule in ther entrailes of no maner hew shulde apere to thy sight, that were a foule sight. Than is fairenesse by feblese of eyen, but of no kind, wherefore thilke shuld be no way to the knot: Whan thilke is went the knot wendeth after. Lo! now at al proves, none of al these thinges mowe parfitly ben in understanding, to ben waye to the duringe blisse of the knotte. But now to conclusion of these maters herkeneth these words. Very sommer is know from the Winter: in shorter course draweth the dayes of December, then in the moneth of June: The springes of May faden and folowen in Octobre. These thinges be not unbounden from ther olde kind, they have not losse ther worke of ther proper estate. Men of voluntarious wil withsitte that heven governeth. Other thinges suffren thinges patiently to werche: Man in what estate he be, yet wolde he ben chaunged. Thus by queint thynges blisse is desired, and the fruit that cometh of these springes n'is but anguis and bitter, although it be a while swete, it may not be withhold, hastily they departe: thus all daye faileth thinges that soles wende. Right thus hast thou failed in thy firste weninge. He that thinketh to saile, and drawe after the course of that sterre, *de polo antarctico*, shall he never come Northward to the contrary sterre of *polus arcticus*, of whiche thinges lif thou take kepe, thy first out waye goinge prison and exil may be cleped. The grounde falsed underneth, and so haste thou fayled. No wight I wene blameth him that stineth in misgoing, and secheth redy way of his blisse.

Nowe me thinketh (q<sup>d</sup> she) that it suffiseth in my shewing the wayes, by dignite, richesse, renome, and power, if thou loke clerely arne no wayes to the knotte.

**E**Very argumente lady (q<sup>d</sup> I tho) that ye han maketh in these fore nempned matters, me thinketh hem in my full wytte conceived, shall I no more

if God will in the contrarie be begiled: But faine wolde I and it were your will, blisse of the knotte to me wer declared, I might fele the better howe my herte might assente to pursue th'ende in service, as he hathe begonne. O (q<sup>d</sup> she) there is a melodye in heven, whiche clerkes clepen armony, but that is not in breking of voice, but it is a maner swete thing of kindly werching, that causeth joy out of nombre to reckon, and that is joined by reson and by wisdom, in a quantite of proporcion of knitting. God made all thing in reson and in witte of proporcion of melodye, we mowe not suffice to shewe. It is written by grete clerkes andwise, that in erthly thinges lightly by studye, and by travale, the knowinge may be gotten: but of soche heavenly melodye mokel travaille woll bringe out in knowinge right lytel. Swetnesse of this paradyse hath you ravished, it semeth ye slepten, rested from all other diseses, so kindly is your hertes therein ygrounded. Blisse of two hertes in full love knitte maye not aright ben imagined: ever is ther contemplacion in ful of thoughty study to plessaunce, matter in bringing comforte everiche to other. And therefore of erthelye thinges, mokel matter lyghtly cometh in your lerning. Knowledge of understanding that is nighe after ye, but not so nigh the covetise of knittinge in your hertes: More soverain desire hath every wight in litel hering of heavenly conninge, than of mokell materiall purposes in yerth. Right so it is in propertie of my servauntes, that they ben more affyched in sterenge of lytel thinge in his desyre, than of mokel other matter, lasse in his conscience. This blisse is a manner of sowne delycious, in a queint voice touched, and no dynne of notes: there is none impression of brekinge labour. I canne it not otherwise nempne, for wanting of privie wordes, but paradyse terrestre ful of delicious melodye, withouten travaille in sowne perpetuell service, in ful joye coveted to endure. Only kinde maketh hertes in understandinge so to slepe, that otherwise may it not ben nempned, ne in other manere names for lyking swetnesse can I nat it declare, all sugre and honye, al minstrelsy and melodye ben but sore and galle in comparison, by no maner proporcion to reken, in respecte of this blisful joye. This armony, this melodye, this perdurable joye may nat be in doinge, but betwene hevns and elementes, or twey kindly hertes, full knit in trowth of naturell understanding, withouten wening and disceit, as hevns and planettes, whiche thinges continually for kindly accordaunces forieteth al contrarious mevinges, that into passyve diseses maye sowne, evermore it thirsteth after more working. These thinges in proporcion is so wel joynd, that it undoth al thing, whiche into badnes by any way may be accompted. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) this is a thing precious and noble. Alas that falsenesse ever or wantrust shuld ever be mainteined, this joy to void! Alas that ever any wretch shulde thorow wrathe or envy, jangling dare make to shove this melody so farre a backe that openly dare it not ben used! truly wretches ben fullfyllled with envy and wrathe, and no wight els. Flebring and tales in soche wretches dare apere openly in every wight's ere with ful mouth so charged, mokel malyce moved many innocentes to shende, God wold ther soule therwith were strangeled. Lo! trowth in this blisse is hid and over al under cover him hideth: he dare nat come a place for waiting of shrewes. Commonly badnes godnes amaistereth; with my self and my soule this joy wolde I bye if the godenesse wer as moch as the nobli in melodi. O (q<sup>d</sup> she) what godenesse may be accompted more in this material world! truly non that shalte thou understande. Is not every thing gode that is contrariant and distroieng yvel? How els (q<sup>d</sup> I)



I) Envy, wrathe and falsenes ben generall (qð she) and that wot every man beyng in his right mind, the knotte the whiche we have in this blisse is contrariaunt and destroieth soche maner yvelles. Ergo it is gode, what hath caused anye wight to do anye gode dede? Fynd me any gode, but if this knot be the chiefe cause: Nedes mote it be gode, that causeth so many gode dedes. Every cause is more, and worthier than thing caused, and in that more's possession all thynges lesse ben compted. As the kinge is more than his peple, and hath in possession al his relme after: Right so the knot is more than al other godes, thou might reckon al thynges lasse, and that to him longethe owethe into his mores causes of worship and of wil do tourne, it is elles rebel, and out of his mores defending to voyd. Ryght so of every godenesse into the knot and into the cause of his worship oweth to tourne. And trewly every thinge that hath beyng profitablye is gode, but nothing hath to ben more profitably than this knot: Kynges it maintaineth, and hem ther powers to maintaine: It makethe misse to bene amended, with gode governaunce in doynge. It closeh hertes so togidir, that rancour is outthresten. Who that it lengest kepeth, lengest is gladed. I trow (qð I) heretykes, and misse-mening peple hence-forward wol maintaine this knotte, for therthrough shull they ben maintained, and utterly woll tourne, and leve ther olde yvel understanding, and knitte this godenes, and proffer so ferre in service, that name of servauntes might they have. Ther jangles shal cese, me thinketh hem lacketh mater now to alge. Certes (qð love) if they of gode will thus tourned as thou sayst, wolen trewly perfourme, yet shull they be abled party of this blisse to have: and they wol not, yet shul my servauntes the werre wel susteyne in min helpe of mayntenance to the end. And they for ther gode travaille shullen in rewarde so ben meded, that endlesse joy body and soule togidir in this shullen abyden, ther is ever action of blisse withouten possible corrupcion, there is action perpetuel in werke without travaille, there is everlastyng passyfe withouten any of labour: continuel plite without cefing coveted, to endure. No tonge maye tell ne herte maye thinke the lesse pointe of this blisse. God bringe me thiðir (qð I than). Continueth wel (qð she) to the ende, and thou might not fail than, for though thou spede not here, yet shal the passion of thy martrid lyfe ben writen, and radde toforne the gret Jupiter, that God is of routhe, an highe in the holownesse of heren, ther he sit in his trone, and ever thou shalt forward ben holden amonge all these hevins for a knight, that mightest with no penaunce ben discomfited. He is a verie martyr that livingely goinge is gnawen to the bones. Certes (qð I) these ben gode wordes of comforte, a litell mine hert is rejoyced in a mery wife. Ye (qð she) and he that is in heaven felith more joye, than whan he firste herde therof speke. So it is (qð I) but wist I the soth, that after disese comforte wold folowe with blisse, so as ye have often declared, I wold wel suffre this passion with the better chere, but my thoughtful sorow is endlesse, to think howe I am cast out of a welesfare, and yet daineth not this yvel none herte none hede to meward throwe, whiche thynges wold gretly me by wayes of comforte disporte, to weten in my selfe a litel with other me ben ymoned: and my sorowes peisen not in ther balaunce the weight of a pefe: Slinges of ther daunger, so hevily peysen, they drawe my causes so hye that in ther eyen they semen but light and right lytell.

O, for (qð she) heaven with skies that soule cloudes maken and darke wethers with grette tempestes and huge, maketh the mery dayes with softe shinninge sonnes. Also the yere with-draweth floures and beau-

te of herbes and of yerth. The same yere maketh springes and jolyte in Ver so to renovel with painted coloures, that erthe semeth as gay as heaven. Sees that blasteth, and with wawes throweth shippes of which the living cretures for grette peril of hem dreden: right so the same Sees maketh smothe waters and golden sailen, and comforteth hem, with noble havan that firste were so ferde. Haste thou not (qð she) lerned in thy youth that Jupiter hath in his wardrobe bothe garmentes of joye and of sorowe? What wost thou howe sone he wol tourne of The thar garmente of care, and clothe The in blisse? Parde it is not ferre fro The. Lo an olde proverbe aleged by many wise! *When bale is grettest, than is bote anie bere.* Wherof wylt thou dismaye? hope wel and serve wel, and that shall The save with thy gode byleve. Ye, ye (qð I) yet se I not by reson howe this blisse is comming, I wot it is contingent, it maye fal an other. O (qð she) I have moked to done to clere thine understanding and voide these errours out of thy mynde, I wold prove it by reson thy wo maie not alway endure. Every thinge kindly (qð she) is governed and ruled by the heavenly bodies, whiche haven ful werching here on erth, and after course of these bodies all course of your doynge here ben governed and ruled by kind. Thou woste well by cours of planettes all your dayes proceden, and to everich of singuler houres be enterchaunged stonde me about, by submitted worchyng naturelly to fultre, of whiche chaunges cometh these transitorie tymes, that maketh revolving of your yeres thus stoundmele, every hath ful might of worching, till all seven han hadde ther cours about. Of whiche worchings and possession of houres, the dayes of the weke have take ther names, after denominacion in these seven planettes. Lo your sonday ginneth at the firste houre after none on the saturday, in whiche houre is than the sonne in ful might of worching, of whom sonday taketh this name. Next him foloweth Venus, and after Mercurius, and than the Mone, so than Saturnus, after whom Jovis, and than Mars, and ayen than the Sonne, and so forth be xxiii. houres together, in whiche houre ginning in the ii. day stante the Mone, as maister for that time to rule, of whom monday taketh his name, and this course foloweth of al other dayes generally in doinge. This course of nature of these bodies chaunging flinten at a certaine terme, limited by ther first kind, and of hem al governementes in this elemented world proceden, as in springes, constellacions, engendures, and al that folowen kind and reson; wherfore the course that foloweth sorow and joy, kindly moten entrechangen ther tymes, so that alway on wele as alway on wo may not endure. Thus seest thou apertly thy sorowe into wele mote ben chaunged, wherfore in soche case to better fide evermore enclin thou shuldest. Trewly nexte the ende of sorowe anon entreth joye, by maner of necessite, it wol ne may non other betide, and so thy contingency is disproved: if thou holde this opinion any more, thy wit is right leud. Wherfore in ful conclusion of al this, thilke Margarite thou desirest, hath ben to The dere in thy herte, and for her hast thou suffred many thoughtful diseses, hereafter shall be cause of moked myrth, and joy, and loke how glad canst thou bene, and cese al thy passed hevynesse with manyfolde joyes. And than wol I as blithly here The speken thy myrthes in joy, as I nowe have yherde thy sorowes and thy complaints. And if I mowe in aughte thy joy encrease, by my trouthe on my side shal nat be leved for no maner travaille, that I with al my mightes right blithly wol helpe and ever ben redy you both to pefe. And than thanked I that lady with al godely manner that I worthily coude, and trewly I was gretly



rejoyced in myne herte, of her faire behestes and profered me to be slawe in all that she me wold ordein whyl my life lasted.

**M**E thinketh (q<sup>d</sup> I) that ye have right wel declared, that way to the knot shuld not ben in none of these disproving thinges, and nowe order of our purpose this asketh, that ye shuld me shew if any way be thither, and which thilke way shuld ben, so that openly may be sey the very hye way in ful confusion of these other thinges.

Thou shalt (q<sup>d</sup> she) understande, that one of thre lyves (as I firste said) every creature of mankind is sprongen, and so forth procedeth. These lyves ben thorow names departed in thre maner of kindes, as bestialliche, manlyche, and resonabliche, of whiche two ben used by fleshely body, and the thirde by his soule. Bestial amonge resonables is forboden in every lawe and every secte, bothe in christen and other, for everye wight dispiseth him that lyveth by lustes and delites, as him that is thral and bounden servaunte to thinges right foule, soche ben compted werse than men, he shal nat in ther degre ben rekened, ne for soche one allowed. Heritikes saine they chosen life bestial, that voluptuouslye lyven, so that (as I firste saide to The) in manly and resonable livinges our mater was to declare, but manly lyfe in lyving after flesh, or els fleshely waies to chese may nat blisse in this knot be conquered, as by reson it is proved. Wherefore by resonable life he must nedes it have, sithe a way is to this knotte, but nat by the first tway lyves, wherefore nedes mote it ben to the thirde, and for to lyve in fleshe but nat after fleshe, is more resonablich than manlyche rekened by clerkes. Therefore how this way cometh in I wol it blithely declare.

Se now (q<sup>d</sup> she) that these bodily godes of manliche livinges, yelden sorowfull stoundes and smertande houres. Who so wel remembre him to ther endes, in ther worchinges they ben thoughtful and forie. Right as a Be that hathe had his honie, anon at his flight beginneth to stinge: So thilke bodily godes at the laste mote away, and than sting they at ther goinge, wherthroughe entreth and clene voideth al blisse of this knot.

Forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I) me thinketh I am wel served, in shewing of these wordes. Although I hadde lyttell in respecte amonge other grete and worthy, yet had I a faire parcel, as me thought for the tyme, in forthering of my sustenance, whiche while it dured, I thought me having mokel hony to mine estate. I had richesse suffisauntly to weive nede, I had dignite to be reverenced in worship. Power me thought that I had to kepe fro min enemies, and me semed to shine in glory of renome, as manhode asketh in mene, for no wighte in myne administracyon coude non yvels ne trechery by sothe cause on me putte. Lady, your selve weten wel, that of tho confederacies maked by my souverains, I n'as but a servaunt, and yet mokel mene folke woll fully ayenste reson thilke maters mainteine, in whiche maintenance glorien them self, and as often ye haven saide, therof ought nothing in yvel to be laide to me wardes, sithe as repentaunt I am touned, and no more I thinke, neither tho thinges ne none soch other to sustene, but utterly distroye without medling maner, in all my mightes. How am I now cast out of al swetenes of blisse, and mischevously stongen by passed joye? Sorowfully must I bewaile, and live as a wretche. Every of tho joyes, is turned into his contrary: for richesse now have I povertie, for dignitie now am I imprisoned, in stede of power, wretchednesse I suffre, and for glory of renome I am now dispised, and fouliche hated: thus hath farned fortune, that sodainly am I overthrowen, and out of all welth dispoiled.

Truely me thinketh this waie in entre is right harde God graunt me better grace er it be al passed, th' other waie lady, me thought right swete. Now certes (q<sup>d</sup> Love) me list for to chide. What aileth thy darke dulnesse? Woll it not in clerenesse ben sharped? Have I not by many resons to The shewed, soch bodily godes failen to yeve blisse, ther might so forth woll not stretch? Shame (q<sup>d</sup> she, it is to saie) thou liest in thy wordes. Thou ne hast wist but right few, that these bodily godes hadde all atones commenie thei dwellen not togithir. He that plentie hath in riches, of his kinne is ashamed: an other of linage right noble and well know, but povertie him handeleth, he were lever unknowe. An other hath these, but renome of peples praising maie he not have, over all he is hated, and defamed of thinges righte foule. An other is faire and semely, but dignitie him faileth: and he that hath dignite is croked or lame, or els mishapen, and foully despised. Thus partable these godes dwellen, commonly in one housholde ben thei but silde. Lo how wretched is your trust, on thing that woll not accorde! Me thinketh thou clepest thilk plite thou wer in felines of fortune, and thou saiest for that that felines is departed, thou art awretch. Then soloweth this upon thy wordes, every soule resonable of man maie not die, and if deth endeth felines, and maketh wretches, as nedes of fortune maketh it an end. Than soules after deth of the body in wretchednes should liven. But we knowe many that han gotten the blisse of heaven after ther deth. Howe then maie this life maken men blisful, that when it passeth, it yeveth no wretchednesse, and many times blisse, if in this life he can live as he should. And wolt thou accompt with fortune, that now at the first she hath doen The rene and sorowe: if thou loke to the maner of all glad thinges and sorowful, thou maist not naie it, that yet, and namely now thou standest in noble plite in a gode ginning, what gode forthgoing herafter. And if thou wen to be a wretch, for soch welth is passed, why then art thou not well fortunate, for badde thinges and anguis wretchednes ben passed? Art thou now come first into the hostrie of this life, or els the both of this world, art thou now a sodain gest into this wretched exile? Wenest there be any thing in this yerth stable? Is not thy first areft passed, that brought The in mortall sorowe? Ben these not mortall things agon with ignorance of bestial wit, and hast received reson in knowing of vertue? What comforte is in thy herte? The knowing fikerly in my service be grounded. And wolt thou not wel as I said, that deth maketh ende of all fortune? What then, standest thou in noble plite, litle hede or recking to take, if thou let fortune passe ding, or els that she fle when her list, now by thy live. Parde a man hath nothyng so lese as his life, and for to holde that he doeth all his cure and diligent travaille. Then saie I thou art blisfull and fortunate sely, if thou knowe thy godes, that thou hast yet beleved, whiche nothing may doubt that thei ne ben more worthy than thy life? What is that (q<sup>d</sup> I); gode contemplacion (q<sup>d</sup> she) of well-doing in vertue, in time coming, bothe in plesaunce of me, and of thy Margarite perle: hastily thyn hert in full blisse what her shal be esed. Therefore dismay The not, fortune in hate grevously ayenst thy bodilie person, ne yet to grete tempest hath she nor sent to The, sithe the holding cables and ankers of thy life holden by knitting so faste, that thou discomforte The nought of time that is now, ne dispaire The not of time to come, but yeven the comfort in hope of well-doing, and of getting again the double of thy lesing, with encreasing love of thy Margarit perle therto. For this hitherto thou hast had al her ful daunger, and so thou mighte amend al that is misse and



and all defautes that sometime thou diddest, and that now in all thy time to that ilke *Margarite* in full service of my lore thine hert hath continued, wherefore she ought moche the rather encline fro her daungerous fete. These thinges ben yet knit by the holding anker in thy live, and holden mote thei: To God I praie al these things at ful ben performed. For while this anker holdeth, I hope thou shalt fastly escape, and while thy true mening service about bryng, in dispite of all false meners, that The of newe haten for this true service, thou art now entered.

**C**ertes (q<sup>d</sup> I) emong thynges I asked a question, which was the waie to the knot. Trulie ladie, how so it be, I tempt you with questions and answeres, in speking of my first service, I am now in ful purpose in the prick of the hert, that thilke service was an enprisonment, and alwaie bad and naughtie, in no maner to be desired. Ne that in getting of the knot maie it nothing availe. A wise gentil hert loketh after vertue, and non other bodily joies alone. And bicause toform this in tho waies I was fet, I wot well my self I have erred, and of the blisse failed, and so out of my waie hugely have I ronne. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) that is soth, and there thou hast miswente, eschue that pathe from henceforward I rede. Wonder I trulie, why the mortalle folke of this worlde seche these waies outforthe, and it is prived in your self. Lo how ye ben confounded with errour and follie! The knowing of very cause and waie, is godenes and vertue. Is there any thing to The more precious than thy self? Thou shalt have in thy power, that thou wouldest never lese, and that in no waie maie be taken fro The, and thilk thing is that is cause of this knotte. And if deth mowe it not reve, more than an yerthly cature, thilke thing then abideth with thy selfsoule. And so our conclusion, to make soch a knot thus gotten, abideth with this thing, and with the soule, as longe as thei laste. A soule dieth never, vertue and godenes evermore with the soule endureth, and this knot is perfite blisse. Then this soul in this blisse endlesse shall endure. Thus shul hertes of a true knot ben esed: thus shul ther soules ben plesed: thus perpetually in joye shul thei sing. In gode trouth (q<sup>d</sup> I) here is a gode beginning, yve us more of this waie. (Q<sup>d</sup> she) I saied to The not long sithen, that resonable life was one of thre thinges, and it was proved to the soule. Every soule of reson hath two thinges of steryng life, one in vertue, and an other in the bodilie working: and whan the soule is the maister over the bodie, then is a manne maister of himself: and a man to be a maister over himself, liveth in vertue and in godenesse, and as reson of vertue techeth. So the soule and the body worching vertue togider, liven resonable life, whiche clerkes clepen felicitie in living, and therein is the hic waie to this knot. These olde Philosphers, that hadden no knowyng of divine grace, of kindly reson alone wenden that of pure nature, without any help of grace, me might have ishoned the other livinges: resonable have I lived, and for I thinke hereafter, if God woll (and I have space) thilke grace after my leude knowyng declare, I leve it as at this tyme. But (as I saied) he that outforthe loketh after the waies of this knotte, connyng with whiche he shold knowe the waie inforthe, slepeth for the tyme, wherefore he that woll this waie know, must leve the loking after false waies outforthe, and open the eyen of his conscience, and unclothe his hert. Seest not he that hath trust in the bodily life, is so busie bodily woundes to anoint in kepyng from smert (for all out maie thei not be healed) that of woundes in his true understanding he taketh no hede? the knowing even forth slepeth so

harde, but anone as in knowing awake, then ginneth the privie medicines, for helyng of his true entent, inwards lightlie helethe conscience, if it be well handled. Then must nedes these waies come out of the soul by steryng life of the bodie, and els maie no man come to perfite blisse of this knot: and thus by this mene he shal come to the knot, and to the perfite felinelle that he wende have had in bodily godes outforthe? Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) shall he have bothe knot, riches, power, dignitie, and renome in this maner waie? Ye (q<sup>d</sup> she) that shall I shewe The. Is he not riche that hath suffisaunce, and hath the power that no man maie amastrien? Is not grete dignitie to have worship and reverence? And hath he not glory of renome, whose name perpetnall is during, and out of number in comparacion? These be the thinges that men wenen to gotten outforthe (q<sup>d</sup> I). Ye (q<sup>d</sup> she) thei that loken after a thing that nought is, thereof in all ne in partie longe mowe thei gapen after: that is sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I:) therefore (q<sup>d</sup> she) thei that sechen gold in grene trees, and wene to gaðer precious stonnes emong vines, and laine ther nettes in mountaines to fish, and thinken to hunt in depe Sees after hert and hind, and sechen in yerth thilke thinges that surmounteth heaven. What maie I of hem saie? But folishe ignoraunce misledeth wandring wretches by uncouth wayes, that shulden be foreteten, and maketh hem blind fro the right pathe of true waie, that should ben used. Therefore in generall errour in mankinde departeth thilke godes by misse seching, which he should have whole and he sought by reton. Thus goeth he begiled of that he sought, in his hode men have blowe a jape. Now (q<sup>d</sup> I) if a man be vertuous, and al in vertue liveth, how hath he al these thinges? That shall I proven (q<sup>d</sup> she). What power hath any man to let an other of living in vertue? For prisionment or any other disese he take it paciently, discomfiterh he not, the tiraunte over his soule no power maie have; then hath that man so tourmented soche power, that he n'll be discomfite, ne overcome maie he not ben, sithen patience in his soule overcometh, and is not overcome. Soche thing that maie not be amastred, he hath nede to nothyng, for he hath suffisaunce inow to help himself. And thilke thing that thus hath power and suffisaunce, and no tiraunte maie it reve, and hath dignitie to set at naught all thynges, here it is a grete dignitie that deth maie amastrie. Wherefore thilke power suffisaunce so enclosed with dignitie, by all reson renome must have. This is thilk riches with suffisaunce ye should loke after: this is thilk worshipful dignitie ye should cover: this is the ilke power of might, in whiche ye should trust: this is thilke renome of glory, that endlesse endureth, and al n'is but substaunce in vertuous living. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) all this is sothe, and so I se well that vertue with ful gripe encloseth al these thinges. Wherefore in soth I maie saie, by my troth, vertue of my *Margarite* brought me first into your service, to have knitting with that jewell, not sodaine longinges ne folkes smale wordes, but onely our conversacion togider: and then I seing th'entent of her true mening, with florishing vertue of patience, that she used no-thing in evill, to quite the wicked lesynges, that false tonges oft in her have laied, I have sey it my self, godely foryevenesse hath spronge out of her hert, unitive and accorde above al other thinges she delireth in a gode meke maner, and suffreth many wicked tales.

**T**ruelie, Ladie, to you it were a gret worship, that soch thinges by due chastisement were amended. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> she) I have The excused all soche thinges as yet mow not be redressed: thy *Margarite's* vertue I commende



commende well the more, that paciently soche anoies suffreth. David king was meke and suffred mokell hate, and many evil speches: no dispite ne shame, that his enemies him didin, might not move pacience out of his hert, but ever in one plite mercie he used. Wherefore God himself toke reward to the thinges, and thereon soche punishment let fal. Truly by reson it ought be ensample of drede to al maner peple's mirth. A man vengeable in wrath no governance in punishment ought to have. Plato had a cause his servaunte to scourge, and yet cleped he is neighbour, to performe the doing, himself would not, lest wrath had him amaistred, and so might he have laid on to moche: evermore grounded vertue sheweth the entent fro within. And truly I wot well for her godnes and vertue, thou hast desired my service, to her plesant well the more, and thy self therto fully hast profered. Gode Ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) is vertue the hie waie to this knot, that long we have ihandled? Ye forsoth (q<sup>d</sup> she) and without vertue godely this knotte maie not be gotten. Ah! now I se (q<sup>d</sup> I) how vertue in me faileth, and I as a fere tre, without buxioning or frute alwaie welke, and so I stonde in dispaire of this noble knotte, for vertue in me hath no maner working. A wide where about have I traile. Pece (q<sup>d</sup> she) of thy firste waie thy travaile is in idell, and as touching the seconde waie, I se well thy mening. Thou wouldest conclude me if thou coudest, bicause I brought The to service, and every of my servauntes I helpe to come to this blisse, as I said here before; and thou saidest thy self, thou mightest not be holpen as thou wenest bicause that vertue in The faileth. And this blisse perfittly without vertue maie not be gotten, thou wenest of these wordes, contradiccion to folowe. Parde at the hardest I have no servaunt, but he be vertuous in dede and thought; I brought The in my service, yet art thou not my servaunt: but I saie, thou might so werch in vertue hereafter, that then shalt thou be my servaunt, and as for my servaunt accompted. For habite maketh no Monke, ne wering of gilt spurres maketh no knight. Never the later, in comfort of thine hert, yet wol I otherwise answere. Certes ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I tho) so ye must nede, or els I had nigh caught soche a cordiake for sorowe, I wot it well I shuld it never have recovered. And therefore now I prae to enforme me in this, or els I hold me without recoverie. I maie not long endure, till this lesson be lerned, and of this mischete the remedie knowen. Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) be not wrothe, for there is no man on live, that maie come to a precyous thyng, longe covered, but he somtime suffre tenefull disces, and wenest thy self to ben unliche to al other? That maie not ben: and with the more sorowe that a thing is gotten, the more hath he joye, the ilke thyng afterwarde to kepe, as it fareth by children in schole, that for lernyng arne beten; when ther lesson thei foryetten, commonly after a gode disciplinyng with a yerde, thei kepe right well doctrine of ther schole.

**R**ight with these wordes, on this Ladie I threwe up myne eyen, to se her countinaunce and her chere, and she aperceving this fantasie in mine herte, ganne her semblaunte godelie on me cast, and said in this wise.

It is well knowe bothe to reson and experience in doying, every active worcheth on his passive, and when thei ben together, active and passive ben icleped by these Philosophers, if fire be in place, chafyng thyng able to be chafed or hete, and the ilke thynges ben sette in soche a distaunce, that the one may werche, the other shall suffre. The ilke Margarite thou desirest, is full of vertue, and able to be active in godenesse: But every herbe sheweth his ver-

tue, outforthe from within, the Sonne yeveth light, that thinges maie be seye.

Every fire heteth the ilke thyng that it neighed, and it be able to be hete, vertue of this Margarite outforthe wrethe, and nothyng is more able to suffer worchyng, or worke catche of the active, but passive of the same active, and no passive to vertues of this Margarite but The in all my doner canne I finde, so that her vertewe must nede on The werche, in what place ever thou be; within distaunce of her worthinesse, as her very passive thou art closed: but vertue maie The nothyng profite, but thy desire be performed, and all thy sorowes cesed. Ergo, through werchyng of her vertue thou shalt esilie ben holpen, and driven out of all care, and welcome to this long by The desired.

Ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) this is a gode lesson, in ginyng of my joye: But were ye well forsoth, though I suppose she have moche vertue, I would my spousale wer proved, and then maie I live out of doubte, and rejoyce me gretlie, in thinkyng of tho vertues so shewed. I herd The saie (q<sup>d</sup> she) at my beginning, when I receved The first for to serve, that thy jewell, thilke Margarite thou desirest, was closed in a muskle, with a blewe shell. Ye forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I) so I said, and so it is. Well (q<sup>d</sup> she) every thyng kindelie sheweth it self, this jewell closed in a blewe shell, excellence of colours, sheweth vertue from within, and so every wight should rather loke to the proper vertue of thynges, then to his foraine godes. If a thyng be engendred of gode matter, comonlie and for the more parte it followeth after the congelemente vertue of the first matter, and it be not corrupte with vices, to procede with encrease of gode vertues: Eke right so it fareth of badde. Truly grete excellence in vertue of lynage for the more part descendeth by kind to the succession in vertues to folowe. Wherefore I saie, the colours of every Margarite sheweth from within the finesse in vertue.

Kindely heven, when merie wether is alofte, apereth in manne's eye of colour in blewe, stedfastnesse in pece betokenyng within and without: Margarite is engendred by hevenlic dewe, and sheweth in it self, by finenesse of colour, whether the engendrure wer maked on morowe or on eve: thus saith kinde of this perle. This precious Margarite that thou servest, sheweth it self descended by nobley of vertue, from his hevenliche dewe, norished and congeled in mekenesse, that mother is of all vertues, and by werkes that men seen withouten the signification of the coloures ben shewed mercie and pitie in the hert, with pece to al other, and al this is iclosed in a Muskle, who so redilie these vertues loken. All thyng that hath soule, is reduced into gode by mene thynges, as thus: Into GOD manne is reduced by soules resonable, and so forthe bestes, or bodies that mowe not moven after place ben reduced into man, by bestes meve that moven from place to place: so that thilke bodies that han felyng soules, and move not from places, holden the lowest degre of felyng thynges in felyng, and soche ben reduced into man by menes. So it foloweth, the muskle as mother of all vertues, halte the place of mekenesse, to his lowest degre descendeth doune of heven, and there by a maner of virgin engendrure, arne these Margarites engendred, and afterward congeled. Made not mekenesse so lowe the hie heven, to enclose and catch out thereof so noble a dewe, that after congelement a Margarite, with endles vertue and everlasting joy, was with ful vessel of grace yeven to every creature, that godely would it receive? Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) these thinges ben right noble, I have er this herde these same sawes. Then (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou wouldest well these thynges ben sothe? Ye forsothe (q<sup>d</sup> I) at the



the full. Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) that this Margarite is full of vertue, it is well proved, wherefore some grace, some mercie among other vertues, I wotte right well on The shall discende? Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) yet would I have better declared vertues in this Margarite kindlie to ben grounded. That shall I shewe The (q<sup>d</sup> she) and thou wouldest it lerne? Lerne (q<sup>d</sup> I) what nedeth soche wordes? wete ye not well, Ladie, your self, that all my cure, all my diligence, and all my might, have tourned by your counsaile, in plesance of that perle? al my thought and all my study, with your helpe desireth, in worshippe the ilke jewell, to encrese al my travaill, and all my businesse in your service, this Margarite to glad in some halve: me were lever her honour, her plesance, and her gode chere, thorowe me for to be maintained and kept, and I of soche thyng in her likyng to be cause, then all the welthe of bodily godes ye could reckon. And would never God, but I put my self in grete jeopardy of al that I would, that is now no more but my life alone, rather then I should suffer thilke jewel in any pointe ben blemished, as ferre as I maie suffre, and with my mightes stretch. Soche thing (q<sup>d</sup> she) maie mokel further thy grace, and The in my service avaunce. But now (q<sup>d</sup> Love) wilt thou graunte me thilke Margarite to ben gode: O gode gode (q<sup>d</sup> I) why tempt ye me and tene with soche maner speche? I would graunte that, though I should anone die, and by my trowth fight in the quarell, if any wighte would counterplede. It is so moche the lighter (q<sup>d</sup> Love) to prove our entent. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) but yet would I here, how ye would prove, that she were gode by resonable skill, that it mowe not ben denied, for although I knowe, and so doeth many other, manyfolde godenes and vertue in this Margarite ben printed, yet some menne there ben, that no godenesse speken: and wherever your wordes ben herd, and your recons ben shewed, soche evill spekers, Ladie, by auctorite of your excellence shullen ben stopped and ashamed. And more thei that han none acquaintaunce in her persone, yet mowe thei know her vertues, and ben the more enformed in what wise thei mowe set ther hertes, when hem list into your service any entre make: for truely all this to begin, I wote well my self, that thilke jewell is so precious perle, as a womanly woman in her kinde, in whom of godenesse, of vertue, and also of aunfwering shape of limmes, and fetures so well in all pointes accordyng, nothing faileth: I leve that kinde her made with grete studie, for kinde in her persone nothyng hath foryet, and that is well seen. In every gode wightes herte she hath grace of commendyng, and of vertuous praisyng. Alas that ever kinde made her dedlie: save onelie in that I wote well, that Nature in formyng of her in nothyng hath erred.

**C**ertes (q<sup>d</sup> Love) thou haste well begonne, and I aske The this question; Is not in generale every thyng gode? I not (q<sup>d</sup> I). No (q<sup>d</sup> she) saw not GOD everie thing that he made, and they werne right gode? Then is wonder (q<sup>d</sup> I) howe evill thynges comen a place, sithen that all thynges weren right gode. Thus (q<sup>d</sup> she) I woll declare everiche qualitie, and every accion, and every thing that hath any maner of beyng, it is of God, and GOD it made, of whom is all godenesse, and all beyng, of hym is no badnesse: badde to be is naught: Gode to be is somewhat, and therefore gode and beyng is one in understandyng. How maie this be (q<sup>d</sup> I) for often han shrewes me assailed, and mokell badnesse therein have I founden, and so me semeth bad, to be somewhat in kind? Thou shalt (q<sup>d</sup> she) understande that soche maner badnesse,

which is used to purifie wrong doers is somewhat, and God it made, and beyng hath, and that is gode: other badnes no beyng hath utterlie, it is in the negative of somewhat, and that is naughte, and nothyng beyng. The parties essenciall of beyng arne saied in double wise, as that it is, and these parties ben found in every cecture, for al thing a this halfe the firste beyng is beyng through participacion, taking partie of being, so that every cecture is difference betwen beyng, and of him through whom it is, and his owne beyng: right as every gode is a maner of beyng, so is it gode through beyng, for it is naught other to be: and every thing though it be gode, it is not of hymself gode, but it is gode by that it is ordinable to the grete godenes. This dualitie after clerkes determinacion, is founden in every cecture, be it never so single of onhed. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) but there as it is isaid, that God saw every thyng of his makyng, and they were right gode, as your self said to me, not long tyme sithen, I aske whether every cecture is isaid gode, through godenesse unformed, either els formed, and afterwarde if it be accepte utterly gode? I shall saie The (q<sup>d</sup> she) these grete passed clerkes han divided gode into gode being alone, and that is nothing but gode, for nothyng is gode in that wise, but God. Also in gode by participacion, and that is icleped gode, for farre sette, and representative of godelic godenesse, and after this manifolde gode is said, that is to saie, gode in kinde, and gode in gendre, and gode of grace, and gode of joye.

Of gode in kind Augustine saith, al that ben, ben gode: but peraunder thou wouldest wete, whether of himself it be gode, or els of an others godenes, for naturell godenesse of every substaunce is nothing els than his substaunciall beyng, whiche is icleped godenesse, after comparison that he hath to his first godenesse, so as it is inductatife by menes into the firste godenesse. Boece sheweth this thing at the full, that this name gode is in generall name in kinde, as it is comparisoned generally to his principalle ende, whiche is God, knotte of all godenes. Every cecture crieth God us made, and so thei han full apeted to thilke God by affection, soche as to hem belongeth: and in this wise all thynges ben gode, of the grete GOD, whiche is gode alone. This wonder thing (q<sup>d</sup> I) how ye have by many recons proved, my first waie to be error and misgoyng, and cause of badnesse and fible menyng, in the ground ye aledged to be roted: whence is it, that soche badnesse hath springes, sithen all thynges thus in generall ben gode, and badnesse hath no beyng, as ye have declared: I wene if all thynges ben gode, I might then with the firste waie in that gode have ended, and so by godenesse have comen to blisse in your service desired. All thing (q<sup>d</sup> she) is gode by beyng in participacion out of the first godenesse, which godenesse is corrupte by badnesse, and badmenyng maners: God hath in gode thynges, that thei ben gode by beyng, and not in evil, for there is absence of rightfull love, for badnesse is nothing only but evil wil of the user, and through giltyng of the doer, wherefore at the ginning of the worlde, every thing by himself was gode, and in universall thei werne right gode. An eye or a hand is fairer, and better in a bodie sette in his kindlie place, then from the bodie discovered. Every thing in his kindlie place beyng kindlie, gode doth werche, and out of that place voided, it dissolveth and is defouled hym selve. Our noble GOD in gliterande wise by armonie this worlde ordemed, as in putrecitures, storied with colours medied, in whiche blacke, and other darke colours, commenden the golden and the assured painture, every put in kindely place, one be-



side an other, more for other glitereth: right so little faire maketh right faire more glorious, and right so of godenes, and of other thynges in vertue. Wherefore other bad, and not so gode perles as this Margarite, that we han of this matter, yeven by the aire little godenesse, and little vertue, right mokell godenesse and vertue in thy Margarite to ben proved, in shynig wise to be found and shewed. How shuld ever godenes of pece have ben knowe, but if unpece somtime reigne, and mokell evill wrothe? Howe shoud mercie ben proved, and no trespassse were, by due justificacion to be punished? Therefore grace and godenesse of a wighte is founde, the sorowful hertes in gode mening to endure, ben comforted, unite, and accorde betwene hertes knitte in joye to abide.

What wenest thou that I reioyce, or els accompte hym among my servautes, that pleseth Pallas, in undoyng of Mercurie, all be it that to Pallas he be knitte by title of Lawe, not accordyng to the resonable conscience, and Mercurie in doying have grace to ben suffered: or els hym that weneth the Mone, for fairenesse of the Evesterre? Lo! other while by nightes light of the Mone gretlie comforteth in darke thoughtes and blinde. Understanding of love yeveth grette gladnesse: Who so liste no bileve, when a soth tale is shewed, adewe and adewblis, his name is entred. Wise folke and worthie in gentillesse, bothe of vertue and of livyng, yeven full credence in sothenes of love with a gode hert, there as gode evidence or experience in doinge sheweth not the contrarie. Thus mightest thou have ful prefe in thy Margarite's godenesse, by commendement of other jewels badnesse, and yvelnesse in doinge. Stoundemele disefes yeveth severall houres in joye.

Nowe by my trouthe (q<sup>d</sup> I) this is wel declared, that my Margarite is gode, for sythen other ben gode, and she passeth many other in godenes and vertue, wherthrough by maner necessarye she muste be gode: and godenesse of this Margarite is nothinge elles but vertue, wherefore she is vertuous, and if there failed anye vertue in any side, there were lacke of vertue: badde nothinge els is ne maye be but lacke and wante of gode and godenesse, and so shoulde she have that same lacke, that is to sayne badde, and that maye not be, for she is gode, and that is gode me thinketh all gode, and so by consequence me semeth vertuous, and no lacke of vertue to have. But the Sonne is not knowe but he shine, ne vertuous herbes but they have ther kinde werching, ne vertue but it strecthe in godenesse or profite to another, is no vertue. Than by al waies of reson, sithen mercie and pite ben moste commended amonge other vertues, and they might never ben shewed refreshment of helpe, and of comforte, but nowe at my moste nede, and that is the kinde werkinge of these vertues, trewly I wene I shall not varie from these helpes.

Fyre and if he yeve none hete, for fire is not demed. The Sonne but he shine, for sonne is not accompted. Water but it were, the name shal ben chaunged. Vertue but it werche, of godenes dothe it faile, and into his contrarie the name shal be reversed, and these ben impossible: wherefore the contradictory that is necessarie, nedes must I leve. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) in thy person and out of thy mouth these wordes lien well to ben said, and in thine understandinge to be leved, as in entent of this Margarite alone: and here now my spech in conclusion of these wordes.

**I**N these thynges (q<sup>d</sup> she) that me list nowe to shewe openly, shal be founde the matter of thy sickenesse, and what shal ben the medicin that maye be

thy sorowes lisse and comfort, as well The as all other that amisse have erred, and out of the waye walked, so that any drop of gode will in amendement ben dwelled in ther hertes. Proverbes of Salomon openly techeth, howe somtime an innocent walked by the waye in blindenesse of a derke night, whome mette a woman (if it be lesely to saye) as a strumpete araied, redily purveied in turning of thoughtes with veine janglinges, and of reffe impacient, in dissimulation of my termes, sayng in this wise: come and be we dronken of our swete pappes, use we covetous collinges. And thus drawen was this innocent, as an oxe to the larder. Lady (q<sup>d</sup> I) to me this is a queinte thinge to understande: I praye you of this parable declare me the entente. This innocent (q<sup>d</sup> she) is a scholer lerninge of my lore, in seching of my blisse, in which thinge the daye of his thought turninge enclineth into eve, and the sonne of verve light failinge, maketh darke night in his conninge. Thus in derkenesse of manye doutes he walketh, and for blindenesse of understanding, he ne wote in what way he is in: forsothe soche one may lightly ben begiled. To whome came love fained, not clothed of my livery, but unlesful lustie habite, with softe speche and mery, and with faire honied wordes heretikes and missemeneing peple, skleren and wimplen ther errours. Austin witneseth of an heretike that in his firste beginninge, he was a man right experte in resons, and swete in his wordes, and the werkes miscorden. Thus fareth fayned love in her first werchinges: thou knowest these thinges for trewe, thou hast hem proved by experience. Somtime in doinge to thin owne person, in whiche thing thou haste founde matter of mokel disefe. Was not fained love redily purveied, thy wittes to catch and tourne thy gode thoughtes? trewly she hath wounded the conscience of manye, with florishinge of mokill jangling wordes: and gode worthe thanked I it for no glose, I am gladd of my prudence thou halte so manly her veined. To me arte thou moche holden, that in thy kinde course of gode meninge I returne thy minde: I trowe ne had I shewed The thy Margarite, thou haddest never returned. Of firste in gode perfite joye was ever fayned love impacient, as the water of Syloe, which ever more floweth with filnesse and privi noise tyl it come nyghe the brinke, and than ginneth it so out of mesure to bolne, with novelleries of chaungyng stormes, that in course of every renninge it is in pointe to spil al his circuit of bankes. Thus fained love prively at the fullest of his flowinge newe stormes debate to arise. And al be it that Mercurius often with whole understanding known soche perillous matters, yet Veneriens so lustie ben and so leude in ther wyttes, that in soche thinges right litel or naught don they fele, and witten and cryen to ther felowes: here is blisse, here is joye, and thus into one same errour mokel folke they drawen. Come they faine, and be we dronken of our pappes, that ben fallas and lying glose, of whiche mowe they not souke mylke of helthe, but dedly venim and poyson, corrupcion of sorowe. Mylke of fallas is venim of discete: Mylke of lyinge glose is venim of corrupcion. Lo what thinge cometh out of these pappes: use we covered collinges, desire we and meddle we false wordes with sore, and sore with false, truely this is the sorinesse of fained love, nedes of these surfettes sikenesse must folow. Thus as an oxe to thy langoryng deth wer thou drawen, the sore of the smoke hath The al defased. Ever the deper thou somtime wadest, the soner thou it founde: yf it had The killed it had be littell wonder. But on that other side my trewe servautes not faynen ne disceve conne, sothly ther doying is open, my foundement endureth, be the burthen



then never so grete, ever in one it lasteth: it yeveth lyfe and blisfull godenesse in the last endes, though the ginninges ben sharpe. Thus of two contraries contrarie ben the effectes. And so thilke Margarite thou servest, shal sene The by her service out of perillous tribulacion delyvered, bycause of her service into newe disese fallen, by hope of amendemente in the laste ende with joye to be gladded, wherfore of kinde pure her mercy with grace of gode helpe shal she graunt, and elles I shal her so straine, that with pite shal she ben amaistred. Remembre in thine herte howe horrible sometyme to thine Margarite thou trespassest, and in a gret wise ayenst her thou forfetest: clepe ayen thy minde, and knowe thine owne gyltes. What godenes, what bountie, with mokell folowing pyte founde thou in that tyme? Were thou not godely accepted into grace? By my pluckyng was she to foryevenesse enclined. And after I her stirred to drawe The to house, and yet wendest thou utterlie for ever have ben refused. But wel thou wolste, sithen that I in soche sharpe disese might so gretelye awayle, what thinkest in thy wyt? Howe ferre maye my witte stretch? And thou lach not on thy side I wol make The knotte: Certes in thy gode bering I woll accorde with the psalter, I have founde David in my service true, and with holy oyle of pecc and of rest longe by him desired, utterly he shal be annoynted. Truste wel to me, and I wol The not faile. The lening of the first way wyth gode hert of continuance, that I se in The grounded, this purpose to parfourme, draweth me by maner of constraining, that nedes must I ben thine helper: although mirthe a while be taryed, it shal come at soche cefon, that thy thought shal ben joyed, and wolde never God, sithen thyne herte to my resonnes arne assented, and openly haste confessed thyne amisse goynge, and now criest after mercy but yf mercy folowed: thy blisse shal ben redy ywis, thou ne wolt how sone.

Nowe be a gode chylde I rede. The kind of vertues in thy Margaryte reherfed, by strength of me in thy persone shul werche. Comfort The in thys, for thou mayst not miscarie. And these wordes said, she streight her on length and rested awhile.

Thus endeth the seconde boke.



Here after foloweth the thirde boke.

**O**F nombre saine these clerkes that it is naturel some of discret thinges, as in tellinge one, two, thre, and so forth: but among all nombres thre is determined for mooste certain. Wherfore in nombre certaine this werke of my besye leudenesse I thynke to ende and parfourme.

Ensample by this worlde in thre tymes is divided: Of whiche the firste is cleped Demacian, that is to say, going out of trew waye, and all that tho deiden in hell were they punished for a manne's sinne, tyl grace and mercy sette hem thence, and there ended the first time. The second time lasteth from the coming of merciable grace, untill the ende of transitorie time, in which is shewed the true way in fordinge of the badde, and that is ycleped tyme of grace: and that thinge is not yeven by deserte of yeldinge one benefite for another, but onely through godenesse of the yever of grace in thilke tyme. Who so can wel understand, is shapen to be saved in souled blyffe. The thirde tyme shal gin when transitorie thinges of worldes han made ther ende, and that shal ben in joy, glory, and rede both body and soule, that wel han deserved in the time of grace. And thus in that

heaven together shul they dwel perpetuelli, without any ymaginatif yvel in any halve. These tymes are figured by tho thre dayes, that our God was closed in yerthe, and in the thirde arose, shewing our resurrection to joy and blisse of tho that it deserven by his merciable grace. So this leude boke in thre matters accordaunt to tho tymes, lightly by a gode infer maye ben understande, as in the firste erroure of misse-going is shewed, with sorowful pine punished is, crieth after mercie. In the seconde is grace in gode waye proved, whiche is failing without deserte, thilke first misse amending in correccion of tho errours, and even waye to bringe with comforte of welfare, into amendemente wexinge. And in the thirde joye and blisse, graunted to him that wel canne deserve it, and hath favour of understanding in the tyme of grace. Thus in joye of my thirde boke shal the matter be till it ende. But speciall cause I have in my herte to make this processe of a Margarit perle, that is so precious a gemme with clere and litell stones, of whiche stones or jewel the tonges of us :nglish peple tourneth the right names, and clepeth hem Margeryte perles: thus varieth our spech from many other langages. For trewely Latin, Frenche and manye mo other langages clepeth hem Margery perles, the name Margarite or Margrit perles: wherfore in that denominacion I woll me accorde to other mens tonges in that name cleping. These clerkes that treten of kindes, and studien out the propertie ther of thinges, saine the Margarit is a lytel white perle, throughout holow and rounde, and vertuons, and on the Se-sides in the More Britain in muskle shelles of the heavenly dewe the best ben engendred: in which by experience ben founde thre faire vertues. One is, it yeveth comforte to the felynge spirites in bodily persones of reason. Another is gode, it is profitable helth ayenst passions of sorie mens hertes. And the thirde it is nedefull and noble in staunchinge of blode, there elles to moche wolde out ren. To which perle and vertues me list to liken at this tyme Philosophie with her thre species, that is naturell, and moral, and resonable: of whiche thinges hereth what saine these grete clerkes. Philosophie is knowinge of divinly and manly thinges joyned with studie of gode living, and this stante in two thinges, that is conninge and opinion: conninge is whan a thing by certa ne reson is conceived. But wretches, and toles, and leude men many wil conceive a thing and maintain it as for a sothe, though reson be in the contrarie, wherfore conninge is a straunger. Opinion is while a thing is in non-certaine, and hidde from mens very knowleginge, and by no parfite reson fully declared, as thus: if the sonne be so mokel as men wenen, or els if it be more than the erthe. For in sothnes the certaine quantite of the Planet is unknowen to erthly dwellers, and yet by opinion of some menne it is holden for more than midde erth. The firste speec of Philosophie is naturel, which in kindly thinges treten, and sheweth causes of heven, and strength of kindly course: as by arismetrike, geometry, musike, and by astronome, techeth waies and course of heavens, of planetes and of sterres aboute heven and erthe, and other elementes. The second speec is morall, whiche in order of living maner techeth, and by reson proveth vertues of soule mooste worthy in our living, whiche ben Prudence, Justice, Temperaunce, and strength. Prudence is godely wisdom in knowinge of thinges. Strength voydeth al adversitees aliche even. Temperaunce destroieth bestiall lyving with esie bering. And Justice rightfully judgeth, and judginge departeth to every wight that, that is his owne. The thirde speec romneth into reson of understanding al thinges to be said soth and discussed, and that in two thinges is divided: one is art, another



ther is rhetorique, in which two al lawes of man's reson ben grounded or els maintained. And for this boke is all of love, and therafter bereth his name, and Philosophie and law must herto accorden by ther clerghal discripcions: as Philosophie for love of wisdom is declared: Lawe for maintainaunce of pece is holde, and these with love multe nedes acorden, therefore of hem in this place have I touched. Ordre of homly thinges and honest maner of living in vertue, with rightfull judgement in causes, and profitable administracion in comunalties of reumes and cities, by evenhede profitably to raine, nat by singuler avauntage, ne by privy envy, ne by sole in purpose in covetise of worship or of godes ben disposed in open rule shewed, by love, Philosophie and law, and yet love toforn al other. Wherefore as suster in unite they acorden, and one ende, that is pece and rest, they causen norisshinge, and in the joye mainteinen to endure. Nowe than, as I have declared my boke acordeth with discripcion of thre thinges, and the Margarit in vertue is likened to Philosophie with the thre speces. In whiche matters ever twei ben acordaunt with bodily reson, and the thirde with the soule: But in conclusion of my boke and of this Margarit perle, in knitting togider law by thre sondry maners shal be lykened, that is to saye, lawe, right, and custome, which I wol declare. Al that is law cometh of Godde's ordinaunce by kindly worching, and thilke thinges ordained by man's wittes arne icleped right, whiche is ordayned by many maners and in constitucion writen: But custome is a thinge that is accepted for right or for lawe, ther as lawe and right failen, and ther is no difference, whether it come of scripture or of reson. Wherefore it sheweth that law is kindly governaunce: right cometh out of manne's probable reson: and custome is of comen usage by length of time used, and custome nat write is usage and if it be writte constitucion it is ywriten and ycleped: But lawe of kinde is comen to every nation, as conjuncion of man and woman in love, succession of children in inheritance, restitution of thinge by strength taken or lent, and this lawe among al other halte the soverainest gre in worship, whiche lawe began at the beginning of resonable creature, it varied yet never for no chaunging of time, cause for sothe in ordaining of lawe was to constraine mens hardinesse into pece, and withdrawinge his wil will, and turning malice into godenesse, and that innocence likeli withouten tencful anoy amonge shrewes safe, might inhabyte by proteccion of safe conducte, so that shrewes harme for harme by bridle of ferdenesse shulden restraine. But forsothe in kindly law nothinge is commended, but soche as Godde's wil hath confirmed, ne nothinge denied but contrayonstie of Godde's will in heaven: eke than al lawes or custome, or els constitucion by usage, or wrytyng, that contrarien law of kinde, utterly ben repugnaunt and adversary to our Godde's wil of heaven. Trewly law of kind for Godde's own lusty will is verily to maintaine under whiche lawe (and unworthy) bothe professe and regular arn obediencer and bounden to this Margarit perle, and by knotte of love's statutes and stablisment in kinde, whiche that godely maye not ben withsetten. Lo! under this bonde am I constrained to abyde, and man under lyvinge lawe ruled, by that lawe oweth after desertes to ben rewarded by pain or by mede, but if mercie weyre the paine: so than by parte resonfulli maye be sey, that mercy both right and lawe passeth. Th' entent of al these matters is, the lest clere understanding to weten at th' ende of thys thirde boke fulknowinge thorow Godde's grace I think to make never the later, yet if these thinges han a gode and a sleight inkeer, whiche that canne souke hony of the hard ston, oylie of the drie

rocke, may lightly fele nobley of matter in my leude ymaginacion closed.

But for my boke shal be of joye (as I said) and I so ferre set fro thylke place, fro whens gladnes should come, my corde is to short to let my boket ought catche of that water, and fewe menne be abouten my corde to eche, and many in ful purpose ben redy it shorter to make, and to enclose th' enter, that my boket of joye nothinge shulde catch but empty returne my careful sorowes to encrease, and if I die for pain, that wer gladnes at ther hertes. Gode lord, send me water into the cop of these mountaines, and I shall drinke therof my thrustes to stanch: and sey these be comfortable welles into helth of godenes of my saviour am I holpen. And yet I say more, the house of joy to me is not opened. How dare my sorowfull gost than in any mater of gladnesse thynken to trete? for ever sobbynges and complaints be redy refrete in his meditations, as werbles in manyfolde soundes comming about I n'ot than. And therefore what maner of joye coude endite, but yet at dore shal I knocke, if the key of David wolde the locke unshyt, and he bring me in, whiche that childrens tonges bothe openeth and closeth. Whose spirite where he wil worcheth, departinge godely as him lyketh. Now to Godde's laude and reverence, profite of the reders, amendement of maners of the hearers, encreasing of worship among love's servautes, releving of my herte into grace of my jewel, and frenship plesance of this perle, I am stered in this making, and for nothing els: and yf any gode thing to mennes liking in this scripture be founde, thanketh the maister of grace which that of the gode, and al other is authour, and principal doer. And if any thing be insufficient or els myslyking, wit The that the leudnesse of myne unable conning, for body in disese anoyeth the understanding in soule. A disefely habytacion leteth the wittes many thinges, and namely in sorow. The custome never the later of love, by longe time of service in termes I thinke to pursue, whiche ben lively to yeve understanding in other thynges. But nowe to enform The of this Margarite's godenes, I may her not halfe praise. Wherefore not she for my boke, but this boke for her is worthy to be commended, tho my boke be leude: right as thinges nat for places, but places for thinges ought to be desired and praised.

**N**OW (qð love) trewely thy wordes I have well understonde. Certes me thinketh hem ryght gode, and me wondreth why thou so lightly passest in the law. Sothlye (qð I) my wit is leude, and I am right blind, and that mater depe, how shuld I than have waded, lightly might I have drenched and spilt ther my self. Yea (qð she) I shall helpe The to swimme. For right as lawe punisheth brekers of preceptes, and the contrary doers of the writen constitucions: right so ayenward, law rewardeth and yeverth mede to hem that law strengthen. By one law this rebel is punished and this innocent is mede, the shewe is emprisoned and this rightfull is coronned. The same lawe that joyneth by wedloke wythout forsakyng, the same law yeverth libel of departicion bycause of divorce, both demed and declared. Ye ye (qð I) I finde in no lawe to mede and reward in godenes the giltie of desertes. Fole (qð she) giltie converted in your law, mykel merite deserveth. Also Pauly of Rome was coronned, that by him the maintainers of Pompeius weren known and distroied: and yet toforn was this Paulin chefe of Pompeius counsaile. This lawe in Rome hath yet his name of mesuring in mede, the bewraying of the conspiracy, ordained by tho senatours the deth. Julius Caesar is acompted into Catons right-wisenesse



wisnesse, for ever in trouthe flourisheth his name amonge the knowers of reson. Perdiccas was coronned in the heritage of Alexander the great, for telling of a privy hate that king Porrus to Alexander hadde. Wherefore every wight by reson of law after his right-wisenes apertly his mede maye challenge: and so thou that maintainest law of kinde, and therefore disce hast suffred in the law, reward is worthy to be rewarded and ordained, and apertly thy mede might thou challenge. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) this have I well lerned, and ever hensforward I shall draw me thereafter in one hed of will to abide this lawe both maintain and kepe, and so hope I best entre into your grace, wel deserving in o worship of a wight without nedeful compulsion ought medefully to be rewarded. Truly (q<sup>d</sup> Love) that is soth, and tho by constitucion gode service into profite and avauntage stretch, utterly many men it demen to have more desert of mede, than gode wil nat compelled. Se now (q<sup>d</sup> I) how may men holden of this the contrary. And what is gode service? Of you wolde I here this question declared. I shall say The (q<sup>d</sup> she) in a few wordes, resonable workinges in plesance and profite of thy soveraine. How shuld I thus performe (q<sup>d</sup> I)? right well (q<sup>d</sup> she) and here me now a lytell. It is hardly (q<sup>d</sup> she to understande) that right as mater by due overchaunginges foloweth his perfeccion and his forme: right so every man by right-werkinges ought to folow the letul desires in his hert, and so toforne to what ende he deserveth, for many times he that loketh nat after th'ende, but utterly therof is unknowen, befalleth often many yvels to don, wherthrough er he be ware, shamfull he is confounded, th'end therof nedeth to be before looked to every desire of soch foresight in gode service three thinges specially nedeth to be rulers in his workes. First that he do gode, next that he do by election in his owne hert, and the thirde that he do godely withouten any furquedry in thoughtes. That your werkes shulden be gode in service, or in any other actes, authorities many may be aleged, never the latter, by reson thus may it be shewed. At your werkes be cleped second, and moven in vertue of the first wercher, which in gode works wrought you to procede, and right so your werkes moven into vertue of the last ende, and right in the first working wer nat, no man shuld in the second werche. Right so but ye seled to what ende, and sen ther godenes closed, ye shulde no more retch what ye wrought, but the ginning gan with gode; and there shal it cese in the last ende, if it be wel considered. Wherefore the mydle, if other wayes it draw than acordant to th'endes, there stineth the course of gode, and another maner course entreth, and so it is a party by him selve, and every part be nat acordant to his al, is foule and ought to be eschewe, wherefore every thing that is wrought and be nat gode, is nat acordant to th'endes of his al whole, it is foule, and ought to be withdraw. Thus the persons that neither don gode ne harme, shamen foule ther making: Wherefore without working of gode actes in gode service, may no man ben accepted. Trewly the ilke that han might to do gode, and done it not, the crowne of worship shal be take from hem, and with shame shul they be anniled. And so to make one werke accordant with his endes, everye gode servaunt by reson of consequence must do gode nedes. Certes it suffiseth not alone to do gode, but godely withal folow, the thanke of godenes els in nought he deserveth: For right as al your being come from the gretest gode, in whom al godenes is closed, right so your endes ben directe to the same gode. Aristotell determineth that ende and gode ben one, and convertible in understanding, and he that in wil doth

away gode, and he that loketh not to th'end loketh not to gode, but he that doth gode and doth not godely, draweth awaye thy dyrection of th'ende, not godely must nedes be bad. Lo! badde is nothing els, but abience or negative of gode, as derkenes is abience or negative of light. Than he that doth not godely directeth thilke gode into th'ende of badde. So must thing not gode folow, eke badnes to soch folk ofte foloweth. Thus contrariaunt workers of th'ende that is gode, ben worthy that contrary of th'ende that is gode to have. How (q<sup>d</sup> I) may any gode dede be done, but if godely it helpe. Yes (q<sup>d</sup> Love) the devil doth many gode dedes, but godely he levethe behinde, for even badly and in deservable wise he worketh. Wherefore the contrary of th'ende him foloweth. And do he never so many gode dedes, because godely is away, his godenes is not rekened. Lo than! tho a man do gode, but he do godely, th'ende in godenes wol not folowe, and thus in gode service both gode dede and godely den mellen joyne together, and that it be done with free choise in hert: and els deserveth he nat the merite in godenes, that wol I prove, for if thou do any thing gode by chaunce or by happe, in what thing art thou therof worthie to be commended? for nothing by reson of that turneth it to thy praisinge ne lacking. Lo! thilke thinge done by hap by thy wil is nat caused, and therby sholde I thanke of late deserve: and sithen that sayeth, th'ende whiche that wel shuld reward, must nedes late. Clerkes lare, no man but willing is blessed, a gode dede that he hath done is not done of free choise willing, without whiche blithednes may nat folow. *Et go* nethe thanke of godenes ne service in that is contrary of the gode ende, so than to gode service longeth gode dede godely don, thorow fre choise in hert. Truly (q<sup>d</sup> I) this have I wel understand. Wel (q<sup>d</sup> she) every thing thus done sufficiently by law that is cleped justice, after reward claimes. For law and justice was ordained in this wise, soche desertes in godenes after quantite in conge, by mede to reward, and of necessity of soch justice, that is to say rightwisenes was fre choise in deserving of wel or of yvel praimed to resonable creatures. Every man hath fre arbitrement to choise gode or yvel to performe. No ve (q<sup>d</sup> I) tho if I by my gode wil deserve this margarit pette, and am not thereto compelled, and have fre choise to do what me listeth: She is than holden as me thinketh to reward th'entent of my gode wil. Goddes forbode els (q<sup>d</sup> Love) no wight in weth othervise, I trow ne wil of gode hert after mede deserveth. Hath every man (q<sup>d</sup> I) fre choise by necessary maner of wil in every of his donges, that him liketh, by God's proper purveiance? I wolde so that well declared to my lende understanding, for necessary and necessity ben wordes of moche intencion, closing (as to say) so mote it be nedes, and othervise maye it nat betide. This shal thou lerne (q<sup>d</sup> she) so thou take hede in my spech. If it were nat in manne's own liberte of ne wil to do gode or bad, but to the one tord by londe of God's pre-ordinaunce: Than do he never so wel it were by nedeful compulsion of thilke bonde and nat by fre choise, wherby nothing he desireth, and do he never so yvel it were nat man for to wite, but oncheth to him that soch thing ordained hem to done. Wherefore he ne ought for bad be punished, ne for no gode dede rewarded, but of necessity of rightwisnes was th'forefre choise of arbitrement put in manne's proper disposicion: truly if it were othervise it contarded God's charitie, that badnes and godenes rewardeth after desertes of pain, or of mede. Much more this wonder (q<sup>d</sup> I) for God by necessity foreward things coming, and so mote it nedes be: and thilke thinges that



that ben doen by our fre choice comen nothing of necessitie, but onely by wil: how maie this stande togither? and so me thinketh truly, that fre choice fully repugneth Godde's forweting. Truly, ladie, me semeth thei mowe not stande togither.

**T**hen gan love nigh me nere, and with a noble countenance of visage and limmes, dressed her nighe my sitting place. Take forthe (q<sup>d</sup> she) thy penne, and redily write these wordes, for if God wolle, I shall 'hem so enforme to The, that thy leudenesse, whiche I have understand in that matter, shall openly be clered, and thy sight in full loking therein amended. First, if thou thinke that Godde's prescience repugne libertie of arbitrie of arbitrement, it is impossible that thei should accord in onhed of sothe to understanding. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) forsoth so I it conceive. Well (q<sup>d</sup> she) if thilke impossible were awaie, the repugnaunce that semeth to be therein, wer utterly removed. Shew me th' absence of that impossibilitie (q<sup>d</sup> I). So (q<sup>d</sup> she) I shall. Now I suppose that thei mowe stande togither, prescience of God, whom foloweth necessitie of things coming, and libertie of arbitrement, through whiche thou belevest many thynges to be without necessitie. Bothe these propoicions be sothe (q<sup>d</sup> I) and well mowe stande togither, wherefore this case as possible I admit. Truly (q<sup>d</sup> she) and this case is impossible. How so (q<sup>d</sup> I)? For hereof (q<sup>d</sup> she) foloweth and wexeth an other impossible. Prove me that (q<sup>d</sup> I). That I shall (q<sup>d</sup> she) for some thyng is comyng without necessitie, and God wote that toforne, for all thing comyng he before wot, and that he before wot of necessitie is coming: as he before wot, be the case by necessary maner then, or els thorowe necessitie, is somthing to be without necessitie, and whider to every wight that hath gode understanding, is seen these thynges to be repugnaunt. Prescience of God, which that foloweth necessitie, and libertie of arbitrement, fro which is removed necessitie, for truly it is necessarie, that God have forweting of thinge, withouten any necessitie coming. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) but yet remeve ye not awaie fro mine understanding, the necessitie followyng Godde's before weting, as thus. God before wote me in service of Love, to be bounden to this Margarite perle, and therefore by necessitie thus to love am I bound, and if I not had loved, through necessitie had I ben kept from all lovededes. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> Love) bicause this matter is gode and necessary to declare, I think herein wel to abide, and not lightlie to passe. Thou shalt not (q<sup>d</sup> she) saie all onely God before wote me to be a lover, or no lover, but thus: God before wote me to be a lover, without necessitie. And so it followeth, whether thou love, or not love, every of 'hem is and shal be. But now thou seest the impossibilitie of the case, and the possibilitie of thilke that thou wendest had ben impossible, wherefore the repugnaunce is admylled. Ye (q<sup>d</sup> I) and yet doe ye not awaie the strength of necessitie, when it is said, though necessitie it is me in love to abide, or not to love without necessitie, for God before wote it. This maner of necessitie forsothe semeth to some men into coaccion, that is to saie, constrainyng, or els prohibicion that is defendyng, wherefore necessitie is me to love of wil. I understande me to be constrained, by some privie strengthe, to the will of lovyng, and if no love, to be defended from the will of loving, and so through necessitie me semeth to love for I love, or els not to love, if I not love, wherethrough neither thanke ne maugre in tho thynges maie I deserve.

Now (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou shalte well understande that often we saie thyng, through necessitie, to be that

by no strengthe to be neither is coarted, ne constrained, and thorowe necessitie not to be, that with no defendyng is removed, for we saie, it is thorowe necessitie, GOD to be immortalle, nought dedliche, and it is necessitie, God to be rightfull, but not that any strengthe of violence maner constraineth hym to be immortall, or defendeth hym to be unrightful, for nothing maie make him dedly or unrightfull. Right so if I saie through necessitie is The to be a lover or els none, only thorow will, as God before wote, it is not to understande, that any thing defendeth or forbit The thy wil, which shal not be, or els constraineth it to be, which shal be: that same thing forsoth God before wot, whiche he before seeth, any thyng commende of onely wille, that wil neither is constrained ne defended through any other thinge. And so through libertie of arbitrement it is doe, that is doen of wil. And truly, my gode child, if these thynges be wel understand, I wene that none inconvenient shalt thou finde, betwene Godde's forweting, and libertie of arbitrement, wherefore, I wote well thei maie stande togither. Also farthermore, who that understanding of prescience properliche considereth, through the same wise, that any thing be afore wist, is said for to be comyng, it is pronounced, there is nothing toforne wist, but thyng comyng, forewetyng is but of trouthe, doubt maie not be wist: wherefore, when I sey, that God toforne wot any thyng, through necessitie is thilke thing to be coming, all is one if I sey, if it shal be, but this necessitie neither constraineth, ne defendeth any thing to be, or not to be. Therefore sothly if love is put to be, it is said of necessitie to be, or els for it is put not to be, it is affirmed not to be of necessitie: not for that necessitie constraineth or defendeth, love to be, or not to be. For when I saie, if love shal be of necessitie it shal be, here foloweth necessitie. The thinge toforne put, it is as moche to saie, as if it were thus pronounced, that thing shal be: none other thing signifieth this necessitie but onely thus, that shal be maie not togither be and not be. Evenliche also it is soth, love was and is, and shal be, not of necessitie, and nede is to have be all that was, and nedefull is to be all that is, and coming to all that shal be: and it is not the same to saie, love to be passed, and love passed to be passed, or love present to be present, and love to be present, or els love to be comyng, and love coming to be comyng: diversite in setting of wordes maketh diversite in understanding, altho in the same sentence thei accorden of significacion, right as it is not all one, love swete to be swete, and love to be swete: for moche love is bitter and sorowfull ere hertes ben esed, and yet it gladdeth thilk sorowfull hert on soche love to thinke. Forsoth (q<sup>d</sup> I) otherwhile I have had mokell blisse in hert of love, that stoundmele hath me sorily anoied: and certes, lady, for I se my self thus knit, with this Margarite perle, as by bonde of your service, and of no libertie of will, my hert will now not accorde this service to love. I can demin in my self none otherwise, but through necessitie am I constrained, in this service to abide. But alas! then, if I through nedefull compulsion, mangre me, be withholde, litte thanke for all my grete travaille have I then deserved. Now (q<sup>d</sup> this ladie) I saie as I saied: Me liketh this matter to declare at the full, and why? For many men have had divers fantasies and reasons, bothe on one side therof, and in the other. Of which right sone I trowe, if thou wilt understand, thou shalt conyeve the sentence, to the partie more probable by reson, and in sothe knowing, by that I have of this matter made an ende. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) of these thynges long have I had grete luste to be learned,



ned, for yet I wene Godde's will and his prescience accordeth with my service, in lovyng of this precious Margarite perle, after whom ever in my herte with thursting desire wete I doe brenne, and wast- yng I langour and fade, and the daie of my desti- nie, in deth or in joye, I abide; but yet in the ende I am comforted be my supposale in blisse, and in joye to determine after my desires. That thyng (q<sup>d</sup> Love) hastelie to The neigh, God graunt of his grace and mercie, and this shal be my praier, till thou be likened in herte at thine own wil. But now to enforme The in this matter (q<sup>d</sup> this Ladie) thou woste where I left, that was love to be swete, and love swete to be swete, is not all one for to saie: For a tre is not alwaie by necessitie white, some- time er it wer white, it might have be not white: and after time it is white, it maie be not white: but a white tre ever more nedefull is to be white: for neither toforne ne after it was white, might it be to- gith<sup>r</sup> white and not white. Also love by necessitie is not present as now in The, for er it wer present it might have be, that it should now not have be, and yet it may be, that it shal not be present: but thy love present, whiche to her Margarite The hath bound, nedefull is to be present. Truly some doing of accion, not by necessitie is coming farre toforne it be, it maie be that it shal not be coming: thing for- soth coming nedefull is to be coming, for it maie not be that coming shal not be coming. And right as I have saied of present and of future tymes, the same sentence in sothnesse is of the preterit, that is to say, time passed, for thing passed must nedes be passed, and er it were it might have not be, where- fore it should not have passed. Right so when Love comyng, is saied of love that is to come, nedefull is to be that is saied, for thing commyng never is not commyng, and so oft the same thyng we saie of the same; as when we saie every man is a man, or every lover is a lover, so must it be nedes, in no waie maie he be man, and no man toghether. And if it be not by necessitie, that is to say, nedeful al thing commyng to be commyng, then some thyng commyng is not commyng, and that is impossible, right as these termes nedefull, necessitie, and necessa- rie, betoken and signifyng nedes to be, and it maie not otherwise be. Right these termes, impossible signifieth, that thing is not, and by no waie maie it be, then through pette necessite, all thing commyng is commyng, but that is by necessitie, foloweth with nothing to be constrained. Lo! when that com- myng is saied of thyng, not alwaie thinge through necessitie is, altho it be comyng. For if I saie to morowe, love is comyng in this Margarite's herte, not therefore through necessitie shal thilke love be, yet it maie be that it shal not be, altho it were com- myng. Neverthelater, sometyme it is sothe, that some thyng be of necessitie, that is saied to come: and if I saie to morowe be commyng the rising of the Sonne. If therefore with necessitie I pronounce commyng of thyng to come, in this maner love to morne commyng in thine Margarite, to The warde by necessitie is commyng, or els the rising of the Sonne to morn commyng through necessitie is com- myng. Love sothlie, whiche maie not be of necessitie alone followyng, through necessite commyng it is made certain. For future of future is saied, that is to saie, commyng of commyng is saied: as if to morowe commyng, is through necessite coming it is. Arising of the Sonne through two necessities in commyng, it is to understande, that one is to forgoyng necessite, whiche maketh thing to be, therefore it shal be, for nedeful is that it be. An other is folowyng necessitie, which nothing constraineth to be, and so by neces- sitie it is to come, why? for it is to come.

Now then, when we saie, that God before wote thyng commyng nedefull is to be commyng, yet therefore make we not in certaine, evermore thyng to be through necessitie commyng. Sothly thing commyng maie not be not commyng by no waie, for it is the same sentence of understandyng: as if we saie thus: If God before wote any thing, nedefull is that to be commyng. But yet therefore foloweth not that prescience of God, thing through necessitie to be coming: for altho God toforne wot all thinges commyng, yet not therefore he before wot every thing coming thorow necessitie. Sum thinges he before wot coming of frewill, out of resonable creature. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> ) these termes, nede and ne- cessitie, have a quaint maner of understandyn, thei wouiden duilen many mennes wites. Therefore (q<sup>d</sup> she) I wol 'hem openly declare, and more clerely then I have toforne er I depart here. First of this matter (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou shalte understande, that right as it is not nedeful, God to wile that he wil, no more in many things is not nedefull, a man to wile that he wolle, and ever right as nedefull is to be, what that God wolle, right so to be it is nede- full, that man wolle in the thinges, whiche that God hath put into manne's subjection of willyng: as if a man wolle love, that he love: and if he ne wolle love, that he love not, and of soche other things in man's disposition. For why? now then that God wolle maie not be, when he wolle the will of man thorow no necessitie to be constrained, or els defended: for to wile, and he wolle th' cōtēte to folowe the will, than is it nedefull wil of man to be fre, and also to be that he wolle. In this maner it is soth that thorow necessitie i man's werke in loving, that he wolle do altho he wolle it not with necessitie. (Q<sup>d</sup> I than) how stant it in love of thilke will, when men loven willyng of fre choise in hert. Wherefore if it be thorow necessitie, I praie you, Ladie, of an answer to this question to assoile. I wolle (q<sup>d</sup> she) answer The blively: right as men will not thorow necessitie, right so is not love of wil thorowe necessitie, ne thorowe necessitie wrought the like same will; for if he would it not with gode will, it should not have ben wrought, although that he doeth it is nedefull to be doen. But if a man do finne, it is nothing els but to wile, that he should not: right so syn of will, is not to be maner necessary doen, no more then wil is necessary. Never the later this is soth, if a man wolle finne, it is necessary him to finne, but through thilke neces- sitie nothing is constrained ne defended in the will, right so thilke thing that frewill wolle, and maie, and not maie, not wile, and nedefull is that to wile he maie not wile, but thilke to wile nedefull is, for impossible to hym it is one thing, and the same to wile, he maie not wile, but thilke to wile nede- full is: for impossible to hym it is one thing and the same to wile, and not to wile.

The werke forsothe of will, to whom it is yeve, that it be that he hath in will, and that he wolle not, voluntarie of spontanie it is, for by spontanie will it is doe, that is to saie, with gode wil, not constrained: then by wil no constrained, it is constrained to be, and that is it maie not toghether be. If this neces- sitie maketh libertie of will, whiche that aforne thei weren, thei might have ben cōtēd and shonned: God then, which that knoweth all trithe, and no- t ying but trithe, all these thinges, as thei are, spon- tanie, or necessary light, and as he seeth so thei ben: and so with these thinges well considered, it is open at the fulle, that without all maner repenance, God before wote al maner things ben doen by fre- will, whiche aforne thei weren, might have ben ne- ver thei should be, and yet ben thei thorow a maner necessitie, from frewill descended.

Hereby



Hereby maie (qð she) lightly ben knowe that not all thynges to be is of necessitie, though God have hem in his prefence, for somthynges to be, is of libertie of will, and to make The to have full knowyng of Godde's becomewering, here me (qð she) what I shal saie. Blithly lady (qð I) me list this matter entirely to understande. Thou shalte (qð she) understande, that in heven is Godde's being, although he be over al by power, yet there is abiding of divine persone, in which heven is everlastyng prefence, withouten any movable tyme there, fole have I not saied toforne this, as tyme hurteth, right so ayenwarde, tyme heleth and rewardeth: and a tre oft failed, is holde more in deintie, when it fruct forthe bringeth.

A Marchaunte that for ones lesyng in the Se, no more to aventure thinketh, he shall never with aventure come to richesse: so oft must menne on the Oke smite, till the happie dente have entred, whiche with the Oke's owne swaie, maketh it to come al at ones. So oft falleth the lethy water on the harde rocke, till it have through perfed it. The even draught of the Wier drawer, maketh the wier to ben even, and supplie werchyng, and if he stinted in his draught, the Wier breketh asonder. Every Tre well springeth, when it is well grounded, and not often removed. What shall this fructe be (qð I) now it ginneth ripe? Grace (qð she) in parfitte joye to endure, and therewith thou begon. Grace (qð I) me thinketh, I should have a rewarde for my long travaile? I shall tell The (qð she) retribucion of thy gode willes, to have of thy Margarite perle, it bereth not the name of mede, but onely of gode grace, and that cometh not of thy desert, but of thy Margarite's godenesse, and vertue alone. (Qð I) should all my long travaile have no rewarde, but through grace, and sometyme yourselfen saied, rightwisenesse evenliche rewardeth to quite one benefite for an other. That is sothe (qð Love) ever as I saied, as to hym that doeth gode, which to doen he were neither holden, ne yet constrained. That is sothe (qð I). Truly (qð she) all that ever thou doest thyne Margarite perle, of will, of love, and of reson thou owest to doen it, yet is it nothyng els but yelding of thy debte, in quiting of thy grace, which she The lente, when ye first mette. I wene (qð I) right little grace to me she delivered: Certes it was harde grace, it hath nigh me astrangled. That it was gode grace I wotte well thou wilt it graunte, ere thou departe hence. If any man yeve to an other wight, to whom that he ought not, and whiche that of himself nothyng maie have, a garmente or a cote, though he were the cote, or els thilke clothynge, it is not to put to him that was naked the cause of his clothing, but onelie to him that was yever of the garment; wherefore I saie, thou that were naked of love, and of thy self none have mightesse, it is not to put to thyne owne persone, sithen thy love came through thy Margarite perle; Ergo she was yever of the love, although she thou it use, and there sente she The grace, thy service to beginne. She is worthie the thanke of this grace, for she was the yever.

All the thoughtes, busie doynge, and plesaunce in thy might, and in thy wordes, that thou canste devise, ben but right little, in quiting of thy debte: had she not ben, soche thyng had not ben studied. So all these matters kindlie drawn homward to this Margarite perle, for from thens were thei borrowed, all is whollie her, to witte, the love that thou havest, and thus quitest thou thy debte, in that thou stedfastlie serveest. And kepe well that love, I The rede, that of her thou hast borrowed, and use it in her service, thy debte to quite, and then art thou able right sone to have grace, wherefore after mede in none halve maiest thou loke.

Thus thy ginyng and endyng is but grace alone; and in thy gode deservyng thy debte thou aquiteste: without grace is nothyng worthe what so ever thou werche. Thanke thy Margarite of her grete grace that hitherto The hath guided, and pray her of continuance forthe in thy werkes hereafter, and that for no mishap thy grace overthwartlie tourne. Grace, glorie, and joye, is comyng through gode folkes desertes, and by gettyng of grace therein shullen ende. And what is more glorie, or more joie then wisdom, and love in perfite charitie, whiche God hath graunted to all tho that well can deserve? And with that this Lady all at ones starte into myne herte: here wol I onbide (qð she) for ever, and never wol I gone hence, and I woll kepe The from medlyng, while me liste here on bide: thyne entremetyng maners into stedfastnes shullen be chaunged.

**S**Oberliche tho threwe I up myne eyen, and hugelie tho was I astonied of this sodain adventure, and faine would I have lerned how vertues shulden ben knowen, in which thynges I hope to God, hereafter she shall me enformen, and namely sithen her resting place is now so nigh at my will: and anon all these thynges that this ladie saied, I rememored me by my self, and revolved the lives of myne understanding wittes.

Tho found I fully all these matters perfitelie there written, howe miserule by fained love bothe riches and cities hath governed a grete throwe. Howe lightlie me might the fautes espie, howe rules in love should ben used, howe sometyme with fained love soule I was begiled, how I should love have knowe, and howe I shall in love with my service procede.

Also furthermore, I found of perdurable letters wonderlie there graven these matters, whiche I shall nempne. Certes none age, ne other thing in yerth, maie the lest syllable of this in no point deface, but clerly as the Sonne in myne understanding soule thei shinen. This maie never out of my minde, how I maie not my love kepe, but through willyng in hert: wilne to love maie I not, but I lovyng have. Love have I none, but through grace of this Margarite perle. It is no maner doubte, that will woll not love, but for it is lovyng, as wille woll not rightfully, but for it is rightfull it felve. Also will is not lovyng for he woll love, but he woll love for he is lovyng: it is all one to will to be loving, and lovynges in possession to have. Right so will woll not love, for of love hath he no partie, and yet I denie not lovyng, will wilne more love to have, which that he hath not, when he wold more than he hath, but I say he maie no love wilne, if he no love have, through whiche thilk love he should wilne: but to have this lovyng will, maie no manne of hym self, but onely through grace toforne goyng: right so maie no man it kepe, but by grace folowing. Consider now every man aright, and lette seen if that any wight of himself, mowe this loving well get, and he thereof first nothing have: for if it should of himself spryng, either it must be willing, or not willynge. Willyng by hymself maie he it not have, sithen him failieth the matter that shuld it forth bring, the matter him failieth: why? He maie thereof have no knowing, till when grace put it in his herte. Thus willyng by hymself, maie he it not have, and not willing maie he it not have. Parde every concepte of every resonable cature otherwise wil not graunt: will in affirmatife with not willing by no waie mow accord. And although this loving woll come in mine hert by frenesse of arbitrement, as in this boke fullie is shewed, yet owe I not therefore as moche alowe my frewill



frewill, as grace of that Margarite, to me lened, for neither might I without grace toforne goyng, and afterwarde folowing, thilk grace get ne kepe, and lese shal I it never but if frewill it make, as inwilling otherwise then grace hath me graunted. For right as when any persone takerh willing to be sober, and throweth that awaie willing to be dronke, or els takerh will of drinking out of mesure: which thing anon as it is doen, maketh through his own gilt by frewill, that leseth his grace. In which thing therefore, upon the nobley of grace I mote trusten, and my busie cure set the ilke grace to kepe, that my fre will otherwise then by reson it shoud werche, cause not my grace to voide: for thus must I bothe loke to frewill and to grace. For right as naturell usage, in engendering of children, maie not ben without father, ne also but with the mother, for neither father ne mother in begetting may it lacke: right so grace and frewill accorden, and without hem both maie not lovyng will in no partie ben gotten. But yet is not frewill, in gettyng of that thyng, so mokell thanke worthie as is grace, ne in the kepyng thereof, so moche thanke deserveth, and yet in gettyng and kepyng bothe doen thei accorde. Truelie oftentime grace frewill helpeth in fordoynge of contrary thynges, that to willyng love not accorden, and strength will adversities to withste, wherfore al together to grace oweth to ben accepted, that my willyng deserveth: Frewill to lovyng in this wise is accorded. I remember me well how all this boke (who so hede takerh) considereth all thynges, to werchinges of mankinde evenly accordeth, as in turning of this word love into troth, or els rightwisenesse, whether that it like. For what thing that falleth to man, in helping of fre arbitrement, thilke rightwisenesse to take, or els to kepe, through whiche a man shall be saved, of whiche thyng all this boke mencion hath made, in everie point thereof, grace oweth to be thanked.

Wherefore I saie, every wight havynge this rightwisenesse, rightfull is, and yet therefore I fele not in my conscience, that to all rightfull is behoten the blisse everlasting, but to hem that ben rightfull, withouten any unrightfulness. Some man after some degre maie rightfully ben accompted: as chaffe men in livyng, and yet ben thei janglers, and full of envie prested: to hem shall this blisse never ben delivered. For right as very blisse is without al maner nede, right so to no man shall it be yeven, but to the rightfull, voide from al maner unrightfulness founde, so no man to her blisse shall ben folowed, but he be rightfull, and with unrightfulness not bounde, and in that degre fullie be knowe. This rightfulness in as moche as in hymself is, of none evill it is cause, and of all maner godenesse truely it is mother. This helpeth the spirite, to withste the leude lustes of fleschly likyng: this strengtheth and mainteineth the lawe of kind, and if that otherwhile me weneth harme of this precious thinge to followe, therethrough is nothyng the cause, of somwhat els cometh it aboute, who so takerh hede. By rightfulness forsoth, werne many holic sainctes gode favour in swetenesse to God Almighty, but that to some folkes thei weren favour of deth into dedly ende, that come not of the sainctes rightwisenesse, but of other wicked mennes badnesse hath proceeded. Truely the ilke will, whiche that the ladie of love me lerned affeccion of wille to nempne, whiche is in willing of profitable thynges, evill is it not, but when to fleschly lustes it consenteth, ayenst under of soule: but that this thing more clerely be understande, it is for to knowe, whence, and how the ilke will is so vicious and so redie evil dedes to performe.

Grace at the ginning ordeined thilk wil in godenesse ever to have endured, and never to badnesse

have assented: menne should not beleve, that God thilke wil maked to be vicious. Our firste father as Adam and Eve, for vicious appetites, and vicious wille to soche appetites consentyng, ben not one thing in kinde, other thyng is doen for the other. And how this will first into manne first assented, I holde it profitable to shewe: but if the first condicion of resonable cature woll be considered and apertly looked, lightly the cause of soche wille maie ben shewed. Intencion of God was, that rightfully and blessed should resonable nature ben maked, himself for to kepe, but neither blisfull ne rightfull might it not be, withouten will in them bothe. Will of rightfulness is the ilke same rightfulness, as here toforne is shewed: but wil of blisse is not the ilke blisse, for every manne hath not thilke blisse, in whom the will thereof is abiding. In this blisse after every understandyng, is suffisaunce of covenable comodites, without any maner nede, whether it be blisse of angels, or els the ilke, that grace first in paradise sufficed Adam to have. For although Angels blisse be more than Adam's was in paradise, yet maie it not be denied, that Adam in paradise ne had suffisaunce of blisse: for right as grete herte is without al maner of coldnesse, and yet maie an other hert more herte have, right so nothing defended Adam in paradise to ben blisfed, without all maner nede.

Although Angels blisse be moche more, forsothe it foloweth not laste then an other to have therefore hym nedeth, but for to wante a thyng, whiche that behoveth to ben had, that maie nede ben cleped, and that was not in Adam, at the first ginning, God and the Margarite weren what I mene. Forsothe where as is nede, there is wretchednesse, God without cause toforne goyng made not resonable cature wretched, for him to understande and love hadde he first maked. God made therefore man blisfed without all maner indigence, together and at ones toke resonable cature blyffe, and of wil of blisfednesse, and will of rightfulness, whiche is rightfulness it selve, and libertie of arbitrement, that is fre wil, with whiche thilke rightfulness may be kepe and lese. So and in that wise ordeined thilke two, that wil whiche that instrumente is cleped, as here toforne mencion is made, shoulde use thilke rightfulness, by teching of his soule to gode maner of governaunce, in thought and in wordes, and that it shoulde use the blisse in obedient maner, withouten any incommode. Blisse forsothe into man's profite, and rightfulness into his worship God delivered at ones: but rightfulness so was yeven that man might it lese, whiche yf he losse had not, but continually have it kept, he shoulde have deserved the avancement into the felowshippe of angels, in whiche thing if he that losse, never by himselfe forwarde shoulde he it now ayenward recover: and as wel the blisse that he was in, as aungles blisse that to him wardes was coming, shoulde be nome at ones, and he deprived of them bothe. And thus syl man unto likeness of unresonable bestes, and with hem to corrupcion and unlesly appetites was he under throwne, but yet wil of blisse dwelleth, that by indigence of gode, whiche that he lost through grete wretchednes, by right shoulde he ben punished. And thus for he weived rightfulness, losse hath he his blisse: but faile of his desire in his owne commodite maye he not, and where comodites to his resonable nature, whiche he hath losse may he not have, to false lustes, whiche ben bestial appetites, he is turned: folye of unconning hath him begiled, in weying that thilk ben the comodites that owen to ben desired. This affeccion of will by libertie of arbitrement is endued to wyl thus thing that he shoulde not, and so is wil not maked yvel but unrightful, by absence of rightfulness, which thing by reson ever



shulde he have. And frenesse of arbytrement may he not wilne whan he it not haveth, for while he it had, thilke helpe it not to kepe: so that without grace may it not ben recovered. Wil of comodite, in as moche as unrightful it is maked, by willing of yvel lustes, willing of godenesse may he not wilne, for wil of instrument to affeccion of wil is thrallid, sithen that other thing may not it wilne, for wil of instrument to affeccion desireth, and yet ben bothe they wil cleped: for that instrument woll, through affeccion it wylne, and affeccion desireth thilke thing wherto instrument him ledeth. And so frewil to unlusty affeccion ful servaunt is maked, for unrightfulnes maye he not releve, and without rightfulness ful fredome may it never have. For kindly liberty of arbitrement without it veine and ydel is forsoth. Wherefore yet I say, as often have I said the same, whan instrument of will losse hath rightfulness, in no maner but by grace may he ayen retourne rightfulness to wilne.

For sithen nothings but rightfulness alone shuld he wilne, what that ever he wilne without rightfulness, unrightfully he it wilne. These than unrightful appetites and unthriftly lustes which the flesch desireth, in as mokel as they ben in kinde, ben they not bad, but they ben unrightful and badde, for they ben in resonable creature, wher as they beyng in no way shuld ben suffred. In unresonable bestes neither ben they yvel ne unrightful, for there is ther kinde beyng.

**K**Nowen may it wel ben now, of these thinges tofore declared, that man hath not alwai tunk rightfulness, which by dute of right evermore haven he shuld, and by no way by him selfe maye he it get ne kepe; and after he it hath if he it lese, recover shall he it never, without especial grace: wherefore the commune sentence of the peple in opinion, that everye thinge after destinie is ruled, false and wicked is to beleve: For thoughte predestinacion be as wel of gode as of badde, sithen, that it is said God hadnest made, whiche he never ne wrought, but for he suffreth hem to be maked, as that he hardeth whan he nought mislaith, or ledde into temptacion whan he not delivereth, wherefore it is none inconvenient if in that maner be said, God tofore have d. stinied both badde, ande ther badde werkes, whan hem ne ther yvel dedes nether amendeth, ne therto hem grace levet. But speciallyche predestinacion of godenes alone is saide by these grete clerkes, for in him God doth that they ben, and that is godenes they werchen. But the negatife herof in badnesse is holden, as the lady of love hath me lerned, who so aright in this boke loketh. And utterly it is to weten, that predestinacion properly in God maye not ben demed, no more than before weting. For in the chapitre of Godde's before-weting, as love me reherf. d, al these maters apertely maye ben founden. Al thinges to God ben now together, and in presence duringe. Trewly presence and predestinacion in nothinge disacorden, wherefore as I was lerned howe Godde's before-wetyng and fre choice of will mowe stonden together, me thinketh the same reson me ledeth, that destenie and fre wil acorden, so that neither of hem both to other in nothings contrarieth. And resonabliche may it not ben demed, as often as any thinge falleth frewil werching, as if a man another man wrongfully anoyeth, wherefore he him fleeth that it be constrained to that ende, as mokell folke crieth and saith: Lo! as it was destinied of God tofore know, so it is thorowe necessite fal, and otherwise might it not betide. Trewlye neither he that the wronge wrought, ne he that him selfe venged, none of thilke things thorow necessite wrought: for if

that with fre wil ther had it not willed, neither had wrought that he perfourmed: and so utterly grace that fre wil in godenes bringeth and kepeth, and fro badnes it tourneth, in al thinge moste thanke deserveth. This grace maketh sentence in vertue to abyde, wherefore in body and in soule in full plentie of conninge, after ther gode deserving in the everlastinge joye, after the day of dome, shul they endles dwel, and they shul ben lerned that in kingdome with so mokel affecte of love and of grace, that the lest joye shal of the gretest in glorie rejoyce and ben gladdened, as if he the same joye had. What wonder sith God is the gretest love, and The ne ought to loken thinges with resoning to prove, and so is instrument of wil, will: and yet varieth he from effecte and usinge both. Affeccion of wil also for wil is cleped, but it varieth from instrument in this maner wise, by that name, liche whan it cometh into minde, anon right it is in willing desired, and the negatife therof with willing maye not acorde: this is closed in hert, though usage and instrument slepe. This slepeth whan instrument and us waken: and of soche maner affeccion trewelye some man hath more, and some man lesse. Certes trewe lovers wenen ever therof to litell to have. False lovers in litell wenen have right mokell. Lo! instrumente of will in false and trewe bothe evenlich is proporcioned, but affeccion is more in some place than in some, bycause of godenes that foloweth, and that I think hereafter to declare. Use of this instrument is wil, but it taketh his name whan wilned thinge is in doynge. But utterly grace to catch in thy blisse, desire to ben rewarded. Thou muste have than affeccion of will at the ful, and use whan his tyme asketh wysely to ben governed. Sothly, my disciple, without fervent affeccion of will maye no man ben saved: this affeccion of gode service in gode love, may not ben grounded, without fervent desire to the thinge in will covered. But he that never retcheth to have or not to have, affeccion of wil in that hath no resting place. Why? for whan thinge cometh to minde and it be not taken in hede to comin or not come, therfore in that place affeccion failleth: and for thilke affeccion is so litel, thorow whiche in godenes he shoulde come to his grace, the litalnes wil it not suffre to availe by no waye into his helpes: Certes grace and reson thilke affeccion foloweth. This affeccion with reson knitte, dureth in everiche trewe herte, and evermore is encrefing, no ferdnes, no strength may it remove while truthe in herte abideth. Sothly whan falschid ginneth entre, truth draweth away grace and joye both, but than thilke falschid that trouthe hath thus voided hath unknit the bonde of understandinge reson bytween wil and the hert. And who so that bonde undoth, and unkitteth wil to be in other purpose than to the first acorde, knitteth him with contrary of reson, and that is unreson. Lo! than will and unreson bringeth a man from the blisse of grace, whiche thinge of pure kinde every man ought to shonne, and to eschew, and to the knot of wil and reson confirme. Methinketh (q<sup>d</sup> she) by thy student lokes, thou wenest in these wordes me to contrarien, from other sayinges heretofore in other place, as whan thou were sometime in affeccion of will, to thinges that now han brought The in disese, whiche I have The counsaile to voide, and thin hert discover, and there I made thy wil to ben chaunged, whiche now thou wenest I argue to witholde and to kepe. Shortlye I say the revers in these wordes may not ben founde: for though dronkenes be forbidden, men shull not alway ben drinkles. I trow right for thou thy wil out of reson shulde not tourne, thy will in one reson shuld not unbinde, I say thy wil in thy firste purpose with unreson was closed: Constrewe forth of the remnaunte what

The



The gode liketh. Trewly that wil and refon shuld be knit together was fre wil of refon, after time thine herte is assentaunt to them both, thou myght not chaunge, but if thou from rule of refon varye, in whiche variaunce to come to thilke blisse desired contrariouly thou werchest: and nothing may know wil and refon but love alone. Than if thou voide love, than wevest the bonde, that knitteth, and so nedes, or els right lightly the other gon asondry, wherfore thou seest apertly that love holdeth this knot, and amaistreth 'hem to be bounde. These thinges, as a ring in circuit of wreth, ben knit in thy soule without departing. A! let be, let be (q<sup>d</sup> I) it nedeth not of this no reherfaile to make, my soule is yet in parfite blisse, in thinking of the knot.

**N**OW trewly, lady, I have my grounde wel understood, but what thinge is thilke spire that into a tre shoulde waxe: Expowne me that thyng, what ye therof mene. That shal I (q<sup>d</sup> she) blithlie, and take gode hede to the wordes I The rede. Continuaunce in thy gode service, by long processe of tyme in full hope abiding, without any chaunge to wilne in thyn hert, this is the spire, whiche if it be well kept and governed shal so hugey spring, til the fruit of grace is plentifully out-sprongen: for altho thy will be gode, yet may not therfore thilke blisse desired hastily on The descend, it must abyde his resonable tyme. And so by proces of growing, with thy gode traveile, it shal into more and more waxe, til it be founde so mighty, that windes of yvel speche, ne scornes of envie make nat the travaile overthrow, ne frostes of mistrust, ne hailes of jelousy right litel might have in harming of soch springes. Every yong setling lightly with smal stormes is apeired, but whan it is woxen somdele in gretnes, than han grete blastes and wethers but litel might, any disavauntage to him for to werche. Mine own sovereign lady (q<sup>d</sup> I) and welth of mine hert, and it were lyking unto your noble grace therthrough nat to be displeased, I suppose ye erren, now ye maken jelousy, envy, and distourbour to 'hem that ben your servautes. I have lerned ofte tofore this time, that in every lover's hert grete plentie of jelousie's greves ben sowe, wherfore me thinketh ye ne ought in no maner accompte thilke thing among these other welked winers and venomous serpentis, as envy, mistrust, and yvel speche. O sole (q<sup>d</sup> she) mistrust with foly, with yvel wil medled engendreth the welked padde. Trewly if they were distroied jelousy undowne were for ever, and yet some maner of jelousy, I wot wel is ever redy in al the hertes of my trew servautes, as thus: to be jelous over him self, lest he be cause of his own disese.

This jelousye in ful thought, ever shuld be kept for ferdnes to lese his love by miskeping thorowe his owne doing in lendnes, or els thus: Lest she that thou serveest so fervently is beset ther her better lyketh, that of al thy gode service she compreth nat a crulle. These jelousies in hert for acceptable qualitees ben demed: these oughten every trew lover by kindly evermore haven in his minde, til fully the grace and blisse of my service be on him descended at wil. And he that than jelousy catcheth, or els by wening of his owne folishe wilfulnes mistrusteth, treuly with fantasy of venim he is soule begiled. Yvel wil hath grounded thilke mater of sorow in his leude soule, and yet nat for than to every wight shuld me not trust, ne everi wight fully misbeleve, the mene of these thinges owen to be used. Sothly withouten causful evidence mistrust in jelousye shulde not be wened in no wise person comenly, soch leude wickednes shulde me nat finde. He that is wise and with yvell wil nat be acomered, can abyde wel his time

til grace and blisse of his service folowing have him so mokell esed, as his abidinge tofore hande hath him disled. Certes (lady q<sup>d</sup> I tho) of nothing me wondreth, sithen thilke blisse so precious is and kindly gode, and wel is, and worthy in kind, whan it is medled with love, and refon as ye tofore have declared. Why? anon as hie one is sprong, why springeth not the tother? and anone as the one cometh, why receveth not the other? For every thing that is out of his kindly place by full appetite ever cometh thitherward kindly to drawe, and his kindly being therto him constraineth. And the kindly stede of this blisse is in soch wil medled to unbyde, and nedes in that it shuld have his kindly beyng. Wherfore me thinketh anon as that wil to be shewed, and kinde him profereth, thilke blisse shulde hym hie thilke wil to receive, or els kind of godenes wocheu not in 'hem as they shuld. Lo! be the sonne never so ferre ever it hath hys kynde werching in erth: grete weight on hie on loft caried stineth never til it come to his resting place. Waters to the Se ward ever ben they drawing, thing that is light blythly will not sinke, but ever ascendeth and upward draweth. Thus kind in every thing his kindly comse, and his being place sheweth: Wherfore by kinde on this gode wil, anon as it were sprong, this blisse shuld theron discende, ther kinde wold they dwelleden together, and so have ye said your selfe. Certes (q<sup>d</sup> she) thyne hert sitteth wonder fore this blisse for to have, thin herte is foregreved that it tarieth so longe, and if thou durstest, as me thinketh by thine words, this blisse woldest thou blame. But yet I say, thilke blisse is kindly gode, and his kindly place in that will to unbyde. Never the later, there comming together after kindes ordinaunce nat sodainly may betide, it must abide time, as kind yeveth him leve, for if a man, as this wil medled gonne him shewe, and thilke blisse in haste folowed, so lightly comming shulde lightly cause going, longe time of thrussing, causeth drinke to be the more delicious whan it is atasted. Howe is it (q<sup>d</sup> I than) that so many blisses be I all day at min eye, in the first moment of a sight with soche wil accord. Ye, and yet other while with wil assenteth, singularly by him selfe ther refon taketh, travaile was none, service had no tyme. This is a queint in nat thinge, how soche doing cometh aboute. O (q<sup>d</sup> she) that is thus, the erthe kindly after seasons and times of the yere, bringeth forth innumerable herbes and trees bothe profitable and other, but soch as men might leve though they were nought in nourishing to man's kinde serve, or els soche as tournen sone unto mennes confusion in case that thereof they ataste, comen forth out of the erthe by ther owne kind, withouten any mane's cure or any bylines in traveile: and the ilke herbes that to mennes livelode necessarily serve, without whiche godely in this lie creatures mowen not endure, and moste ben nourishen to mankind, without grete travaile, grete tilthe, and longe abiding time, comen not out of the erthe, and it with fede tofore ordained soche herbes to make spring and forth grow. Right so the parfite blisse that we have in mening of duringe tyme to abyde, maye nat come so lightly, but with grete traveile, and right besy tilth, and yet gode fede to be sowe, for oft the croppe faileth of badde fede, be it never so wel traveiled. And thilke blisse thou spoke of so lightly in comminge, trewly is nat necessary ne abydinge: and but it the better be stamped, and the venomous jeuse outwongen, it is likely to enpoisonen all tho that thereof tasten. Certes nat bitter ben the herbes that shewen first the yere of ther own kind. Wel the more is the harvest that yeldeth many graines, tho long and fore it hath ben traveyled. What woldest thou demen yt a man wo de



yeve thre quarters of nobles of golde, that wer a precious gift? ye certes (q<sup>d</sup> I). And what (q<sup>d</sup> she) thre quarters ful of perles? Certes (q<sup>d</sup> I) that were a riche gifte. And what (q<sup>d</sup> she) of as mokel azure? (Q<sup>d</sup> I) a precious gyfte at ful. Were not (q<sup>d</sup> she) a noble gifte of all these at ones? In gode faith (q<sup>d</sup> I) for wanting of Englishe naming of so noble a worde, I can not for preciousnesse yeve it a name: Rightfully (q<sup>d</sup> she) hast thou demed, and yet love knitte in vertue passeth all the golde in this erthe. Gode wil accordant to reson, with no maner property may be countervailed, all the azure in the worlde is not to accounte in respecte of reson, love that with gode wil and reson accordeth, with non erthely riches maye nat ben amended. This yest hast thou yeven I knowe it my self, and thy Margarithe thilke gift hath received, in which thing to reward she hath her self bounde. But thy gift as I said, by no maner riches maye be amended, wherefore with thing that may nat be amended thou shalt of thy Margarithes rightwisnesse be rewarded. Right suffred yet never, but every gode dede somtyme to be yoided. Al wolde thy Margarith with no reward. The quite, right that nevermore dieth thy mede in merite wol purvey. Certes soch sodaine blisse as thou first nempnest, right wil hem reward as The wel is worthy, and though at thin eye it semeth the reward the desert to passe, right can after sende soch biternes evenly it to reward: so the sodain blisse by al ways of reson in grete godenes may not be accompted, but blisse long, both long it abyde, and endlesse it woll last. Se why thy wil is endlesse, for if thou lovedeste ever, thy will is ever ther to abide and nevermore to chaunge: evenhed of reward must ben done by right: than muste nedes thy grace and this blisse endlesse in joy to unbide. Evenlyche disese asketh evenlyche joy, whiche hastily thou shalt have. A (q<sup>d</sup> I) it sufficeth not than alone gode will, be it never so well with reson medled, but if it be in gode service long travailed. And so through service should men come to the joye, and this me thinketh should be the waxing tre of which ye first meved.

**V** Fry trouthe (q<sup>d</sup> she) hast thou now conceived of these things in thin hert, hastily shalt thou be able very joye and parfite blisse to receive. And now I wote well thou desyrest to knowe the maner of branches, that out of the tre should spring. Therof lady (q<sup>d</sup> I) hertely I you pray: For than leve I wol, that right sone after I shall ataste of the frute that I so longe have desired. Thou haste herde (q<sup>d</sup> she) in what wise this tre toforn this have I declared, as in grounde and in stocke of waxing. First the ground shuld be thy frewil ful in thine herte, and the stocke (as I saide) should be continuance in gode service, by long time in travaille, til it were in gretnes right well woxen. And whan this tre soche gretnes hath caught, as I have reherfed, the branches then that the frute should forth bringe, speche muste they be nedes in voice of prayer, in complaining wise used. Out alas! (q<sup>d</sup> I tho) he is sorowfully wounded that hideth his speche, and spareth his complaints to make, what shal I speke? that care; but paine even lyke to hel sore hath me assailed, and so ferforth in paine me throng, that I leve my tre is sere and never shal it frut forth bring. Certes he is gretly esed, that dare his prevy mone discover to a true felow, that conning hath and might wherthrough his plaint in any thing may be amended. And mokel more is he joied that with hert of hardines dare complaine to his ladye, what cares that he suffreth, by hope of mercy with grace to be avaunced. Truly I say for me, sithe I came this Margarith to serve, durst I never me discover of no

maner disese, and wel the later hath min herte hardied soch thinges to done, for the grete bounties and worthy refreshmentes that she of her grace godelye, without any deserte on my halve, ofte hath me rekened, and nere her godenes the more with grace and with mercy medled, which passen all desertes, travails, and servinges, that I in any degre might endite, I wold wene I shuld be without recover in getting of this blisse for ever. Thus have I stilled my disese, thus have I covered my care, that I bren in sorowful anoy, as gledes and coles wasten a fire under ded ashen. Wel the hotter is the fire, that with ashen it is overlain: right longe this wo have I suffered. Lo! (q<sup>d</sup> Love) how thou farest: me thinketh the palse yvel hath acomered thy wittes, as fast as thou hiest forward, anon sodainly backward thou movest. Shall nat yet all thy leudnes out of thy braines? dul ben thy skilful understandings, thy wil hath thy wit so amaistred. Wost thou not wel (q<sup>d</sup> she) but every tre in his resonable time of buxioning shewe his blomes fro within, in signe of what fruite shuld out of him spring, els the frute for that yere men halt delivered, be the ground never so gode. And though the stock be mighty at the ful, and the braunches sere and no buxions shew, farewell the gardiner, he may pipe with an yve lese, his fruite is failed. Wherefore thy braunches must buxionen in presence of thy lady, if thou desire any frute of thy ladies grace, but beware of thy life, that thou no wodelay use, as in asking of things that stretchen into shame, for than might thou not speede by no way that I can espie. Vertue woll not suffre villany out of himself to springe. Thy wordes may not be quaint ne of subtil maner understanding. Frelwitted peple supposen in soch poesies to be begiled, in open understanding must every word be used. Voice without clere understandinge of sentence, saith Aristotel, right nought printeth in hert. Thy wordes then to abide in hert and cleve in ful sentence of trewe mening platly must thou shew, and ever be obedient her hestes and her willes to performe, and be thou set in soche a wit to wete by a loke evermore what she meneth. And he that list nat to speke, but stilly his disese suffre: what wonder is it tho he never come to his blisse? Who that travaileth unwist, and coveteth thing unknowe, unweting he shal be quited, and with unknow thing rewarded. Gode lady (q<sup>d</sup> I than) it hath oft be sene, that weathers and stormes so hugely have fal in buxioning tyme, and by perte durelle han beten of the springes so clene, wherthrough the frut of thilk yere hath failed. It is a grete grace whan buxions han gode weathers, ther frutes forth to bring. Alas! than after soche stormes howe harde is it to avoide, till este webring and yeres han maketh ther circute cours al about, er any frute be able to be tasted! he is shent for shame, that sole is rebuked of his speche. He that is in fire brenning sore smarteth for disese. Him thinketh ful long er the water come that shuld the fire quenche. Whil men gon after a leche, the body is buried. Lo howe semely this frute waxeth! me thinketh that of tho frutes may no man atast, for pure bitternes in favour. In this wise both fruit and the tre wasten away togidre, though mokel besy occupation have be spent to bringe it so ferforthe, that it was able to spring. A litel spech hath maketh that al this labour is in ydel. In'ot (q<sup>d</sup> she) wherof it serveth thy question to assoile, me thinketh The now duller in wittes, than whan I with The first mette, although a man be leude communly for a sole he is not demed, but if he no gode wol lerne, sottes and soles let lightly out of minde the gode that men techeth hem. I said therefore thy stocke must be strong, and in gretnes welherted, the tre is ful feble that



that at the first dent faileth: and although frute faileth one yere or two, yet shall soche a feson come one time or other, that shall bring out frute that is nothing preterit, ne passed ther is nothing, future ne coming, but al thinges togid̃er in that place ben present everlasting without any meving, wherfore to God al thing is as now: and though a thing be nat in kindly nature of thinges as yet, and if it shoud be hereafter, yet evermore we shul saye God it maketh be time present, and now, for no future ne preterit in him may be found. Wherfor his wetinge and his beforeweting, is al one in understanding. Than if weting and beforewetinge of God putteth in necessite to al thinges which he wot or beforewot, ne thinge after eternite, or els after anye time, he wol or doth of liberte, but al of necessite; which thing if thou wene it be ayenst reson, nat thorowe necessite, to be or nat to be, al thinge that God wot or beforewot to be or nat to be, and yet nothing defendeth any thing to be wist or to be before wist of him in our willes or our doinges to be done, or els comming to be for fre arbitrement. Whan thou hast these declaracions well understande, than shalt thou finde it resonable at prove, and that many thinges be nat thorowe necessite, but thorowe liberte of wil, save necessite of fre-wil, as I tofore said: and as me thinketh al utterly declared. Me thinketh lady (q̃d I) so I shoulde you nat displese, and evermore your reverence to kepe, that these thinges contrarien in any understandinge, for ye sain somtyme is thorowe libertye of wyll, and also thorowe necessite. Of this have I yet no favour, without better declaracion. What wonder (q̃d she) is there in these thinges, sithen al day thou shalt se at thine eye, in manye thinges receven in hem selfe revers, thorowe divers resons, as thus. I praye The (q̃d she) whiche thinges ben more revers than comen and gone: For if I bidde The come to me, and thou come, after when I bid The go and thou go, thou reverest fro thy firste comminge. That is sothe (q̃d I) and yet (q̃d she) in thy firste alone by divers reson was ful reverfinge to understand. As how (q̃d I). That shall I shewe The (q̃d she) by ensample of thinges that have kindly moving. Is there any thing that mevethe more kindly than doth the heavens eye, which I clepe the Sonne. Sothely (q̃d I) me semeth it most kindly to move. Thou saiest soth (q̃d she). Than if thou loke to the Sonne, in what parte he be under heaven, evermore he heigheth him in movinge fro thilke place, and heigheth mevinge towarde the ilke same place, to thilke place from whiche he gothe he heigheth comming, and without any cefinge to that place he neigheth from which he is chaunged and withdraw. But now in these thinges after diversite of reson, revers in one thing may be sey without repugnaunce. Wherfore in the same wise, without any repugnaunce by my resons tofore maked, all is one to beleve, somthing to be thorow necessite cominge, for it is coming, and yet with no necessite constrained to be comminge, but with necessite that comethe out of fre wil, as I have said. Tho list me a litel to speke, and gan stint my penne of my writing, and said in this wise. Trewly, lady, as me thinketh, I can allege autoritees grete that contraien your sayinges. Job saith of manne's person, thou hast putte his terme, whiche he might nat passe. Than saye I that no man maye shorte ne length the daye, ordained of his doing, altho somtyme to us it semeth some man to do a thinge of fre wil, wherthrowe his deth he henteth. Nay forsothe (q̃d she) it is nothing ayenst my sayng, for God is nat begiled, ne he seeth nothing wheðer it shall come of liberte or elles of necessite, yet it is said to be ordained at God immovable, whiche at man or it be done maye be chaunged.

Soch thing also is that Poule the apostel saith of hem that tofore werne purposed to be saintes, as thus: whiche that God before wist, and hath predestined, conformes of ymages of his sonne, that he shuld ben the firste begeten, that is to say, here amonges many brethern; and whom he hath predestined, hem he hath cleped, and whom he hath cleped, hem he hath justified, and whom he hath justified, hem he hath magnified. This purpose after whiche thei ben cleped saintes, or holy in the everlasting present, where is neither time passed, ne time coming, but ever it is only present, and now as mokell a momente, as vii. M. Winter, and so ayenward withouten any meving, is nothing liche temporell presence, for thyng that there is ever presente. Yet emonges you men, ere it be in your presence, it is movable through libertie of arbitrement. And right as in the everlasting present, no maner thing was, ne shal be, but onely is, and now here in your temporell time, some thing was and is, and shal be but moyng floundes, and in this is no maner repugnaunce, right so in the everlasting presence, nothing maie be chaunged: and in your temporell time, other while it is proved movable, by libertie of will, or it be doe, withouten any inconvenience thereof to folow. In your temporell tyme is no soche presence, as in the other, for your presente is doen, when passed and to come ginnen entre, which times here emonges you, everich cilly foloweth other, but the presente everlasting dureth in one hed, withouten any imaginable chaunging, and ever is presente and now. Truly the course of the planettes, and overwhelminges of the Sonne, in daies and nightes, with a newe ginning of his cirenite after it is ended, that is to say, one yere to folowe an other, these maken your transforie times, with chaunging of lives, and mutacion of peple. But right as your temporell presence coveteth every place, and all thinges in every of your times be contained, and as now both sey and wist to God's very knowing. Than (q̃d I) me wondreth why Poule spake these wordes, by voice of significacion in time passed, that God his saintes beforewist hath predestined, hath cleped, hath justified, and hath magnified: me thinketh he should have said the wordes in time present, and that had ben more accordaunte to the everlasting presente, then to have spoke in preterit voice of passed understanding. O (q̃d love) by these wordes, I se well thou hast little understanding of the everlasting presence, or els of my before spoken wordes, for never a thing of tho thou haste nempned, was tofore other, or after other, but al atones evenliche at the God ben, and al togid̃er in the everlasting presente be now to understanding, the eternall presence, as I said, hath inclose togid̃er in one all tymes, in whiche close and one all thinges, that ben in divers times, and in divers places temporell, without posteriorite or priorite, ben closed therein perpetuell now, and maked to dwell in present sight. But there thou saiest that Poule should have spoke thilke forfard sentence by time present, and that moste should have ben accordaunt to the everlasting presence, why gabbest thou to thy wordes? Sothlie I saie Poule moved the wordes, by significacion of time passed, to shewe fullie that thilke wordes wer not put for temporell significacion, for al thilke time wer not thilke sentence temporalliche borne, whiche that Poule pronounced, God have tofore know, and have cleped then magnified; wherthrough it maie well be knowe, that Poule used the wordes of passed significacion, for neede and lacke of a worde in man's bodily spech, betokening the everlasting presence. And therefore in wordis most semelich in likenesse to everlasting presence he toke his sentence, for thinges, that here become ben



Passed, utterly be immovable, ilike to the everlasting presence. As thilke that ben there never mowe not ben present, so thinges of time passed ne mowe in no wise not ben passed: but all thinges in your temporell presence, that passen in a litle while, shullen ben not present. So then in that it is more similitude to the everlasting presence significacion of tyme passed, than of time temporall presente, and so more in accordaunce. In this maner what thyng of these that ben doen through fre arbitrement, or els as necessarie, holy writ pronounceth, after eternitie he speketh, in whiche presence is everlasting soth, and nothing but soth immovable, that after tyme, in which naught alwaie ben your willes and your actes; and right as while thei be not, it is not nedefull 'hem to be, so oft it is not nedefull, that sometyme thei should be. As how (q<sup>d</sup> I) for yet must I be lerned, by some ensample. Of love (q<sup>d</sup> she) wol I now ensample make, sithen I knowe the hed knot in that yelke. Lo! sometyme thou writest no art, ne arte then in no wil to write, and right as while thou writest not, or els wolt not write, it is not nedeful The to write, or els wiln to write.

And for to make The knowe utterly, that thynges ben otherwise in the everlasting presence, than in temporall time: se now my gode child, for something is in the everlasting presence, then in temporell tyme, it was not in eternitie tyme, in eterne presence shall it not be. Then no reson defendeth, that some thing ne maie be in tyme temporell moving, that in eterne is immovable. Forsothe it is no more contrary ne revers, for to be movable in time temporell, and movable in eternitie, then not to be in any tyme, and to be alwaie in eternitie, and have to be, or els to come in tyme temporell, and not have be, ne nought comyng to be in eternitie. Yet never the later, I saie not somethyng to be never in tyme temporell, that ever is eternitie, but all onely in sometyme not to be. For I saie not thy love to morne in no time to be, but to daie alone I deny ne it to be, and yet never the later, it is alway in eternitie.

Also (q<sup>d</sup> I) it semeth to me, that comyng thyng, or els passed, here in your temporall tyme to be, in eternitie ever now, and present oweth not to be demed, and yet foloweth not thilke thing, that was or els shall be, in no maner therto ben passed, or els coming: then utterly shall we deny, for there without cessing, it is in his present maner. O (q<sup>d</sup> she) myne owne disciple, now ginest thou able to have the name of my servaunt. Thy witte is clered, awaie is now error of cloud in unconnyng, awaie is blindnesse of love, awaie is thoughtfull study, of medling maners, hastlie shalte thou entre into the joye of me, that am thine owne maistres.

Thou haste (q<sup>d</sup> she) in a fewe wordes well and clerely concluded mokell of my matter. And right as there is no revers, ne contrariouseie in tho doinges, right so withouten any repugnaunce, it is saied, some thyng to be movable in time temporell, and for it be, that in eternitie dwelleth immovable, not afore it be, or after that it is, but without cessing; for right naught is there after time, that same is there everlasting, that temporaliche sometyme n'is, and toforn it be, it maie not be, as I have saied. Now sothly (q<sup>d</sup> I) this have I well understande, so that now me thinketh that prescience of God, and fre arbitrement, withouten any repugnaunce accorden, and that maketh the strength of eternitie, whiche encloseth by presence, duryng all tymes, and all thynges that ben, han ben, and shall ben in any tyme.

I would now (q<sup>d</sup> I) a litle understande, sithen that all thyng thus before wotte, whether thilke wetyng be of tho thynges, or els thilke thynges ben to ben of God's wetyng, and so of God nothyng is:

and if every thyng be through God's weting, and thereof take his being, then should God be maker and auethour of badde werkes, and so he should not rightfully punishe evil doinges of mankinde. (Q<sup>d</sup> Love) I shall tel The, this lesson to lerne, myne owne true servaunte, the noble Philosophicall Poete, in Englishe, whiche evermore hym busieth and travaileth rightfore, my name to encrese; wherefore all that willen me gode, owe to doe him worship and reverence both, truly his better ne his pere in schole of my rules coud I never finde: He (q<sup>d</sup> she) in a tretise that he made of my servaunt Troilus, hath this matter touched, and at the full this question amended: in godenes of gentil manlich spech, without any maner of nicitie of flarieres imaginacion; in wit and in gode reson of sentence, he passeth al other makers. In the boke of Troilus, the answer to thy question maiest thou lerne, never the later, yet maie lightly thine understanding somdele ben lerned, if thou have knowyng of these tofornsaid thinges, with that thou have understanding of two the last chapters of this seconde boke; that is to saie, gode to be some thing, and bad to want al maner being, for badde is nothyng els, but absence of gode; and that GOD in gode, maketh that gode dedes ben gode, in evill he maketh that thei ben but naught, that thei ben bad: for to nothing is badnesse to be. I have (q<sup>d</sup> I tho) inough knowing therein, me nedeth of other thinges to here, that is to saie, how I shall come to my blisse so long desired.

**I**N this matter toforn declared (q<sup>d</sup> Love) I have wel shewed, that every man hath fre arbitrement of thinges in his power to doe, or undoe what hym liketh. Out of this ground musle come the Spire, that by processe of tyme, shall in gretnesse sprede, to have braunches and blosomes, of waxyng fruite in grace, of whiche the taste and the savour is endelese blisse in joye ever to onbide.

Now Ladie (q<sup>d</sup> I) that tre to sette faine would I lerne. So thou shalte (q<sup>d</sup> she) ere thou departe hence. The firste thyng thou must set thy werke on ground siker and gode, accordaunte to thy springes. For if thou desire grapes, thou goest not to the Hasell; ne for to fetchen roses, thou sekest not on okes: and if thou shalt have Honie-soukels, thou levest the fruite of the soure Docke. Wherefore if thou desire this blisse in parfite joye, thou must set thy purpose ther vertue foloweth, and not to loke after the bodily godes, as I saied when thou were writyng in thy seconde boke. And for thou hast set thy self in so noble a place, and utterly lowed in thine herte the misgoyng of thy firste purpose, this settele is the esier to spring, and the more lighter thy soule in grace to be lissed. And truly thy desire, that is to saie, thy will, algates mote ben stedfast in this matter, without any chaunging, for if it be stedfaste, no man maie it voide. Yes parde (q<sup>d</sup> I) my will maie ben tourned by frendes, and disese of manace, and thretning in lesing of my life, and of my limmes, and in many other wise, that now cometh not to minde. And also it more ofte ben out of thought, for no remembrance maie hold one thyng continually in herte, be it never so lustie desired. Nowe se (q<sup>d</sup> she) thou thy will shal folowe, thy frewill to be grounded continually to abide: It is thy frewill that thou lovest and haste loved, and yet shalt loven this Margarite perle, and in thy wil thou thinkest to holde it. Then is thy will knitte in love, not to chaunge for no newe luste beside: This will techeth thyne herte, from all maner varyng. But then althoughe thou be thretened in deth, or els in otherwise, yet is it in thin arbitrement to chose, thy love to voide, or els to holde: and thilke arbitrement is in a maner a judgemente,



judgemente, bitwene desire and thy herte. And if thou deme to love thy gode wil faileth, then art thou worthy no blisse, that gode wil shuld deserve: and if thou chose continuaunce in thy gode service, then thy will abideth, nedes blisse folowyng of thy gode will muste come by strengthe of thilke judgemente: for thy firste will that taught thine herte to abide: and halt it from th' eschaunge, with thy reson is accorded. Truly this maner of will thus shall abide, impossible it were to turne if thy herte be true, and if every man diligently the menynges of his will consider, he shall well understande, that gode will knit with reson, but in a false herte, never is voided: for power and might of keping this gode wil, is through libertie of arbitrement in hert, but gode wil to kepe maie not faile. Eke then if it faile, it sheweth it self, that gode will in keping is not there. And thus false will that putteth out the gode, anone constraineth the herte to accorde in lovyng of thy gode will and this accordaunce bitwene false wille and thynne herte, in falsitie ben likened together. Yet a little wold I saie The in gode wille, thy gode willes to raise and strength. Take hede to me (q<sup>d</sup> she) howe thy willes thou shalt understande. Right as ye han in your bodie divers members, and five sondrie wittes everiche aparte to his owne doying, whiche thynges as instrumentes ye usen, as your handes apart to handle, fete to goe, tongue to speke, eye to se: right so the soule hath in hym certaine sterynges and strengthes, whiche he useth as instrumentes, to his certain doynges. Reson is in the soule, whiche he useth thinges to knowe and to prove and will, whiche he useth to wilne: And yet is neither wille ne reson all the soule, but everich of hem is a thing by hymself in the soule. And right as everich hath thus singuler instruments by hymselfe, thei han as well divers aptes, and divers maner usynges, and thilk aptes mowen in will ben cleped affeccions. Affeccion is an instrument of willyng in his appetites. Wherefore mokell folke saie if a resonable cecture's soule any thing fervently wilneth, affectuouly he wilneth, and thus maie wille by terme of equivocac in three waies ben understande: one is instrument of willyng, an other is affeccion of this instrument: and the third is use, that setteth it a werke. Instrumente of willyng is the ilke strengthe of the soul, which The constraineth to wiln, right as reson is instrument of resons, which ye usen when ye loken. Affeccion of this instrument is a thing, by whiche ye be drawe desirouly any thing to wilne in covetous maner, all be it for the time out of your mind: as if it come in your thought thilk thing to remember, anon ye ben willing thilke to doen, or els to have. And thus is instrument will, and affeccion is will also, to wilne thing as I saied: as for to wilne helth, when will nothyng theron thinketh, for anone as it cometh to memorie, it is in wil; and so is affeccion to wilne slepe, when it is out of minde, but anon as it is remembered wil wilneth slepe, when his time cometh of the doing. For affeccion of wil never accordeth to sicknesse, ne alwaie to wake. Right so in a true lover's affeccion of willing instrument is to wilne truthe in his service, and this affeccion alway abideth, although he be sleping or thretned, or els not theron thinkyng, but anone as it cometh to minde, anone he is stedfast in that will to abide. Use of this instrument forsoth is an other thing, by hymself, and that have ye not but when ye be doying, in willed thing by affecte or instrument of will, purposed or desired: and this maner of usage in my service wisely nedeth to be ruled, from waiters with envie closed, from spekers full of jangeling wordes, from proude folke and hautain, that lambes and innocentes both scornen and despisen. Thus in doying varieth the actes of willing everiche from other, and

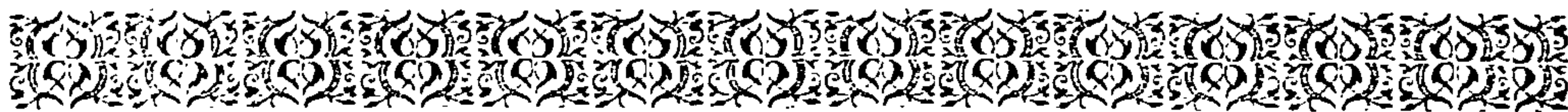
yet ben thei cleped wil, and the name of will utterly owen thei to have, as instrument of wil is wil, when ye turne into purpose of any thing to doen, be it to sit or to stande, or any soche thing els. This instrument maie ben had, although affecte and usage be left out of doying, right as ye have sight and reson, and yet alway use ye grettest wisedome, in hem that he be, and thei in God. Nowe then when all false folke be ashamed, whiche wenen al bestialtie and yerthly thing be sweter and better to the body, then heavenly is to the soule: this is the grace and the fruct that I long have desired, it doth me gode the favour to smel. Christe now to The I erie of mercy and of grace, and graunte of thy godenes to every maner reder ful understanding in this lend pamphlet to have, and let no man wene other cause in this werke, then is verily the soth: for envy is ever redy all innocentes to shend, wherefore I would that gode spech envie evermore hinder. But no man wene this werke be sufficiently maked, for God's werke passeth man's, no manne's wit to parlit werke maie by no waie purvaie th'ende: how shold I then so leude aught wene of perfeccion any ende to get? Never the later grace, glorie and lande, I yelde and put with worshipful reverence to the sothfast God in Thre, with Untie closed, whiche that the hevie langor of my sicknesse hath turned into mirth of helth to recover: for right as I was sorowed, through the gloton cloud of manifold sickly sorowe, so mirth ayen coming helth hath me gladd and gretly comforted. I beseeche and praie therefore, and I erie on God's grete pitie, and on his mokell murcie, that these present scourges of my flesh now make medicine and lechecraft of my inner man's helth, so that my passed trespass and tenes through wepyng of mine eyes ben washe, and I voided from al maner disese, and no more to wepe hereafter, I now be kept thorowe God's grace: so that God's hand which mercially me hath scourged, hereafter in gode plite fro thence mercially me kepe and defende. In this boke be many privie thinges wimpled and fold, unnethe shall leude men the plites unwinde, wherefore I praie to the holy gholle here of his ointmentes mens wittes to clere, and for God's love no man wonder, why or how this question cum to my minde, for my grete lustie desire was of this ladie to ben enformed, my leudnesse to amende. Certes I know not other mens wittes, what I should aske, or in answer, what I should saie, I am so leude my self, that mokell more lernyng yet me behoveth. I have made therefore as I could, but not sufficiently as I would, and as matter yave me sentence, for my dul wit is hindred, by slepmother of forgyng, and with cloude of unconnyng, that stoppeth the light of my margarite perle, wherefore it maie not shine on me as it should. I desire not onely a gode reder, but also I covete and praie a gode boke amender, in correccion of wordes, and of sentence: and onely this mede I covete for my travaile, that every infier and herer of this leude fantasie, devoute horisons and praiers to God the grete judge yelden, and praie for me, in that wise that in his dome my sinnes now ben relefed and foryeven: he that praieith for other, for hymself travaileth. Also I praie that every man partitelic mowe knowe, through what intencion of hert this tretise have I drawe. How was it the sightfull Manna in desert to children of Israel was spirituall mete? bodily also it was, for mennes bodies it nourisheth. And yet never the later, Christe it signified. Right so a jewell betokeneth a gemme, and that is a stone vertuous, or els a perle. Margarite a woman betokeneth grace, lernyng, or wisedome of GOD, or els holie Church. It bred through vertue is made holie fleshe, what is that our God saith? It is the spirit that yeveth life, the fleshe



of nothyng it profiteth. Fleſhe is fleſhly underſtand-  
ing: Fleſhe without grace and love naught is worthe.  
The letter fleeth, the ſpirit yeveth lifelich underſtand-

ying. Charitie is love, and love is Charitie, God  
graunte us all therein to be frended. And thus the  
Teſtament of love is ended.

Here endeth the teſtament of Love.



## The Lamentacion of Marie Magdaleine.

This Treatiſe is taken out of St. *Origen* wherein *Mary Magdalen* lamenteth the  
cruell Death of her *Saviour Chriſt*.



Longid in the wawe of mortall diſtreſſe  
Alas for wo to whom ſhal I complein!  
Or who ſhall devoide this grete hevineſſe  
Fro me' wofull Marie, wofull Magdalein!  
My Lord is gon, alas who wrought this tein!  
This ſodain chaunce perſith my herte ſo depe,  
That nothing can I do, but waile and wepe.

My Lorde is gone, that here in grave was laied,  
Aſtir his grete paſſion, and deth cruell,  
Alas who hath hym thus again betraied!  
Or what man here aboutin can me tell  
Where he' is become the Prince of Iſraell,  
Jeſus of Naz'areth, my ghofly ſuccour,  
My parſite love, and hope of all honour!

What creature hath hym hennis caryid,  
Or how might this ſo ſodainly befall?  
I would I had here with him taryid,  
And ſo ſhould I have had my purpoſe all;  
I bought ointmentes full precious and roial,  
Where with I hoped his corps to have anointed,  
But he thus gone, my minde is diſapointed.

While I therefore advertiſe and beholde  
This pitous chaunce, here in my preſence,  
Full little marvaile though my hert be colde,  
Conſidering lo! my Lord's abſence;  
Alas! that I ſo full of negligence  
Should be foundin, bicauſe I come ſo late,  
All men maie ſaie I am infortunate.

Cauſe of my ſorowe you maie undirſtonde,  
*Quia tulerunt Dominum meum,*  
An othir is, that I ne maie Him ſonde,  
I wote nere *Ubi poſuerunt eum,*  
Thus I muſte bewaile *Dolorem meum*  
With hertie wepyng I can no bet deſerve,  
Till deth approche, my herte for to kerve.

My herte oppreſt with ſodain avinture  
By fervent anguiſhe is bewrappid ſo  
That long this life I ne maie not endure,  
Soche is my pain, ſoch is my mortall wo,  
Nevirtheleſſe to what parte ſhall I go  
In hope to findin myne owne Turtill true,  
My liv'is joye, my ſoverain Lorde Jeſu?

Sith all my joye, that I call his preſence,  
Is thus removed, now I am full of mone,  
Alas the while I made no providence  
For this miſhap, wherefore I ſigh and grone,  
Succour to finde, to what place might I gone!

Fain I would to ſome man my herte breke,  
I n'ot to whom I maie complain or ſpeke.

Alone I ſtande, full ſorie, and full ſad, 50  
Which hopid to have ſeen my Lorde and Kyng,  
Small cauſe have I to be merie or glad,  
Remembryng this bittirfull departyng,  
In this worlde ne is no creature livyng,  
That was to me ſo gode and gracious,  
His love alſo then golde more precious.

Full ſore I ſigh, without comfort again,  
There is no cure to my ſalvacion,  
His brenning love my hert ſo doth conſtrain,  
Alas here is a wofull permutacion! 60  
Whereof I finde no joye nor conſolacion,  
Therefore my pain all onely to confeſſe  
With deth I ſere woll ende my hevineſſe.

This wo-and anguiſh is intollerable,  
If I bide here, life can I not ſuſtain,  
If I go hence my paines be uncurable,  
Where him to finde I knowe no place certain,  
And thus I ne wote of theſe thingis twain  
Whiche I maie take, and which I maie reſuſe,  
My hert is wounded heron to thinke or muſe.

A while I ſhall ſtande in this morowning  
In hope if any viſion would appere,  
That of my love might tell ſome gode tyding,  
Whiche into joy might chaunge my wepyng chere,  
I truſt in his grace and his mercie dere,  
But at the leſt, though I therewith me kill,  
I ſhall not ſpare to waile and wepe my fill.

And if that I die in ſoche avinture  
I can no more, but welcome as my chaunce, 80  
My bones ſhall reſt here in this ſepulture,  
My life, my deth, is at his ordinaunce,  
It ſhal be tolde in laſting remembraunce.  
Thus to departin is to me no ſhame,  
And alſo thereof I'am nothyng to blame.

Hope againſt me ſo hath her courſe itake  
That there is no more, but thus ſhall I die,  
I ſe right well my Lorde hath me forſake,  
But in my conceipt cauſe know I none why,  
Although he be farre hence and nothing nye,  
Yet my wofull herte after hym doeth ſeke, 90  
And cauſeth teres to ren down by my cheke.

Thinking alas! I have loſt his preſence,  
Which in this worlde was all my ſuſtinaunce,  
I crie



I crie and call with hertie diligence,  
But there is no wight givith attendaunce,  
Me to certifie of myne enquireaunce,  
Wherefore I will to all this worlde bewraie  
How that my Lorde is slain and born awaie.

Though that I mourne it ne is no grete wonder  
Sith he is all my joye in speciall, 100  
And nowe I thinke we be so farre asonder,  
That hym to se I fere never I shall,  
It helpith no more aftir hym to call,  
Ne after hym to enquire in any coste,  
Alas! how is he thus ygone and lost?

The Jewis I thinke full of miserie,  
Yfet in malice by ther busie cure,  
With force and might, of gilefull trecherie,  
Hath entermined my Lord's sepulture,  
And borne awaie that precious figure, 110  
Levyng of it nothyng, if thei' have doen so,  
Marrid I am, alas what shall I do!

With ther vengeance insaciabie  
Now have thei hym gilleles entretid so,  
That to reporte it is to lamentable,  
Thei bete his bodie from toppe to the toe,  
Never man was yborne that felte soche woe,  
Thei woundid hym alas! with all grevaunce,  
The blode doun reilid in most habundaunce.

The blodie rowis stremed doun ovr all, 120  
Thei him assailid so malicioussie  
With ther scourgis and strokis bestiall,  
Thei sparid not, but smote incessauntlie,  
To satisfie ther malice thei were busie,  
Thei spit in his face, thei smote here and there,  
He groned full fore, and swete many a tere.

Thei crounid hym with thornis sharpe and kene,  
The vainis rent, the blode ran doun apace,  
With blode ovrcome were bothe his cyeen,  
And bolne with strokis was his blessid face, 130  
Thei hym entretid, as men without grace,  
Thei knelid to hym, and made many a scorne,  
Like helhoundis they have hym all to torne.

Upon a mightie crosse in length and brede,  
(These turmentours shewid ther cursidnesse)  
Thei nailid hym without pitie or drede,  
His precious blode braft out in largenesse,  
Thei strained hym along as men mercilelle,  
The verie jointes all to myne apparence  
Rived asondir, for ther grete violence. 140

All this I beholding with mine cyeen twain  
Stode there beside, with rufull attendaunce,  
And er me thought, he beyng in that pain  
Lokid on me with dedly countinaunce,  
As he' had said in his speciall remembraunce  
Farwell Magdalen, depart must I nedes hens,  
My herte is *Tanquam cera liquefens*.

Whiche rufull sight when that I gan beholde,  
Out of my witte I almoste tho distraught,  
I tare my here, my handis wrang and folde, 150  
And of the sight my hert dranke soche a draught,  
That many a fall swounyng there I caught,  
I brused my bodie fallyng on the grounde,  
Whereof I fele many a grevous wounde.

Then these wretchis, full of all frowardnesse,  
Gave hym to drinke Eifell temprid with gall,  
Alas! that poison full of bittirnesse  
My lov's chere causid then to appall,

And yet thereof might he not drinke at all,  
But spake these wordis, as him thought it best,  
Fathir of hevin, *Consummation est*.

Then knelid I doune, in pain's outrage  
Clipping the croisse within myne armis twain,  
His blode distillid doune on my visage,  
My clothis eke the droppis did distain,  
To have dyid for hym I would full fain,  
But what shoulde it availe if I did so  
Sith he' is, *Suspensus in patibulo*.

And thus my Lorde full dere was all disgised,  
With blode, and pain, and woundis many one, 170  
His veinis braft, his jointis all to rived,  
Partying asondir the fleshe fro the bone,  
But I sawe that he hing not there alone,  
For *Cum inquis deputatus est*,  
Not like a man, but like a leprous best.

A blinde knight men ycallid Longias  
With a spere aproched to my soverain,  
Launsyng his side full pitoussie alas!  
That his precious herte be clave in twain,  
The purple blode eke fro the hertis van 180  
Dounne railid right fast, in mosse rufull wise,  
With cristal water brought fro Paradise.

When I behelde this wofull passion,  
I wote not how, by sodain avinture  
My hert was perfed with very compassion,  
That in me remained no life of nature,  
Strokis of dethe I felt without mesure,  
My deth's wounde I caught with wo oppress,  
And brought to point as my hert shuld ybrest.

The wounde, the hert, and blode of my darling 190  
Shal never slide fro my memorial,  
The byttir paines also of tourmenting  
Within my soule be gravin principal,  
The spere alas! that was so sharpe withall  
So thrillid my herte, as to my feling,  
That body and soule were at departing.

Sone as I might I releved up againe,  
My brethe I coude not very wel restore,  
Feling my self drownid in so grete paine,  
Both body' and soule me thought wer al to tore,  
Violent fallis grevid me right fore,  
I wept, I bledde, and with my selfe I fared  
As one that for his life nothing had cared.

I loking up unto that rufull Rode  
Sawe first the visage pale of that figure,  
But so pitous a sight spottid with blode  
Sawe never yet no living creature,  
So it exceedid the boundes of mesure,  
That mann's minde with al his wittis five  
Is nothing able that paine to diserve. 211

Than gan I there min armis to unbrace,  
Up lifting my handis ful mourningly  
I fighid and sore sobbid in that place,  
Both hevin and erthe might have herde me crie  
Weping, and said alas! incessauntly,  
Ah my swete herte, my gosly paramour!  
Alas I may nat thy body socour!

O blessid Lorde, how fierse and how cruel  
These cursid wightis nowe hath The yslaine, 211  
Kerving alas! thy body everidel,  
Wounde within wounde, full byttir is thy pain,  
Nowe wolde God that I might to The attaine  
To naile my body fast unto thy tre



- So that of this paine thou mightst go free!
- I can nat reporte, ne make reherfaile  
Of my demening, with the circumstance,  
But wel I wote the spere with every naile  
Thirld my soule by inwarde resemblaunce,  
Which never shall out of my remembraunce,  
During my life it woll cause me to waile, 230  
As ofte as I remembre that bataile.
- Ah ye Jewes, worse than doggis rabiate  
What moved you thus cruilly him to'aray?  
He never displefed you, nor caused debate,  
Your love and true hertes he coveytid aye,  
He preched, he teched, he shewid the right way,  
Wherefore ye lyke tyrantes wode and way-warde  
Nowe have him thus yslaine for his rewarde.
- Ye ought to have remembrid one thing special  
His favour, grace, and his magnificence, 240  
He was your prince borne, and Lorde ovir all,  
Howe be it ye toke him in smal reverence,  
He was ful meke in fulfiring your offence,  
Nertheless ye devoured him with one assent,  
As hungry wolves doth the lambe innocent.
- Where was your pite,'o peple mercilesse?  
Arming your selfe with falsheid and trefon,  
On my Lorde ye have shewid your wodenesse,  
Like no men, but bestis without reson,  
Your malyce he suffrid for the feson, 250  
Your paine wol come, ne thinke it nat to slacke,  
*Man without mercy of mercy shal lacke.*
- O traitours and maintainirs of madnesse,  
Unto your foly' I ascribe al my paine,  
Ye have me deprived of joye and gladnesse,  
So deling with my Lorde and soveraine,  
Nothing ne shulde I nede thus to complaine  
If he had lived in pece and tranquillite,  
Whom ye have slaine through your iniquite.
- Farewel your noblenesse that sometime did raine, 260  
Farewel your worship, your glory and fame,  
Hereafter to lyve in hate and disdaine  
Marvaile ye not, for your trespase and blame  
Unto shame is tournid al your gode name,  
Upon you now wol wondir every nation,  
As peple of a most vile reputation.
- These wickid wretchis these houndis of hel,  
As I have tolde plaine here in this sentence,  
Were not content my dere love thus to quel,  
But yet they must embefile his presence, 270  
As I perceve, by covert violence  
They have him conveyed, to my displeasure,  
For here is lafte but nakid sepulture.
- Wherefore of trouthe and rightfull judgèment,  
That ther malice againe maye be acquitted,  
After my verdite and avisèment,  
Of false murdre they shullin be endited,  
Of theft also, which shal not be respited,  
And in al haste they shal be hanged and drawe,  
I wol my selfe plede this cause in the lawe. 280
- Alas! yf I with a trewe attendaunce  
Had styl abiddin with my Lord's corse,  
And kept it stil with trewe perfeveraunce,  
Than had nat befall this woful devorfe,  
But as for my paine welcome and no force,  
This shal be my songe where so er I go,  
Departing is the grounde of al my wo.
- I fe right wel now in my painis smerte,
- There is no wounde of so grevous dolour  
As is the wounde of my careful herte, 290  
Sithin I have losse thus my paramour,  
Al my swetnesse is tournid into sour,  
Mirthe to my herte nothing ne maie convey  
But he that bereth therof bothe locke and key.
- The joye excellent of blissed paradise  
Maye me alas! in no wise re-comforte,  
Songe of angel nothing may me suffise,  
As in min herte nowe to make disporte,  
Al I refuse, but that I might reforte  
Unto my love, the wel of godelihede, 300  
For whose longing I trowe I shal be ded.
- Of painful labour and tourment corpo'ral  
I ne make therof none excepcion,  
Painis of hel I wol passe ovir al,  
My love to finde, in myne affeccion,  
So grete to him is my delectacion,  
A thousande timis martrid wolde I be,  
His blefid body ones if I might se.
- About this worlde so large in all compace  
I shal not spare to renne my life during, 310  
My fete also shal not rest in one place,  
Tyl of my love I may here some tiding,  
For whose absence my handis nowe I wring,  
To thinke on him cese shal never my minde,  
O gentil Jesu, where shal I The finde!
- Jerusalem I wol serche place fro place,  
Sion, the vale of Josaphath also,  
And if I finde him not in al this space,  
By mount Olivet to Beth'any woll I go,  
These waies wol I wandir, and many mo, 320  
Nazareth, Bethleem, Mountana Jude,  
No travaile shal me paine him for to se.
- His blisid face if I might se and finde,  
Serche I wolde evèry coste and countrey,  
The fardest parte of Egypt or hote Inde  
Shulde be to me but a litil journey;  
Howe is he thus gone or takin away!  
If I knewe the ful trouthe and certentè,  
Yet from this care relefid might I be.
- Into wildirnesse I thinke best to go, 330  
Sithen I can no more tidinges of him here,  
There may I my lyfe ledin to and fro,  
There may I dwel, and to no man apere;  
To towne ne village woll I not come nere,  
Alone in wodes, in rockes, and in caves depe  
I may at mine owne will both waile and wepe.
- Myn eyin twaine withoutin variaunce  
Shal never cese, I promise faithfully,  
There for to wepin with gret aboundaunce  
Byttir teris renning incessantly, 340  
The whiche teris medlid ful petously  
With the very blode er shal renne also,  
Expressing in mine hert the grevous wo
- Worldely fode and sustenaunce I desire none,  
Soche living as I finde soch wol I take,  
Rotis that growin on the craggy stone  
Shal me suffise with watir of the lake;  
Than thus may I say for my Lord's sake  
*Fuerunt mihi lacryma mea  
In deserto panes, die ac nocte.*
- My body to clothe it makith no force,  
A mourning mantil shal be sufficient.  
The grevous woundis of his pitous corse
- Sha!



Shal be to me a ful royal garnement,  
He departid thus I am best content,  
His crosse with nailis and scourgis withal  
Shal be my thought and paine especial.

Thus wol I live, as I have here ytolde,  
If I may any longè time endure,  
But I fere deth is ovir me so bolde 360  
That of my purpose I can not be sure,  
My painis encrefin without mesure,  
For of longe lyfe who can lay any reson?  
Al thing is mortal and hath but a seson.

I sigh ful sore, and it is ferre yfet,  
Myne hert I fele now bledith inwardly,  
The bloody teres I may in no wise let,  
Sith of my paine I finde no remedye,  
I thank God of al, if that I nowe dye,  
His will perfourmid I holde me content, 370  
My soule let him have that hath it me lent.

For lengir to' endure it 'is intollerable,  
My woful herte is inflamid so huge,  
That no sorow to myne is comparable,  
Sith of my minde, I ne finde no refuge,  
Yet I him require as a rightful juge  
To devoide fro me the inwarde sorowe,  
Lest that I live not to the nexte morowe.

Within mine hert is impressid ful sore,  
His royal forme, his shappe, his semelines,  
His porte, his chere his godenes evirmore,  
His noble persone with al gentilnes,  
He is the welle of allè parfitnes,  
The very redemir of al mankind,  
Him love I best with herte, and soule, and minde.

In his absence my paines ful bittir be,  
Right wel I may it fele nowe inwardely,  
No wondir is though they hurte or fle me,  
They causin me to crie so rusfully,  
Myne herte oppressed is so wondirfully, 390  
Onely for him, which so is bright of ble,  
Alas I trowe I shal him never se!

My joye is translate ful farre in exile,  
My myrthe is chaungid into paynis colde,  
My lyfe I think endureth but a while,  
Anguiste and paine is that that I beholde,  
Wherfore my handis thus I wringe and folde,  
Into this grave I loke, I cal, I pray,  
Deth remainith, and life is borne away.

Now must I walk, and wandir here and there, 400  
God wot to what partis I shal me dresse,  
With quaking hert wepinge many a tere,  
To seke out my love, and all my swetnes,  
I wolde he wyft what mortal hevines  
About min herte renewith more and more,  
Than wolde he nat kepe pite long in store.

Withoutin him I may not longe endure,  
His love so sore workith within my brest,  
And er I wepe before this sepulture,  
Sighing ful sore, as mine herte shulde ybrest, 410  
During my lyfe I shal obtaine no rest,  
But mourne and wepe, where that evir I go,  
Making complaint of al my mortal wo.

Fast I crie but there is no audience,  
My comming hi'er was him for to plesse,  
My soule opprest is here with his absence,  
Alas he list not set mine herte in esse!  
Wherfore to paine my selfe with al disesse

I shal not spare tyl he take me to grace,  
Or ellis I shal sterve here in this place. 420

But onis if that I might with him speke  
It were al my joy, with parfite plesaunce,  
So that I might to him myne herte breke,  
I shulde anone devoide al my grevaunce,  
For he' is the blisse of very recreaunce;  
But now alas! I can nothing do so,  
For in fiede of joy naught have I but wo.

His noble corse within min hert's rote,  
Depe is ygravid, whiche shal never flake, 430  
Nowe is he gone, to what place I ne wote,  
I mourne, I wepe, and al is for his sake,  
Sithin he is passe, here a vowe I make  
With hertely promise, and therto me binde,  
Never to cese til that I may him finde.

Unto his mothir I thinke for to go,  
Of her haply some comforte may I take,  
But one thinge yet me feith and no mo,  
Yf that I any mencion of him make,  
Of my wordis she wolde triable and quake,  
And who coude her blame, she having but one,  
The sonne borne away the mothir wol mone.

Sorowes many hath she sulfrid trewly  
Sith that she first conceivid him and bare,  
And sevin thinges there be most specially,  
That drowith her hert in sorowe and care,  
Yet lo! in no wise maye they not compare,  
With this one now, the whiche if that she knew  
She wolde her painis everichone renewe.

Gret was her sorowe by mennis saiyng,  
Whan in the temple Simeon jullus 450  
Shewid to her these wordis prophesiying,  
*Tuam animam pertransibit gladius;*  
Also whan Herode that tyraunt furious  
Her childe pursuid in every place,  
For his life went neithir mercy ne grace.

She mournid sore whan that she knewe him gone,  
Full longe she sought or she him founde ayen,  
Whan he went to deth his crosse him upon,  
It was to her sight a full rewful paine,  
Whan he long theron, betwene thevis twaine, 460  
And the spere unto his herte thrull was right,  
She swoundid, and to the grounde there ypight.

Whan ded and bloody in her lappè lay  
His blissid body, bothe handes and fete al tore,  
She cryid out and said, now welaway!  
Thus arayid was never man before;  
Whan hast was made his body to be bore  
Unto sepulture here for to remaine,  
Unnethis for wo she coude her sustaine.

The sorowes sevin, like swerdes every one 470  
His mothir's herte woundid fro syde to syde,  
But if she knewe her sonne thus ygone,  
Out of this worlde she shuld with deth yride,  
For care she coude no lengir here abide,  
Having no more joy nor consolacioun,  
Than I here standing in this flacioun.

Wherfore her to se I dare nat presume,  
Fro her presence I wol my selfe refraine,  
Yet had I levir to dye and consume,  
Than his mothir shulde have any more paine, 480  
Nethcles her sonne I wolde se ful faine,  
His presence was very joye and swetnes,  
His absence is but sorowe and hevinesse.

There



There is no more, sith I may him nat mete,  
Whom I desire above al othir thing,  
Nede I must take the souir with the swete,  
For of this noble corse I here no tiding,  
Ful oftin I crie, and my handis wring,  
Myne herte alas! relentith al in paine,  
Whiche wol ybrastin both sinewe and vaine. 490

Alas howe' unhappy was this woful hour,  
Wherin is thus mispendid my service!  
For min entent and eke my true labour  
To none effecte may come in any wise;  
Alas! I thinke if he do me dispise,  
And list not take my simple observaunce,  
There is no more, but deth is my finaunce.

I have him called, *Sed non respondet mihi*,  
Wherfore my mirth is tournid to mourning,  
O my dere Lord *Quid mali feci tibi* 500  
That me to comforte I finde no' erthely thing?  
Alas! have compassion of my crying,  
Yf fro me *Faciem tuam abscondis*,  
There is no more, but *Consumere me vis*.

Within myne hert is groundid thy figure,  
That al this world's horrible tourment  
May' it not aswage, it' is so without mesure,  
It is so brenning, it is so fervent;  
Remembir, Lorde, I have ben diligent  
Evir The to plesse onely and no mo, 510  
Myne herte is with The where so er I go.

Therfore my dere darling, *Trabe me post te*,  
And lette me not standin thus desolate,  
*Quia non est, qui consoletur me*,  
Myne herte for The is so disconsolate,  
My paines also nothing me moderate,  
Nowe if it list The to speke with me' alyve,  
Come in hast, my herte asondir will rive.

To The I profir lo! my pore service,  
The for to plesse astir mine owne entent, 520  
I offir' here, as in devout sacrifice  
My boxe replete with precious oyntment,  
Myne eyin twaine weping sufficient,  
Myne herte with anguifhe fulfilled is alas!  
My soule eke redy for love out to pas.

Naught ellis have I The to plesse or pay,  
For if min herte were golde or precious stone,  
It shulde be thine without any delay,  
With hertely chere thou shulde have it anone,  
Why suffrist thou me than to stande alone? 530  
Thou hast I trowe my weping in disdain,  
Or els thou knowist nat what is my paine.

If thou withdrawe thy noble daliaunce,  
For ought that evir I displeid The,  
Thou knowest right wel it is but ignoraunce,  
And of no knowlege for a certainte,  
If I have offendid Lorde, forgive it me,  
Gladde I am for to make ful repentaunce  
Of all thing that hath ben to thy grevaunce.

Myne herte alas! swellith within my brest, 540  
So sore opprest with anguifhe and with payne,  
That al to pecis forsothe it wol brest,  
But if I se thy blyssid corse againe,  
For lyfe ne deth I can nat me refraine,  
If that thou make delay, thou maist be sure,  
Myne hert wol lepe into this sepulture.

Alas my Lorde, why farest thou thus with me!  
My tribulacion yet have in minde,

Where is thy mercy? wher is thy pite,  
Whiche evir I trustid in The to finde? 550  
Sometime thou were to me both gode and kinde,  
Lette it plesse The my prayir to accept,  
Whiche with my teris I have here bewept.

On me thou oughtist to have very routh,  
Sith for The onely is al this mourning,  
For sith I to The plightid firste my trouthe  
I nevir varyid with discording,  
And that knowist thou best my owne darling,  
Why constrainist thou me thus for to wayle?  
My wo forsothe can The nothing availe. 560

I have endurid without variaunce,  
Right as thou knowst, thy lovir just and trew,  
With hert and thought aye, at thyn ordinaunce,  
Lyke to the saphire alwaye in one hewe,  
I nevir woulde chaungin The for no newe,  
Why withdrawist thou The fro my presence,  
Sithins al my thought is for thine absence?

With hert intier, swete Lorde, I crie to The,  
Encline thine eres to my peticioun,  
And come *Velociter, exaudi me*, 570  
Remembre mine hert's disposicioun,  
It may not endure in this condicioun,  
Therfore out of these paines *Libera me*,  
And where thou arte *Pone me juxta te*.

Let me beholde, O Jesu, thy blissed face,  
Thy faire, thy glorious angelike visage,  
Bowe thine cris to my complaint, alas!  
For to convey me out of this wode rage,  
Alas! my Lorde, take fro me this damage,  
To my desire for mercy condiscende, 580  
For non but thou may my grevaunce amende.

Now yet gode Lorde, I The besech and pray,  
As thou raistid my brothir Lazarous  
From deth to life, that upon the fourth day  
Came ayen in body and soule precious,  
As gret a thing maist thou shewe unto us  
Of thy self, by powir of thy godhed,  
As thou dyd of him lyng in grave ded.

Myne hert is woundid with thy charite,  
It brennith, it flamith incessauntly, 590  
Come my dere Lorde, *Ad adjuvandum me*,  
Nowe be not longe, my paine to multiplie,  
Lest in the mene time I departe and die,  
In thy grace I put hope and confidence,  
To do as plesith thy magnificence.

Flodis of dethe, and tribulacioun,  
Into my soule I fele entrid ful depe,  
Alas that here' is no consolacioun!  
Evir I waile, evir I mourne and wepe,  
And sorow hath woundid myn hert ful depe, 600  
O dere love, no marvaile though that I die,  
*Sagitta tua infixæ sunt mihi*.

Wandringe in this place, as in wildirnesse,  
No comforte have I ne yet assuraunce,  
Desolate of joye, replete with faintnesse,  
No' answer receving of mine enquirance,  
Myne herte also grevid with displeaunce,  
Wherfore I may saye, O *Deus, Deus*,  
*Non est dolor sicut dolor meus*.

Myne hert expressith *Quod dilexi multum*, 610  
I may nat endure although I wold faine,  
For now *Solum superest sepulchrum*,  
I know it right wel by my huge paine,

And



And thus for love I may not life sustaine,  
But o my God, I muse what aylith The,  
*Quod sic repente precipitas me.*

Alas! I se' it wil none othirwise be,  
Nowe must I take my leve for evirmore,  
This sore paine hath almost discomfite me,  
My love's corse I can in no wise restore, 620  
Alas to this wo that er I was bore!  
Here at this tombe nowe must I die and starve,  
Deth is aboutin my hert for to carve.

My testament I wol begin to make,  
To God the fathir my soule I commende,  
To Jesu my love, that died for my sake,  
My herte and al both I gyve and yfende,  
In whose dere love my lyfe ymakith ende,  
My body also to this monument  
I here bequeth, bothe boxe and oyntement. 630

Of al my willes lo nowe I make the last,  
Right in this place within this sepulture  
I woll be buried whan I' am ded and past,  
And on my grave I wol have this scripture,  
*Here within restith a gostly cature,  
Christ's true lovyr, Mary Magdalaine,  
Whose hert for love ybracke in pecis twaine.*

Ye vertuous women, tendir of nature,  
Ful of pite and of compassion,  
Resorte I pray you to my sepulture, 640  
To singe my dirige with grete devocion,  
Shewe your charite' in this condicion,  
Sing with pite, and let your hertis wepe,  
Remembring I am ded, am layd to slepe.

Than whan that ye begin to parte me fro,  
And endid have your mourning observaunce,  
Remembre where so evir that ye go  
Alway to ferche and make due enquirance  
Aftir my love, mine hert's sustinaunce, 650  
In every towne, and in every village,  
If ye may here of his noble ymage,

And if it happe by any grace at laste,  
That ye my trewe love finde in any cost,  
Say that his Magdaleine is ded and paste,  
For his pure love hath yeldid up the gost,  
Say that of al thing I lovid him most,  
And that I ne might not this deth eschewe,  
My painis so fore dyd evir renewe.

And in token of love perpetual,  
Whan I am buried in this place present, 660  
Take out myne hert, the very rote and al,  
And close it within this boxe of oyntment,  
To my dere love make therof a present,  
Kneling downe with wordis lamentable  
Do your message, speke faire and trefable.

Say that to him my selfin I commende  
A thoufande tymis, and with herte so fre  
This povir token say to him I sende,  
Plesith his godenesse to take it in gre, 670  
It is his owne of right, it is his fe,  
Whiche he askid, whan he said longe before,  
Gyve me thy hert, and I desire no more.

Adue my Lorde, my love so faire of face,  
Adue my turtle dove so freshe of hue,  
Adue my mirthe, adue al my solace,  
Adue alas! my Saviour Lorde Jesu,  
Adue the gentillist that er I knewe,  
Adue my most excellent paramour,  
Fairir than rose, swetir than lylly flour.

Adue my hope of plesure eternal, 680  
My lyfe, my welth, and my prosperite,  
Mine herte of golde, my perle oriental,  
Myne adamant of parfite charite,  
My chese refuge, and my selycite,  
My comforte, and my recreacioun,  
Farewel my perpetual salvacioun.

Farewel mine Emperour Celestial,  
And most beautiful prince of al mankind,  
Adue my Lord, of hert moste lyberal,  
Farwel my swetist bothe soule and minde, 690  
So loving a spouse shal I nevir finde,  
Adue my soveraine, very gentilman,  
Farewel dere herte, as hertely as I can.

Thy wordes eloquente slowinge in swetnesse  
Shal no more alas: my minde recomforte,  
Wherefore my life must ende in bittirnesse,  
For in this woulde shal I nevir resorte  
To The, whiche was mine hevinyly disporte, 700  
I se alas! it wol none othir be,  
Nowe farewel the grounde of al dignite.

Adue the fairist that evir was bore,  
Alas I may nat se your blessid face:  
Nowe welaway that I shal se no more  
Thy blessid visage, so replete with grace,  
Wherin is printid my parfite solace!  
Adue mine hert's rote and al for ever,  
Nowe farith wel, I must from The discever.

My soule for anguishe is nowe ful thrusly  
I faint I faint right sore for hevines,  
My Lorde, my spouse *Cur me dereliquisti?* 710  
Sith I for The suffre al this distresse,  
What causith The to seme thus mercilesse?  
Sith it The pleseth of me to make an ende,  
*In manus tuas* my spirite I commende.

F I N I S.



## The Remedie of Love.

## The PROLOGUE.

**S** Eyng the manyfolde inconvenience  
Failing by unbrydlid prosperite,  
Whiche is not temprid with moral prudence,  
Nothing more welthie than in youth's frelte,  
Moved I am, bothe of right and equite,  
To youth's wele somewhat for to endite,  
Whereby he may himselfin safecondite.

And firste I note as a thinge most noyous,  
And unto youth a grevous malady,  
Amongis us callid love encombrous,  
Vexing alway yonge peple straungely,  
Oftin by force it causith 'hem to dye,  
And age is also turmentid by love,  
I mene bineth the girdle', and not above.

Wherefore this werke, whiche is right laborous,  
For age me nedith nat in honde to take,  
To youthe me owith to be' obsequious;  
Nowe I begin thus to worke for his sake,  
Whiche may the servence of love aflake,  
To the lover, as a mitigative,  
To him that is none a preservative.

That mighty Lorde, whiche that me govirneth,  
'Tis youthe I mene, mesure if that I pace,  
In every matir whiche that him concerneth,  
First, as is behoveful, I wol aske grace,  
And forthwithal now in this same place,  
Er I begin, I wol yknele and say  
These fewe wordis, and him of helpè praye.

Thou flowing youth, whiche hast the avauntage  
In strenght of body, in luste, and beaute,  
Also a precelling halie above age  
In many' a singuler commodite,  
Howe be it one thing he hath beyonde The  
To thy most profite, and gretist availe,  
Whiche shuld The conduit, I mene sad counsaile,

And yet gode Lorde, of a presumpcion,  
I n'il deprave thy might and deite,  
I lyve but undir thy protection,  
I am thy subiecte, I were thy lyverie,  
For thou arte grounde of my prosperite,  
And freshist flowir of al my garlande,  
My singuler aide, as I well undirstande.

But as he that oweth his Lorde best service,  
And entire faith, his honour to supporte,  
Right so I speke, and in none othir wise,  
I knowlege my self one of the lest sorte  
Of thy servautes, to our eldirs comforte,  
Drawe sadde counsaile unto The if thou liste,  
The and thy powir who maie then resiste.

Fie on age, I say, undir wordis fewe,  
And his erroneous opinion,  
What spekist of him, whiche saith moste untrue  
All youth to be of ill disposicion,  
Dampnith us all without excepcion?  
And for a colerable avauntage  
He saith in hym restith all counsaill sage.

Well sothly maie sadde counsaile in him rest,

But yet his dedis ben full ferre therefro,  
He maie wel sayin with our parishe prest,  
Doith as I saie, and not as I do;  
For I my selfin know wele one or two  
Well strikin in age that for neighbourhedde  
Ywollin to ther neighbours wivis bedde.

He will in presence of the yongè man  
Her clippe and kisse, ye and her doune ylaie  
And to blere his eye, thus he sayith than,  
O suffre yet olde Morell for to plaie,  
Now have I doin that I can or maie,  
Thus he sayith her husband for to queme,  
That he nor no man shouldin not misdeme.

In worde nor dede nedith him not be coie,  
It' is impossible that he doe amisse,  
If the yong man speke, anon he saith, boie,  
To rebuke age besemeth The not iwis,  
And thus his olde face aye his warrant is,  
All is in hym but sleight and subtilte,  
And ferre from right reson I tellin The.

And shortly age is not abovin me,  
Age is impotent, and of no resistance,  
Age unweldie ne maie not fight nor fle,  
What werin age withoutin my defence?  
Sad counsaile saiest givith hym assistance,  
Right reson is freshist where that I ame,  
Wherefore in thy sayng thou art to blame.

Sith reson to me' is rathir accompanied  
Then unto age, whiche is the opinion  
Of every wise man not to be denied,  
And sith sad counsaile procedith of reson,  
Sad counsaile in me hath his chiefe mancion;  
This is no naie, but what than is the ende  
Of this thy suasion, what doest entende.

Age to compare unto thyne excellence,  
I n'il presume hym so to dignifie,  
Ye be not egall, how be it experience  
Hym avauntageth, for shee moste certainly  
Hym techith what thing to hym is contrary,  
And ofte to fore se, and warily eschewe,  
Whiche thou never aflaidist yet nor knewe.

Experience makith a man moste certain  
Of thing erthly, and of necessite  
Sad counsaile requirith certaintie plain,  
So ferre to movin thus whereto nede we?  
But to my purpose, as thou commaundest me,  
Shortly mine entent is thus, and none other,  
Under thy licence to counsaile my brother.

How shouldist give any counsaile so yong,  
Lacking experience? unto thyne owne speche  
I report me, I wote as for thy tong  
Will serve The right wel, but than for to tech,  
I doubt me lest that thy wit woll not rech,  
Youth and experience thou saist be not convert,  
How shouldist thou then teche well unexpert?

Scripture witnissith that God will oft shitte  
Fro the' hie wittid man, and shew it the child,  
To hym I mene that of his owne witte  
Presumeth



Presumeth not, but is debonaire and milde,  
By counsaile I entend vertue to bilde,  
Whiche of myne elders part have I borrowed,  
And part of experience, which I have sorowed.

Well than, if it be as thou lettist fare, 120  
Shewe forthe thy doctrine, be not ought agaste,  
I woll The supporte, loke thou doe not spare,  
Maugre age, although that he frete or gnaste,  
To aske age counsaile herein were but wast,  
Boldely begin, go forthe to the processe,  
Fere not, fithins thou art of soche surenesse.

Graunt mercie Lorde, fithin it The doerh like  
To licence me, now I woll and dare boldly,  
Assaile my purpose, with scriptures autentike  
My werke woll I ground, undirset, and fortifie. 130  
Aspire my ginning, O thou wode furie,  
Alecto, with thy fustirs, and in speciall  
To The, mother of jelousie, Juno I call.

Explicit Prologus.

This Book, taken for the most part out of the *Proverbs of Solomon*, is a Warning to take heed of the deceitful Company of Women.

**H**is werke who so shall se or yrede  
Of incongruite doe me not impeche,  
Ordinatele behoveth me first to' procede  
In deduccion thereof, right as the leche  
His paciente's sicknes oweth first for to seche,  
The which knowen medicin he should aplice,  
And shorcly as he can, shape remedie.

Right so by counsaile, willing The to' exhort,  
O yong man prosperous, which doth abounde  
In thy floures of luste, belongeth on The sort, 10  
Me first to confidir what 'is rote and ground  
Of thy mischefe, whiche is plainlie yfound  
Woman yfarcid with fraude and disceipt,  
To thy confusion moste allective baite.

Flie the miswoman, lest she The disceve,  
Thus saith Salomon, which taught was fullie  
The falschod of women in his daies to' conceive,  
The lips of a strumpet ben sweter than honie,  
Her throte souplid with oile of flatirje  
How be it the ende and effeete of all 20  
Bittir is then any wormwode or gall.

Flie the miswoman, if thou love thy life,  
Beware of the straungir's blande eloquence,  
Straungir I call her that is not thy wife,  
Of her beautie have no concupiscence,  
Her countinaunce, pretending benevolence,  
Beware her signes and eye so amiable,  
Holde it for ferme, thei ben discevable.

Lo here an ensample what women be  
In ther signis and countinaunce shortlie!  
I woll shewin The how loviris thre 30  
Ylovid one woman right entirelie,  
Eche of them knewe othiri's maladie,  
Wherefore it was all ther daily labour  
Who coud approchin next in her favour.

At sondrie sasons, as fortune requireth,  
Severallie thei came to se her welfare,  
But ones it happinid, love them so fireth,  
To se ther Ladie thei all would not spare,  
Of othir's comyng none of them were ware, 40  
Till all thei mette, whereas thei in o place  
Of ther Ladie sawe the desirid face.

To suppir set, full smallie thei coude etc,  
Full sobir and demure in countinaunce,  
There taried none of 'hem for any mete,  
But on his Ladie to give attendaunce,

And in secrete wise some signifiuaunce  
Of love to have, the whiche percevyng she  
Fetelic' executid thus her properte.

In due seson, as she alwaie aspiid 50  
Every thyng to' execute convenientlie,  
Her one lovir first frendlie she eyed,  
The seconde she' offrid the cuppe curtislie,  
The thirde she gave a tokin secretlie,  
Undirneeth the borde she trade on his fore,  
Through his entrailis tiklid the herte rote.

By your leve, might I here aske a question  
Of you my maistirs that sewe lov'is trace,  
To you likely belongeth the solucion  
Whiche of these thre ystode now in her grace? 60  
Clerely to answere ye would aske long space,  
The mattir is doubtfull and opinable,  
To' ascertain you I woll my self enable.

Of the foresayid thre my self was one,  
No man can answere it bettir then I,  
Hertely of us bilovid was there none,  
But warr'is packe we bare all by and by,  
Whiche at the last I my self gan aspie,  
And time as me thought, then I left the daunce,  
O thoughtfull herte, gret is thy grevaunce! 70

Hence fro me, hence, that me for to endite  
Halpe aie here afore, o ye mulis nine,  
Whilom ye were wont be mine aide and light,  
My penne to direct, my brain to' illumine,  
No lenger alas maie I sewe your doctrine!  
The freshe lustie metirs, I wont to make  
Have ben here afore, I' uttirhe forsake.

Come hither Erinnys, and ye furies all,  
Whiche fer ben undre' us, nigh the nethir pole,  
Where Pluto reignith, o kyng internall, 80  
Sende out thine arpies, lend angusthe and dole,  
Miserie and wo, leve ye me not sole,  
Of right be present must pain and turment,  
The pale deth belemeth not to be absent.

To me now I call all this lothsome sort,  
My paines t' encrese, my sorowes to augment,  
For worthie' I am to' be bare of all comfort,  
Thus sith I have consumid and mispent  
Not onely my daies, but fivofolde talent,  
That my Lorde gave me, I can not recompence, 90  
I maie n'ot to derely' abyn my negligence.

By



By the path of penance yet woul I revert  
 To the well of grace, mercie there to fetch,  
 Despitist not, God, the meke contrite herte,  
 Of the cocke crowe, alas I would not retche  
 And yet it is not late in the seconde wetche,  
 Mercie shall I purchase by incessaunt cryng,  
 The mercies of our Lorde er shall I syng.

But well mayist thou waile, wicked woman,  
 That thou shuldest disceve thus an innocent, 100  
 In recompence of my sinne, so 'as I can,  
 To' al wol I make and leve this monument,  
 In shewing part of thy falsheid is myne entent,  
 For all were to moche, I cann'ot, well I wote,  
 The cause shewith plainly he that thus wrote.

If al the yerth wer parchment scribable,  
 Spedie for the hande, and all manir wode  
 Wer hewed and proporcioned to pennis able,  
 All water Ynke, eithir in damme or flode, 110  
 Every man being a parsite Scribe and gode,  
 The curfidnesse yet and descrypt of women  
 Coud not be shewid by the mene of penne.

I like all odious resemblaunces,  
 The Devil's bronde call women I might,  
 Whereby man is enensid to mischaunces,  
 Or a stinkyng rose, that faire is in sight,  
 Or dedly' empoison, like the fugir white,  
 Whiche by his swetnesse causith man to tast,  
 And sodainly sleeth and bringeth him to' his last.

It 'is not my manir to use soche langage, 120  
 But this my doctrine, as I maie lawfullie  
 I woul wholly grounde with auctoritie sage,  
 Willing wisedome, and vertue edefie,  
 Wine and women into apostasie  
 Cause wifemen to fall, what is that to saie?  
 Of wisedome cause them to forget the waie.

Wherefore the wifeman doith The advise,  
 In whose wordis can be founde no lesyng,  
 With the straungir to sittin in no wise,  
 Whiche is not thy wife, fall not in clippyng 130  
 With her, but beware eke of her kistlyng,  
 Kepe with her in wine no altercacion,  
 Lest thyne herte fall by inclinacion.

Maie a man thinkist hide and safely laie  
 Fire in his bosome, without empairement,  
 And brenning of his clothes, or whi'ſer he may  
 Walke on hotte colis, his fete not ybrente?  
 As who sayith naie, and whereby is mente  
 This foresaied proverbe and similitude,  
 But that thou ridde The plainly to denude 140

From the flattirys forgettyng her gide,  
 The gide of her youth, I mene shamfastnes,  
 Whiche should cause her maidinhed to abide,  
 Her Godd's behest eke she full rechelesse,  
 Not retching committerh to forgetfulnes,  
 Neithir God ne shame in her havyng place,  
 Nedis must soche a woman lacke grace.

And all that neighin her in waie of sin,  
 To tourne of grace shall lacke the influence,  
 The pathis of life no more to come in; 150  
 Wherefore first stendè The with Sapience,  
 Remembring God, and astir with Prudence,  
 To thyne owne wele that so thei may The kepe.  
 Unto thyne hertè left her wordis crepe.

In his boke where I take my moste ground,  
 And in his proverbis sage Salomon

Tellith a tale, which is plainly found  
 In the fiveth chapter, whe'ſir in dede don,  
 Or mekely feined to our instruccion,  
 Let clerkes determine, but this am I sure 160  
 Moche like thyng I my self have had in ure.

At my windowe saith he I lokid out,  
 Faire yongè peple where I sawe many  
 Emong 'hem all, as I lokid about  
 To a yong man fortunèd I lent myne eye,  
 Estrangid from his minde it was likely,  
 By the strete at a cornir, nigh his own hous,  
 He went about with eye right curious.

When that the daie his light began withdrawe,  
 And the night approchid in the twynlight, 170  
 How a woman came and met hym I sawe,  
 Talking with him undir shade of the night,  
 Now blestid be God (q'ſhe) of his might,  
 Whiche hath fulfillid myne hert's desire,  
 Askid my painis, which were hote as fire.

And yet myne aucthour, as it is gode skill,  
 To folowe, I must tell her araiment,  
 She was full nice foulis like to spill,  
 As nice in countenance yet as in garmente, 180  
 For janglyng she was of rest impaciente,  
 Wandirynge still in no place she ystode,  
 But restless now, and now out forthe she yode.

Now in the hous she was, now in the strete,  
 Now at a cornir she standeth in awaite,  
 Incessauntly busie her praie to gete,  
 To bring to the lure whom she doith laite.  
 Now where I left, unto my mattir strait  
 I woul tournin again, how she hym met,  
 Swetely kissid, and frendly him grette.

With wordes of curtisie many 'and diverse, 190  
 Right as in part I have before ytolde,  
 Now as I can I purpose to reherse  
 How she flattirynge saied with visage bolde,  
 I have made vowes and offringes manifolde  
 For thy sake, O myne herte, O my love dere,  
 This daie I thanke God all performid were.

Therefore I came out, and made thus afterte,  
 Verle desirous your welfare to se,  
 Now I have seen you plesid is myne herte,  
 In faith shall none yhave my love but ye, 200  
 As true as I am to you be to me,  
 I praie you hertily dere herte come home,  
 No man should be to me so much welcome.

And in gode faith, the sothè for to saie,  
 Your comyng unto me ran in my thought,  
 Harke in your ere, my beddè freshe and gaie  
 I have behanged with tapettis new bought  
 From Egypte, and from far countries ybrought,  
 Steinid with many a lustie freshe hue,  
 Excedyng Golde or Jaspir in value. 210

My chambir is strowed with Mirre and Infence,  
 With sote fav'oring Aloes and Sinnamome,  
 Brethyng an Aromatike redolence,  
 Surmountyng Olibane, in any man's dome,  
 Ye shall bitwene my brestes rest if ye come,  
 Let us now have our desirid halfyng,  
 For we maie safe be till in the mornyng.

Myne husband is not at home, he is went  
 Forthe in his journey, a farre waie from hence,  
 A bagge with money he hath with hym hent, 220  
 As hym thought nedefull was for his expence.  
 Unto



Unto my wordis give faith and credence,  
Now is the Monè yong, and of light dulle,  
Ere he come home it woll be at the fulle.

And thus craftily hath she hym besette;  
With her lime rod, and pantir, and snare,  
The felie soule ycaught hath in her netre,  
Of her sugrid mouthe alas! nothyng ware.  
And thus is he left gracelesse and bare  
Of helpe, and comfort, and ghostlie succour, 230  
And furthir more as sayith myne authour,

As a best ledde to his deth doith pante,  
This yong man folowith her in that stounde,  
And as a wanton Lambe full ignorant  
How he is pulled and drawin to be bounde,  
Unto the tyme he hath his deth's wounde,  
And like a birde that hastith to the grin,  
Not knowyng the perill of' his life therein.

Now gentle sonne, faith Salomon, take hede,  
My wordis in thy brest kepe and make faste, 240  
Let her not thy mynde in her waies mislede,  
Be not deceyvd, leith not thy taste,  
Many hath she woundid, many doune caste,  
Many strong men by her hath losse ther breth,  
Her waies are waies of hell ledyng to deth.

And in this lite narracion precedente  
The womanne's manifolde gilt I attende,  
The yong man alas how she hath shent!  
Disceyvd her husbände, her own next frend,  
In these bothe her God she doith offende, 250  
To breke her spousail, to 'her is of no weight;  
Furthir more to shew woman's craft and sleight,

A woman at her dore fate on a stall  
To se folke passe by stretes of the cite,  
With eye and countinaunce eke she gan call,  
If there be any pretie 'one, come to me,  
Come hithir ye pigges nye, ye little babe,  
At last she saied to a yong man hertlesse  
Of her disceypt unware and defencelesse:

Moche sweter, she faith, and more acceptable 260  
Is drinke when it is stollin privily,  
Then wh n it 'is taken in form avowable,  
Bread hiddin and gottin jeoperdouslie  
Y must nedis be swete and semblable  
Venison stolin is aie the sweter,  
The ferthir the narrowir fet the bettir.

And whom this woman, faith Salomon, festes,  
The yong man wotith not whom she doth fede,  
Of the darke depencse of hell ben her gastes;  
Beware, O yong man, therefore! The rede, 270  
And how be it chiefly for thy gode spede  
This werke to compile I have take in charge,  
I must of pitie my charitie enlarge.

With the felie man whiche is thus begiled,  
Her husband I mene, I wol wepe and waile  
His painfull infortune, whereby reviled  
Causelesse he is, nevir to convaile,  
Every man yong and olde woll him assaile  
With wordes of occasion, with the loth name,  
And alas! gode soule, he nothyng to blame. 280

But she whiche that coud so ill doe and wolde  
Hers be the blame for her foule demerite,  
And leve that opprobrious name cokcold  
To apropr to hym as in dispite.  
Ransake yet we wouldin if that we might  
Of this wordè the true ortographie,

The verie discent and etymologie.

The well and grounde of the firste invencion  
To knowe the' ortographie we must derive,  
Whiche is coke and cold in composicion, 290  
By reson, as nigh as I can contrive;  
Then how it is writtin we knowe belive;  
But yet lo! by what reson and what grounde  
Y was it of these two wordis compounde.

As of one cause to give very judgement,  
The' Etymology let us firste beholde,  
Eche lettur an whole worde doeth represent,  
As C put for colde, and O put for oide,  
K is for knave, thus divers men don holde,  
The firste parte of this name we have yfounde,  
Let us etimologise the secounde.

As the firste findir mente I am right sure  
C for calot, for of we havin O,  
And L for leude, and D for demenure,  
The craft of the' eventour ye maie se lo!  
How one name signifieth personis two,  
A colde olde knave, cokcold himself wenyng,  
And eke a calot of leude demenyng.

The secounde cause of the' imposicion  
Of this foresayid name was jelousie, 310  
To be jelouse is gretifl occasion  
To be cokcold, that men can wel aspie,  
And though the passion be very fire,  
And of continuell fervence and hete,  
The patient aye suffrith colde on his fete.

And who that 'is jelous, and aye in a drede,  
Is full of Melancolie and galleie ire,  
His wiv's nose if she onis mistrede  
He woll curte of, ye and he woll conspire  
His deth who evir that woll her desire, 320  
Whiche she percevyng brasstith streight his gall,  
And anon his grete wodenesse doith fall.

As sone as she hath knit for hym that knot,  
Now is he tame that was so ramagious,  
Mekely sittith he doune and taketh his lot,  
Layid ben now his lokes so furious,  
And he but late as a cocke barailous  
Hote in his quarell, to avenge hym holde,  
Now is he callid bothe coke and colde.

This sayyng, to' all curtisie dissonant, 330  
Whiche ysemith that it of malice grewe,  
In this rude tretise I ne woll not plant  
As parcell thereof, but onely to shewe  
The opinion of the taleatise shrewe,  
Whiche in ill sayyng is ever merie,  
No man as I is thereof so werie.

But I as parcell of this my lite boke  
Woll grassin in some sadde counsaill wherby  
The weddid man, if that he daigne to loke  
In it, the bettir shall mowin hym gie, 340  
And provide for his saied infortunie,  
Whiche as I have sayid with him complaine  
I woll, as partinir of his grete paine.

As moste expedient unto his wele  
I woulde that all jelousie were abjecte,  
If he be jelous, that he it concele,  
And in his labour be full circumspecte  
To knowe her waies, if thei sein suspecte,  
And not for to breke, for one worde brokin  
She woll not misse but she woll be wrokin. 350



Forbid her net that thou n'oldist have don,  
 For loke what thyng so e're she is forbod,  
 To that of all thyngis she is most prone,  
 Namely if it be ill and no gode,  
 Till it be executid she' is nigh wode,  
 Soche is a woman, and soche is her fete,  
 Her craft by craft than labour to defete.

If thou hereaftir, now a single man,  
 Shouldist be jelous if thou haddest a wife,  
 Wedde not but if thou can trust a woman,  
 For els shouldist thou lede a carefull life,  
 That thou moste sothist should ybe full rife,  
 Yet I ne will gainsaie Matrimonic,  
 But *Melius est nubere quam uri.*

That is to saie, bettir is in Wedlocke  
 A wife to take as the churche doith kenne,  
 Then for to ben undir the flesh's yoke,  
 In fleshlie lustis alwaie for to brenne,  
 But as I layid, for all jelous menne,  
 So thei livin chaste, I holde it lasse ill,  
 That thei ne wedde not, than them selfin spill. 370

The single man whiche that is yet to wedde,  
 And not the weddid man, thus I arede,  
 To warne hym now he is to farre yspedde,  
 It is all to late hym for to forbede,  
 But let hym take as for his ownè nede  
 Soche counsaile as is hym before ytolde,  
 These wordis folowyng eke to beholde.

Thy watir to kepe the wiseman doeth teche,  
 That thou in no wise let it have issue 380  
 At a narowe riste waie it woll yseche,  
 And semblable the woman that 'is untrue  
 To give her fre walke in all wise eschue,  
 If she at large, not at thine handè walke,  
 She woll The shamin, thou shalt it not balke.

Weddid or single, thus faith the wiseman  
 Her which that both daie and night evirmore  
 Lithe in thy bosome, wife or yet lemman,  
 Love not to hote, lest thou repent it sore,  
 Lest she The brynging into some ill lore, 390  
 Thy wife not to love yet I n'ill support,  
 But that thou dote not thus I The exhort.

Lo! if thou love her, love thine honestie,

Be she not idill, for what woll betide,  
 If she sit idle', of very necessitie  
 Her mindè woll serchin ferre and eke wide,  
 Namelic if she be not accompanide;  
 How accompanied? not with yongè men,  
 But with maidinis I mene or women.

Maidin servautes be right convenient 400  
 In house to helpin to doe her service,  
 In whom she maie use her commaundement,  
 In the seson all at her owne device,  
 To techin 'hem gode yeve her thine advice  
 To make them huswifis, thus businesse  
 Maie yet refrainin her from idleness.

But bid not her that thou wolt have her do,  
 Ot thine entent that might be a lettyng,  
 But craftily encourage her therto  
 By othir menis, as by commendying, 410  
 And not to moche but duily mengying  
 Bothe praise and blamè, and in thy reson  
 First praise wisely the place and seson.

Of faithfull will, and hertè full tender,  
 One thing I call into remembèraunce  
 Again, whiche though my wit be to slender,  
 Astir my powir and my suffisaunce  
 I purpose to makin a purveiaunce,  
 Sith women of nature ben chaungeable,  
 Frele, and not ware, also discevable, 420

Be' it that thy wife be excellently gode,  
 That none be bet of disposicion,  
 In processe of time she might turn her mode, 380  
 By some misse-liver's instigacion,  
 Divers men to thilke occupacion  
 Aplyin daily ther mynde and eke herte,  
 From ther godenesse frele women to perverte.

If thou asprie any suspect person  
 Drawe to thy wife, beware in allè wise,  
 To hym nor her of thy suspeccion 430  
 Breke not one worde, though that thin herte agrife.  
*Kindle no fire and no smoke woll arise,*  
 Although he be of a corrupt entent,  
 She peraventure is not of assent.

Explicit.

### The Complaint of Mars and Venus.

Ladith ye lovirs in the morowe graie,  
 Lo Venus risen emong yon rowis rede!  
 And flouris freshè honour ye this daie,  
 For when the sonne, uprist, then would  
 thei sprede;  
 But ye lovirs that lie in any drede,  
 Flyth lestè wickid tonguis you asprie,  
 Lo yonde the Sonne, the candle' of jelousie!

With teris blewe, and with a woundid hert  
 Taketh your leve, and what fainct Ihon to borowe 10  
 Apesith somwhat of your painis smert,  
 Time comith eft, that cessin shall your sorow,  
 The glad night is worthe an hevie morowe,  
 Sainct Valentine, a foule thus herde I sing,  
 Upon thy daie or Sonnè gan up spring.

Yet sang this foule, I rede you all awake,  
 And ye that have not chosèn in humble wife,  
 Without repentyng chesith now your make,  
 Yet at the lest renoveleth your service,  
 And ye that have full chosèn, as I devise,  
 Confermith it perpetually to dure, 20  
 And pacientlie takith your avinture.

And for the worship of this highè feste,  
 Yet woll I in my brida's wife ysyng,  
 The sentence of the complaint at the lestè,  
 That wofull Mars made at the departying  
 Fro freshè Venus in a morownyng,  
 When Phæbus with his fine torchis rede  
 Ransaked hath every lovir in his drede.

Whilome



Whilome the thre hevenis lorde above,  
As well by hevenliche revolucion,  
As by deferte, hath wonne Venus his love,  
And she hath take hym in subjeccion,  
And as a maistresse taught him his lesson,  
Commaundying hym nevyr in her service  
He were so bolde no lovyr to dispise.

For she forbade hym jelousie at all,  
And crueltie, and bofte, and tirannie,  
She made him at her luste so humble and thrall,  
That when she dained to cast on him her eye,  
He toke in pacience to live or die;  
And thus she bridlith him in her manere,  
With nothing, but with scorning of her chere.

Who reignith nowe in blisse but faire Venus,  
That hath this worthi knight in govirnaunce?  
Who singith nowe but Mars that servith thus  
The fayre Venus, the causir of plesaunce?  
He bint him to perpetuel obeissaunce,  
And she binte her to lovin him for ever,  
But so be that his trespase it discever.

Thus be they knitte, and reignin as in heven,  
By lokin most, as it fel on a tide,  
That by ther bothe assent was set a steven,  
That Mars shall entre as fast as he may glyde  
Into her nexte palays to abyde,  
Walking his course til she had him ytake,  
And he prayed her to haste her for his sake.

Than saide he thus myne hert's lady swete  
Ye knowin wel my myschefe in that place,  
For sikirly tyl that I with you mete  
My lyfe stante there in avinture and grace,  
But whan I se the beaute of your face  
There is no drede of deth may do me smerte,  
For al your luste is ese unto mine herte.

She hath so grete compassion of her knight,  
That dwellith in solitude til she come,  
For it stode so, that ylkè time no wight  
Counsaillid him, ne saide to him welcome,  
That nigh her wit for sorowe was oercome,  
Wherfore she spedd her as fast in her way  
Almoste in one daye as he did in tway.

The gret joye that ywas betwixe 'hem two,  
Whan they be mette, there maye no tonge tel,  
There is no more but unto bedde they go,  
And thus in joye and blisse I lette 'hem dwel,  
This worthy Mars that is of knighthode wel,  
The floure of fairnesse happith in his armes,  
And Venus kyssith Mars the god of armes.

Sojournid hath this Mars, of which I rede,  
In chambre amydde the palais privily,  
A certaine time, til that him fele a drede  
Through Phœbus that was comin hastily  
Within the palais yatis sturdily,  
With torch in honde, of which the stremis bright  
On Venus chambre knockidin ful light.

The chambre there as laye this freshe quene,  
Depaintid was with whitè bolis grete,  
And by the light she knew that shon so shene  
That Phœbus came to bren 'hem with his hete,  
This silly Venus ny dreint in teres wete,  
Enbraith Mars, and saide alas I die!  
The torch is come, that all this worlde wol wrie.

Up sterre tho Mars, him listid not to slepe,  
Whan he his lady herdin so complaine,

30 But for his nature was not for to wepe,  
In fiede of teris from his eyin twaine  
The fire sparclis sprongin out for paine,  
And hente his hauberke that lay him beside,  
Fly wold he nought ne might him sellin hide.

He throwith on his helme of hugè weight,  
And girt him with his swerde, and in his bonde  
His mighty spere, as he was wont to feight  
He shakith so, that it almost to wonde,  
Ful hevy was he to walken ovir londe,  
He may not holde with Venus company,  
But badde her flye lest Phœbus her espy.

O woful Mars alas! what maist thou sain,  
That in the palais of thy disturbaunce  
Arte lest behind in paril to be flaine,  
And yet thereto is double thy penaunce,  
For she that hath thine hert in govirnaunce  
Is passid halfe the stremis of thine eyen,  
That you n're swift wel maist thou wepe and crie.

Nowe flyeth Venus into Ciclinus tour,  
With voide corte, for fere of Phœbus light,  
Alas! and there ne hath she no socour,  
For she ne founde ne sey no manir wight,  
And eke as there she had but litel might,  
Wherfore her selvin for to hide and save,  
Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Darke was this cave, and smoking as the hel  
Nat but two paas within the yate it stode,  
A naturel day in darke I let her dwel,  
Now wol I speke of Mars furous and wode,  
For sorowe he wolde have seen his hert blode,  
Sith that he might done her no companie,  
He ne rought not a mitè for to die.

So feble he wext for hete and for his wo,  
That nigh he swelt, he might unneth endure,  
He passith but a sterre in dayis two,  
But nertheles, for al his hevy armure,  
He foloweth her that is his lyf's cure,  
For whose departing he toke gretir yre,  
Than he did for his brenning in the fire.

Altir he walkith softly a paas,  
Complaining that it pite was to here,  
He saide, O lady bright Venus alas!  
That er so wide a compas is my sphere!  
Alas, whan shal I mete you herte dere!  
This twelve dayis of April I endure,  
Through jelous Phœbus, this misavinture.

Now God helpe sely Venus all alone!  
But as God wolde it happid for to be,  
That while that weping Venus made her mone,  
Ciclinus riding in his chyvaunche  
Fro Venus, Valanus might this palais se,  
And Venus he salvith, and makith chere,  
And her recevith as his frende ful dere.

Mars dwellith forth in his adversite,  
Complaining evir in her departing,  
And what his complaint was remembrith me,  
And therefore in this lustie morowning  
As I best can, I wol it saine and sing,  
And altir that I wol my leve ytake,  
And God yeve every wight joy of his make.

The



## The Complaint of Mars.

THE' ordir of complaynt requireth skilfully,  
That if a wight shall plainin pitoufly,  
Ther mote be cause wherfore that men yplaine,  
Or men may deme he playnith folily,  
And canceles, alas! that am not I,  
Wherfore the grounde and cause of all my paine,  
So as my troublid witte may it attaine,  
I wol reherse, not for to have redresse,  
But to declare my grounde of hevynesse.

The first time alas! that I was ywrought,  
And for certain effeitis hiðir brought,  
By him that lordith eche intelligence,  
I gave my trewe service and my thought  
For evirmo, how dere I have it bought!  
To her, that is of so gret excellence,  
That what wight that shewith first her offence,  
Whan she is wrothe and taketh of him no cure,  
He may not longe in joye of love endure.

This is no fainid matir that I tel,  
My lady is the very fours and wel  
Of beaute, luste, fredome, and gentilnesse,  
Of rich array howe dere so men it fel,  
Of al disporte in whiche men frendly dwel,  
Of love and play, and of benigne humbleesse,  
Of fowne of instrumentes of al swetnesse,  
And thereto so wel fortunèd and thewid,  
That through the world her godenes is shewid.

What wondir is than though that I besette  
My service on soche one that may me knette  
To wele or wo, siþe it lithe in her might,  
Therefore myne herte for er I to her hette,  
Ne trewly for my deth shall I not lette  
To ben her trewist servant and her knight,  
I flatter nat, that may wete every wight,  
For this day in her service shal I dye,  
But grace be, I se her nevir with eye.

To whom shal I plainin of my distresse?  
Who may me help, who may my hert redresse?  
Shal I complaine unto my lady fre?  
Nay certis, for she hath soche hevynesse  
For fere and eke for wo, that, as I gesse,  
In litil time it would her bane ybe,  
But were she safe, it were no force of me,  
Alas that evir lovirs mote endure  
For love so many per'ulous avinture!

For though so be that lovirs be as trewe  
As any metal that is forgid newe,  
In many' a case 'hem tidith oft sorowe,  
Somtime ther ladies wol nat on 'hem rewte,  
Somtimes if that jelousy it knewe  
They mightin lightly lay ther hed to borowe,  
Somtime envious folke with tongis horowe  
Depravin 'hem, alas! whom may they plesse?  
But he be false, no lovir hath his ese.

But what availith soch a long fermoun  
Of avinturis of love up and down?  
I wol retourne and spekin of my paine,  
The point is this of my distructioun,  
My right lady and my salvacioun  
Is in affray, and not to whom to plaine;  
O herte swete, o lady soverayne!

For your disese I ought wel swoun and swelt,  
Though I none othir harme ne drede yfelt.

To what fine made the God that fytted so hie  
Beneth him othir love or companye,  
And strainith folke to love maugre ther hed,  
And than ther joye for aught I can espie  
Ne lastith not the twinkeling of an eye?  
And some have nevir joye til they be ded,  
What menith this, what is this misthied?  
Wherto constrainith he his folke so fast  
Thing to desirin but it should ylast?

And though he made a lovir love a thing,  
And makith it seme stedfast and during,  
Yet putteth he in it soche misavinture,  
That rest ne is there none in his yeving,  
And that is wondir that so juste a king  
Ydothe soche hardnesse unto his creature,  
Thus whethir love breke or ellis dure,  
Algatis he, that hath with love to done,  
Hath affir wo, than chaungid is the Monc.

It semeth he hath to lovirs enmyte,  
And lyke a fisher, as men may al day se,  
Baitith his anglehoke with some plessaunce,  
Til many' a fishe is wode to that he be  
Cesid therwith, and then at erst hath he  
Al his desire, and therwithal mischaunce,  
And though the line ybreke he hath penaunce,  
For with that hoke he woundid is so fore,  
That he his wagis hath for evirmore.

The broche of Thebis was of soche a kinde,  
So ful of rubyes and of stones of Inde,  
That every wight, that sette on it an eye,  
He wende anone to worthe out of his mynde,  
So fore the beaute would his hert ybynde,  
Til it he had, him thought he must ydie,  
And when that it was his, than should he drie  
Soche wo for drede aye while that he it had,  
That welnigh for the fere he should be mad;

And whan it was fro his possession,  
Than had he double wo and passion,  
That he so faire a jewil hath forgo;  
But yet this broche, as in conclusion,  
Was not the cause of his confusion,  
But he that wrought it enfortuned it so,  
That every wight that had it should have wo;  
And therefore in the worchir was the vice,  
And in the covetour that was so nice.

So farith it by lovirs, and by me,  
For though my lady have so grette beaute,  
That I was mad to I had gette her grace,  
She was not cause of mine adversite,  
But he that wroughtin her, as mote I The,  
That put so gret a beaute in her face,  
That made me covetin, and so purchase  
Mync owne deth, him wite I that die,  
And mine unwit that er I clambe so hie.

But to you hardy knightis of renowne,  
Sithe that ye be of my devisyowne,  
Al be' I not worthy to so gret a name,  
Yet faine these clerkis I am your patrone,  
Therefore ye ought have some compassion  
Of my disese, and take it nat agame,  
The proudest of you may be made ful tame;  
Wherfore I pray you of your gentillesse  
That ye complainin for mine hevynesse.

And



And ye my ladyes, that ben trew and stable,  
By way of kinde ye oughtin to ben able  
To have pite of folke that ben in paine, 130  
Nowe have ye cause to clothin you in fable,  
Sith that your empères the honorable  
Is desolate, wel oughtin ye to plaine,  
Nowe shoude your holy teris fal and raine,  
Alas your honour and your emperice  
Nigh ded for drede ne can her not chevice.

Complainith eke ye lovirs al in fere,  
For her, that with unfainid humble chere  
Was evir redy to do you socour, 140  
Complainith her that er hath be you dere,  
Complainith beaure, fredome, and manere,  
Complainith her, that endith your labour,  
Complainith thilke ensample of al honour,  
That nevir yet dyd ought but gentilnesse,  
Kythith therfore in her some kindenesse.



The Complaint of Venus.

Here n'ys so high comfort to my plesaunce,  
Whan that I am in any hevinesse,  
As for to have leyfir of remembraunce  
Upon the manhode and the worthynesse,  
Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnes  
Of him whose I am al while I maye dure,  
There ought to blamin me no creature,  
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

In him is bounte, wisedome, govirnaunce,  
Well more than any mann's witte can gesse, 10  
For grace hath wolde so ferforth him avaunce,  
That of knightthod he his parsite richesse,  
Honour honourith him for his noblesse,  
Therto so wel hath fourmid him nature,  
That I am his for er, I him ensure,  
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

And natwithstanding all his suffisaunce,  
His gentil herte is of so gret humbleesse,  
To me, in worde, in werke, and in countenaunce,  
And me to serve is al his besinesse, 20  
That I am sette in very sykirnesse,  
Thus ought I to blisse wel mine avintour,  
Sith that him liste me servin and honour,  
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

Nowe certis, love, it is right covenable,  
That men ful dere abye thy noble thinges,  
As wake abedde, and fastin at the table,  
Weping to laugh, and singe in complainynges,  
And downe to castin visage and lokinges,  
Oftrin to chaunge visage and countinaunce, 30  
Playe in slepinge, and dremyn at the daunce,  
Al the revers of any gladd feling.

Jelousy he hangid by a cable,  
She wolde al knowin through her espiyng,  
There dothe no wight nothing so resonable,  
That al n'is harme in her ymagining,  
Thus dere abought is love in his yeving,  
Whiche ofte he yevith without ordinaunce,  
As sorowe ynough, and litil of plesaunce, 40  
Al the revers of any gladd feling.

A litil tyme his yest is agreable,  
But ful accomberous is the usinge,  
For subtil jelousy the disceivable  
Ful oftin tyme ycausith disflourbinge,  
Thus ben we evir in drede and sultring,  
In no certaine, we languishen in penaunce,  
And have wel ofte many an harde mischaunce,  
Al the revers of any gladd feling.

But certis, love, I saye not in soche wise,  
That for to scape out of your lace I ment, 50  
For I so longe have ben in your service,  
That for to lete of wil I ner assint,  
No force though jelousye me doe tourment,  
Suffisith me to se him whan I may,  
And therfore certis to mine ending day  
To love him best shal me nevir repent.

And certis, love, whan I me wel advise,  
Of any' estate that man may represent,  
Than have ye made me thorough your franchise  
Chesin the best that evir in erthe went, 60  
Nowe love well, hert, and loke thou nevir stent,  
And lette the jelous putte it in assaye,  
That for no paine ne wol I not say naye,  
To love him best shal I nevir repent.

O herte, to The it ought ynoughe suffice,  
That love so highe a grace hath to you sent,  
To chose the worthyist in alle wise,  
And most agreable to mine entent,  
Sekith no ferthir, neithir way ne went,  
Sith ye have suffisaunce unto my paye. 70  
Thus wol I ende this complaint or this lay,  
To love him best shal I nevir repent.

L'envoye.

Princes, receveth this complaininge in gre,  
Unto your excellent benignite  
Directe astir my litil suffisaunce,  
For elde, that in my spirite dullith me,  
Hath of enditing al the subtilte  
Welnigh berafte out of my remembraunce,  
And eke to me it is a grete penaunce,  
Sith rime in Englishe hath soche scarcite, 80  
To folowe worde by worde the curiosite  
Of Gransonflour, of hem that make in Fraunce.

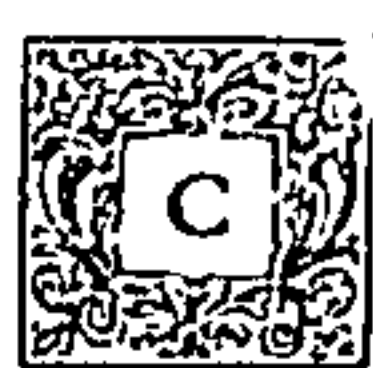
Granson, flour of

Explicit.



## Here foloweth the Letter of CUPIDE.

This Letter is said to have been made by *Tho. Occleve* of the Office of the Privy Seal, *Chaucer's* Scholar; and the Author telling us at the Conclusion it was made *Anno Dom. 1402.* it can't be *Chaucer's*, who dy'd *A.D. 1400.*



Upido, unto whose commaundement  
The gentill kinrede of goddis on hie,  
And peple infernall ben obedient,  
And al mortal folke servin busily,  
Of the goddelle sonne Cythera onely,  
Unto al tho that to our deite  
Ben subjectes, hertily greting sende we.

In general we wollin that ye knowe,  
That ladies of honour and of reverence,  
And othir gentilwomen havin sowe  
Soche sede of complaint in our audience  
Of men that do 'hem outrage and offence,  
That it our eris grevith for to here,  
So pitous is the' effecte of this matere.

Passing al londis, on the lytil yle,  
That cleped is Albion, they muste complaine,  
They say that ther is croppe and rote of gile,  
So con tho men dissimulin and faine,  
With standing dropis in ther eyin twaine,  
Whan that ther hertis felith no distresse,  
To blindin women with ther doublencse.

Ther wordis spokin be so sighingly,  
With so pitous a chere and countinaunce,  
That every wight, that menith trewly,  
Denith they in herte havin soch grevaunce,  
They say so' importable is ther penaunce,  
That but ther lady lust to shewe 'hem grace,  
They right anone must stervin in the place.

Ah lady myne they say, I you ensure,  
As dothe me grace, and I shal evir be,  
While that my lyfe may lastin and endure,  
To you as humble' and lowe in eche degre,  
As possible' is and kepe al thinges in secre  
Right as your selfin listith that I do,  
And ellis myne herte mote braft in two.

Ful harde it is to knowe a mann's herte,  
For outwarde may no man the trouthè deme,  
Whan word out of the mouth may none asterte,  
But it by reson semed a wight to queme,  
So it is said of herte as it would seme;  
O faithful woman, ful of innocence,  
Thou art discevid by false apparence.

By processe movith ofte woman's pite,  
Wening al thing were as these men ysey,  
They graunt 'hem grace of ther benignite,  
For that men shouldin not for ther fake dey,  
And with gode hert settin 'hem in the wey  
Of blisful love, kepin it if they conne,  
And thus othir while women berthe ywonne.

And whan this man the pan hath by the stele,  
And fully is in his possession,  
With that woman kepeth he no more to dele,  
Aftir yf he may findin in the toun  
Any woman his blinde affectioun  
Unto bestowe, but yvel mote he preve!  
A man for al his othes is harde to' beleve.

And for that every false man hath a make,  
As unto every wight is light to know,  
Whan this traitour this woman hath forsake,  
He fast spedith him unto his felowe,  
Til he be there his herte is on a lowe,  
His false discete ne may him not suffise,  
But of his trayson tellith al the wife.

Is this a fair avaunt, is this honour,  
A man himselfe accuse thus and diffame?  
Is' it gode to confesse him selfe a traitour  
And bring a woman unto sclaundrous name,  
And tel howe he her body hath do shame?  
No wurshippe may he thus to him conquer,  
But grete disclaundir unto him and her.

To her? nay, yet ywas it no represe,  
For al for vertue was that she ywrought;  
But he that brewid hath al this mischese,  
That spake so faire, and falsely inwarde thought,  
His be the sclaunder, as it by reson ought,  
And unto her be thanke perpetuell,  
That in soche a nede helpin can so wel.

Although through mann's sleight and subtilte  
A fely simple' and innocent woman  
Betraied is, no wondir sihe the cite  
Of Troyè, as the storie tellin can,  
Betrayid was through the discete of man,  
And set on fyre, and al downe ovirthrowne  
And finally destroyid as men knowen.

Betrayin nat men cites gret and kinges?  
What wight is it that can shape remedy  
Ayenist these falsely purposid thinges?  
Who can the crafte soche craftis to espy,  
But man, whose witte is er redy t' aply  
To thing that sowning is into falsehede?  
Woman bethe ware of false men I The rede.

And farthirmore have these men in usage,  
That where they nat lykily ben to spede,  
Soche as they ben, with a double visage,  
They procurin for to pursewe ther nede,  
He prayith him in his cause to procede,  
And largely guerdonith he his travayle,  
Litil wote women howe men 'hem assaile.

Anothir wretche unto his felowe faith,  
Thou fishist faire, the which that The hath fired,  
Is false, inconstaunt, and she hath no faith,  
She for the rode of folke is so desired,  
And as an horse fro daie to daie she' is hired,  
That when thou twinnist fro her companie,  
Comith an othir, and blered is thine eye.

Now prick on fast, and ridin thy journey,  
While thou art there, for she behinde thy backe  
So liberall is, she woll nothyng withsey,  
But smartly of an othir take a smacke,  
And thus farin these women all the packe,  
Who so 'hem trustith hangid mote he be,  
Evir thei desire chaunge and novilte.

Whereof



Whereof procedith this but of envie?

For that he hymself her ne winnin maie,  
He spekith her represe and villanie,  
As mann's blabbyng tong is wont alwaie;  
Thus divers men full oftin make assaie  
For to distourbin folke in sondrie wise,  
For thei maie not eschuin ther emprite.

Many one eke would spekin for no gode,  
That hath in love his tyme spent and used,  
Men wist his ladie his askyng withstode;  
Ere that he were of her plainly refused,  
Or waste and vaine al that he had ymused,  
Wherefore he can none othir remedy,  
But on his lady shapith him to lyc.

Every woman he saithe is light to gete,  
Can none say nay, yf she be wel yfought,  
Who so may leisir have with her to trete,  
Of his purpose ne shal he failin nought,  
But he on madnesse be so depe ybrought,  
That he shende al with opin homlynelle,  
That loven women, they dotin as I gesse.

To sclaudir women thus what may profite?  
To gentillesse namely that 'hem arme should  
In defence of women, and 'hem delite,  
As that the ordre of gentillesse wolde?  
If that a man list gentill to be holde,  
He must al eschewe that therto' is contrary,  
A sclaudrons tonge is his gret adversarye. 140

A foul vice it is of tonge to be light,  
For *who so mochil clappeth, gabbieth ofte,*  
The tonge of man so swifte is and to wight,  
That whan it is yreisid up on losse,  
Refon is shewid so slowly and softe,  
That it him nevir overtakin may,  
Lorde! so these men ben trusty in assay.

Al be it that men find one woman nice,  
Inconstaunt, rechellese, and variable;  
Deignous, and proude, fulfillid of malyce,  
Without faithe or love and discevable,  
Slye, queint, false, in al untrust coulpage,  
Wickid, or feirse, or ful of cruilte,  
Yet foloweth not that soche all women be.

Whan the High God aungelis fourmid had,  
Amongis 'hem al fourmid were there none,  
That foundin was malicious and bad?  
Yet al men wotin ther were many one,  
That for ther pride fill fro hevin anone,  
Should weforth yve all angils proude name? 160  
Nay, he, that that susteinith, is to blame.

Of twelve Apostils one a traitour was,  
The remenante yet gode werin and trewe,  
So yf it happin men findin percas  
O woman false, soche gode is to eschewe,  
And deme not al that they therfore be' untrewes,  
I se wel that mennis owne falsines  
'Hem causith woman for to trust the lesse.

O! every man ought have an hert tendre  
To a woman, and deme her honorable,  
Whethir his shape be thicke, or els slendre,  
Or he be gode or badde, it is no fable,  
Every wight wote that witte hath resonable,  
That of a woman he discendid is,  
Than is it shame of her to speke amyffe.

A wickid tre gode frute may non forth bring,  
For soche the frute is aye as is the tre,

Take hede of whom thou toke thy beginning,  
Let thy mother be mirrour unto The,  
Honour her, yf thou wolte honourid be, 180  
Dispisith her than not in no manere,  
Lest that therby thy wickidnesse apere.

An olde proverbe there said is in Englishe,  
*That birde or foule sothly is dishonest,*  
*What that he be, and holdin ful churlishe,*  
*That useth to defoulin his own nest,*  
Men to say wel of women it' is the best,  
And naught to dispisin 'hem ne deprave,  
If that they wol ther honour kepe or save.

The ladies evir complaine 'hem on clerkes, 190  
That they have made bokis of ther diffame,  
In whiche they dispise women and ther werkes,  
And spekin of him grete reprofe and shame,  
And causelesse yve 'hem a wickid name,  
Thus they dispisid be on every side,  
Disclaundirid and blowin on ful wyde.

Tho fory bokis makin mencion  
Howe women betraide in especial  
Adam, David, Sampson, and Salomon,  
And many' one mo, who maye reherse 'hem al, 200  
The treison that they havin do and shal?  
The worlde ther malice may not comprehende,  
As clerkis saine, for it ne hath none ende.

Ovide, in his boke callid Remedie  
Of love, grete reprofe of women ywriteth,  
Wherin I trowe that he dyd grete folie,  
And every wight who' in soche case him delyteth,  
A clerk's collome is whan he enditeth  
Of women, be it prose, or rime, or vers,  
Say they be wickid, al know he the revers. 210

And the boke scholirs lerned in ther childhede,  
For they of women beware should in age,  
And to lovin 'hem evir be in dred,  
Sirthe to disceve is set al ther corage,  
They say' of peril men should cast th'avauntage,  
Namely of soche as men havin bewrapped,  
For many' a man by women hath mishapped.

No charge is what so these clerkis ysaine,  
Of all ther writing I ne doe no cure,  
All ther labour and travaile is in vain, 220  
For betwene me and my ladie nature  
Shal not be sutrid, while the world maie dure,  
Thus these clerkis by ther cruell tirannie  
On felie women kithin ther maistrice.

Whilom for many of 'hem wer in my cheine  
Ytyd, and now for unweldie age,  
And unlust, thei maie not to love atteine,  
And saine now that love' is but verie dotage,  
Thus for thei 'hem selfin lackin courage,  
Thei folke excitin by ther wickid lawes 230  
For to rebell ayenst me and my lawes.

But maugre 'hem that blamin women moste,  
Soche is the force of myne impressioun,  
That sodainlie I can tell all ther boste,  
And all ther wrong imaginacion,  
It shal not ben in ther electioun  
The foulis slurre in all the toun to' refuse,  
If that me luste, for all that thei come muse,

But her in herte as brenningly desire,  
As though she were a duchesse or a queene, 240  
So can I folkis hertis set on fire,  
And as me list sendin 'hem joye or tene,

Thei



- Thei that to women ben ywhet so kene,  
My sharpe perfyng strokis how thei smite  
Shull fele and knowin, how thei kerve and bite
- Parde this clerke, this subtill flye Ovide,  
And many' an othir discevid have be  
Of women as it is knowin full wide,  
What? no men more; and that is great deinte;  
So excellent a clerke as was he, 250  
And othir mo, that coudin full well preche,  
Bettrappid wer, for aught that thei coud teche.
- And trustith well that it is no marvaile,  
For women knowin plainly ther entent.  
Thei wist how softilie thei coud assaile  
'Hem, and what falshe thei in herte mente,  
And thus thei clerkis in ther daungir hente,  
*With o venime an othir is destroyed,*  
And thus these clerkis oftin were anoied.
- These ladies, ne these gentiles nerthelless, 260  
Were none of tho that wroughtin in this wise,  
But soche women as werin vertuleffe,  
Thei quittin thus these oldè clerkis wife,  
To clerkis mochil lesse ought to suffice,  
Then to dispravin women generally,  
For worship shullin thei none gette thereby.
- If that these men that lovirs 'hem pretend,  
To women werin faithfull, gode, and true;  
And dredde 'hem to disceve, or to offende,  
Women to love 'hem wouldin not eschue, 270  
But every daie hath man an herte newe,  
It upon one abidin can no while,  
What forse is it soche a wight to begile?
- Men bering eke the women upon hond,  
That lightly and withoutin any pain  
Thei women be, thei can no wight withstond,  
That his discele list to 'hem to complain,  
Thei be so frele, thei maie 'hem not refrain,  
But who so likith 'hem maie lightly have, 280  
So be ther hertis esie in to grave.
- To maistr John de Mone, as I suppose,  
Then it was a leude occupacioun,  
In makynge of the *Romante of the Rose*,  
So many' a slyh imaginacioun,  
And perilles for to rollin up and down,  
The long processe, so many' a slyght cautell,  
For to disceve a felie damosell.
- Nought can I saie, ne my wit comprehende,  
That art, and pain, and subtiltie should faile  
For to conquere, and sone to make an ende, 290  
When men a feble place shullin assaile,  
And sone also to venquishe a battaile,  
Of whiche no wight maie makin resistance,  
Ne herte hath none to make any defence.
- Then mote it folowe of necessitie,  
Sith art askith so grete engine and pain,  
A woman to disceve, what so she be,  
Of constauce be thei not so barain,  
As that some of these sely clerkis sain,  
But thei be as women oughtin to be, 300  
Sadde, constante, and fulfillid of pite.
- How frendly was Medea to Jason,  
In his conquirynge of the Fleece of gold:  
How falsly quit he her true affection,  
By whom victorie he gate as he would!  
How maie this man for shame be so bolde  
To falsin her, that fro his deth and shame
- Him kept, and gate him so grete prise and name!
- Of Troie also the Traitour Æneas,  
The faithlesse wretche, how he himself forswore  
To Dido, which that quene of Cartage was,  
That hym relevid of his smertis fore!  
What gentileffe might she have doin more,  
Then she with herte unfainid to hym kidde,  
And what mischefe to her therof betidde!
- In my legende of natures maie men finde,  
Who so ylikith therein for to rede  
That othis ne behest maie man not binde,  
Of reprovabie shame have thei no drede, 320  
In man's herte trouthe ne hath no stede,  
The foile is naught, there maie no troth ygrow,  
To women namely it is not unknowe.
- Clerkis saine also there is no malice  
Like unto womans wickid crabbidnesse,  
O woman, how shalt thou thy self chevice,  
Sith men of The so mochil harme witnesse!  
Beth ware o woman of ther fikelnesse,  
Kepith thynne ownè, what men clappe or crake,  
And some of 'hem shall smarte I undirtake.
- Malice of women what is it to drede? 330  
Thei sle no man, destroyin no citces,  
Ne oppresse peple, ne them ovirlede,  
Betraie Empiris, Relmis, or Duchees,  
Ne bireven men ther landis ne ther mees,  
Enpoyson folke, ne housis set on fire,  
Ne false contractis makin for no hire.
- Trust, parfite love, and entere charite,  
Fervent will, and entalentid corage,  
All thewis gode, as sittith well to be,  
Have women er of custome and usage, 340  
And well thei connin mann's ire afwage,  
With softè wordis, discrete and benigne,  
What thei be' inward thei shewe outward by signe.
- Womanis herte unto no crueltie  
Enclinid is, but thei be charitable,  
Pious, devote, full of humilitie,  
Shamefaste, debonaire, and amiable,  
Dredefull, and of wordis mesurable,  
What women these have not paraventure  
Folowith not the waie of ther nature. 350
- Men saine that our first mothir nathelless  
Made all mankinde lesin his libertie,  
And nakid it of joyè doutileffe,  
For Godd's heste disobeyid she,  
When she presumid to taste of the tre  
That God forbade, that she ete therof should,  
And ne 'had the devill be, no more she would.
- The envious swelling, that the fende our foe  
Had unto man in herte for his welth,  
Sent a serpent, and made her for to goe 360  
To disceve Eve, and thus was man's welth  
Birasfe him by the fendè in a stelth,  
The woman not knowyng of that disceipt,  
God wote ful ferre was it from her conceipt.
- Wherefore I saie that this gode woman Eve  
Our fathir Adam ne discevid nought,  
There maie no man for a disceipt it preve  
Propirly, but that she in herte and thought  
Had it compassid first or she it wrought, 370  
And for soche was not her impressioun,  
Men maie it call no decepte by reson.



Ne no wight disceivith, but he purpose;  
The fende this disceipt caste, and nothyng fle;  
Then it is wrong to demin or suppose,  
That of his harme she should the cause be;  
Wyrith the fende, and his be the maugre,  
And all excusid have her innocence,  
Save onely that she brake obedience.

And touchyng this, full fewe men there be,  
Unnethis any dare I safely saie,  
Fro daie to daie, as men maie all daie se,  
But that the heste of God thei disobaie;  
Have this in mindè sirs I you praie,  
If that ye be discrete and resonable  
Ye woll her holde the more excusable.

And wher men saie in man is stedfastnesse,  
And woman is of her courage unstable,  
Who maie of Adam bere soche a witnesse,  
Tellith me this, was he not chaungeable?  
Thei bothe werin in o case semblable,  
Save that willyng the fende discevid Eve,  
And so did she not Adam by your leve.

Yet was this sinnè happie to mankinde,  
The fende discevid was for all his sleight,  
For aught he coud him in his sleightis winde,  
For his trespase came fro hevin on height  
God, to discharge man of his hevye weicht,  
He fleshe and blode ytoke of a virgine,  
And suffrid deth, hym to deliver of pine.

And God, to whom there maie nothing hid be, 400  
If he in woman knowen had soch malice,  
As men record of 'hem in generalte  
Of our Ladie of life reperatrice  
He n'olde have be borne, but that she of vice  
Was voide, and full of vertue, well he wiste,  
Endowid, of her to be borne hym liste.

Her hepid vertue hath soche excellence,  
That all to lene is mann's facultie  
To declare it, and therefore in suspence  
Her due praisyng put nedis must ybe, 410  
But thus I sayin, verily that she  
Next God, best frende is that to man longith,  
The keye of mercie by her girdle hongith.

And of mercie hath every man soche nede,  
That resyng that, farwell the joye of man,  
And of her power now takith right gode hede,  
She mercie maie well, and purchacin can,  
Displeisith her not, honoureth that woman,  
And othir women honour for her sake,  
And but ye doe, your sorowe shall awake. 420

In any boke also where can ye finde  
That of the werkis of deth or of life  
Of Jesu spelleth or makith any minde,  
That women hym forsoke for wo or strife,

Where was there any wight so ententife  
Aboutin hym as woman? provid none.  
The'Apostlis hym forfokin everichone.

Women forsoke hym not, for all the faierth  
Of holie church in women left onely,  
This is no lees, for thus holy writte saierth, 430  
Loke and ye shall so finde it hardily,  
And therefore I maie well previn thereby  
That in woman reignith stable constauce,  
And in men is the chaunge of variaunce

Thus precious gemme of martirs Margarite,  
That of thy blode dredest none effusion,  
Thou lovir true, thou maidin mansuete,  
Thou constante woman in thy passion,  
Ovircame the fend's temptacion,  
And many' a wight convertid thy doctrine 440  
Unto' the faithe of holy God, thou virgine.

But understandeth this, I commend her nought  
By encheison of her virginite,  
Trustith it came never into thought,  
For evir were I ayenst chastitie,  
And evir shall, but lo! this mevith me,  
Her lovyng herte, and constant to her laie,  
Drive out of my remembraunce I ne maie.

Now holdith this for ferme, and for no lie,  
That this true and juste commendacion 450  
Of women tell I for no flattirie,  
Ne bicause of pride or elacion,  
But onely lo! for this entencion,  
To yeve 'hem courage of perseverance  
In vertue, and ther honour to avaunce.

The more the vertue, the lasse is the pride,  
Vertue so digne is and so noble' in kinde  
That vice and he woll not in fere abide,  
He puttith vices clene out of his minde,  
He slieth fro 'hem, he levith 'hem behinde; 460  
O woman that of vertue art hostresse,  
Grete is thy honour, and thy worthinesse.

Then woll I thus concludin and define,  
We you commaunde our ministris echone,  
That redie ye be our hestes to encline,  
That of these falsè men our rebell fone  
Ye doin punishment, and that anone,  
Voide 'hem our court, and banishe 'hem for ever.  
So that therein more comin may thei never.

Fulfilid be it, cefyng all delaie. 470  
Loke that there be none excusacion.  
Writtin in the lustie moneth of Maie,  
In our palcis, where many' a million  
Of lovirs true have habitacion,  
In the yere of grace joyfull and joconde  
A thousande fowir hundrid and seconde

Thus endeth the letter of Cupide.



## A Ballade in commendacion of our Ladie.

Thoufande stories coud I mo reherce.  
 A Of olde Poetis touching this matere,  
 How that Cupide the hertis gan so perce  
 Of his fervauntis setting 'hem in fere!  
 Lo here the fine of th' errour and the fere!  
 Lo here of love the guerdone and grevaunce,  
 That er what wo her fervautes do avaunce!

Wherefore now plainly I woll my stile dresse  
 Of one to speke, at nede that woll not faile;  
 Alas for dole I ne can ne maie' expresse 10  
 Her passyng prife, and that is no mervaile!  
 O winde of grace, now blowe unto my faile,  
 O auriate licour of Clio, to write  
 My penne enspire of that I woll endite.

Alas! unworthie I am and unable  
 To love soche one, all women surmountyng,  
 But she be benigne to me and merciabile,  
 That is of pitie the welle and the spryng;  
 Wherefore of her in laude and in praisyng,  
 So as I can, supportid by her grace,  
 Right thus I faie, knelyng before her face.

O sterre of sterris with thy stremis clere,  
 Sterre of the Se, to shipmen light and gide,  
 O lustie livyng molle plesaunt to' appere,  
 Whose bright bemis the cloudis maie not hide,  
 O waie of life to 'hem that go or ride,  
 Haven astir tempest surist up to rive,  
 On me have mercie for thy joyis live.

O rightfull rule, O bore of holinesse,  
 And lightsome line of pitie for to plain,  
 Originall of grace and all godnesse, 30  
 And clenest conduct of vertue moste soverain,  
 Mothir of mercie, our trouble to restrain,  
 Chambir and cloist clenest of chastitie,  
 And namid herbrough of the deitie,

O cloist gardin voide of wedis wicke,  
 Cristallin welle, of clerenesse clere consigned,  
 Fructified olive of foiles faire and thicke,  
 And redo'lent Cedre most dere worthy digned,  
 Remember on sinnirs that to The be' affined,  
 Or wickid fendis ther wrathe on 'hem wreche,  
 Lanterne of light, thou art ther livis leche.

Paradise of plesaunce, gladsome to all gode,  
 O benigne braunchilet of the Pine tre,  
 Vinarie' envermailed, refreshir of bode,  
 Licour ayen langour that palled maie not be,  
 Blisful blomie blosme, bidyng in bounte,  
 Thy mantell of mercie on our miserie sprede,  
 And er we' awaie wrappe us undir thy wede.

O rodie rosier, flouring without spine, 50  
 Fountain filthlesse, as birill currant clere,  
 Sum drop of gracefull dewe to us propine;  
 Light without nebule shinyng in thy sphere,  
 Medecine to mischeves, pucell without pere,  
 Flambe down the full light of thin influence,  
 Remembring thy servantes for thy magnificence.

Of all christin protectrice and tutele,  
 Retourne of exiled put in the proscricion,  
 To 'hem that erren in the' pathe of ther sequele,

To werie forwandrid, tent and pavilion, 60  
 To faint and to freshe the paufacion,  
 To unrestie bothe rest and remedie,  
 Fructfull to all tho that in her affie.

To 'hem that rennin thou art itinerarie,  
 O blisfull brave to knightes of thy werre,  
 To werie werkmen she' is diourne denarie,  
 Mede unto mariners that have failed ferre,  
 Laureate coroune stremyng as a sterre,  
 To 'hem put in palastre for thy sake  
 Tours of ther conquest, white as any lake. 70

O mirthe of martyrs, swetir than Sitole,  
 Of Confessours also riche donatife,  
 Unto virgines eternall Lauriole,  
 'Fore all woman havyng prerogatif,  
 Mothir and maide, bothe widowe and eke wife,  
 Of all the worlde is none but thou alone,  
 Now sith thou maie, be succour to my mone.

Trustie turtle truefastist of all true, 20  
 Curteise columbe, replete of all mekenesse,  
 O Nightingale with thy notis newe, 80  
 O Popinjaie purid with all clenesse,  
 O laveroke of love, singyng with swetnesse,  
 Phœbus waityng till on thy brest he light,  
 Undir thy wing at domisdaie us dight.

O rubie rubified in the passion  
 Of thy sonne, us have emongis in minde,  
 O stedfast diametre of duracion,  
 That fewe feris any time might thou finde, 30  
 For none to hym was foundin halfe so kinde,  
 O hardie herte, O lovyng creature, 90  
 What was 'it but love that made The so endure?

Semely saphre, depe loupe, and blewe cwage,  
 Stable as the loupe cwage of pitie,  
 This is to faie the freshist of visage,  
 Thou lovest unchaungid 'hem that servin The,  
 And if offence or varyng in 'hem be  
 Thou art aie redie on ther wo to rue,  
 And 'hem recevist aye with herte full true.

O godelie gladdid when that Gabriel  
 With joy The grette, that maie not be nombrid,  
 Or halfe the blisse who coud ywrite or tell,  
 When the' holy Ghoſte to The was obumbrid,  
 Wherthrough fendes were bittirly encombrid,  
 O wemlesse maide, embelished in his birthe,  
 That man and angill therof haddin mirthe.

Lo here the blosme, and the budde of glorie;  
 Of whiche the prophet so long spake beforene!  
 Lo here the fame that was in memorie  
 Of Esaie, so long or she was yborne! 110  
 Lo here of David the delicious corne.  
 Lo here the grounde of life into bilde,  
 Becomyng man our ransome for to yilde.

O glorious viole, vite inviolate,  
 O fire Titan, persyng with thy beemes,  
 Whose vertuous brightnes was in brest vibrat,  
 That al the world embelished with the lemes,  
 Conservatrice of Kingis, Dukes and ralmes,  
 Of Jesse his sede the swete \* sunamite,

\* Perhaps Cinnamonite, or Cinnamomite.



Mesure my mourning, mine own Margarite.

O soverainist yfought out of Syon,  
Coekle with gold-dewe from above berainid  
Dewe- bushe unbrent, firelesse fire set on,  
Flaming with fervence, not with herte painid,  
Duryng daise that no wethir stainid,  
Flece undefouled of gentilist Gidion,  
And fructifying fairist yerde of Aaron.

The mightie arche, the probatife piscine,  
Laughyng aurora, and of pece olive,  
Columpne and base, up beryng from abime,  
Why n'ere I connyng here for to discrive,  
Chosin of Joseph, whom he toke to wive,  
Unknowyng hym, chilyng by miracle,  
And of our manly figure the tabernacle.

I have none Englishe convenient and digne,  
Myne herte's hele lady, The with to honour,  
Ivorie clene, therefore I woll resigne  
Into thyne hande till that thou list succour,  
To helpe my makyng both florish and flour,  
Then should I shewe in love how that I brende,  
In songis makyng, thy name to commende.

For if I could before thyne excellence  
Syngin in love I wouldin what I fele,  
And evir standin Ladie' in thy presence,  
To shewe in opin how I love you wele,  
And sith although your hert be made of stele  
To you withoutin any disceve'raunce  
*J'ay en vous toute ma fiance.*

Where might I love evir bettir beset  
Then in this Lilie likyng to beholde,  
That lace of love, the bonde so well thou knit,  
That I maie se The or myne herte colde,  
And or I passe out of my dayis olde,  
Tofore syngyng evirmore uttirly,  
Your eyin two woll sle me sodainly.

For love I langour, blisled be soch sicknesse,  
Sith it 'is for you my hertely suffisaunce,  
I can not ellis saie in my distresse,  
So faire one hath myne hert in govinaunce,  
And affir I begin on esparaunce,  
With feble entune, though it thine hert perce,  
Yet for thy sake this lettir I reliefe.

God wote on Musike I can not, but I gesse,  
Alas why so, that I might saie or syng,  
So love I you my own soveraine maistresse,  
And evir shall withoutin departyng,  
Mirroure of beautie, for you' out shuld I ring,  
In remembraunce eke of your eyin clere,  
Thus ferre from you my soverain Ladie dere.

So wouldin God your love would me yfso,  
Sith for your sake I fying daie by daie,  
O herte why he nilt thou breke a two,  
Sith with my Ladie dwellin I ne maie!  
Thus many' a roundell, many' a virelaie,  
In freshe Englishe, when I me leisir finde,  
I doe recorde, on you to havin mynde.

Now ladie mine, sith I you love and drede,  
And you' unchaunged evir finde in o degre,  
Whose grace ne maie sie fro your womanhede,  
Disdainith not for to remembre' on me,  
Myne herte bledith for I maie not you se,  
And sith ye worte my menyng desirous  
*Plumes pour moy s'il vous plaist amoureux.*

What marveile is though I in painybe,  
I am departid from you my soverain,  
Fortune alas, *dont vient la destenie,*  
That in no wise I can ne maie attain  
To se the beautie of your eyin twain,  
Wherefore I saie, for tristesse doerth me grame,  
*Tant me fait mal departir de ma dame.*

Why n'ere my wiling brought to soche esplot,  
That I might saie for joye of your presence,  
*Or amon cuer ce qui vouloit*  
*Or amon cuer,* the highist excellence,  
That er had wight, and sith mine advertence  
Is in you, rewith on my painis sinerte,  
I am so fore ywoundid to the herte.

To live well merie two lovirs were ifere,  
So maie I saie withoutin any blame,  
And if that any man to wilde were,  
I could hym techin for to be full tame,  
Let hym go love and se where it be game,  
For I am bridlid unto sobitnesse  
For her that is of women chief princesse.

But evir when thought my hert shuld embrace,  
Then unto me it is best remedie  
When I loke on your godely freshe face,  
So merie 'a mirroure could I ner espie,  
And if I could I would it magnifie,  
For nevir none ywas so faire younde,  
To rekn 'hem all, and also Rosamonde.

And finally with mouthe, and will present,  
Of double eye withoutin repentaunce,  
Mine hert I yeve you Ladie' in this entent,  
That ye shall therof have the govinaunce,  
Takyng my love with hert's obeisaunce,  
*(Salve Regina)* synging last of all  
To be our helpe when that we to The call.

All our love is nought els but idlenesse,  
Save your love alone, who might therto' attain,  
Who so woll have a name of gentillesse,  
I counsaile hym in love that he not fain,  
Thou swete Ladie, refute in every pain  
Whose mercie molle unto me availith,  
To gie by grace, when that fortune failith.

Nought maie be told withoutin any fable  
Your high renome, your womanly beaute,  
Your govinaunce to all worship able,  
Putterh every herte in ese in his degre,  
O violet, O flowir desire,  
Sithin I am for you so amercous,  
*I fleignes may de cuer joyeux.*

With fervent hert my brest hath brost on fire  
*L'ardant espoir en mon cuer point est mort.*  
*D'avoir l'amour de celle que je desire,*  
I menè you swete molle plesaunt of porte  
*Et je jay bien que ce n'est pas mon tort.*  
That for you syng, so as I maie for mone,  
For your departyng alone, I live alone.

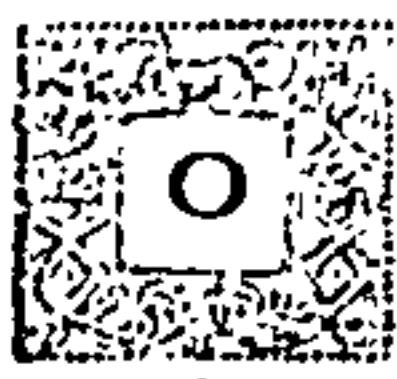
Though that I might I would none othir chese,  
In your service I would ben foundin sadde,  
Therefore I love no labour that ye lese,  
When that in longyng forist ye be fladde,  
Loke up your lovirs and be right gladde,  
Now ayenist saint Valentin's daie,  
For I have chese that ner forsake I maie.

*Explicit.*

John



## JOHN GOWER, unto the noble King HENRY IV.



Noble worthie Kyng Henrie the ferth,  
In whom the gladdè fortune is befall  
The peple to governe here upon yerth,  
God hath The chosene in comfort of us all,  
The worship of this land, which was doun fal,  
Now stant upright through grace of thy godenesse,  
Which evèry man is hold for to bleße.

The most high God of his justice alone  
The right whiche longith to thy regalie  
Declarid hath to stonde in thy persone,  
And more then God maie no man justifie,  
Thy title' is knowe upon thyne auncestrie,  
The land'is folk hath eke thy right affirmed,  
So stant thy reigne, of God and man confirmed.

There is no man maie saie in othirwise,  
That God hymself ne hath the right declared,  
Whereof the lande is bounde to thy service,  
Whiche for defaute of helpe hath long ycarede,  
But now there is no mann'is hertè spared,  
To love and serve, and worchin thy pleasaunce, 20  
And all this is through God'is purveiaunce.

In allè thing whiche is of God begonne  
There foloweth grace, if it be well governed,  
Thus tellin thei whiche oldè bokis conne,  
Wherof my lorde I wote well thou art lerned,  
Aske of thy God, so shalt thou not be werned  
Of no request the whiche is resonable,  
For God unto the gode is favourable.

King Salomon, whiche had at his askyng  
Of God, what thing hym was levist to crave, 30  
He chafe wisedome to the right govirnyng  
Of Godis folke, the whiche he wouldin save,  
And as he chafe it fill hym for to have,  
For through his wit while that his reign did last  
He gate hym pece and rest into his last.

But Alexandre', as tellith his storie,  
Unto the God besought in othir waie,  
Of all the worlde to win the victorie,  
So that undir his swerde it might obaie, 40  
In werre he had all that he wouldin praie,  
The mightie God behight hym that beheste,  
The worlde he wanne, and had it of conqueste.

But though it fill at thilkè tymè so,  
That Alexandre' his askyng hath atchived,  
This sinfull worldè was all Painim tho,  
Was none whiche hath the High God beleved,  
No wondir was though thilk world was greved  
Though a tyrant his purpose might ywin,  
All was vengeance and infortune of sin.

But now the faith of Christ is come aplace 50  
Emongis the princis in this yerth here,  
It sitte 'hem well to doe pite and grace,  
But yet it must be temprid in manere,  
For that thei findin cause in the mattere,  
Upon the point, what aftirward beride,  
The lawe of right shall not be laied aside.

So maie a king of werrè the voyage  
Ordain and take, as he thereto is holde,  
To claime and aske his rightfull heritage,  
In al placis whereas it is witholde, 60  
But othirwise if God himselfe would

Affirmin love and pece bitwene the kinges,  
Pece is the best above al erthely thinges.

Gode is to eschewe warre, and nathèles,  
A king may makin werre upon his right,  
For of bataile the final ende is pece,  
Thus stant the lawè that a worthy knight  
Upon his trouth may goin to the fight,  
But if so werè that he mightin chese,  
Bettir is pece, of which may no man lese. 70

To sterc pece ought evèryche one on lyve  
First for to settin his liege lorde in rest,  
And eke these othir men that they ne strive,  
For so this landè may standin at best,  
What king that woldè be the worthyest,  
The more he might our dedly werris cese,  
The more he should his worthinesse encrese.

Pece is the chefe of al the world'is welth,  
And to the heven it ledith eke the way, 80  
Pece is of soule and life the mann'is helth,  
Of pestilence and doth the werre away,  
My liegè lorde take hede of that I say,  
If that werre may be leste, take pece on hande,  
Whiche may not be withoutin Godd'is sande.

With pece stant evèry creature in rest,  
Withoutin pece there may no lyfe be gladdè,  
Above al othir gode pece is the best,  
Pece hath himself, whan werre is all bestadde,  
The pece is safe, the werre is evir dradde, 90  
Pece is of allè charite the kay,  
Whiche hath the life and soulè for to way.

My liegè lorde if that The lyst to seche  
The soth ensamplis what the werre hath wrought,  
Thou shalt wel herin of wise mennis speche,  
That dedly werrè tournith into nought,  
For if these old bokis be wel ysought,  
There might thou se what thing that werre hath do  
Both of conquest and conquerour also.

For vaine honour, or for the world'is gode  
They that whilom the strongè werris made, 100  
Wher be they now, bethinke wel in thy mode,  
The day is gone, the night is derke and fade,  
Ther cruilte, whiche that made 'hem than glade,  
They forowen now, and yet have naught the more,  
The blode is shad, which no man may restore.

The werre is mothir of the wrongis al,  
It sleeth the priest in holy churchè at masse,  
Forlith the maide, and doth her flour to fal,  
The werrè makith the grete cite lasse, 110  
And dothe the lawe his rulis ovirpasse,  
Ther is nothing, wherof mischefe may growe,  
Whiche is not causid of the werre, I rowe.

The werre bringith in povirtie' at his heles,  
Wherof the comin peple is sore greved,  
The werre hath set his cart on thilkè wheles,  
Where that fortune he may nat be beleved, 120  
For whan men wenin best to have acheved,  
Ful oftin it is al newe to begin,  
The werre hath nothing sikir, tho he win.

60 Forthy, my worthy prince, in Christ'is halve, 120  
As for a parte whose faith thou hast be gide,

Ley



Ley to this oldè fore a newè salve,  
 And do the werre away, what so betide,  
 Purchacin pece, and set it by thy syde,  
 And suffre nat thy peple be devoured,  
 So shal thy name er aftir stand honoured.

If any man be nowè or evir was  
 Ayen the pece thy privy counsaillour,  
 Let God be of thy counsaile in this caas;  
 And put away the cruil warriour,  
 For God, whiche is of man the créaitour,  
 He woldè not men slough his créature,  
 Withoutin cause of dedly forfaiture. 130

Where nedith most, behovith most to loke,  
 My lorde, howe so thy werris be without,  
 Of time ypassid who that hede ytoke,  
 Gode were at home to se right wel about,  
 For evirmore the worste is for to dout,  
 But if thou mightist parfite pece attaine,  
 There shoulde ybe no causè for to plaine. 140

About a king gode counsaile is to preise,  
 Above al othir thinges most vailable,  
 But yet a king within himselfe shal peise,  
 And seen the thingis that ben resonable,  
 And therupon he shal his wittis stable,  
 Among the men to settin pece in evin,  
 For love of him whiche is the King of hevyn.

A! wel is him that ne shedde nevir blode,  
 But if it were in cause of rightwyfenes,  
 For yf a kynge the peril undirstode,  
 What is to sle the peple, than I gesle,  
 The dedly werris and the hevines,  
 Wherof the pece distourbid is ful ofte,  
 Shuld at some timè cesse and wexin soft. 150

O kinge fulfillid of grace and knighthode,  
 Remembre upon this point for Christe's sake,  
 If pece be profered unto thy manhode,  
 Thine honour save, let it not be forsake,  
 Though thou the werris darst wel undirtake,  
 Aftir reson yet tempre thy courage,  
 For lyke to pece there is none avauntage. 160

My worthy lorde, thinke wel, howe so befall,  
 Of thilke lore, as holy bokis faine,  
 Christ is the hed, and we be membris al,  
 As wel the subiecte as the soverainc,  
 So sitte it wel that charite be plaine,  
 Whiche unto God himselfe most accordeth,  
 So as the lore of Christ's worde recordeth.

In the olde lawe, or Christ himselfe was bore,  
 Amonge the x. commaundementes I rede, 170  
 Howe that manslaughtir shoulde be forbore,  
 Soche was the wil that tyme of the Godhede,  
 But aftirward, whan Christ toke his manhede,  
 Pece ywas the first thing he let do crie,  
 Ayenst the world's rancour and envie.

And or Christ went out of this erthè here,  
 And stighed to heven, he made his testament,  
 Where he bequath to his disciplis there,  
 And yave his pece, whiche is the foundement  
 Of charite, withoutin whose assent 180  
 The world's pece may nevir wel be tried,  
 Ne love be kept, ne lawe be justified.

The Jewis with the Painims haddin werre,  
 But they among 'hemselfe stode er in pece,  
 Why shoulidin than our pece stande out of erre,  
 Which Christ hath chose unto his owne encrese,

For Christ is more than ywas Moyses,  
 And Christ hath sette the parfite of the lawe,  
 The whiche ne should in no wise be withdrawe.

To yere us pece was cause why Christ ydide, 190  
 Withoutin pece may nothing stonde availed.  
 But nowè a man may se on every side,  
 Howe Christ's faith is every day assailed,  
 With painims distroyid and so batailed,  
 That for defaute of helpe and of defence,  
 Unnethis hath Christ his dewe revèrence.

The right faith to kepin of holy church  
 The first point is ynamid of knighthode,  
 And evèry man is holde for to worche  
 Upon the point that stante to his manhode, 200  
 But now alas! the fame is spred so brode,  
 That evèry man this thing complainith,  
 And yet is there no man that helpe ordainith.

The world's cause is waitid ovir al,  
 There be the werris redy to the ful,  
 But Christ's owne cause in special,  
 There ben the swerdis and the speris dul,  
 And with the sentence of the Pop's bul,  
 As for to done the folke paine obey,  
 The church is tournid al anothir wey. 210

It is wondir above any mann's wit  
 Withoutin werre how Christ's faith was won,  
 And we, that be upon this erthè yet,  
 Ne kepe it not as it was first begon,  
 To every cature undir the sonne  
 Christ bad himselfe that we shoulde preche,  
 And to the folke his Evangely teche.

More light it is to kepè than to make,  
 But that whiche we foundin made tofore honde  
 We kepe not, but let it lightly slake, 220  
 The pece of Christ hath al to broke his bonde,  
 We rest our selfe, and suffrin every lond  
 To sle eche othir, as thinge undefended,  
 So stant the werre, and pece is not amended.

But though the hed of holy church above  
 Ne doith not al his whole businessse  
 Amonge the peple to set pece and love,  
 These kingis oughtin of ther rightwyfenesse  
 Ther owne cause among 'hemselfe redresse,  
 Tho Peter's ship as now hath lost his sterc, 230  
 It lythe in 'hem the barge for to sterc

If that holy church aftir the dewte  
 Of Christ's worde ne be nat al avised,  
 To makin pece, accorde, and unite,  
 Amonge the kingis that be now devised  
 Yet natheles the lawe stand assised  
 Of mann's witte to be so resonable,  
 Withoutin that to stande himselfe stable.

Of holy church we ben the childrin al,  
 And every childe is holde for to bowe 240  
 Unto the mothir, how that er it fal,  
 Or ellis he must reson disalowe,  
 And for that cause a knight shall fist avowe  
 The right of holy church for to defende,  
 That no man shal the privilege offende.

Thus were it gode to sette al in evyn,  
 The world's princis, and the prelats bothe,  
 For love of him whiche is the King of hevyn,  
 And if men shoulde algais wexin wrothe,  
 The Sarazins, whiche unto Christ ten lothe; 250  
 6 Y Let



Let men be armid ayenst 'hem to fight,  
So maye the knight his dede of armis right.

Upon iii. pointis stant Christ's pece oppressed,  
First holy churchè in her selfe dividid,  
Whiche ought of reson first to be redressed,  
But yet so highe a cause is not desidid,  
And thus whan humble pacience is pridid,  
The remenaunt, whiche that they shuldin rule,  
No wondir is though it stande out of rule.

Of that the hed is sicke the lymmis aken, 260  
These reynis, that to Christ's pece belongen,  
For world's gode these dedly werris maken,  
Whiche helpelless, as in balaunce yhongen,  
The hed above 'hem hath nat undirfongen  
To set pece, but every man sleith other,  
And in this wise hath charite no brother.

The two defaultis bringin in the thirde,  
Of myscreantes, that seen how we debate,  
Betwene the two they fallin in amydde, 270  
Where now al day they finde an opin gate;  
Lo! thus the dedly werrè stant algate,  
But evir I hope of king Henrie's grace,  
That he it is which shal the pece embrace.

My worthy noble prince, and king anoynt,  
Whom God hath of his gracc so preserved,  
Beholde and se the world upon this point,  
As for thy part, that Christ's pece be served,  
And so shal thy high medè be deserved,  
To him, whiche al shal quite The at the laste,  
For this life here ne may no while laste. 280

Se Alexandir, Hector, and Julius,  
Se Machabeus, David, and Josue,  
Se Charlemaine, and Godefray, and Arthus,  
Fulfilled of werre, and of mortalyte,  
Ther same abyte, but al' is but vanite,  
For deth, which hath the werris undir fote,  
Hath made an ende, of which ther is no bote.

So many a man the soth wete and know,  
That pece is gode for every kinge to have,  
The fortune of the werre is er unknowe, 290  
But wher pece is, ther is the marchis save,  
That now is up, to morow' is undir grave,  
The myghtye God yhath al grace in hande,  
Withoutin him men may not longè stande.

Of the tennis to winne or lese a chace  
May no life wete or that the bal be ronne,  
Al stant in God what thing men shal purchase,  
Th' ende is in hym or that it be begonne,  
Men faine the wolfe, when it is well ysponne,  
Doth that the cloth is stronge and profitable, 300  
And ellis it maye never be durable.

The world's chauncis upon avinture  
Ben evir sette, but thilkè chaunce of pece  
Is so behovely to the creature,  
That it is above al othir percles,  
But it may not begetin nathèles  
Amonge the men to lastin any while,  
But where the herte is plaine withoutin gile.

The pece is as it were a sacrament,  
Tofore the God, and shal with wordis plaine, 310  
Without any double entendement,  
Be tredit, for the trouth ne can not faine,  
But yf the men within 'hemselfe ben vaine,  
The substance of the pece may not be trewe,  
But every day it chaungith upon newe.

But who that is of charite parfite,  
He voidith allè sleightis ferre awaye,  
And sette his worde upon the samè plyte  
Where that his hert hath found a sikir waye,  
And thus when conscience is trewly waye, 320  
And that these ben yhandlid with the wise,  
It shal abyde, and stande in allè wise.

The' Apostil saith, ther may no life be gode  
Whiche is not groundid upon charite,  
For charite ne sheddè never blode,  
So hath the werre as there no properte,  
For thilkè vertue whiche is sayd pite,  
With charité so ferforth is acquainted,  
That in her may no false semblant be paynted.

Cassodore, whose writinge is authorised, 330  
Saithe: where that pite reignith there is grace,  
Thruugh which the pece hath al his welth assyfed,  
So that of werre he dredith no manace,  
Where pyte dwellith in the samè place  
There may no dedly cruilte sojourne,  
Wherof that mercy shoulde his waye tourne.

To se what pyte forth with mercy doth,  
The cronique is at Rome in thilke empire  
Of Constantine, whiche is a talè sothe, 340  
When him was levir his owne deth desirc  
Then do the yongè childrin to martirc,  
Of cruilte he lestin the quarele,  
Pyte he wrought, and pyte was his hele.

For thilkè mann's pyte whiche he dede  
God was pytous, and made him whole at al,  
Silvester came, and in the samè stede  
He yave him baptisme first in special,  
Whiche did awaye the sinne original,  
And al his lepre' it hath so purified,  
That his pyte for er is magnified. 350

Pyte was the cause why this Emperour  
Was whole in body and in soule bothe,  
And Rome also was sette in thilke honour  
Of Christ's faith, so that they leve or loth,  
Whiche haddin be with Christ tofore wroth,  
Recevid werin unto Christ's lore,  
Thus shal pyte be praisid evirmore.

My worthy liegè lorde Henry by name,  
Whiche Englande haste to governin and right, 360  
Men oughtin wel thy pyte to proclame,  
Whiche opinliche in al the world's fight  
It shewith, with the helpe of God almight,  
To yeve us pece, which long hath be debated  
Wherof thy prife shal never be abated.

My lorde, in whom hath evir yet be founde  
Pyte, withoutin spotte of violence,  
Kepe thilkè pece alwayis within bounde,  
Whiche God hath plantid in thy counscience,  
So shal the cronique of thy pacience  
Amonge the saintes be taken into memorie, 370  
To the legende of perdurable glorie.

And to thin erthely prife, so as I can,  
Whiche every man is holdin to commende,  
I Gower, whiche am al thy liegè man,  
This lettir to thine excellence I sende,  
As I whiche evir unto my live's ende  
Wol pray for the estate of thy persone,  
In worshippe of thy sceptre and thy throne.

Not onely to my kinge of pece I write,  
But to these othir princis Christin al, 380  
That



That eche of 'hem his ownè herte endite,  
And cese the werre or more mischefe yfal,  
Sette eke the rightful puppe upon his stall,  
Kepe charite, and drawe pite to hande,  
And maintaine lawe, and so the pece shall staude.

*Explicit carmen, de pacis commendatione, quod, ad  
laudem & memoriam serenissimi principis domini regis  
Henrici quarti, suus humilis orator Joh nnes Gower com-  
posuit.*

*Electus Christi pie rex Henrice fuisti,  
Qui bene venisti, cum propria regna petisti,  
Tu mala vicistique bonis bona restituiisti,  
Et populo tristi nova gaudia contribuisti.  
Et mihi spes lata, quod adhuc per te renovata  
Succedent fata prisca probitate beata,  
Est tibi nam grata gratia sponte data.  
Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus,  
Quo mihi defecit visus ad æta mea.  
Omnia tempus habent, finem natura ministrat,  
Quem virtute sua frangere nemo potest.  
Ultra posse nihil, quamvis mihi velle remansit,  
Amplius ut scribam non mihi posse manet.  
Dum potui scripsi, sed nunc quia curva senectus  
Turbavit sensus, scripta relinquo scholis.  
Scribat, qui veniet post me, discretior alter,  
Ammodo namque manus & mea penna silent.  
Hoc tamen in finem verborum quæso meorum  
Prospera quod statuatur regna futura Deus.*

*Explicit.*

A sayng of dan John.

**T**her bethe foure thinges that makith man a sole,  
Honour first puttith him into outrage,  
And aldir next solitarie and sole,  
The second is unweldy crokid age,  
Women also bring men into dotage,  
And mighty wine in many divers wise  
Distemprin folke whiche ben yholdin wise.

Yet of the same.

**T**Her bea foure thingis causing grete folye,  
Honour first, and second unwildy age,  
Women and wine I dare eke specify  
Ymake wise men fallin into dotage,  
Wherfore by counseil of Philosophers sage,  
In gret honour lernith this rule of me,  
With thine estate havich humilite.

*Ballade de bon conseil.*

**I**F it befall that God The list visite  
With any tourment or adversite,  
Thanke firste the Lorde, and tho thy selfe to quite  
Upon sufferance and humilite  
Founde thou thy quaril, what er that it be,  
Make thy defence, and thou shalt have no losse.  
The remembraunce of Christ and of his crosse.

*Explicit.*

## Of the Cuckowe and the Nightingale.

CHAUCER dreameth that he heareth the Cuckow and the Nightingale con-  
tend for Excellency in singing.

**T**HE God of love, ah *benedicite!*  
Howe mighty and howe gret a Lorde is he!  
For he can makin of lowe hertis hie,  
And of hie lowe, and lykè for to die,  
And hardè hertis he can makin fre :

He can makin within a litil flounde  
Of sickè folkè whole, and freshe, and founde,  
And of the whole he can ymakè seke,  
He can ybindin and unbindin eke,  
That he wol have yboundin or unbounde,

To tel his might my wit may not suffise,  
For he can makin of wise folke ful nice,  
For he may do al that he wol device,  
And lithy folkè to distroyin vice,  
And proundè hertis he can make agrise.

Shortly al that evir he wol he may,  
Against him there dare no wight say naye,  
For he can glad and greve whom him lykith,  
And who that he wol he loweth or sikith,  
And most his might he shedith er in May.

For evèry true gentle hertè fre,  
That with him is or thinkith for to be,

Against May nowe shal have some sterenge.  
Or to joye, or ellis to some mourning,  
In no seson so moche, as thinkith me.

For whan that they may here the birdis singe,  
And se the flouris and the levis springe,  
That bringith into ther remembraunce,  
A manir ese ymedlid with grevaunce,  
And lusty thoughtis ful of grete longing ;

And of that longing comith hevinesse,  
And therof growith oft grete sikènesse,  
And for the lacke of that that they desire ;  
And thus in May ben hertis set on fire,  
So that they brennin forth in gret distresse.

I speke this of feling trewily,  
What? tho that I be olde and unlusty,  
Yet I have selte of the sicknesse through May,  
Bothe hote and cold, and axis every day,  
How fore iwis there wote no wight but I

I am so shakin with the fevirs white,  
Of al this May ne slepe I but a lite,  
And also it is not lyke unto me  
That any hertè shouldin slepy be.

In



In whom that love his fry darte wol smite.

But as I lay this othir night waking  
I thought howe lovirs had a tokining,  
And amonge 'hem it was a commune tale,  
That it were gode to here the Nightingale,  
Moche rathir than the leude Cuckowe finge.

And than I thought anon as it was day  
I woldè faine go fomwhere to aslay  
If that I might a Nightingale yhere,  
For yet had I none herde of al that yere,  
And it was tho the thirde night of May.

And right anon as I the day aspidè,  
No lengir would I in my bedde abide,  
But unto a wodde that was me fast by  
I went forthe my self alone boldily,  
And helde the way downe by a brokè fide,

Tyl I came to a launde of white and grene,  
So faire an one had I nevir in bene,  
The grounde was grene, ypoudrid with daifye,  
The flouris and the grevis alike hie,  
Al grene and white was nothing ellis fene.

There fate I downe among the faire flouris,  
And sawe the birdes trippe out of ther bowris,  
There as they restid 'hem had al the night,  
They were so joyful of the day's lyght,  
They began of Maye for to done honouris.

They couidin wel that service al by rote,  
And there was many a full lovely note,  
Some songin loude as they had yplained,  
And some in othir manir voice yfained,  
And some songin al out with the ful throte.

They proynid 'hem, and madin 'hem right gay,  
And daunfidin, and leptin on the spray,  
And evirmore were two and two in fere,  
Right so as they had chosin 'hem to yere,  
In Feverere on saint Valentine's day.

And the rivir whiche that I sat upon,  
It madin soche a noise, as it ron,  
Accordaunt with the birdis armony,  
Me thought that it was the best melody  
That mightin ben yherde of any mon.

And for delyte, I ne wotte nevir howe,  
I fel in soche a slombre and a fwowe,  
Nat al aslepe, ne fully awaking,  
And in that fwowe me thought I herdè finge,  
The fory birde, I mene the leude Cuckowe.

And that was upon a tre right fast by,  
But who was than evil apaide but I?  
Now God (qð I) that dyid on the crois,  
Yeve sorowe on The, and on thy leude vois,  
Ful litil joye have I now of thy cric.

And as I with the Cuckow thus gan chide,  
I herdin in the nextè bush beside  
A Nyghtingale so lustily yfinge,  
That with her clerè voice she madin ringe,  
Ecchoing thorough al the grene wode wide.

Ah! gode swete Nightingale (qð I) then,  
A litil hast thou ben to longè hen,  
For here hath ben the leude fory Cuckow,  
And songin songis rathir than hast thou,  
I pray to God that evil fire her bren.

But now I wol you tel a wondre thing,  
As longe as I ylay in that fwouning  
Me though I wiit what that the birdis ment,  
And what they fayd, and what was ther entent,  
And of ther speche I had full gode knowing. 110

50 There herdin I the Nightingale yfay,  
Now gode Cuckow goith some where awaye,  
And let us that can singin dwellin here,  
For every wight eschevith The to here,  
Thy songis ben so elenge in gode fay.

What (qð she) what may The aylin as nowè?  
It thinkith me, I finge as wel as thou,  
For my songè is both true and eke plaine,  
And though I can not crakil so in vaine  
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot ner how. 120

60 And every wight may understandin me,  
But, Nightingale, so may they not done The,  
For thou hast many a nice queintè crie,  
I have The herdè faine, ocy, ocy,  
Howe might I knowin what that should ybe?

Ah fole (qð she) wolt thou not what it is?  
Whan that I fay, ocy ocy ywys  
Than menin I that I would wondre faine,  
That al they werin shamfully yflaine,  
That menin ought against love amis. 130

90 And also' I would that al tho had the dede,  
That thinkin not in love ther life to lede.  
For who so wol not the God of love serve,  
I dare wel say he is worthy to sterve,  
And for that skil, ocy ocy I grede.

Eye (qð the Cuckow) this is a queint lawe,  
That every wight shal love or be to draw,  
But I forfakin al soche company,  
For myne entent ne is not for to die,  
Ne ner while I live on love's yoke to draw. 140

80 For lovirs ben the folke that ben on lyve  
That most disese yhave, and most unthrive,  
And most endurin sorow, wo and care,  
And that the lest yfelin of welfare,  
What nedith it ayenist trowth to strive?

What (qð she) thou art alle out of thy minde,  
How might thou in thy churlinesse yfynde  
To speke of lov's servautes in this wise?  
For in this world is none so gode service,  
To every wight that gentle is of kinde. 150

90 For therof truly comith al godenesse,  
Therof al honour and al gentilnesse,  
Thereof worship, ese, and al hert's lust,  
And parfite joye, and ful aslurid trust,  
And jolytie, and plesaunce and freshenesse.

And lowlyhed, largesse, and curtisye,  
And semelyhed, and trew company,  
And drede of shamè for to done amys,  
For he that truly lov's servaunt is  
Were lothir to be shamid than to die. 160

100 And that thys is the sothe whiche that I sey,  
In that beleve I wil bothe live and dey,  
And, Cuckow, so I rede thou do ywys.  
Than (qð he) let me nevir havin blisse,  
Yf evir I to that counsaile obey.

Nyghtingale, thou yspekist wondre faire,  
But for al that is the soth contrayre,



For love ne is in yongè folke but rage,  
And is in oldè folke a grete dorage,  
Who most it usith he most shal enpaire.

170

For therof commeth disese and hevinessè,  
So sorow' and care and many' a grete sikenessè,  
Despite, debate, and angre, and envy,  
Depraving, shame, untrust and jelousie,  
Pride, mischefe, povertie and wodenessè.

Loving is aye an office of dispaire,  
And one thing is therin that is not faire,  
For who that getteth of love a litil blisse,  
But if he be alwaie therewith iwis,  
He maie full sone of age yhave his haire.

180

And Nightingalè therefore hold The nie,  
For leve me well, for all thy queintè crie,  
If thou be ferre or longè fro thy make,  
Thou shalt be as othir that ben forsake,  
And then thou shalt yhotin as do I.

Fie (qð she) on thy namè and on The,  
The God of Love ne let The nevir the,  
For thou art worse a thousandfolde than wode,  
For many' one is full worthie and full gode,  
That had be naught ne haddin love ibee.

190

For evirmore love his servauntes amendeth,  
And from all evill tachis 'hem defendeth,  
And makith 'hem to brenne right in a fire,  
In trouthe and in worshipfull desire,  
And when him likith, joy inough 'hem sendeth.

Thou Nightingalè he sayid, be still,  
For love have no reson, but it is will,  
For oft tymis untrue folke he esith  
And true folke so bittirly displeisith,  
That for defaute of courage he let' hem spill.

200

Then toke I of the Nightingalè kepe,  
How that she cast a sigh out of her depe,  
And saied, alas that evir I was bore!  
I can for tene not saie one wordè more,  
And right with that worde she braist out to wepe.

Alas (qð she) my hertè woll to breke,  
To herin thus this leude birde speke  
Of love, and of his worshipfull service,  
Now God of love, thou helpe me in some wise,  
That I maie on this Cuckowe ben awreke.

210

Me thoughtin then that he sterte up anon,  
And glad was I tho that he was agon,  
And evirmore the Cuckowe as he slaie  
Ysayid farewell, farewell Poppingaie,  
As though he had yscornid me alone.

And then ycame the Nightingale to me,  
And sayid, frende, forsoth I thankè The,  
That thou hast likid me for to rescowe  
And one avowe to love ymake I now,  
That all this Maie I woll thy singir be.

220

I thankid her, and was right well apaied,  
Ye (qð she) and ne be thou not dismaied,  
Tho thou have herd the Cuckow erst than me,  
For if I live it shall amendid be,  
The nextè Maie, if I be not affraied.

And one thing I woll redin The also,  
Ne lve thou not the Cuckow ne' his loves so,  
For all that he hath saied is strong lesyng;  
Naie (qð I) thereto shall nothing me bryng,

For love and it hath do me mochiil wo. 230

Ye hath it? use (qð she) this medicine,  
Every daie this Maie or that thou d ine  
Go lokin upon the freshe Daïsie,  
And though thou be for woe in point to die,  
That shall full gretly lessen The of thy pine:

And loke alwaie that thou be gode and true,  
And I woll sing one of the songis newe,  
For love of The, as loude as I maie crie,  
And then she began this songè full hie,  
I shrewe all 'hem that ben of love untrue

240

And when she had ysong it to the ende,  
Now farewell (qð she) for I mote wende,  
And God of love, that can right well and may,  
As mochiil joyè sendè The this daie,  
As any yet lovir he evir sende.

Thus taketh the Nightingale her leve of me,  
I praie to God alwaie with her to be,  
And joye of love he sende her evirmore,  
And shilde us fro the Cuckowe and his lore,  
For there is not so false a birde as he.

250

Forthè she yflewè the gentill Nightingale  
To all the birdis that were in that dale  
And gate 'nem all into a place in fere,  
And besoughtin 'hem that they wouldin here,  
Her disese, and thus she began her tale.

The Cuckowe, well it is not for to hide,  
How the Cuckowe and I tall havin chide  
Evir sithin that it ywas daie light,  
I praie you all that ye doin me right  
Of that foule and false and unkindè bride.

260

Then speke o birde for all by one assent,  
This mattir askith gode avisement,  
For we ben allè birdis here in fere,  
And sothe it is, the Cuckowe is not here,  
And therefore we woll have a parliment.

And thereat shall the Egle be our Lorde,  
And othir peris that ben of recorde,  
And the Cuckowe shall be astir ysent,  
And there shall be yevin the judgement,  
Or els we shall finally make accorde.

270

And this shall be ydone withoutin naie  
The morowe astir saint Valentine's daie,  
Undir a Maple that is faire and grene,  
Before the chambir windowe of the quene,  
At Wodestocke upon the grenè laie.

She thankid 'hem, and then her levè toke,  
And siew into an Hawthorne by that broke,  
And there she sate and song upon that tre,  
For terme of life love hath withholdè me,  
So loudè, that I with that song awoke.

280

*Explicit.*

○ Leude boke with thy foule rudenessè,  
Sithè thou hast neither beautie ne' eloquence,  
Who hath The caused or yeve The hardinessè  
For to appere in my Ladie's presence,  
I am ful likir thou knowest her benivolence,  
Full agreable to all her abiyng,  
For of all gode she is the best livyng.

Alas that thou ne haddist worthinessè



To shewin to her some plesaunt sentence  
 Sith that she hath thorough her gentillesse 290  
 Acceptid The servaunt to' her digne reve'rence!  
 O! me repentith that I ne' had science  
 And leisir als, to make The more florishyng,  
 For of all gode she is the best livyng.

Beseche her mekely with all lowlinesse,  
 Though that I be ferre from her in absence,  
 To thinke on my trouth to' her and stedfastnesse,  
 And to' abridge of my sorowes the vio'lence,  
 Which caused is, wherof knowith your sapience,

She like emong to notifie me' her liking, 300  
 For of all gode she is the best living.

*L'envoye.*

A Urore of gladnesse, daie of lustinesse,  
 Lucerne anight with hevenlie influence  
 Illumined, rote of beautie and godenesse,  
 Suspiris, whiche I effunde in silence  
 Of grace I beseche aledge let your writyng,  
 Now of all gode sith ye be best livyng.

*Explicit.*

## SCOGAN, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's House

Here followeth a Moral Ballad to the Prince, to the D. of *Clarence*, the D. of *Bedford*, the D. of *Glocester*, the King's Son, by *Henry Scogan*, at a Supper among the Merchants in the Vintry at *London*, in the House of *Lewis John*.

**M**Y noble sonnes and eke my lordis dere,  
 I your fathir callid unworthilie,  
 Sende unto you this litil tretise here,  
 Writtin with mine owne hand full rudilie,  
 Although it be that I not reverentlie  
 Have written to your estatys, I you prais  
 Myne unconnyng takith benignelic  
 For Godd's sake, and herkin what I saie.

I complain fore when I remembre me  
 The sodain age that is upon me fall,  
 But more complain my mispent juventure  
 The whiche is impossible ayen to call,  
 But certainly the mosse complaint of all  
 Is to thinke that I have be so nice  
 That I ne wouldin vertues to me call,  
 In all my youth, but vices aie cherice.

Of whiche I askè mercie of The, Lorde,  
 That art Almighty God in majestie,  
 Besekyng to make so evin accorde  
 Betwixt The and my soule, that vanitie,  
 Ne worldlie lust, ne blinde prosperitie  
 Have no lordship ovir my fleshe to frele,  
 Thou Lorde of reste and perfite unitie  
 Put fro me vice, and kepe my soule in helle.

And yeve me might, while I have life and space,  
 Me to confirme fully to thy plesaunce,  
 Shewe to me the abundaunce of thy grace,  
 And in gode werkes graunt me perseveraunce,  
 Of all my youth forget the ignoraunce,  
 Yeve me gode will to serve The aie to queme, 30  
 Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,  
 And able me to mercie or thou deme.

My lordis dere, why I this complaint write  
 To you whom that I love most entirely,  
 Is for to warne you as I can endite  
 That tyme losse in youthhed folily  
 Grevith a wight bodily and ghostly,  
 I mene hym that to luste and vice entende,  
 Wherefore, lordis, I prais you specially, 40

Your youth in vertue shapith to dispende. 40

Plantith the rote of youth in soche a wise,  
 That in vertue your growyng be alwaie,  
 Loke alwaie godenesse be your exercise,  
 That shall you mightie make at eche assaie,  
 The fende to withstandin at eche affraie,  
 Passith wisely this perillous pilgrimage,  
 Thinke on this worde, and werke it every daie,  
 That shall you yeve a parsite flourid age.

Taketh also hede how that these noble clerkes  
 Writin in ther bokes of grete sapience, 50  
 Saiyng that faith is ded withoutin werkes,  
 And right so is estate with negligence  
 Of vertue, and therefore with diligence  
 Shapith of vertue so to plante the rote  
 That ye thereof have full experience,  
 To worship of your life and soul's bore.

Taketh also hede that lordship ne estate  
 Withoutin vertue maie not long endure, 20  
 Thinketh eke how vice and vertue at debate  
 Have ben and shal while that the worlde maie dure,  
 And evir the vicious by avinture  
 Is ovirbrowe, and thinkith evirmore  
 That God is Lorde of all vertue, and figure  
 Of all godenesse, therfore folowe his lore.

My maistir Chaucer, God his soulè save,  
 That in his langage was so curious,  
 He said the fathir whiche is ded and grave  
 Biqueth nothing his vertue with his hous  
 To his childrin, and therefore labourous  
 Ought ye to be, besekyng God of grace 70  
 To yeve you might for to be vertuous,  
 Thro whiche ye mightin have parte of his place.

Here maie ye se that vertuous noblesse  
 Cometh not to you by waie of auncestrie,  
 But it comith by lesfull businesse  
 Of honest life, and not by slogardrie,  
 Wherefore in youth I rede you edifie

The



The house of vertue in soche a manere,  
That in your age it maie you kepe and gie  
Fro the tempest of world's wawis here. 80

Thinkith how betwixe vertue and estate  
There is a parsite blessid Mariage,  
Vertue is cause of pece, vice of debate,  
In manne's soule, the which be full of corage,  
Cherishith then vertue, vice to outrage,  
Driveth it away, let it have no wonning  
In your soules lesich not the heritage,  
Whiche God hath yeve to vertuous living.

Take hede also how men of pore degre  
Through vertue have be fet in gret honour, 90  
And evir lived in grete prosperitie,  
Through cherishyng of vertuous labour,  
Thinkith also how many a govirnour,  
Callid to estate hath be fet full lowe,  
Through misusyng of right, and of errour,  
Therefore I counsaile you vertue to know.

By your auncestirs ye maie nothing claime,  
As that my maistir Chaucer saith expresse,  
But tempo'ral thing, that men may hurt or maime;  
Then is God stocke of vertuous noblesse, 100  
And sihe that he is lorde of blissidnesse,  
And made us all, and for us all ydeide,  
Folowe' hym in vertue with full businesse,  
And of this thing herke how my maistir seide:

The first stocke the fathir of gentilnesse,  
What man that claimeth gentill for to be,  
Must folowe' his trace, and all his wittis dresse  
Vertue to love, and viciis for to fle,  
For unto vertue longith dignitie,  
And not the revers safely dare I deme, 110  
All were he mitre, croune, or diademe.

The firste stocke was full of rightwisenesse,  
True of his worde, sobre, pitous, and fre,  
Clene of his ghost, and lovid businesse,  
Ayenst the vice of sloth in honeste,  
And but his heire love vertue as did he,  
He is not gentill though he richè seme,  
All were he mitre, croune, or diademe.

Vicè maie be an heire to olde richesse, 120  
But there maie no man, as all men maie se,  
Biqueth his heire his vertuous noblesse,  
That is appropriated unto no degre,  
But to the first fathir of Majestie,  
That maketh his heiris hem that can him queme,  
All were he mitre, croune, or diademe.

Lo here this noble Poete of Britaine,  
How lightlie he in vertuous sentence  
The losse on youth of vertue can complain!  
Therefore I praie you with your diligence, 130  
For your profite and Godd's reverence,  
Tempirith fully vertue in your mynde,  
That when ye come to your judg's presence,  
Ye be not founde vertulesse then behinde.

Many lordes have a manir now adaies,  
Though one shewe hym a vertuous matter,  
Ther fervent youth is of so false alaies,  
That of that arte thei have no joye to here,  
But as a ship that is without a stere,  
Drivith up and down without govirnaunce, 140  
Wenyng that calme would lastin yere by yere,  
Right so fare thei for very ignoraunce.

For verie shame knowin thei not by reton,

That afir an eb cometh a fode ful rage?  
In the same wise when yourh passith his seson,  
Cometh crokid, and unweldie pallid age,  
And sone after the Kalendes of dotage,  
And if her youth have no vertue provided,  
All men woll saie sic on ther vailalage,  
Thus hath ther sloth fro worthip hem divided.

Boecius, as men may rede and se,  
Saith in his boke of Consolacion,  
What man desirith of Vine or of tre,  
Plenteous fruct in the repyng seson,  
Must er escue to doe oppression  
Unto the rote, while it is yong and grene;  
Thus maie ye se well by that inclusion,  
That youth vertulesse doith mochil tene.

Seeth there ayenst how vertuous noblenesse  
Rotid in youth with gode perseveraunce 160  
Drivith awaie all vice and wretchidnesse,  
As slogardie, and riote, and distaunce,  
Seeth eke how vertue causith sustaunce,  
Seeth eke how vertue voidith alle vice,  
And who so hath vertue hath all habundaunce  
Of wele, as ferre as reton can devile

Taketh hede of Tullius Hostilius,  
That fro povertè came to high degre,  
Through vertue, redith eke of Julius  
The conquerour, how pore a man was he, 170  
Yet through his vertue and his humilite  
Many countrey had he in govirnaunce;  
Thus vertue bringeth a man to gret degre,  
Eche wight that lust to do hym entendaunce

Rede here ayenst of Nero vertules,  
Takith hede also of proude Belthasare,  
Thei hatid vertue, equite and pefe,  
And loke how Antiochus fill fro his chare,  
That he his skin and bonis all to rare,  
Loke what mischaunce thei had for ther viciis,  
Who so woll not by these signis beware,  
I dare well saie infortunate and nice is.

I can no more now saie, hereby ye se  
How vertue causith perlitte sikennesse,  
And viciis exilen all prosperite,  
The best is eche man to chose as I gesse,  
Doeth as you list, I me excuse expresse,  
I would be right sorie if ye mischese,  
God confirme you in vertuous noblesse,  
So that through negligence ye not it lese. 190

*Explicit.*

Somtyne the worlde so stedfast was and stable,  
That manne's worde was an obligacioun,  
And now it is so false and discevable,  
That worde and dede as in conclusioun  
Is nothyng like, for tourned is up so down  
All the worlde, thorough mede and fikilnesse,  
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

What maketh the worlde to be so variable  
But lust that men have in disencion?  
For emong us a man is holde unable, 200  
But if he can by some collusion  
Doe his neighbour wrong and oppression:  
What causith this but wilfull wretchidnesse?  
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse

Trouthe is put doune, reton is holde fable,  
Vertue hath now no domination,  
Pitie is exiled no man is merciabile,  
Throug



Through covetise is blente discrecion,  
The worlde hath made a permutacion  
Fro right to wrong, fro trouthe to fikilnesse, 210  
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

*L'envoie.*

Prince aye desire to be honourable,  
Cherishe thy folke, and hate extorcion,  
Suffre nothyng that maie be reprovabie  
To thine estate doen in thy region,  
Shewe forth the yerde of castigacion,  
Drede God, do law, love treuth and worthines,  
And wedde thy folke ayen to stedfastnesse.

*Explicit.*



Gode counsaile of Chaucer.

**F**lie fro the prefe and dwell with sothfastnesse,  
Suffise unto thy gode though it be small, 220

For horde hath hate, and climbyng tikilnesse,  
Prece hath envie, and wele it brent oer all,  
Savour no more then The behovin shall,  
Rede well thy self, that othir folke canst rede,  
And trouthe The shall delivir it 'is no drede.

Paine The not eche crokid to redresse,  
In trust of her that tournith as a balle,  
Grete rest standith in litil businesse,  
Beware also to spurne again a nalle,  
Strive not as doith a crocke with a walle,  
Demith thy self that demist othir's dede,  
And trouthe The shall deliver it 'is no drede.

That The is sent receve in buxomenesse;  
The wrastring of this worlde askith a fall;  
Here is no home, here is but wildirnesse,  
Forthe pilgrim, forthe o best out of thy stall,  
Loke up on high, and thanke thy God of all,  
Weivith thy luste and let thy ghost The lede,  
And trouthe The shall delivir, it 'is no drede.

*Explicit.*



### Balade of the village without paintyng.

Plaintife to Fortune.

**H**is wretchid world's transmutacion  
As wele and wo, nowe pore, and now  
honour,  
Without ordir or due discrecion  
Govirnid is by fortun's errour,  
But nathelesse the lacke of her favour  
Ne maie not doe me syng though that I die,  
*J'ay tout perdu, mon temps & mon labour*  
For finally fortune I doe desie.

Yet is me left the sight of my resoun  
To knowin frende fro foe in thy mirrour, 10  
So moche hath yet thy tournyng up and down,  
Itaughtin me to knowin in an hour,  
But truly no force of thy reddour  
To hym that ovir hymself hath maistrice,  
My suffisaunce yshal be my succour,  
For finally fortune I do desie.

O Socrates, thou stedfast champion,  
She ne might never be thy turmentour,  
Thou never dreddist her oppression, 20  
Ne in her chere foundin thou no favour,  
Thou knewe wele the disceipt of her colour,  
And that her moste worship is for to lie,  
I knowe her eke a false dissimulour,  
For finally fortune I do desie:

The answere of Fortune.

No man is wretchid but hymself it wene,  
He that yhath hymself hath suffisaunce,  
Why saiest thou then I am to The so kene,  
That hast thy self out of my govirnaunce?  
Saie thus graunt mercie of thin habundaunce,  
That thou hast lent or this, thou shalt not strive,  
What wost thou yet how I The woll avaunce?  
And eke thou hast thy beste frende alive.

I have The taught division betwene  
Frende of effeete, and frende of countinaunce,  
The nedith not the galle of an Hine,  
That curith eyin derke for ther penaunce,  
Now seest thou clere that wer in ignorance,  
Yet holt thine anker, and thou maiest arive  
There bountie bereth the key of my substaunce, 40  
And eke thou haste thy beste frende alive.

How many have I refused to sustene,  
Sith I have The fostrid in thy plesaunce?  
Wolt thou then make a statute on thy quene,  
That I shall be aie at thine ordinaunce?  
Thou born art in my reign of variaunce, 10  
About the whele with othir must thou drive  
My lore is bet, then wicke is thy grevaunce,  
And eke thou hast thy beste frende alive.

The answere to Fortune.

Thy lore I dampne, it is adversitie,  
My frend maist thou not revin blind goddesse, 50  
That I thy frendis knowe I thanke it The,  
Take 'hem again, let 'hem go lie a presse,  
The nigardis in kepyng ther richesse  
Pronostike is thou wolt ther toure assaile,  
Wicke appetite cometh aie before sickenesse,  
In generail this rule ne maie not faile.

Fortune.

Thou pinchist at my mutabilitie,  
For I The lent a droppe of my richesse,  
And now me likith to withdrawin me, 60  
Why shouldist thou my roialtie oppresse?  
The Se maie ebbe and flowin more and lesse,  
The welkin hath might to shine, rain, and haile,  
Right so must I kithin my brotilnesse,  
In generail this rule ne maie not faile.

The



The Plaintiffe.

Lo, the' execution of the majestie,  
That all purveighith of his rightwisenesse,  
That same thyng fortune yclepin ye,  
Ye blindè bestis full of leudenes!  
The heven hath propirtie of sikirness,  
This worldè hath evir restlesse travaile,  
The last daie is the ende of myne entresse,  
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

Th' envoye of Fortune.

Princes I praie you of your gentilesse,  
Let not this man and me thus crie and plain,  
And I shall quitin you this businesse,  
And if ye liste releve hym of his pain,  
Praie ye his best frende of his noblenesse  
That to some bettir state he maie attain.

L'envoye.

**T**O brokin ben the statutes hie in heven,  
That create were eternally t' endure,  
Sith that I fe the brightè Goddis seven  
Mowe wepe and waile and passion endure,  
As maie in yerth a mortall creature,  
Alas fro whenis maie this thyng procede  
Of whiche errour I die almoste for drede!

By words eterne whilom was it yshape,  
That fro the fifth circle in no manere  
Ne might of teris nothing doune escape,  
But now so wepith Venus in her sphere,  
That with her teris she woll drench us here,  
Alas Scogan! this is for thine offence,  
Thou causist this deluge of pestilence.

Hast thou not saied in blasfeme of the goddis,  
Through pride, or thorough thy gret rekilnes,  
Soche thinges as in the law of love forbode is,  
That for thy ladie sawe not thy distresse?  
Therefore thou yave her up at Mighelmesse?  
Alas Scogan! of oldè folke ne yong  
Was nevir erst Scogan blamed for his tong.

Thou drewe in scorne Cupide eke to recorde 100  
Of thilkè rebell worde that thou hast spoken,  
For whiche he wol no lengir be thy Lorde,  
And Scogan, though his bowe be not ybroken,  
He woll not with his arowes be iwroken,  
On thee ne me, ne none of our figure,  
We shall of hym have neithir hurte ne cure.

Now certis frende, I drede of thine unhappe,  
Lest for thy gilte the wreche of love procede  
On all 'hem that ben hore and round of shap,  
That be so likely folkè for to spede, 110  
Then we shall of our labour have our mede,  
But well I wot thou wolt answere and saie,  
Lo oldè Grifill list to renne and plaie.

Naie Scogan saie not so, for I me' excuse,  
God helpe me so in no rime doutles  
Ne thinke I nevir of slepe wake my muse,  
That rustith in my sheth still and in pese,  
While I was yong I put her forthe in prese,  
But al shall passin that men prose or rime, 120  
That every man his tourne as for his tyme.

Scogan, thou knelist at the strem'is hedde  
Of grace, of honour, and of worthinesse,  
In the ende of whiche I am dull as dedde,  
Forgotten in solitarie wildirnesse,

Yet Scogan thinke on Tullius kindenesse,  
Mynd thy frende there it maie fructifie,  
Farwell, and loke thou ner est love desie.  
*Explicit.*

**G**O forthe kyng, and rule The by Sapience,  
Bishoppe, be able to minillir doctrine, 130  
Lorde to true counsaie yeve thou audience,  
Womanhode, to chastitie er encline,  
Knight let thy dedis worship determine,  
Be rightous, Judge, in sayng of thy name,  
Rich, do almoise, lest thou lese blisse with shame.

Peple obei your kyng and eke the lawe,  
Age, be rulid by gode religion,  
True servaunt, be dredfull kepe the' undir awe,  
And thou povir, fie on presumption,  
Inobedience to youth is uttir destruccion,  
Remembr you how God hath set you, lo! 140  
And doe your parte as ye be ordained to.

~~~~~  
80 Chaucer to his empty purse.

**T**O you my purse and to none othir wight  
Complain I, for ye be my ladie dere,  
I am sorie now that ye be so light,  
For certis ye now make me hevie chere,  
Me were as lese be laide upon a bere,  
For whiche unto your mercy thus I crie,  
Be hevie againe, or els mote I die.

Nowe vouchsafin this day or it be night 90  
That I of you the blisful sowne may here, 150  
Or se your colour lyke the sonne bright,  
That of yelownesse ne had nevir pere,  
Ye be my life, ye be my hert'is flere,  
Queene of comfort, and of gode companye,  
Be hevie againe, or els mote I die.

Nowe purse, that art to me my lyv'is light,  
And favyour, as downe in this worlde here,  
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,  
Sithin that you wol not be my tresoure, 160  
For I am shawe as nighe as any here,  
But I prayn unto your curtyse,  
Be hevie againe, or els mote I die

*Explicit.*

Chaucer unto the kinge.

O conquèrour of Brut'is Albien,  
Whiche that by lyne and tre eleccion  
Ben very kinge this unto you I sende,  
And ye whiche that may al harmis amende  
Have minde upon my supplication.  
*Explicit.*

~~~~~  
A Balade of gode counsaie translated out of la-  
tin versès into Engluhe, by dan Ihon Lidgat  
cleped the monke of Bure.

**C**Onsydir well every circumstance,  
Of what estate soever thou ybe,  
Or riche, or stronge, or mighty' of puissance,  
Prudent or wyse, or discret, or bely,  
The dome of folkes in soth thou may nat sie,  
What evir thou doist trustith wel this,  
A wikkid tonge wol alway deme unwey.



For in thy porte, or in thine appaile  
If thou be cladde and honestly be faine,  
Anone the peple of malice wol not faile  
Without advice or reson for to faine,  
That thin array is made or wrought in vain,  
Suffre hem speke, and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

Thou wil to kingis be equipolent,  
With grete lordis evin and peregal;  
And if thou be to torne and al to rent,  
Than wol they say, and jangle ovir al,  
Thou art a hogarde that never thrive shal,  
Suffre hem speke, and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

If it befallin that thou take a wife,  
They wollin falsly say in ther entent,  
Thou art likely evir to lyve in strife,  
Voide of al rest, without aledgement,  
Wivis ben mailtris, this is ther judgement,  
Suffrin al ther speche, and trust right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme ami.*

If thou be faire and exce'llent of beaute,  
Yet wol they say that thou art amorous,  
If thou be foule and ugle on to se,  
They wol asfirme that thou art vicious,  
The peple of langage is so dispitous,  
Suffre al ther speche, and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

If so be that of holie parfitenesse  
Thou hast vowid to live in chastite,  
Than wollin folke of thy persone expresse,  
Thou art impotent t' engendre in thy degre,  
And thus wher thou be chaste or deslavia,  
Suffre hem speke, and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

If thou be fattere, othir corpulent,  
Than woll thei say thou art a grete gloton,  
A devourir, or ellis vinolent,  
Yf thou be lene or megre of fashion,  
Cal The a nygarde in ther opinion,  
Suffre them speke, and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

If thou be riche, some wol yeve The laude  
And say it cometh of prudent govirnaunce,  
And some wol sain that it comith of fraude,  
Othir by sleight, or false chevisaunce,  
To sain the worst folke have so gret plesaunce,  
What? Suffre hem say, and trust right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

If thou be sadde or sobre of countinaunce,  
Men wollin sayn thou thinkist some trefon,  
And if that thou be gladde of daliaunce,  
Men wollin deme it desolucion,  
And callin faire speche adulacion,  
Yet let him speke, and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

Who that is holy by perfeccion,  
Men of malice wol clip him ypocrite,  
And who is mery of clene entencion  
Men sain in riot he doth hym delite,  
Some mourne in black, some lovin clothis white,  
Suffre men speke, and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

Honest araie men deme it pompe and pride,  
And who goeth pore, men cal him a wastir,

And who goeth stil men marke him on the syde,  
Seine that he is a spie or agilir,  
Who wastith not men sain he hath trefoure,  
Wherof conclude and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

Who spekith moche men clepith him prudent,  
Who that debateth, men sain that he is hardie,  
And who saith litil with grete sentement,  
Some folke yet wollin wite him of folie,  
Trowth is put downe, and up goth flattiry,  
And who list plainly knowe the cause of this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

For though a man ywere as pacient,  
As was David throw his humilitè,  
Or with Salomon in wisdome as prudent,  
Or in knighthode egale with Josue,  
Or manly proved, as Judas Machabe,  
Yet for al that ytrustith right wel this  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

And though a man yhad the grete prowesse  
Of worthy Hector, Troy's champioun,  
The love of Troylus, or the kindnesse,  
Or of Caesar the famous high renoun,  
With al Alexaundir's dominacioun,  
Yet for al that ytrustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

Or thoughe a man of highe or lowe degre  
Of Tullius had the sugrid cloquence,  
Or of Seneca the moralite,  
Or of Caton the forsigth and providence,  
Conquest of Charles, Arrures magnificence,  
Yet for al that ytrustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

Touchyng women the parfit innocence  
Thoughe that they hade, of Hester the noblesse,  
Or of Grisilde the humble pacience,  
Or of Judith the previd stabilnesse,  
Or Polixene's virginal clennesse,  
Yet dare I seine, and trustith right wel this,  
*Some wickid tonge wol deme of them amis.*

The wisely trouthè of Penelope,  
Though they it had in ther possession,  
Helene's beaute, the kindnesse of Medee,  
The love unfained of Martia Caton,  
Or Alceste's most trewe affection,  
Yet dare I sain and trustith right wel this,  
*A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.*

Than sevirith it that no man maye eschewe  
The swerde of tonges, but it wil kerve and bite,  
Ful harde it is a man for to remewe,  
Out of ther daungir him for to acquite,  
Wo to the tongis that hem selfe delite  
To hinder or sclaunder, and set their study in  
this,  
And ther plesaunce to deme alwaye amis.

Moste noble princis, cherishers of vertue,  
Remembrith you of high discrecion,  
The first vertue moste plesing to Jesu,  
(By the writing and sentence of Caton)  
Is a gode tonge in his opinion,  
Chastice the reverse of wisdome do this  
Voideth your heringe from al that deme amis.



A Balade in the praise and commendation of  
Maister *Geffray Chaucer*, for his golden elo-  
quence.

**M**Aistir *Geffray Chaucer* that now lithe in grave,  
The noble Rhetoricien, and Poet of Grete  
Bretaine,

Worthy was the laurir of Poetry to' have,  
For this his labour, and the palme to' atteine,  
Whiche first ymade for to distil, and reine,  
The gold dewe dropes, of speche and eloquence  
Into English tong, through his excellence.

Explicit.

Here foloweth certaine Workes of *GFFRAY CHAUCER*, whiche hath not here-  
tofore been printed, and are gathered and added to this Book by *JHON*  
*STOWE*, Anno 1561.

A Balade made by *Chaucer*, teching what is  
gentilnes, or who is worthy to be caled  
gentil.

**T**HE firste stocke fathir of gentilnes,  
What man desirith gentill for to be,  
Must folowe' his trace, and all his wittis dres  
Vertue to love, and viciis for to fle,  
For unto vertue longith dignite,  
And not the revers sassy dare I deme,  
Al were he mitir, crowne or diademe.

This firste stocke was full of rightwisnes,  
Trewe of his worde, sobir, pitous, and fre, 150  
Clene of his goste, and lovid besinesse,  
Against the vice of slouth, in honeste,  
And but his eyre love vertue as did he;  
He is not gentyl though he richè seme,  
All were he mitir, crowne or diademe.

Vicè may wel be eyre to olde richesse,  
But ther may no man, as men may well se,  
Byquethe his eire his vertuous noblesse,  
That is appropriated unto no degre,  
But to the first fathir in majeste, 160  
That makith his eyre him that can him queme,  
Al were he mitir, crowne or diademe.

Explicit.

A Proverbe agaynst Covetise and Negligence.

**W**Hat shal thes clothes thus manifolde  
Lo this hote somirs daye!  
Aftir grete herè comith colde,  
No man caste his pilche awaye;  
Of al this world the large compasse  
Wil not in myne armes tweine.  
Who so mokil wol embrace.  
Lite therof shall distreine. 170

Explicit.

A Balade whiche *Chaucer* made against women  
unconstaunt.

**M**Adame, ye have for your newfanglenesse  
Many a servaunt put out of your grace  
I take my leve of your unstedfastnesse,  
For well I wote, while ye to live have space.

Ye can not love full halfe yere in a place,  
To new thingis, your luste is evere kene,  
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al grene.

Ryght as a mirour that nothing may' enpresse,  
But lightli as it cometh, so mote it passe,  
So fareth your love, your workis bereth witnes, 180  
Ther is no faithè may youre herte embrace,  
But as a weſ.cock, that turneth his face  
With every winde, ye fare, and that is sene,  
In sted of blew thus may ye were al grene.

Ye might be shrinid for your brotilnesse  
Bettir than *Dalila*, *Cresseide*, or *Candace*,  
For ever in chaunging stondeth your sikirnesse,  
That tatche may no wight from your hert arace,  
If ye lose one, ye can wel tweine purchace,  
Alight for somar, ye' wot wel what I mene, 190  
In stede of blew thus may ye were al grene.

Explicit.

Here foloweth a Balade whiche *Chaucer* made  
in the praise, or rather dispreise, of Women  
for ther doublenes.

**T**HIS world is full of variaunce  
In everye thinge who takith hede,  
That faithè and truste, and all constaunce  
Exilid ben, this is no drede,  
And save only in womanhed,  
I can yse no sikirnes,  
But for al that yet, as I rede,  
Beware alwaye of doublenes.

Al so that the freshe somir floures,  
The white and rede, the blewe and grene,  
Ben sodenly with wintir shours 200  
Made fente and fade, withoutin wene,  
That trust is none, as ye may sene,  
In no thing, nor no stedfastenes,  
Except in women, thus I mene,  
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The crokid Mone, this is no tale,  
Some while ishene, and bright of hewe,  
And aftir that, ful derke and pale,  
And every monith, chaungith newe,  
That who the veray sothe knew 210  
Al thinge is bilt on brotlenes,  
Save that women alwaye be trewe,  
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The



The lusty freshe sommirs daye,  
And Phœbus, with his bemis clere,  
Towardis night they drawe awaye,  
And non lengir list to appere,  
That in this presente life now here  
Nothinge abieth in his fairenes,  
Save women aye be found intere,  
And devoide of alle doublenes.

220

The Se eke with his sternè waves,  
Eche daye yflowith new againe,  
And by the concours of his lawes  
The ebbe yflowith in certeine,  
Aftir grete drought there cometh a raine,  
That farewell here al stabilnes,  
Save that women be whole and pleine,  
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

Fortune's whele goith round aboute  
A thousand timis daye and nighte,  
Whose cours standith evir in doute  
For to transnew, she is so lighte,  
For whiche advertith in your sight  
The' untrust of worldely fikilnes  
Save women, whiche of kindly right  
Ne hath no teche of doublenes.

230

What man ymay the wind restraine,  
Or holdin a snake by the taile,  
Who may a flippir elle constreine  
That it will voide, withoutin faile,  
Or who can drivin so a naile  
To make suere newfongilnes,  
Save women that can gie ther faile  
To row ther bote with doublenes.

240

At every haven they can arive  
Wher as they wote, is gode passage,  
Of innocence they can not strive  
With wawis, nor no rockis rage,  
So happy is ther lodemanage,  
With nedle' and stone ther cours to dresse,  
That Salomon was not so sage  
To finde in them no doublenes.

250

Therefore who so doth them accuse  
Of any double entencion,  
To speke rowne, othir to muse,  
To pinch at ther condicion,  
All is but false collusion,  
I dare right wel the sothe expresse,  
They have no bettir protection  
But shroud them undir doublenes.

260

So wel fortunid is ther chaunce,  
The dice to turnin uppe so doune,  
With fise and fincke they can avaunce,  
And than, by revolucioun,  
They set a fel conclusioun  
Of lombis, as in sothefastnes,  
Though clerkis makin mencionioun  
Ther kinde is fret with doublenes.

Sampson yhad experience  
That women were ful trew ifound,  
Whan Dalila, of innocence  
With shieris gan his here to round,  
To speke also of Rosamonde,  
And Cleopatri's feithfulnes,  
The stories plainly wil confounde  
Men that apeche ther doublenes.

270

Single thinge ne is not ypraised,  
Nor of olde is of no renoun,

In balaunce whan they be ypeised, 280  
For lacke of waighte they be bore doune,  
And for this cause of juste refoun  
These women al of rightwisenes  
Of chois and fre electioun  
Most love eschaunge and doublenes.

L'envoye.

O Ye women whiche ben enclined  
By influence of your nature  
To ben as pure as golde yfined,  
And in your trowth for to endure,  
Armith your selfe in strong armure, 290  
Lest men assaile your sikirnes,  
Set on your brest, your self to' assure,  
A mightie shelde of doublenes.

Explicit.



This Worke folowinge was compiled by  
Chaucer, and is caled the Craft of Lovers.

MOral is a symylytude, who list ther balades  
fewe,  
The craft of lovirs curious arguments,  
For som bin false and som ben foundin trewe,  
And som bin double of entendements,  
Thus lovirs with ther moral documents,  
And elo'quent langage can examplifye 300  
The craft of love what it doth signifie.

Who list unto this Balades have inspeccion,  
Thinke that lov'is lordshipis excellent  
Is remedy for disese and correccion  
To woful herte and body impotent,  
Suppose the maker that he be negligente 250  
In his compilinge, holde him excusable,  
Because his spi'rites be sory' and lamentable.

Soverain lady, surmounting your nobles,  
O' intenuate Jenipre' and daisi delicious, 310  
My trust, mine helth, my cordial foundresse,  
O medi'cine sanatise to sores lango'rous,  
Comfortable cature of lovirs amo'rous,  
O' excellent herbir of lovely countinaunce,  
Registir my love in your remembraunce.

Certis, sir, your ypeintid eloquence,  
So gay, so freshe, and eke so talcatife,  
It doth transcende the wit of dame Prudence,  
For to declare your thought, or to discrive  
So gloriously glad langage ye contrive, 320  
Of your conseite, your thought and your entente  
I wil be ware for drede or I be shent.

O rubi'cunde Rose, and white as the lyly,  
Clari'fied Christal of worldly portraiture,  
O Courfin figure, resplendent with glory,  
Geme of beaute', o Carbouncle shining pure,  
Your fairnes exceedeth the craft of nature,  
Most womanli your lovely countinaunce,  
Registir my love in your remembraunce.

What availeth, sir, your proclamacion 330  
Of curious talking, not touching sadnes,  
It is but winde, flatering and adulation,  
Imefurable thought of worldly wildnes,  
Whiche is chief cause of gostly feblenes,

Your



Your wil, your thought, your double entendement  
I wil beware of drede; or I be shent.

My witte, my thought, and myne entencion;  
Is for to plesse you my lady soveraine,  
And for your love throw many a region  
I would be' exiled, so ye wold not disdein 340  
To have pity on me, when I compleine,  
In wele and wo to suffre perturbatione,  
So that ye wol have me in remembraunce.

What is your wil plainly ye doe expresse,  
That maketh this curious supplicacion,  
Sey on fir on hertely tendirnesse,  
Beth wel advised of veine delectacion,  
At beginning think on the terminacion,  
Passe not your boundes, be not to negligente,  
And er beware for dred or ye be shente. 350

Your behaving, beaute, and countinaunce,  
Maketh me encline to do you reverence,  
Your lovely loking, glorious govirnaunce,  
Oercometh my spirites, my wit, and prudence,  
Some drop of grace, of your magnificence  
Unto your servaunt ye shewe attendaunce  
And register my love in your remembraunce.

O comberous thought of manne's fragilite,  
O fervente wil of lustis furious,  
O cruel corage causinge adversite, 360  
Of women corrupcion, and contrariouse,  
Remembir man that change is perilous,  
To breke the' virginite of virgines innocente,  
Wherfore beware mankinde or thou be shent.

My peine is prevy' impossible to' deserne,  
My lamentabel thoughtes by casting mourninge,  
O general Juge Jesu sitting superne,  
Graciously converte the love of my swete thing,  
O' amiable lady gracious and benigne,  
I put me wholly in your govirnaunce, 370  
Exile me not out of your remembraunce.

Me semeth by langage ye be some potestate,  
Or els som curious glosir discevable,  
What is your name mekely I make regrate,  
Or of what science or craft commendable,  
I' am a lady' excellent, and honorable,  
He must be gay that should be to' min entente,  
Wherfore I wil be ware or I be shent.

Lorde God, this is a sharpe examinacion  
Of her that is most in my memorie, 380  
Unto you lady' I make certification,  
My name' is trew love of carnal desidery,  
Of manne's copulacion the veye exemplary,  
Which am one of your servautes of plesaunce,  
I must be chese callid to remembraunce.

I have sought true love of yeres gret proces,  
Yet fond I never love but for a seson,  
Some men be diverse, know no gentilles,  
And some lackin both wisdom and reson, 390  
In som men is trust in som men is trefon,  
Wherfore I wil conclude by avysemente,  
And er beware for drede that I be shente.

The retour Tullius gay of eloquence,  
And Ovide that sheweth craft of love expres,  
With habundaunce of Salomon's prudence,  
And pulcritude of Absalon's fairenesse,  
And I wer possess'd with Job's grette richesse,  
Manly' as Sampson my persone to avaunce,  
Yet shuld I submit me' in your remembraunce.

Now sir yf that it plesse your nobilnesse 400  
To gyve advertence to my question,  
What thinge is the plesure of swetnesse,  
And most bittir in final succession?  
Or what thing gevith man occasion,  
In tendir age to be concupiscent?  
Resolve this question or drede sir ye' be shent.

My soveraigne lady', Ovide in his writinge  
Saith desire of worldly concupiscence  
As for a time is swete in his worching,  
And in his ende he causith grette offence, 410  
Notwithstandinge my lady dame Prudence,  
Grene flowring age and manly countinaunce  
Causith ladies to have' it in remembraunce.

Your godely answir, so notable' in substance,  
Wold cause the hert of womanhede converte,  
Unto delyte of natural plesaunce,  
But of one thing I wold faine be experte,  
Why menne's langage wol procure and transverte  
The wil of women and virgines innocente, 420  
Wherfore I am aferd or I be shente.

Let never the love of true love be losed,  
My soveraigne lady, in no manir wise,  
In your confidence my wordes I have closed,  
My' amyable love to you I doe promise,  
So that ye knit the knot of exercyse,  
Both locke and key ye have in govirnaunce,  
Emprint my love in your remembraunce.

Of very trust and I were certified,  
The plain entencion of your herte's cordial, 430  
Me semeth in blisse than were I glorified,  
Unto your plesure I would be' at your call,  
But er I fere of chauncis casual,  
Of fraude, disceipte, and langage insolente,  
Then were I sure maidinshed should be shent.

Ther was ner tresour' of terrestiall richesse,  
Nor precious stones rekened innumerabell,  
To be' of comparison to your high godenes,  
Above al creatures to' me most amiable,  
Trust not the contrary' I was ner disceivabell, 440  
Kepe wel true love, forge no dissemblaunce,  
And graciously take me to' your remembraunce.

Me semeth by seiture of manly properte  
Ye shuld be trusty' and trewe of comprimis,  
I finde in you no false duplicite,  
Wherfore, true love, ye have my hert I wis,  
And ermore shal endure, so have I blis,  
The fede'rasy made with gode avisement,  
God graunt grace that nothir of us be shent.

Whan Phœbus freshe was in his chare splendente 450  
In the moneth of Maye erly in a morninge,  
I herd two lovirs prosir this argu'mente,  
In the yere of our Lorde a M. by rekening,  
CCCXL. and VII. yere folowing.  
O potent princeesse, conserve true lovers al,  
Graunt them thy region and blisse celestial.  
*Explicit the craft of lovers.*

A Balade.

O F ther nature they gretly them delite,  
With holy face yfeinid for the nones,  
In saintwarie ther frendis to visite,



More for reliquis than for faintis bones, 460  
 Though they be clofid undir precious stones  
 To gete them pardon, lyke ther olde usages,  
 To kille no shrines, but lusty quike images.

Whan maidens ar wedded and household have take,  
 Al ther humility' is exiled awaye,  
 And the' cruil hertes begynnith to awake,  
 They do' al the besy cure they can or maye  
 To vex ther householdes-maistirs soth to faye,  
 Wherefore ye yong men I rede you forthy  
 Beware alwaye, *the blinde eteth many flye.* 470

Of this matir I dare make no relation,  
 In defaute of slepe my spirites wex fainte,  
 In my studie I' have had long habitacion,  
 My body' and gost are grevously attaint,  
 And therefore I make no lengir complaint,  
 But whethir that the blind ete flesh or fish,  
 I pray God kepe the fly out of my dishe.

Now' I make an ende, and laie me doune to rest,  
 For I knowe by experience veramente,  
 If maidinis and wivis knewe and wist 480  
 Who made the mattir, he should sone be shent,  
 Wherefore I praie that God omnipotente  
 Hym save and kepin bothe night and daie;  
 Writtin in the lustie seson of Maie.

*Explicit.*



### The X. Commaundementes of Love.

**C**ertis ferre extendith yet my reson  
 This matir as it should be to diserive,  
 But I truste your grace will in this seson,  
 Considir howe with conyng that I strive,  
 For in his favour coud I ner arrive,  
 Elo'quence this Balade hath in grete dispite, 490  
 The makir lackith manir to endite.

Of Love's commaundementes x. is the number,  
 As aftirward shall rudely be reherfed,  
 And lovirs in no wise departe asunder,  
 Where as thei be observid and redressed,  
 Daungir and unkindnes yben oppressed,  
 And he that is commaundid this to make  
 Is your owne all othir for to forsake.

#### Faithc.

Faithc is the first and principally to tell,  
 And verie love requirith soche credence, 500  
 That eche beleve othir true as the Gospel,  
 Without adulacion or flatteryng audience,  
 In true menyng and trustie confidenc.  
 Paint not your connyng with colour ne fable,  
 For then your love must nedis be unstable.

#### Entencion.

In the seconde to trete of Entencion,  
 Your lovir to plesse doe your busie cure,  
 For as myn auethor Romance maketh mencion,  
 Without entent your love maie not endure,  
 As women will thereof I am right sure 510  
 Endeavour with ther herte, will, and thought  
 To plesse hym onely that ther love hath sought.

#### Discrecion.

In your delyng evir ybe discrete,  
 Set not your love there as it shall be losed,  
 Advertise in your minde whether he be mete,  
 That unto hym your herte maie be disclosed,  
 And astir as you finde hym then disposed  
 Pointe by discrecion your hour, time, and place,  
 Conveniently metyng with armes to' embrace.

#### Pacience.

Of these commaundementes, the iiiii. is pacience, 520  
 Though by' irous corage your lovir be meved,  
 With soft wordis and humble obedience  
 His wrathe maie sone be swagid and releved;  
 And thus his love obtainid and acheved  
 Will in you rote, with gretir diligence,  
 Bicause of your meke womanly pacience.

#### Secretnesse.

Secretlie behave you in your werkis,  
 In shewing countenance or mevyng your eye,  
 Though soche behavior to some folk be derke,  
 He that hath lovid will it sone aspie, 530  
 Thus you your self your counsaill maie descrie,  
 Make privy to your delyng few' as ye maie,  
 For iii. may kepe a counsel if twain be awaie.

#### Prudence.

Let prudence governe aye your bridil reine,  
 Set not your love in so fervent a wise  
 But that in godely hast ye may refreine,  
 If that your lovirs list you to dispise,  
 Romaunce min auethor wold you this advise,  
 Ty slacke your love, for if ye doe not so,  
 That wanton list will tourne you into wo. 540

#### Perseveraunce.

Stablishe your love in so stedfast a wise,  
 If that ye thinke your lovir will be true,  
 As entirely, as ere you can devise,  
 Love hym onely, and refuse alle newe,  
 Then shall not your worship ychaunge his hew,  
 For certis, maistris, then is he to blame,  
 But if that he will quite you with the same.

#### Pitie.

Be piteous to' hym, as womanhod requireth,  
 That for your love endurith painis smerte,  
 Whom so sorely your plesant loke enfireth, 550  
 That printid is your beautie in his herte,  
 And woundid lyith without knife or darte.  
 There let your pitie spred without restrainte,  
 For lacke of it let not your servaunt feint.

#### Mesure.

Take mesure in your talkyng be n'ot outrage,  
 For this reherfith Romance de la Rose,  
 A man endued with plentuous langage  
 Oft tymis is denyid his purpose,  
 Take mesure in langage, wisedome ingrose,  
 For mesure, as rightwel proved is by reson, 560  
 Thyngis unsefo'nable settith in seson.

#### Mercie.

Soche daungir exile hym all uttirly,  
 Ovir all mercie to' occupie his place,



To piteous complaintis your eres applie,  
And receve your true servaunte into grace,  
To him that boundin is in lov's lace  
Shewe favour, ladie', and be not merciles,  
Left ye be called a common murdires.

*L'envoye.*

When ye unto this balade have inspeccion,  
In my makynge holde me excusable, 570  
It is submittid unto your correccion,  
Considir that my connyng is disable,  
To write to you the figure uniable,  
All devoide of connyng and experience,  
Maner of indityng, refon, and eloquence.

Trust it well the makir is alle your owne,  
You to obeie while his life maie endure,  
To doe you service as a man unknowne,  
No guerdone desirynge of yerthly trefure, 580  
But if it might accorde with your plesure  
For his true service hym for to avaunce,  
And call hym into your remembraunce.

*Explicit the X. Commaundementes of Love.*

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The ix. Ladies worthie.

Quene Sinope.

**P**rofulgent in precioufnes O Sinope the quene,  
Of all feminine berynge the sceptir and regalie,  
Subduynge the large countrie of Armenie' as it was sene,  
For maugre ther mightis thou ybrought them for  
to applie,  
Thin honor to encrefin, and thy power to magnifie,  
O most renoumid Hercules with al thy pompous  
bofte,  
This princes toke the prisonir and put to fighte  
thine host.

Ladie Hippolyte.

Yet Hercules wexed red for shame, when I spake of  
Hippolyt 590  
Chief patrones and captain of the peple of Sinope,  
Which with her amorous chere and with coragious  
might  
She smote The unto the ground for all thy crueltie,  
Wherefore the dukeship of Diamedes and dignitie  
Unto her gretè laudè and glorie perpetuall  
Attributid by all is with triumphè Laureall.

Ladie Deiphile.

The most noble triumphè of this Ladie Deiphile  
In releve and succor of the gret duke of Athenis,  
She chastifid and brought into perpetual exile  
The aureat citizeinis of the mightie Thebis, 600  
The strongè brasin pilliris there haddin no reles,  
But she with her sistir Argife them did dounè cast,  
And with furious fire the cite ybrent at last.

Ladie Teuca.

O pulchrior sole in beantie and full ylucident  
Of all feminine ceturis the moste formous flour,  
In Italy reigning with gret chevalry right fervent,  
Chastifed the Romainis as maistris and conquèrour,  
O lady Teuca mochil was thy glorie and honour,

Yet mochil more was to commende thy grette  
benignite,  
In thy perfite living and virginall chastitie.

Quene Penthesilea.

O ye Trojanis for this noble quene Penthesile, 610  
Sorowe her mortalitie with dolorous compassion,  
Her lovè was towardis you so pregnante and fertile,  
Which that againist the proude Grekis made de-  
fension,  
With her victorious hand was al her affeccion  
To lashe the Grekis to ground, and with ther  
hert's joie  
To revengin the coward deth of noble' Hector  
of Troie.

Quene Thamyris.

O thou most rigorous quene Thamyris invincible,  
Upon the strong and hideous peple of citres reining,  
Whiche by thy grette powir and by wittis sensible  
Ytokist in bataille captive Cyrus the grette King, 620  
Of Persia and of Media, his hed in blode lying,  
Thou baddist him to drinkin of the blode he  
had thirstid,  
And xxii. M. of his hoste there were distrestid.

Ladie Lampedo.

The famous loude trumpè ymade of gold yforgid so  
bright,  
Hath blowin so up the famè and glory environ  
Of this lady Lampedo with her sistir Maslit,  
That al the land of Feminie, Europe and Epheson,  
Be yeldin and applied lowly to her subjeccion,  
Many an high toure she raisid, and ybilt touris  
long,  
Perpetuclly to lastin with hugè wallis strong. 630

Quene Semiramis.

Lo here Semiramis the quene of grette Babilon,  
The moste generous gem and the floure of lovily  
favor,  
Whose excellent powir from Mede unto Septentrion  
Florished in her regally as a mightie conqueror,  
Subdued al Barbary and Zorast the king of honor,  
She slue Ethiop and conquirid Armenie and Inde,  
In which non entrid but Alexander and she as I  
finde.

Ladie Menalippe.

Also the ladie Menalippe thy sistir so dere,  
Whose martial powir there was no man that coud  
withstand,  
For thorough the wide worldè there was not yfound  
her pere, 640  
The famous Duke of Athenis Theseus she had in  
hande,  
And she sorely chastifid him, and conquirid his  
lande,  
The proude Grekis mightilie also she did assaile,  
And ovircame and vanquishid them bravely in  
bataile.

*Explicit the Balade of the ix. Worthies of Ladies.*

**A** Lone walkyng }  
In thought plainyng } All desolate.  
And sore sighyng }



Me remembryng  
Of my livyng  
My death wifhyng } Bothe erly and late. 650

Infortunate  
Is so my fate  
That wote ye what } Out of mesure.

My life I hate  
Thus desperate  
In soche pore estate } Doe I endure.

Of othir cure  
Am I not sure  
Thus to endure } Is hard certain.

Suche is my ure  
I you ensure  
What creature } Maie have more pain?

My truthe so plain  
Is take in vain  
And grete disdaine } In remembraunce.

Yet I full faine  
Would me complaine  
Me to abstaine } From this penaunce.

But in substance  
None allegeaunce  
Of my grevaunce } Can I not finde. 670

Right so my chaunce  
With displeaunce  
Doeth me avaunce } And thus an ende.

*Explicit.*

\*\*\*\*\*

### A Ballade.

**I**N Feverere when that it was full colde,  
Froste, Snowe, Haile, Raine, hath dominacion,  
With chaungable elementes, and windes manifolde,  
Whiche hath of ground, floure, herbe jurisdiction,  
For to dispose aftir their correccion,  
And yet Aprilis with his plefant shoures 680  
Dissolveth the snow, and bringith forthe his floures.

Of whose invencion lovirs maie be glade,  
For thei bring in the Kalendis of Maie,  
And thei with countenaunce demure, meke and sad,  
Owe to worship the lustie floures alwaie,  
And in speciall one called Se of the daie;  
The Daisie a flowir white and rede,  
And in Frenche callid *La bel Margarete*.

O commendable floure and moste in minde,  
O floure and gracious of excellence, 690  
O amiable Marga'rite, of natife kind,  
To whom I must resort with diligence,  
With hert, wil, thought, most lowly obedience  
I to be your servaunt, ye my regent,  
For life ne deth, nevir for to repent.

Of this processe now forth will I procede,  
Whiche happith unto me with grete disdaine,  
As for the time thereof I take left hede,  
For unto me was brought the sore paine,  
Therefore my cause was the more to complaine, 700  
Yet unto me my grevaunce was the lesse,  
That I was so nigh my ladie and maistresse.

There where she was present in this same place,  
I having in herte grete adversite,  
Except onely the fortune and gode grace  
Of her, whose I am the whiche releved me,  
And my grete dures unlasid hath she,  
And brought me out of the ferfull grevaunce,  
If it were her else it were to me plefaunce.

As for the wo whiche that I did endure 710  
It was to me a verie plefant pain,  
Seyng it was for that faire creature,  
Whiche is my Ladie and my soverain,  
In whose presence I would be passyng fain;  
So that I wist it werin her plesure,  
For she is from all distaunce my protectour.

Though unto me dredfull ywere the chaunce,  
No maner of gentilnes oweth me to blame,  
For I had levir suffre of deth the penaunce,  
Than she should for me have dishonor or shame, 720  
Or in any wise losin her gode name.  
So wisely God for his endlesse mercie  
Graunt every lovir joy of his lady.

*Explicit.*

\*\*\*\*\*

### A Ballade.

**O** Mercifull, and o merciabile,  
Kyng of Kyngis, and fathir of pite,  
Whose might and mercie is incomperable,  
O Prince eterne, O mightie Lorde, saie we,  
To whom mercie is given of propirtie,  
On thy servaunt, that lieth in prison bounde,  
Have thou mercie, or that his herte wounde. 730

And that thou wilt graunt to him thy prisoner,  
Fre libertie, and lose hym out of pain,  
All his desires, and all his hevie chere  
To all gladnesse thei were restored again,  
Thy high vengeance why should thou not refrain,  
And shewe mercie, sith he is penitent?  
Now helpe hym, Lorde, and let him not be silent.

But sith it is so, there is a trespas done,  
Unto mercie let yelde the trespassour, 640  
It is her office to redresse it sone,  
For trespasse to mercie is a mirrour,  
And like as the swete hath the price by soure,  
So by trespasse mercie hath all her might,  
Without trespasse mercie hath lacke of light.

What should phisike doe but if sikenes were?  
What nedith salve, but if there were a sore?  
What nedith drink, wher thirst hath no power,  
What should mercie doe, but trespas go' afore?  
But trespas mercie woll be litil store, 750  
Without trespas ner excusoun  
Maie mercie have, ne chief perfeccion.

The cause at this tyme of my writyng,  
And touchyng mercie, to whom I make mone,  
Is for fereleft my soveraigne and swetyng,  
I menin her, that lovelyr is none,  
With me is displefed for causis more than one,  
What causis thei be that knoweth God and she,  
But so do n'ot I alas it forthinketh me!

What se she in me, what defeaute or offence?  
What have I doe that she on me disdaine? 760  
How might I doe come into her presence,  
To



To tell my complaint whereof I were faine?  
I drede to loke, to speke or to complaine,  
To her that hath my herte every dele,  
So help me God I would al thing wer wele.

For in this case came I nevir or now,  
In lov'is daunce so ferre in the trace,  
For with myne ese escapin I ne mow  
Out of this daungir, except her gode grace,  
For though my countenance be mery in her face,  
As semith to her by worde or by chere,  
Yet her gode grace settith myne herte nere.

And if my soveraine have any marvaile  
Why I to her now and afore ywrote,  
She maie well thinke it is no grete travaille  
To him that is in love brought so hote,  
*It is a simple tre, that fallerh with one stroke,*  
That mene I, though that my soveraine toforn  
Me hath denied, yet grace may come to morn.

Maistris, for the gode will I have you ought,  
And evir shall as long as life durith,  
Pitie your servant, kepe him in your thought,  
Give him som comfort or medi'cin, and curith  
His ague, that encrefith, that renuith:  
So grevous ben his paines and sighis fore,  
That without mercy his dais be forlore.

Go litil bill, go forth and hic The fast,  
Recommende me, and excuse me as you can,  
For very feble am I at the last, 790  
My pen is worn, my hew is pale and wan,  
My eyen ben sonke, disfigured like no man,  
Till deth his dart, that causith for to smert,  
My corps have consumed them farwel swet hert.

Doughtre of Phœbus in vertuous apparence,  
My love elect in my remembraunce,  
My carefull herte distreined cause of absence,  
Till ye my' Empresse me relese my grevaunce,  
Upon you 'is set my life, myne attendaunce,  
Is sette without recure I wis untill 800  
Ye grauntin my true herte to have his will.

Thus my dere swetyng in a traunce I lyc,  
And shal, til drops of pitie from you spring,  
I mene your mercie, that lieth my herte nye,  
That me maie rejoyce, and cause for to syng,  
These termes of love, lo I have won the ring,  
My godely maistris: thus of his gode grace  
God graunt her blisse in heven to have a place.

*Explicit.*



Here foloweth how Mercurie with Pallas, Ve  
nus, and Minerva, appered to Paris of Troie,  
he slepyng by a fountain.

*Pallas loquitur ad Parin.*

**S**onne of Priam gentill Paris of Troie,  
Wake of thy slepe, beholde us Goddesse thre,  
We havin brought to The encrese of joye, 810  
To thy discrecion reportyng our beautie,  
Take here this Appill, and well advise The;  
Whiche of us is the fairist in thy sight,  
And give thou it, we praie The, gentil knight?

*Pallas loquitur primo.*

If so be thou give it to me, Parise,

This shal I give unto thy worthines,  
Honour, and conquest, nobley, lose and prise,  
Victorie, courage, force and hardines,  
Gode avinture, and famous manlines, 820  
For that appil all this give I to The,  
Considir this, Parise, and give it me.

*Venus loquitur ad Parin.*

Naie give it me, and this I shall you give,  
A glad aspekte with favour and fairnes,  
And love of ladies also while ye live,  
Famous stature and princely semelines,  
According to your natise gentilnes,  
Undirstand this gift well, I you advise,  
And give it unto me hardly, Parise.

*Minerva loquitur ad Parin.*

Ye ye Parise takith hede unto me,  
Thou art a prince yborne by thy discente, 830  
And for to rule thy royall dignite  
I shall The givin first intendemente,  
Discrecion, prudence in right judgements,  
Whiche in a prince is thing moll covenable,  
Give it to me, I am to have it able.

*Explicit.*



A balade plesante.

**I** Have a Ladie where so that she be,  
That seldome is the soveraine of my thought,  
On whose beautie when I beholde and se,  
Remembryng me how well she is ywrought,  
I thanke fortune that to her grace me brought,  
So faire is she, but nothyng angelike,  
Her beautie is unto none othir like.

For hard'ly and she were made of brasle  
Her face and all, she hath enough fairnesse,  
Her eyen ben holow, and grene as any grasle,  
And ravenish yelow is her tounitresse,  
Thereto she hath of every comelinette  
Soche quantitie givin her by nature,  
That with the lest she is of her stature.

And as a boie her browis ben ibent, 850  
And betill browed she is also with all,  
And of her witte as simple and innocent  
As is a childe that can no gode at ail,  
She is not thicke, her stature is but small,  
Her fingirs ben litil, and nothyng long,  
Her skin is smoth as any Ox's tong.

Thereto she is so wise in daliaunce,  
And beset her wordis so womanly,  
That her to here it doeth me displeaunce,  
For that she saith, is saied so comyngly, 860  
That when there be no mo then she and I,  
I had levir she were of talkyng still,  
Then that she should so godehe speche spill.

And slothe none shall ye have in her entresse,  
So diligent is she, and vertuleste,  
And so busie aie all gode to undresse,  
That as a she Ape she is harmelesse,  
And as an Harnet meke and pitelesse,  
With that she is so wise and circumspecte,  
That prudence none her folie can infecte.



Is it not joye that soche one of her age  
 Within the boundes of so grete tendirnesse  
 Should in her werke be so sadde and so sage,  
 That of the weddyng sawe all the noblesse  
 Of queene Jane, and ywas tho as I gesse  
 But of the age of yeris ten and five!  
 I trowe there are not many soche alive.

For as Jesu my sinfull soule save  
 There n'is creature in all this worlde livyng,  
 Like unto her that I would gladly have, 840  
 So plesith mine hert that godely swete thyng,  
 Whose soule in haste unto his blis ybryng  
 That first her formid to be a creature,  
 For were she well, of me I did no cure.

*Explicit the discrivyng of a faire Ladie.*



An other Balade.

**O** Mossie Quince yhangyng by your stalke,  
 The whiche no man dare plucke awaie nor  
 take,  
 Of all the folke that passie forthe by or walke,  
 Your flouris freshe be fallen awaie and shake,  
 I am right sorie, maistresse, for your sake,  
 Ye seme a thyng that all men have forgotten, 890  
 Ye be so ripe ye waxin almoste roten.

Your nglie chere deinous and froward,  
 Your grene eyin frownyng and nothing glad,  
 Your chekes enbolned like a melowe Costard,  
 Colour of Orange your brestes Satournad,  
 Gilt on wara'ntile the colour wil not fade,  
 Bawsin buttockid, belied like a tonne,  
 Men crie S. Barba'ry at the' losyng of your gonne.

Lovely leude maistris, take consideracion,  
 I 'am so sorowfull there as ye be' absent, 900  
 Floure of the barkfate foulest of al the nacion,  
 To love you but a little' is myne entent,  
 The swert hath swent you the smoke hath you shent,  
 I trow ye' have ben laid on some kill to drie,  
 You do soch worship there as ye be present,  
 Of al women I love you best a M. rimis fie.

*Explicit.*



A balade warnyng men to beware of deceitfull  
 women.

**L**Oke well aboute ye that loviris be,  
 Let not your lustis lede you to dotage,  
 Be not enamoured on all thynges ye se,  
 Sampson the forte, and Salomon the sage 910  
 Decevid were for all ther grete courage,  
 Men demin it right that thei se with eye,  
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a flie.*

I mene of women, for all ther cheres queint  
 Trust them not to moch ther truthe is but trefon,  
 The fairist outward wel can thei ypaint,  
 Ther stedfastnesse endurith but a seson,  
 For thei faine frendlines and worchin trefon,  
 And for thei are chaungable natu'rally,  
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a flie.* 920

What wight on lyve ytrustith on ther cheres

Shall have at last his guerdon and his mede,  
 Thei can shave nerir than rasours or sheres,  
*Al is not gold that shinith,* men take hede  
 Their galle is hid undir a sugrid wede,  
 It is but queint ther fantasie to' aspie,  
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a flie.*

Though all the worldè doe his busie cure  
 To make women standin in stablenesse,  
 It would not be, it is against nature, 930  
 The worlde is doe, when thei lacke doublenes,  
 For thei laugh and love not, this is expresse,  
 To trust on them it is but fantasie,  
 Beware therfore, *the blind eteth many' a flie.*

Women of kindè hath condicions thre,  
 The first is that thei be full of disseite,  
 To spinnin also is ther propertie,  
 And women have a wondirfull conseite,  
 For thei can wepe oft, and all is a fleite, 940  
 And when thei list the tere is in the eye,  
 Beware therfore, *the blind eteth many' a flie.*

In soth to saie, though all the yerth so wanne  
 Wer parchement smoth, white and scribabbell,  
 And the gret Se, that called is the' Ocean,  
 Were tournid into ynke blackir then Sabell,  
 Eche sticke a pen, eche man a scrivener abel,  
 Not coud thei writin woman's trechirie,  
 Beware therfore, *the blind eteth many' a flie.*

*Explicit.*



These Verses next folowing were compiled by  
 Geffray Chaucer, and in the writen copies  
 folowe at the ende of the complainte of  
 pite.

**T**HE longè nyghtis when every creature  
 Shuld have ther rest in somewhat as by kind.  
 Or ellis ne may ther life not longe endure,  
 It fallith mozte into my woful minde,  
 How I so farre have brought my self behind,  
 That fese the deth ther may nothing me lifte,  
 So dispairid I am from alle lifte.

This same thought me lastith til the morow,  
 And from the morowe forth til it be eve,  
 There nedith me no care for to borow,  
 For both I have gode laisir and gode leve, 960  
 There is no wight that will my wo byreve,  
 To wepe enough and wailin all my fyll,  
 The fore sparke of peine now doth me spil.

This love that hath me set in soche a place  
 That my desire he wil never fulfyl,  
 For neithir Pite, Mercy, neithir Grace  
 Can I not find, and yet my wofull herte  
 For to be dede I can it not arace,  
 The more I love the more she doth me smerte,  
 Thorowe whiche I se withoute remedie  
 That from the deth I may no wife afterte.

Now sothly what she hight I wol reherse, 970  
 Her name is Bountie, set in womanhed,  
 Sadnes in youth, and Beantie priddelesse,  
 And Pleaunce undir Govirnaunce and drede,  
 And her surname is eke faire Ruthelless,  
 The wise knit unto gode avinture,  
 That for I love her, she fleth me gillelesse,  
 Her love I best, and shall while I may dure:

Bett



Bett than my selfe a hundrid thousand dele,  
Than al this world's richis or crature,  
Now hath not lovè me bestowid wel,  
To lovin there I nevir shal have parte?  
Alas right thus is turnid me the whele!  
Thus am I flaine with lov's furious darte:  
I can but love her best my swetè fo,  
Love hath me taught nò morè of his arte,  
But servin alwaye, and stint for nò wo.

Within my trewè carefull herte ther is  
So mochil wo, and eke so litil blisse,  
That wo is me that evir I was bore!  
For al that thinge which I desire I misse,  
And al that evir I wolde not iwis  
That finde I redy to me evirmore,  
And of all this I n'ot to whom me plaine,  
For she that might me out of this ybring  
Ne rechith nought whethir I wepe or sing,  
So litil routh hath she upon my paine!

Alas! whan slepinge tyme is then I wake!  
Whan I shuld daunce, for fere lo than I quake!  
This hevye life I lede lo! for your sake!  
Though ye therof in no wise hedè take,  
Myn hert's lady, and whole my live's quene,  
For truly durst I say as that I fele,  
My semith that your swetè herte of stele  
Is whettid now against me to kene.

My derè herte, and best beloved fo,  
Why lykith you to do me al this wo?  
What have I don that grevith you, or faide?  
But for I serve and love you and no mo,  
And whilest I live I wil evir do so:  
And therefore swete, ne bethe not il apaide,  
For so gode and so faire as that ye be,  
It wer a right gret wondir but ye had  
Of al servauntis both of gode and badde,  
And best worthy of al them I am he.

But nevir the lesse, my righte lady swete,  
Though that I be unkonninge and unmete  
To serve as I could best aye your highnes,  
Yet is ther none fainir, that would I hete,  
Than I to do you ese or ellis bete,  
What so I wist that were to your highnes,  
And had I might as gode as I have wil,  
Than shuld ye fele wher it were so or none,  
For in this world livinge than is ther none,  
That fainir wolde your hert's wil fulfil.

For both I love and eke drede you so sore,  
And aldgates more and have don you ful yore,  
That bettir loved is non ne nevir shal,  
And yet I would besече you of no more,  
But lovith wel, and be not wroth therefore,  
And let me serve you forth, lo this is al!  
For I am nought so hardy, ne so wode,  
For to desire that ye should lovin me,  
For wel I wotte alas that may not be!  
I am so litil worthy' and ye so gode,  
For ye be one the worthyist on live,  
And I the most unlikely for to thrive.

Yet for al this wetith ye full righte wel,  
That ye ne shoud me from your servyce drive,  
That I ne wil aye with my witis five  
Serve you truly what wo so that I fele,  
For I am fet so hy upon your whele,  
That though ye nevir wil upon me rewe,  
I must you love and bene evir as trewe  
As any man ycan or maye on live.

980 But the more that I love you godely fre,  
The lasse finde I that ye lovin me,  
Alas whan shal that hardè wit amende!  
Wher is now al your womanly pite,  
Your gentilnes and your debonaire!  
1050 Wil ye nothinge therof upon me spend,  
And so whole swete as I am youris all,  
And so grete wil as I have to you serve?  
Now certis, and ye let me thus ysterve  
Yet have ye womin therupon but small.

990 For at my knowing I do nothing why,  
And thus I wil besече you hertily,  
That if evir ye finde whilis ye live  
A truir servaunte to you than am I,  
Levith than, and fleith me hardily,  
1060 And I my deth to you wil al forgive,  
And yf ye finde no trewir verily,  
Wollin ye suffir than that I thus spil,  
And for no manir gilt but my gode will?  
As gode were than untrue as true to be.

*Explicit.*

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A balade declaring that womens chastite doeth  
moche excel all trefure worldly.

**I**N womanhede, as auctours al ywrite,  
Most thing commendid is challe honeste,  
Thing most flaundersous ther nobles to atwite,  
As when women of hasty frailete  
Exceden the bondes of wifely chastite,  
1070 For what availleth lynage or rial blode  
When of ther lyving the report 'is not gode?

The holy bed defoiled of mariage  
For ones defoiled may not recovered be,  
The vice goth forth, and the troward langage  
By many' a relme, and many' a grete cite,  
Slaundir hath a custome, and that 'is grete pite,  
That true or fals, by a contrarious founne,  
Onis areifd it goth not lyghtly downe.

For when a lechour by force or mastery  
1080 Defoiled hath of virgins the clennes,  
Widous oppressed, and lye in advoutry,  
Afailid wives that stode in stablenes,  
Who may then ther flaundersous harme redresse,  
When ther gode name is hurt by soch report?  
For fame lost ones can ner have his resort.

A thefe may robbe a man of his richesse,  
And by some mene make restitution,  
And some man maye dytherit and oppresse  
A povir man from his possession,  
1090 And aftir make him satisfaccion,  
But no man may restore in no degre,  
A maid robbid of her virginite.

A man may also bete a castil doune,  
And bilde it aftir more freshe to the sight,  
Exile a man out of his regiounne,  
And him revoke, whether it be wrong or right,  
But no man hath the powir ne the might  
For to restore the palace virginal  
Of chastite when brokm is the wal. 1100

Men may also put out of ther service,  
And officirs remove out of ther place,  
And at a day, when fortune list devise,  
They may again restorid be to grace,

But



But ther n'is tim' nothir set ne space,  
Nor ner in story neithir rad ne sain,  
That maydenhode lost recovered was again.

For whiche men shouldin have a conscience,  
Rewe in ther hertis, and repentin fore,  
And havin a remorse of gret offence, 1110  
To ravishe thing, which they may not restore,  
For it is faide, and hath be said ful yore,  
The emerald grene of parfie chastite  
Stole onis away may not recovered be.

And hard it is ro ravishe a tresour,  
Whiche of nature is not recuparable,  
Lordship may not of Kinge nor Emperour


Reforme a thinge, whiche is nat reformable,  
Rust of defame is inseparable,  
And maidinhode ylost of newe or yore  
No man on live may it again restore.

The Romanes olde thorough ther pacience  
Suffrid tyrauntes in ther tyranyes,  
On ther cites to do grete violence,  
The peple to oppresse, with ther roberies,  
But them to punishe, they set gret espies  
On false avouterers as it is wel couth,  
Which widowes, ravish, and maidens in ther youth.

Explicit.

## The Court of Love.

This Book is an Imitation of the Romaunt of the Rose, shewing that all are subject to Love, what impediments soever to the contrary, containing also those 20 Statutes that are to be observ'd in the Court of Love.

ith timorous herte, and trembling hand of drede,  
Of cunning nakid, bare of eloquence,  
Unto the flour of port in womanhede  
I write, as he that none intelligence  
Of metris hath, ne flouris of sentence,  
Saufe that me list my writing to convey,  
In that I can, to plesse her high nobley.

The blofomes fresh of Tullius gardein fore  
Present thei not, my mattir for to borne  
Poemes of Virgile takin here no rote,  
Ne crafte of Galfride may not here sojourne,  
Why n'am I cunning 'o wel maie I morne  
For lacke of science, that I can nat write,  
Unto the princes of my lyfe aright!

No termes are digne unto her excellence,  
So is she spronge of noble stripe and high,  
A world of honour and of reverence  
There is in her, this wil I testifie,  
Caliope, thou sistr' wife and sly,  
And thou Minerva guide me with thy grace, 20  
That langage rude my mattir not deface!

Thy sugir dropis swete of Helicon  
Distil in me, thou gentle muse, I praye,  
And The, Melpomene, I cal anone,  
Of ignorance the miste to chace awaye,  
And geve me grace so for to write and saie,  
That she my lady of her worthinesse  
Accept in gre this litil short tretesse,

That is entitlid thus, *the Courte of Love*,  
And ye, that ben Metriciens, me excuse,  
I you beseeche, for Venus sake above, 30  
For what I mene in this ye nede not muse,  
And if so be my lady it refuse  
For lake of ornate speche, I wolde be wo,  
That I presume to her to writin so.

But my entente and al my busie cure  
Is for to write this tretesse as I can,  
Unto my lady stable true and sure,

Faithful and kind sith firste that she began  
Me to accept in service as her man, 40  
To her be al the plesure of this boke,  
That when her like she may it rede and loke.

**W**hen I was yong at xviii yere of age  
Lusty and light, desirous of plesaunce,  
Approching on full sadde and ripe corage,  
Love artid me to do my observaunce  
To his estate and done him obeisaunce,  
Commaundinge me the *Court of Love* to se,  
A lite beside the mounte of Cithere:

There Citherea goddesse was and quene, 50  
Honourid highly for her majeste,  
And eke her sonne, the mighty God I wene  
Cupide the blind, that for his dignite  
A M. lovirs worshipp on ther kne,  
There was I bid in paine of deth to pere,  
By Mercury the wingid messingere.

So than I went by strange and ferre countrees,  
Enquiringe aye what coaste had to it drewe  
The *Court of Love*, and thi'ward as bees  
At last I se the peple gan pursue, 60  
Anon me thought some wight was ther that yknew  
Where that the *Court* was holdin ferre or nie,  
And astir than ful faste I ganne me hic.

Anon as I them ovirtoke I said  
Heile frendis, whithir purpose ye to wend?  
For soth (qð one) that answered lyche a maid,  
To *Lov's Courte*, now go we, gentil frend;  
Where is that place (qð I) my felowe hend?  
At Citheron, sir, saide he, withoute doute,  
The kinge of Love, and al his noble route, 70

Dwelling within a castil rially.  
So than apace I journid forth amonge,  
And as he saide, so fond I there truly,  
For I behelde the touris high and stronge,  
And high pinaclis large of hight and longe,  
With plate of gold bespred on every side,

And



And precious stones, the stone werke for to hide.

No Saphire of Inde, no Rube riche of price,  
There lackid then, nor Emèraude so grene,  
Balis Turkis, ne thing to my devise,  
That may the castil makin for to shene,  
All was as bright as sterres in Wintir bene,  
And Phœbus shone to make his pece ageine  
For trespas done to high estat is tweine :

80

Venus and Mars, the God and Goddesse clere,  
When he them founde in armis cheinid faste,  
Venus was than ful sad of herte and chere,  
But Phœbus bemis streight as is the maste  
Upon the castil ginnith he to cast,  
To plesse the lady, princes of that place,  
In signe he lokith aftir lov's grace.

90

For ther n'is God in heven or hel iwys  
But he hath ben right soget unto love,  
Jove, Pluto, or what so evir he is,  
Ne créature in erth or yet above,  
Of this the revers may no wight approve;  
But furthir more the castill to descric,  
Yet sawe I nevir none so large and hie,

For unto heven it stretchith I suppose,  
Within and out depeintid wondirly,  
With many' a thousand daify rede as rose,  
And white also, this sawe I verily,  
But what tho deifis might do signifie  
Can I not tel, saufe that the quen'is flour  
Alceste it was that kept ther her sojoure,

100

Which undir Venus lady was and quene,  
And Admete kyng and soverain of that place,  
To whom obeied the ladies gode xix,  
With many' a thousand othir bright of face,  
And yong men fele came forth with lusti pace, 110  
And agid eke ther homage to dispose,  
But what they were I could not well disclose.

Yet nere and nere forth in I gan me dresse,  
Into an halle of noble apparaile,  
With arras spred and cloth of gold, I gesse,  
And othir silke of esyir availe,  
Undir the cloth of ther estate, fauns faile,  
The king and quene there sat, as I beheld,  
It passid joye of Helise the feld.

There faintis have ther cominge and resorte,  
To seen the kinge so rially besene,  
In purple clad, and eke the quene in sorte,  
And on ther heddis sawe I crounis tweine,  
With stonis fret, so that it was no paine  
Withoutin mete and drinke to stand and se  
The king'is honor, and the rialte.

120

And for to trete of statis with the king,  
That ben of counsell chefe, and with the quene,  
The king had Daungir nere to him standing,  
The quene of love Disdain, and that was sene, 130  
For by the faith I shal to God, I wene,  
Was nevir straungir none in her degre  
Than was the quene in castinge of her eye.

And as I stode perceving her aparte,  
And eke the bemis shininge of her eyen,  
Me thought they werin shapin lyche a darte,  
Sharpe, and persinge, smale, and streight as a line,  
And al her here it shone as golde so fine,  
Disshivil, crispe, doune hanging at her backe,  
A yard in length, and southely than I spake, 140

O bright *Regina*, who made The so faire?  
Who made thy colour vermelet and white?  
Wher wonneth the God, how far above the eyre?  
Grete was his crafte, and grete was his delite,  
Now marvil I nothing that ye do hight  
The quene of love, and occupie the place  
Of Cithare, now swete lady thy grace.

In mewet spake I, so that nought alsterte  
By no condicion word that might be hard,  
But in my inward thought I gan adverte, 150  
And oft I said my wit is dul and hard,  
For with her beautie thus God wot I ferde  
As doeth the man yravishid with sight,  
When I beheld her cristal eyen so bright,

No respecste havynge what was beste to done,  
Till right anone beholding here and there  
I spied a frend of myne, and that ful sone,  
A gentil woman, was the chambirere  
Unto the quene, that hote as ye shall here,  
Philobone, that lovid al her life, 160  
Whan she me sey she led me forth as blife,

And me demaundid how and in what wise  
I thithir come, and what my crand was?  
To sene the Courte (q's I) and al the guise,  
And eke to sue for pardon and for grace,  
And mercy aske for al my grete trespasse,  
That I none erste come to the courte of love,  
Foryeve me this, ye goddis al above.

That is wel said (q's Philobone) in dede,  
But were ye not assomoned to appere, 170  
By Mercurius, for that is al my drede?  
Yes gentill feire (q's I) now am I here,  
Ye, yet what tho? though that be true, my dere,  
Of your fre wil ye shuld have come unsente,  
For ye did not I deme ye will be shente.

For ye that reigne in youth and lustines,  
Pampired with ese and jalous in your age,  
Your durie is as far as I can gesse  
To lov's courte to dreslin your viage  
Assene as nature makith you so sage, 180  
That ye may know a woman from a swan,  
Or whan your fote is growin halfe a span.

But sithe that ye by wilful negligence  
This xviii. yere hath kept your selfe at large,  
The gretir is your trespas and offence,  
And in your neck you mote bere all the charge,  
For bettir were ye ben withoutin barge  
Amidde the Se in tempest and in rayne,  
Then bidin here receving wo and pain,

That ordeined is for soche as them absente  
Fro lov's courte by yeris long and fele, 190  
I ley my life ye shal ful sone repente,  
For love wil reive youre coloure, lust, and hele,  
Eke ye must baite on many' an hevy mele.  
No force iwis, I stired you longe agon  
To drawe to courte q's litil Philobon.

Ye shal wel se how rough and angry face  
The king of Love wil shewe when ye him se,  
By myn advise knele down and aske him grace,  
Eschewing peril and adversite, 200  
For wel I wot it wolde none othir be,  
Comforte is none ne council to your ese,  
Why wil ye then the king of Love displese?

O mercie God (q's iche) I me repent,  
Caitise and wretche in hert, in wil and thought,



And aftir this shal be mine whole entent  
To serve and plese, how dere that love be bought,  
Yet sith I have mine owne penaunce ifought,  
With humble spirite shal I it receve,  
Though that the king of Love my life bereve. 210

And though that fervent lov'is qualite  
In me did never worche truly, yet I,  
With al obeisaunce, and humilite,  
And benigne herte shal serve him til I die,  
And he, that Lord of might is grete and hie,  
Right as him list me chastice and correte,  
And punishe me with trespase thus ensete.

These wordis said, she caught me by the lap,  
And led me furth in til a temple round,  
Bothe large and wide, and as my blestid hap 220  
And gode avinture was, right sone I founde  
A tabernacle reisid from the grounde,  
Where Venus sat, and Cupide by her side,  
Yet half for drede I can my visage hide.

And eft againe I lokid and behelde,  
Seing ful sundry peple in the place,  
And mistir folke, and som that might not welde  
There limmis wele, me thought a woundir case,  
The temple shone with windowes al of glasse,  
Bright as the day, with manie' a faire ymage, 230  
And there I se the freshe quene of Carthage

Dido, that brent her beaute for the love  
Of fals Eneas, and the weimenting  
Of her Anelida true as Turtill dove  
To Arcite fals, and there was in peinting  
Of many' a prince, and many' a doughty king,  
Whole martirdom was shewed about the walles,  
And how that fele for love had suffrid falles.

But fore I was abashid and astonied  
Of al tho folke that there were in that tide, 240  
And than I askid where they haddin woned?  
In divers courtis (qð she) here beside,  
In sondrie clothing mantilwise fall wide,  
They were arraied, and did ther sacrifice  
Unto the God and goddesse in ther guise.

Lo yondir folke (qð she) that knele in blewe!  
They were the colour ay and evir shal,  
In signe they were and evir wil be true,  
Withoutin chaunge, and southely yondir all,  
That ben in blak, with mourning crie and call 250  
Unto the goddes, for ther lovis bene  
Some ferre, som dede, som al to sherpe and kene.

Yea than (qð I) what done these prestis here,  
Nonnis, and Hermites, Freris, and all tho,  
That sit in white, in russet, and in grene?  
Forsothe (qð she) they wailin of ther wo.  
O mercie Lord may they so come and go  
Frely to court, and have soche libertie?  
Yea, men of eche condicion and degre,

And women eke, for truly there is none 260  
Excepcion made, ne never was, ne may,  
This courte is ope and fre for everichone,  
The king of love he wil not say them nay,  
He takith al, in pore or riche array,  
That mekely seve unto his excellence,  
With al ther herte, and al ther reverence.

And walking thus aboute with Philobone  
I se where come a messengere in hie  
Streight from the king, whiche let commaunde anonc,  
Throughout the courte to make an ho and crie, 270

All new come folke abide, and wote ye why?  
The king'is lust is for to seen you sone;  
Come nere, let se, his wil mote nede be done.

Than gan I me present tofore the king,  
Trembling for fere, with visage pale of hewe,  
And many' a lovir with me was kneling,  
Abashed fore, til unto the time they knewe  
The sentence yeve of his entent full trew,  
And at the last the king hath me behold  
With sterne visage, and seid what doth this olde

Thus ferre ystope in yeris com so late  
Unto the courte? for sothe my liege (qð I)  
An hundrid tyme I have ben at the gate  
Afore thus tyme, yet coude I ner espie  
Of myne' acqueintaunce eny if mine eye, 280  
And *Shamefastenes* away me ganne to chace,  
But now I me submitte unto your grace.

Wel, al is pardoned with condicion  
That thou be trew from hensforth to thy might,  
And servin love in thine entencion, 290  
Swere this, and than as ferre as it is right  
Thou shalte have grace here in my quen'is sight,  
Yes by the faith I owe your crown I swere  
Though deth therfore me thirlith with his speré.

And whan the kinge had sene us everychone,  
He let commaunde an officir in hie  
To take our faith, and shew us one by one  
The statutes of the courte full befly,  
Anon the boke was leide before ther eye,  
To rede and se what thing we must observe, 300  
In *Lov'is Courte*, till that we dye and sterve.

**A**ND for that I was lettrid there I red,  
The statutes whole of *Lov'is Courte* and hall;  
The firste statute that on the boke was spred,  
Was to be true in thought and dedis al,  
Unto the king of love the Lorde ryall,  
And to the quene as faithful and as kinde,  
As I coude thinke with herte and will and minde.

The seconde statute, secretly to kepe  
Council of love, not blowing every where 310  
Al that I knowe, and let it sinke and flete,  
It may not sowne in every wight'is ere,  
Exiling flaundir ay for dred and fere,  
And to my lady, whiche I love and serve,  
Be true and kinde, her grace for to deserve.

The thirde statute was clerely writ also,  
Withoutin chaunge to live and die the same,  
None othir love to take for wele ne wo,  
For blinde delite, for ernest, nor for game,  
Without repent, for laughing or for grame, 320  
To bidin stil in ful perseveraunce,  
At this was whole the king'is ordinaunce.

The fourth statute to purchase er to here,  
And stirin folke to love and betin fire  
On Venus auter here aboute and there,  
And preche to them of love and hote desire,  
And tel how love wil quitin wel ther hire,  
This must be kept, and loth me to displese,  
If love be wroth, passe, for therby is ese.

The V. statute not to be daungirous, 330  
If that a thought would reve me of my slepe,  
Nor of a sight to be ovir squemous,  
And so verely this statute was to kepe,  
To turne and wallowe in my bed, and wepe,

When



When that my lady of her crueltie  
Would from her herte exilin al pite.

The VI. statute it was for me to use  
Alone to wandir voide of company,  
And on my lad's beautie for to muse,  
And to thinkin no force to live or die, 340  
And eft again to thinke the remedy,  
How to her grace I might anon attain,  
And tel my wo unto my soveraine.

The VII. statute was to be pacient,  
Whethir my lady lady joyful were or wroth,  
For wordis glad or hevvy diligent,  
Whe'Sir that she me heldin lefe or loth,  
And hereupon I put was to mine othe  
Her for to serve and lowely to obey, 350  
And shewe my chere the xx. sith aday.

The VIII. statute to my remembraunce  
Was for to speke and pray my lady dere,  
With hourelly labour and gret entendaunce,  
Me for to love with al her herte entere,  
And me desire and make me joyful chere,  
Right as she is surmounting every faire,  
Of beautie wel, and gentil, debonaire.

The IX. statute with lettris writ of golde,  
This was the sentence how that I and al  
Shulde evir dred to be to ovirbolde 360  
Her to dispiese, and truly so I shal,  
But ben content for all thing that may fale,  
And mekely take her chastisement, and yerde,  
And to offende her evir ben aferde.

The X. statute was egally to' discerne  
Betwene the lady', and thine abilite,  
And thinke thy selfe arte nevir like to yerne  
By right her mercy, nor of equite,  
But of her grace, and womanly pite,  
For though thy selfe be noble in thy strenge, 370  
A thousande folde more nobil is thy quene,

Thy liv'is lady, and thy soveraine,  
That hath thin herte all whole in govirnaunce,  
Thou maicst no wife it takin to disdaine  
To put The humbille at her ordinaunce,  
And give her fre the reine of her plesaunce,  
For *libertie is thing that women like,*  
And truely els the mattir is acroke.

The XI. statute thy signis for to knowe,  
With eye and fingir, and with smilis softe, 380  
And lowe to couche, and alwaie for to showe  
For drede of spyis, for to winkin ofte,  
But secretly to bryng a sigh alofte,  
And eke beware of ovir moche resorte,  
For that para'venture spillith all thy sport.

The XII. statute remembir to observe,  
For all the paine thou hast for love and wo  
All is to lite her mercie to deserve,  
Thou musten then thinke wher er thou ride or go, 390  
And mortall woundis suffre thou also,  
All for her sake, and thinke it well besette  
Upon thy love, for it maie not be bette.

The XIII. statute, whilome is to thinke  
What thing maie best thy ladie like and plese,  
And in thine hert's botome let it sinke,  
Some thing devise, and take for it thine ese,  
And sende it her, that maie her herte appese,  
Some herte or ryng, or lettir, or devise,  
Or precious stonc, but spare not for no price.

The XIV. statute eke thou shalt assaie 400  
Formely to kepe the moste parte of thy life,  
Wissie that thy ladie in thine armis laie,  
And nightly dreame, thou hast thy nighte's herte's wife  
Sweetly in armis, straining her as blife,  
And when thou seeft it is but fantasie,  
Se that thou sing not ovir merrily.

For *to moche joye hath ofte a wasfull end*,  
It longith eke, this statute for to holde,  
To deme thy ladie evirmore thy frende,  
And thinke thy selfe in no wife a cocolde, 410  
In every thyng she doeth but as she should,  
Construe the best, beleve no talis newe,  
For *many a lye is tolde, that semeth full true*.

But thinke that she, so bounteous and faire,  
Coud not be false, imagine this algate,  
And think that tonges wickid would her appaire,  
Slanderyng her name, and worshipfull estate,  
And lovirs true to settin at debate,  
And though thou seeft a faute, right at thine eye,  
Excuse it blive, and glose it pretilie. 420

The XV. statute, use to swere and stare,  
And counterfeite a lesyng hardily,  
To save thy ladie's honour every whare,  
And put thy selfe to fightin boldily,  
Saie she is gode, vertuous, and ghostly,  
Clere of entent, and herte, and thought, and will,  
And argue not for reson, ne for skill

Againe thy ladie's plesure, ne entent,  
For love will not be counterpleted in dede,  
Saie as she saierth, then shalt thou not be shent, 430  
*The Crowe is white*; ye truly, so I rede;  
And aye what thing that she The will forbede,  
Eschue all that, and give her soverainte,  
Her appetite folowe in all degre.

The XVI. statute, kepe it, if thou maie,  
Seven sith at night, thy ladie for to plese,  
And seven at midnight, se'ven at morow daie,  
And drinke a caudill, erely for thine ese,  
Doe this, and kepe thine hedde from all disese,  
And winne the garlande here of lovirs all, 440  
That evir came in court, or evir shall.

Full fewe think I, this statute hold and kepe,  
But truely this my reson giveth me sele,  
That some lovirs should rather fall aslepe,  
Then take on hande to plese so oft and wele,  
There laie none othe to this statute adele,  
But kepe who might, as gave him his corage,  
Now get this garlande, lustie folke of age.

Now win who maie, ye lustie folke of youth,  
This garlande fresh, of flouris red and white, 450  
Purple and blewe, and colours fell uncouth,  
And I shall croune hym kyng of all delire,  
In all the courte, there was not to my sight  
A lovir true, that he ne was adrede,  
When he expresse hath herd the statute rede.

The XVII. statute, when age approcheth on,  
And lust is laied, and all the fire is queint,  
As freshly then thou shalt begin to sonne,  
And dote in love, and all her image paint,  
In thy remembraunce, till thou gin to faint, 460  
As in the first seson thyne herte began,  
And her desire, though thou ne maie ne can

Performe thy livyng actuell, and lust,  
Regillir this in thyne remembraunce,

Eke



Eke when thou maist not kepe thy thing from rust,  
Yet speke and talke, of plesaunt daliaunce,  
For that shall make thyne hert rejoyce and daunce,  
And when thou maist no more the game assaie,  
The statute bidde The praie for them that maie.

The XVIII. statute, wholly to commende, 470  
To plesse thy ladie, is that thou eschewe  
With fluttrifnesse thy self for to offende,  
Be joilife, freshe, and fete with thingis newe,  
Courtlye with manir, this is all thy due,  
Gentill of porte, and lovyng clenlinesse,  
This is the thing, that likith thy maistresse.

And not to wandir, liche a dullid Assle,  
Raggid and torne, disguisid in araie,  
Ribaude in speche, or out of mesure palle,  
Thy bounde excedyng, thinke on this alwaie, 480  
For women ben of tendir hertis aye,  
And lightly set ther plesure in a place,  
When thei misthinke, they lightly let it passe.

The XIX. statute, mete and drinke forgete,  
Eche othir daie se that thou fast for love,  
For in the courte thei live withoutin mete,  
Save soche as cometh from Venus al above,  
Thei take none hede, in pain of grete reprove,  
Of mete and drinke, for that is all in vaine,  
Onely thei live by sight of ther souveraine. 490

The XX. statute, last of of everichone,  
Enrolle it in thyne hert's privite,  
To wring and waile, to turne, and figh, and grone,  
When that thy ladie absent is from The,  
And eke renewe the wordis all that she  
Betwene you twain hath said, and all the chere,  
That The hath made thy liv'is lady dere.

And se thyne herte in quiete, ne in rest  
Sojourne to tyme thou seen thy Ladie este,  
But where she won, by South, or Est, or West, 500  
With all thy force now se it be not leste,  
Be diligent, till tyme thy life be refre,  
In that thou maist thy ladie for to se,  
This statute was of old antiquite.

An officir of high auctorite,  
Yclepid Rigour, made us swere anone  
He n'as corrupt with parcialite,  
Favour, prayir, ne gold that clerely shone,  
Ye shall (qð he) now swerin here echone,  
Both yong and old, to kepe in that thei maie, 510  
The statutes truely, all aftir this daie.

O God! thought I, hard is to make this othe,  
But to my powir shall I them observe,  
In all this worlde n'as mattir halfe so lothe  
To swere for all, for though my body sterve,  
I have no might, them wholly to observe,  
But herkin now the cace how it befell,  
Aftir my othe was made, the trothe to tell.

I tournid levis, lokyng on this boke,  
Where othir statutes were of women shene, 520  
And right forth with rigour on me gan loke,  
Full angrily, and saied unto the quene,  
I traitour was, and chargid me let ben,  
There maie no man (qð he) the statute knowe,  
That long to woman, hie degre ne lowe.

In secrete wise, thei keptin ben full close,  
Thei soune echone to libertie my frende,  
Plesaunt thei be, and to ther own purpose,  
There wote no wight of them, but God and fende,

Ne naught shall witte, unto the world's ende, 530  
The quene hath yeve me charge, in pain to die,  
Nevir to rede ne seen them with myne eye.

For men shall not so nere of counsaill ben  
With womanhode, ne knowin of ther guise,  
Ne what thei think, ne of ther wit th' engine,  
I me report to Salomon the wise,  
And mightie Sampson, which begilid thrise  
With Dalila was, he wot that in a throwe,  
There maie no man statute of women knowe.

For it pera'venture maie right so befall 540  
That thei be bounde by nature to disceve,  
And spinne and wepe, and sugre strew on gal,  
The herte of man to ravishe and to reve,  
And whet ther tonge, as sharpe as swerde or gleve,  
It maie betide, this is ther ordinaunce,  
So must thei lowlie doen ther observaunce,

And kepe the statute, yevin them of kinde,  
Of soche as love hath yeve 'hem in ther life,  
Men maie not wete, why turnith every wind,  
Nor waxin wise, nor ben inquisitive 550  
To knowe secrete of maide, widowe, or wife,  
For thei ther statutes have to them reserved,  
And nevir man to knowe them hath deserved.

Now dresse you forth, the God of love you guide,  
Qð Rigour then, and seke the temple bright  
Of Citherea, Goddes here beside,  
Beseeche her by the influence and might  
Of all her vertue you to teche aright  
How for to serve your ladies, and to plesse,  
Ye that ben sped, and set your herte in esse. 560

And ye that ben unpurveied, pray her eke,  
Comforte you sone with grace and destinie,  
That ye may set your hert, there ye maie like,  
In soche a place, that it to love maie be,  
Honour, and worship, and felicitie  
To you for aie, now goeth by one assent.  
Graunt mercie fir (qð we) and forth we went,

Devoutly soft and esie pace, to se  
Venus the Godd'is Image all of golde, - e.s  
And there we found a thousand on ther kne, 570  
Some freshe and faire, some dedly to beholde,  
In fondric mantils new, and some wer olde,  
Some paintid were, with flamis red as fire,  
Outward to shewe ther inward hote desire.

With dolefull chere, full fele in ther complaint,  
Cried, "Ladie Venus, rewe upon our sore,  
"Receve our billes, with teris all bedreint,  
"We maie not wepe, there is no more in store,  
"But wo and pain us frettith more and more,  
"Thou blisefull Planet, lovirs sterre so shene, 580  
"Have routh on us, that figh and careful ben;

"And punishe, Ladie, grevously, we praie,  
"The false untrue, with counterfeite plesaunce  
"That made ther othe, be true to live or deie,  
"With chere assurid, and with countinaunce,  
"And falsly now thei forin lov'is daunce,  
"Barain of routh, untrue of that thei saied,  
"Now that ther lust, and plesure is alaid.

"Yet este againe a thousande milion,  
"Rejoyfing love, ledyng ther life in blisse, 590  
"Thei said Venus, redresse of all division,  
"Goddes eternell, thy name heryed is,  
"By lovirs bonde is knit all thing iwis,

"Best



" Best unto best, the yerth to watir wanne,  
" Birde unto birde, and woman unto man.

" This is the life of joye, that we ben in,  
" Resemblyng life of heavenly paradise,  
" Love is exilir aie of vice and sinne,  
" Love makith herr'is lustie to devise,  
" Honour and grace have thei in every wise, 600  
" That ben to lov'is lawe obedient,  
" Love makith folke benigne and diligent,

" Aie steryng them, to dredin vice and shame,  
" In ther degre it maketh them honourable,  
" And swete it is of love to bere the name,  
" So that his love be faithfull, true, and stable;  
" Love prunith hym, to semin amiable,  
" Love hath no faute, there it is exercised,  
" But sole with them that have all love dispised.

" Honour to The, celestiaall and clere 610  
" Goddes of Love, and to thy celsitude,  
" That yevest us light so ferre doune from thy spere,  
" Perfying our hertis with thy pulchritude,  
" Comparison none of similitude  
" Maie to thy grace be made in no degre;  
" That hast us set with Love in unitie.

" Grete cause have we to praise thy name and The,  
" For thorough The we live in joye and blisse,  
" Blessid be thou, moſte ſoveraine to ſe,  
" Thy holy courte of gladnesſe maie not miſſe, 620  
" A thouſande ſith we maie rejoyce in this,  
" That we ben thine, with herte and all yfere,  
" Enflamid with thy grace, and heavenly fere.

Mufyng of tho, that ſpakin in this wiſe,  
I me bethought, in my rememb'raunce,  
Myne orison right godely to devise,  
And pleauntly, with hert'is obeifaunce,  
Befeche the Goddis voidin my grevaunce,  
For I loved eke, ſauſe that I wiſt not where,  
Yet down I ſet, and ſaied as ye ſhall here. 630

Fairiſt of all, that evir were or be,  
Licour and light to penſiſe creature,  
Myne whole affiaunce, and my ladie fre,  
My Goddes bright, my fortune and my ure,  
I yeve and yelde my herte to The full ſure,  
Humbly beſechyng, ladie, of thy grace,  
Me to beſtowin in ſome bleſſid place.

And here I vowe me, faithfull, true, and kind,  
Without offence of mutabilitie,  
Humbly to ſerve, while I have wit and mind, 640  
Myne whole affiaunce, and my ladie fre,  
In thilke place, there ye me ſigne to be,  
And ſith this thing of newe is yeve me aie  
To love and ſerve, nedely muſt I obeie.

Be merciabie with thy fire of grace,  
And fixe myne herte, there beauntie is and routh,  
For hote I love, determine in no place,  
Sauſe only this, by God and by my trowth,  
Troublid I was, with ſlombir, ſlepe, and ſlouth,  
This othir night, and in a viſioun 650  
I ſe a woman romin up and doune,

Of mene ſtature, and ſemely to beholde,  
Luſtie, and freſhe, demure of countinaunce,  
Yong, and well ſhap, with here that ſhone as golde,  
With eyen as criſtall, fercid with pleaſaunce,  
And ſhe gan ſtirre mine herte a lite to daunce,  
But ſodainlie ſhe vaniſhe gan right there,  
Thus I maie ſaie, I love, and wote not where.

For what ſhe is, ne her dwellyng, I n'ot,  
And yet I ſele, that love diſtreinith me 660  
Might iche her knowe, that would I faine God wot,  
Serve and obeye, with all benignitie,  
And if that othir be my deſtinie,  
So that no wiſe I ſhall her nevir ſe,  
Then graunt me her, that beſt maie likin me;

With glad rejoyce to live in perſite hele,  
Devoide of wrathe, repent, or variaunce,  
And able me to doe that maie be wele  
Unto my ladie, with herte's hie pleaſaunce,  
And, mightie goddes, through thy purviaunce, 670  
My wit, my thought, my luſt, and love ſo guide,  
That to thine honour I maie me provide,

To ſet mine hert in place there I maie like,  
And gladly ſerve, with all affeccion,  
Grete is the pain, which at mine hert doth ſticke,  
Till I be ſped by thyne eleccion,  
Helpe, Ladie Goddes, that poſſeſſion  
I might of her have, that in all my life  
I clepin ſhall my quene, and hert'is wiſe.

And in the Courte of Love to dwell for aie 680  
My will is, and doin The ſacrifice  
Daily with Diane eke to fight and fraie,  
And holdin werre, as might will me ſuffice,  
That Goddes chaſte I kepin in no wiſe  
To ſerve, a Figge for all her chaſtite,  
Her lawe is for Religiouſite.

And thus gan finiſhe prayir, laude, and preice,  
Whiche that I yove to Venus on my kne,  
And in myne herte to pondir and to peice,  
I gane anone her Image freſhe beauntie, 690  
Heile to that figure ſwete, and heile to The,  
Cupide (qð I) and roſe, and yede my weie,  
And in the temple, as I yede, I ſeie

A ſhrine ſurmounyng all in ſlonis riche,  
Of whiche the force was pleaſaunce to mine eye,  
With Diamonde or Saphire, nevir liche  
I have none ſeen, ne wrought ſo wondirlic,  
So when I met with Philobone, in hie  
I gan demaunde, whoſe is this ſepulture?  
Forſothe (qð ſhe) a rendir creature 700

Is ſhrinid there, and Pitie is her name,  
She ſawe an Egle wreke hym on a ſlie,  
And plucke his wing, and eke him, in his game,  
And rendir herte of that hath made her die,  
Eke ſhe would wepe and morne right pitouly,  
To ſeen a lovir ſuffre grete deſtreſſe,  
In all the courte n'as none, as I do geſſe,

That coude a lovir half ſo well availe,  
Ne of his wo the torment or the rage  
Aſkin, for he was ſure withoutin faile 710  
That of his grief ſhe coude the herte aſwage,  
In ſtede of Pitie ſpedith hote corage  
The mattirs all of courte, now ſhe is dedde,  
I me reporte in this to womanhedde.

For weile, and wepe, and crie, and ſpeke, and praie,  
Women would not have pitie on thy plaint,  
Ne by that mene to eſe thine herte convaie,  
But The recevin, for ther owne talent,  
And ſaie that Pitie cauſith them conſent  
Of reuth to take thy ſervice and thy paine, 720  
In that thou maieſt, to pieſe thy ſoveraine.

But this is counſaill, kepe it ſecretly,  
(Qð ſhe) I n'olde for all the worlde about



The queene of Love it wist, and witte ye why?  
For if by me this mattir springin out,  
In courte no lengir should I out of doubt  
Dwellin, but shame in all my life endry,  
Now kepe it close (q<sup>d</sup> she) this hardily.

Well, all is well, now shall ye seen, she faied,  
The fairist ladie undir Sonne that is, 730  
Come on with me, demerie you lich a maide,  
With shamefast drede, for ye shall speke ywis  
With her, that is the mirrour, joie, and blisse,  
But somewhat straunge, and sad of her demerie  
She is, beware your countinaunce be sene.

Nor ovrilght, ne rechelesse, ne to bolde,  
Ne malapert, ne rennyng with your tong,  
For she will you obeisin and beholde,  
And you demaunde, why ye wer hens so long  
Out of this courte, without resort emong, 740  
And Rosiall her name is hore aright,  
Whose herte is yet yyevin to no wight.

And ye also ben, as I undirstonde,  
With love but light avauncid by your worde,  
Might ye by hap your fredom makin bohd,  
And fall in grace with her, and wele accorde,  
Well might ye thanke the God of Love and Lord,  
For she, that ye sawe in your dreame appere,  
To love soche one, what are thei then the nere?

Yet wote ye what? as my rememb<sup>er</sup>ance 750  
Me yevith now, ye faine where that ye faie,  
That ye with love had nevir acquaintaunce,  
Save in your dreame, right late this othir daie,  
Why yes parde, my life that durst I laie,  
That ye were caught upon an heth, when I  
Sawe you complain, and sigh full pitously,

Within an herbir, and a gardein faire,  
Where flowirs growe, and herbis vertuous,  
Of whiche the favour swete was and the eire, 760  
There were your self full hore and amorous,  
Ywis ye ben to nice and daungirous,  
I would ye now repent, and love some newe.  
Naie by my trothe I faied, I nevir knewe

The godely wight, whose I shal be for aye,  
Guide me the Lorde, that love hath made and me,  
But forthe we went, into a chambre gaie,  
There was Rosiall, womanly to se,  
Whose stremis, sotill persyng of her eye,  
Mine hert gan thrill for beautie in the stonde  
Alas (q<sup>d</sup> I) who hath me yeve this wounde! 770

And then I drede to speke, till at the laste  
I grete the ladie, reverently and wele,  
When that my sigh was gone and ovirpasse,  
And doune on knees full humbly gan I knele,  
Besechyng her, my fervent wo to kele,  
For there I toke full purpose in my mynde  
Unto her grace my painfull herte to bynde.

For if I shall all fully her discrive,  
Her hed was rounde, by compasse of nature,  
Her here as gold, she passid all on live, 780  
And Lillie forched had this creature,  
With livelisse browis, flawe of colour pure,  
Betwene the which was mene disleveraunce  
From every browe, to shewin a distaunce.

Her nose directid streight, and even as line,  
With forme and shape thereto convenient,  
In which the godis milkewhite path doth shine,  
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient

As is the Smaragde, unto my judgement,  
Or yet these sterris heavenly small and bright, 790  
Her visage is of lovely rede and white,

Her mouthe is short, and shutte in litil space,  
Flamyng somdele, not ovir redde I mene,  
With prenaunt lips, and thicke to kisse percace,  
For lippis thinne not fat, but evir lene,  
They serve of naught, they be not worth a bene,  
For if the basse ben full, there is delite,  
Maximian truly thus doeth he write.

But to my purpose, I saie white as snowe  
Ben all her tethe, and in ordir thei stonde 800  
Of one stature, and eke her breth I trowe  
Surmountith all odours, that er I founde  
In swetenesse, and her body, face, and honde  
Ben sharply slendir, so that from the hedde  
Unto the fote, all is but womanhedde.

I holde my pece of othir thingis hidde,  
Here shal my soule, and not my tong bewraic;  
But how she was arraied, if ye me bidde,  
That shall I well discovir you and faie,  
A bende of gold and silke, full freshe and gaie, 810  
With her intresse ybroudirid full wele,  
Right smothly kept, and shinyng every dele.

About her necke a flower of freshe devise,  
With Rubies set, that lustie were to sene,  
And she in gowne was light and sommir wise,  
Shapin full wele, the colour was of grene,  
With aureat sent aboute her sidis clene,  
With divers stonis, precious and riche,  
Thus was she raied, yet sawe I ner herliche.

For if that Jove had this ladie yseine, 820  
Tho the faire Calisto, ne Alcmena,  
Thei nevir haddin in his armis leine,  
Ne he had lovid the faire Europa,  
Ye ne yet Danae ne Antiopa,  
For all ther beautie stode in Rosiall,  
She semid lich a thyng celestially,

In bountie, favour, porte and similineffe,  
Pleasant of figure, mirrour of delite,  
Gracious to seen, rote of all gentilnesse,  
With angell visage, lustie, redde, and white, 830  
There was not lack, saufe daungir had alite  
This godely freshe in rule and govirnaunce,  
And somdele straunge she was for her plefaunce.

And truly sone I toke my leve and went,  
When she had me enquirid, what I was,  
For more and more impressin gan the dent  
Of lov's darte, while I behelde her face,  
And este againe I come to sekin grace,  
And up I put my bill, with sentence clere,  
That foloweth aftir, rede, and ye shall here. 840

O ye freshe lovelie, of beautie the rote,  
That nature hath formid so wele and made,  
Princes and quene, and ye that maie do bore  
Of all my langoure, with your wordis glad,  
Ye woundid me, ye made me wo bestad,  
Of grace redresse my mortall greffe, as ye  
Of all my harme the very caucir be.

Now am I caught, and unaware sodainly,  
With perfaunt stremis of your eyin clere, 850  
Subjecte to ben, and servin you mekely,  
And all your man, ywis my ladie dere,  
Abidyng grace, of whiche I you requere,  
That



That mercilesse ye cause me not to sterue,  
But guerdon me,liche as I maie deserve.

For by my trothe, the dayis of my breth  
I am and will be your, in will and herte,  
Pacient and meke for you to suffir deth,  
If it require, now rue upon my smerte,  
And this I swere, I nevyr shall out sterue  
From lov'is courte, for none adversitie,  
So ye would rue on my distresse and me.

My destinie, my fate; and houre I blisse,  
That have me set to ben obedient  
Onely to you the floure of all ywis,  
I trust to Venus nevyr to repent,  
For evirredy glad and diligent  
Ye shall me finde in service to your grace;  
Till deth my life out of my bodie rafe.

Humble unto your excellence so digne,  
Enforcing aye my wittis and delite  
To serve and plesse with glad herte and benigne,  
And ben as Troilus, Troie's worthie knight,  
Or Antonie for Cleopatra bright,  
And nevyr you me thinkis to renay,  
Thus shall I kepe unto myne endyng day.

Enprint my speche in your memoriall  
Sadly, my princes, salve of all my fore,  
And thinke that for I would becomin thrall,  
And ben your owne, as I have saied before,  
Ye must of pitie cherishe more and more  
Your man, and tendir afir his deserte,  
And give hym corage for to ben experte.

For where that one hath set his herte on fire,  
And findith neithir refute ne plesaunce,  
Ne worde of comforte, deth will quite his hire,  
Alas that there ne is none allegaunce  
Of all ther wo, alas the grete grevaunce  
To love, unloved! but ye, my ladie dere,  
In other wise maie governe this matere.

Truly, gramercie, frende, of your gode will, 890  
And of your profir in your humble wife,  
But for your service, take and kepe it still,  
And wher ye saie I ought you well to' cherishe  
And of your grefe the remedie devise,  
I knowe not why, I n'am acquaintid well  
With you, ne wote not sothly where ye dwell.

In art of love I write and songis make,  
That maie be song in honour of the kyng,  
And quene of love, and then I undirtake  
He that is sadde, shall then full mery syng, 900  
And daungirous not ben in every thyng,  
Beseeche I you, but seen my will and rede,  
And let your answere put me out of drede.

What is your name? reherse it here I praie,  
Of whens and where, of what condicion  
That ye ben of? let se come of, and saie,  
Faine would I knowe your disposicion  
Ye have put on your old entencion,  
But whate ye mene, to serve me, I ne wote,  
Saufe that ye saie, ye love me woundir hore.

My name alas, my herte why makes thou straunge  
Philogenet I cal'd am ferre and nere,  
Of Cambrige clerke, that nevyr thinke to chaunge  
Fro you, that with your heavenly stremis clere  
Ravishe myne herte and ghost, and all in fere,  
Since at the first I write my bill for grace,  
Me thinke I se some mercie in your face.

And what I mene, by God that al hath wrought,  
My bille now makith finall mencion  
That ye ben ladie in myne inward thought 920  
Of all myne herte, withoutin offencion,  
That I beste love, and have sith I begon  
To drawe to courte, lo then what might I saie!  
I yelde me here unto your high nobleye:

860 And if that I offende, or wilfully  
By pompe of herte your precept disobaie,  
Or doen againe your wille unskiltully,  
Or grevin you for earnest or for plaie,  
Correcite ye me right sharply then I praie,  
As it is seen unto your womanhede, 930  
And rewe on me, or els I n'am but dede.

Naie God forbede to sette you so with grace,  
And for a word of lugrid eloquence  
To have compassion in so lityl space,  
Then were it tyme that some of us wer hens, 870  
Ye shall not finde in me soche insolence,  
Aye, what is this, maie ye not suffre sight?  
How maie ye loke upon the candill light,

That clere is and hottir then is myne eye?  
And yet ye saied the bemis persle and frete, 940  
How shall ye then the candill light endrie?  
For well wotte ye that hath the sharpir herte,  
And there ye bidde me, you correct and bere,  
If ye offende, naie that maie not be doen,  
There come but few, that spedir here so sone.

Withdrawe your eye, withdrawe from presens eke,  
Hurte not your self through foly with a loke,  
I would be fory so to make you sicke,  
A woman should beware eke whom she toke, 950  
Ye beth a clerke, go serchin wel my boke,  
If any women ben so light to winne,  
Naie' abide a while, tho ye were all my kinne.

So sone ye maie not win myne hert in truth,  
The guise of court will seen your stedfastnesse,  
And as you doen to have upon you reuth,  
Your owne deserte, and lowly gentilnesse,  
That will reward you joye for hevynesse,  
And tho ye waxin pale, and grene, and dede,  
Ye muste it use a while withoutin drede,

And it accept, and grutchin in no wise, 960  
But whereas ye me hastily desire  
To bene to love, me thinke ye be not wise,  
Cese of your language cese I you requere,  
For he that hath this xx yere bene here  
May nat optaine, than marvaile I that ye  
Be now so bold of love to trete with me.

A mercy, hert, my lady and my love,  
My rightwise princeesse and my lyv'is guide,  
Nowe may I plein to Venus al above,  
That routhles ye me gave this wounde so wide, 970  
What have I done, why may it not betide,  
That for my trouthe I may recevid be?  
Alas than your daungir and crueltie!

In woful houre I gote was welawey!  
In woful hour lostirid and yfedde,  
In woful hour yborne, that I ne may  
My supplicacion swetely have yspedde,  
The frosty grave and cold muste be my bedde,  
Withoute ye list your grace and mercy shewe,  
Death with his axe so faste on me doth hewe. 980.

So grete disese and in so lityl while,  
So lityl joy that felte I nevyr yet,

And



And at my wo Fortune ginnith to smyle,  
That nevir arst I felte so harde a fitte,  
Confoundid ben my spirites and my witte;  
Til that my lady take me to her cure,  
Whiche I love beste of erthely creature.

But that I like that may I not come by,  
Of that I plain that have I habondaunce,  
Sorowe and thought they sit me wondir nye, 990  
Me is withhold that might be my plesaunce,  
Yet turne again my worldly suffisaunce,  
O lady bright, and saufe your faithful true;  
And or I die yet ones upon me rewe:

With that I fell in founde, and dede as stone,  
With coloure flaine and wanne as ashè pale,  
And by the hande she caught me up anon,  
Aris (qð she) what have ye dronkin dwale?  
Why slepin ye? it is no nitirtale.  
Now mercy swete (qð I) iwis affraied: 1000  
What thing (qð she) hath made you so dismaied?

Now wote I wel that ye a lovir be,  
Your hew is witnesse in this thing she said,  
Yf ye were secret, ye might knowe (qð she)  
Curteise and kinde all this shuld be aleide,  
And now mync herte al that I have misleid  
I shal amend, and fet your herte in ese,  
That worde it is (qð I) that doth me plesse.

But this I charge that ye the stentis kepe,  
And breke them not for sloth nor ignoraunce, 1010  
With that she gan to smile and laughin depe:  
Ywis (qð I) I will do your plesaunce,  
The xvi statute doth we grete grevaunce,  
But ye must that releffe or modifie:  
I graunte (qð she) and so I wil truly.

And softly than her coloure gan appeire  
As rose so red throughout her visage al,  
Wherefore me thinke that it is according here  
That she of right be clepid Rosial.  
Thus have I wonne with wordis gret and smal  
Some godely worde of her that I love best,  
And trust she shall yet sette mine herte in rest.

**G**Oth on, she said to Philobone, and take  
This man with you, and lede him al aboute  
Within the courte, and shewe him for my sake  
What lovirs dwel within, and al the route  
Of officirs, for he is oute of doute  
A straungir yet, come on (qð Philobone)  
Philogenet, with me now must ye gon.

And stalking softe with esy pace I sawe 1030  
Aboute the king yflondin environ  
Attendaunce, Diligence, and ther felow  
Forthirir Asperaunce, and many one,  
Dred to offende there stode, and not alone,  
For there was eke the cruil adversarye  
The lovirs so that cleped is Displeasure,

Whiche unto me spake angrily and felle,  
And said, my lady, me disleevin shall,  
Trowest thou (qð she) that al that she did tell  
Is true? nay nay but undir hony gall 1040  
Thy birth and hers thei be nothing egal  
Caste of thine herte, for all her wordis white,  
For gode faith she lovith The but alite.

And eke remembre thine habilitie  
May not compare with her, this wel thou wot,  
Ye than came Hope and said my frende, let be,

Beleve him not, Dispaire he ginnith dote.  
Alas (qð I) here is both cold and hote!  
The tone me biddith love, the toðir nay,  
Thus wote I not what me is best to say. 1050

But wel wote I my lady grauntid me  
Truly to be my wound'is remedy,  
Her gentilnesse may not infectid be  
With doublenesse, thus trust I til I die.  
So cast I voide dispairis company,  
And takin hope to council and to frende,  
Yea kepe that wel (qð Philobone) in minde.

And there beside, within a bay windowe  
Stod one in grene ful large of bred and length,  
His berd as black as fethirs of the Crow, 1060  
His name was lust, of woundir might and strength,  
And with Delite to argue there he thinkth,  
For this was alway his opinion  
That love was sinne, and so he hath begonne

To reson faste, and ledge auctorite:  
Nay (qð Delite) love is a vertue clere,  
And from the soule his progresse holdith he,  
Blinde appetite of lust doth ofin stere,  
And that is sinne, for reson lackith there,  
For thou doest think thy neighbour's wife to  
winne,  
Yet thinke it wel that love may not be sinne.

For God and seint they love right verily,  
Voide of al synne and vise, this know I well,  
Affection of fleshe is sinne truly,  
But verray love is vertue as I fele,  
For verray love may freile desire ackele,  
For love is love withoutin any sinne,  
Nowe stint (qð Luste) thou spekest not worth  
a pinne.

And there I left them in ther arguing,  
Roming ferthir into the castil wide, 1080  
And in a cornir Lier stode talking  
Of lesings fast with Flattery there beside,  
He said that women were attire of pride,  
And men were founde of nature variaunte,  
And coude be false, and shewin beau semblaunt.

Than flattery bespake and said iwis,  
Se so she goth on patins faire and fete,  
It doth right well, what pretty man is this,  
That romith here? now truly drink'ne mete  
Nede I not have, mine herte for joye doth bere  
Him to beholde, so is he godely freshe,  
It semeth for love his herte is rendre' and neshe.

This is the courte of lusty folke and glad,  
And wel becometh ther abite and arraye,  
O why be som so fory and so sadde,  
Complaining thus in blak and white and gray?  
Freris they ben and Monkis in gode fay,  
Alas! for routh gret dole it is to sene,  
To se them thus bewaile and fory bene!

Se how they crie and wring ther handis whit, 1100  
For they so sone went to religion,  
And eke the Nonnes with vail and wimple plight  
Ther thought that they ben in confusion,  
Alas! they sain we sain perfeccion  
In clothis wide, and lacke our libertie!  
But al the sinne mote on our frendis be.

For Venus wote we wold as faine as ye,  
That bene attirid here and wel be sene,  
Desyrin man and love in our degre,



Ferme and faithful, right as ywold the quene, 1110  
Our frendis wicke in tendir youth and grene  
Ayenst our will made us religious,  
That is the cause we mourne and wailin thus.

Than faide the Monke and Freris in the tide  
Wel may we curse our Abbis and our place,  
Our statutes sharpe to sing in copis wide,  
Chastely to kepe us oute of lov's grace,  
And nevir to fele comforte ne solace,  
Yet suffre we the hete of lov's fire,  
And affir othir happily we desire. 1120

O Fortune coursid, why nowe and wherfore  
Hast thou, they said, berafte us libertie,  
Sithe nature yave us instrument in store;  
And appetite to love and lovirs be?  
Why mot we suffer soche adversite,  
Diane to serve and Venus to refuse?  
Ful oftin sythe this matier doth us muse.

We serve and honour fore ayenst our will  
Of chastite the goddes and the quene,  
Us lefir were with Venus bidin stil, 1130  
And have reward for love and so get bene  
Unto these women courtely freshe and shene,  
Fortune, we curse thy whele of variaunce,  
Ther we were wel thou revist our plesaunce.

Thus love I them with voice of plaint and care  
In raging wo cryng ful pitously,  
And as I yede ful nakid and ful bare  
Some I beholde loking dispiteously,  
On povirte that dedly cast ther eye,  
And welaway they cried, and were not faine,  
For they ne might ther glad desire attaine,

For lacke of richesse worldly and of gode,  
They banne and curse and wepe and fain alas!  
That poverté hath us hent that whilom stode  
At herris ese and fre and in gode case,  
But now we dare not shew our selfe in place,  
Ne us embolde to dwel in company,  
There as our hert wold love right faithfully.

And yet againewarde shrikid every nonne,  
The pange of love so strainith them to crie, 1150  
Now wo the time (qð they) that we be boun,  
This hateful ordre nise wil doen us die,  
We sigh and sobbe and bleding inwardly,  
Fretting our selfe with thought and hard com-  
plaint,  
That nye for love we waxin wode and faint.

And as I stode beholding here and there,  
I was ware of a sorte ful languishing,  
Savage, and wilde, of loking, and of chere,  
Ther mantilles and ther clothisey tering,  
And ofte they were of nature complaining, 1160  
For they ther membirs lackid fote and hand,  
With visage wry and blinde I undirstand.

They lackid shap and beaultie to preferre  
Them self in love, and said that God and kind  
Hath forgid them to worshipping the sterre  
Venus the bright, and lestin al behinde  
His othir werkis clene and oute of minde,  
For othir have ther full shappe and beaultie,  
And we (qð they) ben in deformite.

And nye to them there was a company, 1170  
That have the fustirs waried and mislaide,  
I mene the thre of fatall destine,  
That be our werdis fodenly abraide

Oute gan they crie, as they had ben affraid,  
We curse (qð they) that evir hath nature  
Yformid us this wofull life to endure.

And there he was, contrite, and gan repent,  
Confessing whole the wounde that Cithere  
Hath with the darte of hote desire him sent,  
And howe that he to love muste subj. et be, 1180  
Than held he al his skornis vanite,  
And said that lovirs lede a blissid life,  
Yong men and olde, and widowe maid and wife.

Bereve me goddesse (qð he) of thy might  
My skornis al and skoffis that I have,  
No powir for to mockin any wight,  
That in thy service dwel, for I did rave,  
This knowe I wel right now, so God me save,  
And I shal be the chief post of thy faith,  
And love uphold, the revers who so faith. 1190

Dissemble stode not ferre from him in trowth,  
With party mantil, party hode, and hose,  
And said he had upon his lady routh,  
And thus he wound him in and gan to glose,  
Of his ententful double I suppose,  
And al the worlde he said he loved it wele,  
But ay me thought he loved her nere adele.

Eke shamefastnesse was there, as I toke hede,  
That blusnid rede, and darst nat ben aknowe  
She lovir was, for therof had she drede, 1200  
She stode and hing her visage downe alowe,  
But soche a sight it was to sene I nowe,  
As of these rosis rody on ther stalke,  
Ther could no wight her spy to speke or talke.

In lov's arte so gan she to abashe,  
Ne durst not uttir al her privite,  
Many a stripe and many a grevousse lashe  
She gave to them that woldin lovirs be,  
And hindered fore the simple com'nalte, 1210  
That in no wise durst grace and mercie crave,  
For were not she, they nede but aske and have,

Where yf they now aprochin for to speke,  
Than shamefastnesse returnith them again,  
They thinke if we our secret counsel breke,  
Our ladies wil have scorne on us certein,  
And peravinture thinkin grete disdain,  
Thus shamefastnesse may bringin in dispeire,  
When she is dede the toðir will be heire,

Come forth, Avauntir, now I ring thy Bel, 1220  
I spied him sone to God I make a vowe,  
He lokid black as fendis doth in hell,  
The firste (qð he) that evir did I wowe  
Within a worde she come I wotte not how,  
So that in armis was my lady fre,  
And so hath ben a thoulande mo than she.

In England, Britain, Spain, and Picardie,  
Artois, and Fraunce, and up in hie Holande,  
In Burgoine, Naples, and in Italye,  
Navarre, and Grece, and up in Hethin lond, 1230  
Was nevir woman yet that wolde withstond  
To ben at commaundement whan I wolde,  
I lackid neithir silvir coigne ne gold.

And there I met with this estate and that,  
And here I brochid her, and here, I trowe,  
Lo! there goeth one of myn, and wotte ye what?  
Yon frische attirid have I leide ful lowe,  
And soche one yondir eke right wel I knowe,  
I keppe the statute whan we lay if ere,



And yet yon fame hath made me right gode  
chere. 1240

Thus hath Avauntir blowin every where  
Al that he knoweth, and more a thousande fold,  
His auncistric of kinne was to lier,  
For firste he makith promise for to hold,  
His ladis council, and it not unfolde,  
Wherfore the secrete when he doth unshutte,  
Than lyith he that all the worlde maye witte.

For falsing so his promise and beheste  
I wondir fore he hath soche fantasie,  
He lackith witte I trowe or is a beste, 1250  
That can no bette himselfe with reson guy,  
By mine advice love shall be contrarie  
To his availe, and him eke dishonoure,  
So that in courte he shall no more sojoure.

Take hede (qð she) this litil Philobone,  
Where envie rockith in the cornir yonde,  
And sittith derke, and ye shal se anone  
His lene bodie, his fading face and honde,  
Him self he frettith, as I undirstonde,  
Witnesse of Ovide Metamorphosofe, 1260  
The lovirs so he is, I wil not glose.

For where a lovir thinkith him promote,  
Envie wil grutche repining at his wele,  
It swellith fore about his hertis rote,  
That in no wise he canne not live in bele,  
And if the faithful to his lady stele,  
Envie will noife and ringe it rounde aboute,  
And sey moch worse than done is out of doute.

And privie thought, rejoycing of him selfe,  
Stode not ferre thens in abite mervilous, 1270  
Yon is, thought I, some spirite, or some elfe,  
His sotil Image is so curious,  
How is (qð I) that he is shadid thus  
With yondir cloth I n'ot of what coloure,  
And nere I went, and gan to lere and pore.

And frainid him a question ful harde,  
Whate is (qð I) the thing thou lovist beste?  
Or what is bore unto thy painis harde?  
Me thinke thou livist here in gret unrest,  
Thou wandrist aye from south to est and west,  
And est to northe as ferre as I canne se,  
There is no place in Court may holdin The.

Whom solowest thou, wher is thy hert iset?  
But my demaunde afoile I The require.  
Me thought (qð he) no creature may let  
Me to ben here and where as I desire,  
For whare as absence hath done out the fire,  
My mery thought it kindeleth yet againe,  
That bodily me thinke with my soveraine,

I stand, and speke, and laugh, and kisse, and halfe,  
So that my thought comfortith me ful oft,  
I think, God wote, though al the world be false  
I wil be true, I thinke also howe softe  
My lady is in speche, and this on loft  
Bringith mine herte with joie and gret gladnesse  
This privey thought alaieth mine hevinesse.

And whate I thinke or where to be no man  
In al this erthe can tel ywis but I,  
And eke there n'is no swalow swift ne swan  
So wight of wing, ne halfe so yerne can flie, 1300  
For I canne ben and that right sodenly  
In heven, in hell, in paradise, and here,  
And with my lady whan I wil desire.

I am of counfel ferre, and wide I wote,  
With lorde and lady, and ther privite,  
I wotte it al, and be it hore or colde,  
They shall nor speke without licence of me,  
I myne in soche as sefonable be,  
For firste the thing is thought within the hert,  
Er any worde oute from the mouth afterte. 1310

And what that word thought bad farewell and yede, *with*  
Eke furthe went I to sene the court's guife,  
And at the dore came, in so God me spede,  
Twenty courteurs of age, and of assise,  
Liche high and brode, and as I me advise,  
The goldin love, and ledin love they hight,  
The tone was sad, the t'oðir glad and light.

Yes draw your hert, with all your force and might  
To lustinesse, and ben as ye have seid,  
And thinke that I no drope of favour hight, 1320  
Ne ner had unto your desire obeide,  
Til sodenly me thought me was affraied  
To sene you waxe so dede of countinaunce,  
And pite bade me done you some plesauce.

Oute of her shrine she rose from deth to live,  
And in mine ere ful privily she spake,  
Doth not your servaunt hens away to drive,  
Rosial (qð she) and than mine herte brake,  
For tendiriche, and where I founde moch lacke  
In your persone, then I my self bethought, 1330  
And saide this is the man myne herte hath  
fought.

Gramercy Pite might I not suffice  
To yve due laude unto thy shrine of golde,  
God wotte I wold, for sith that ye did rise  
From deth to live for me I am behold  
To thankin you a thousand tymis tolde,  
And eke my lady Rosial the shene,  
Whiche hath in comforte set mine herte I wene.

And here I make myne protestacion,  
And depely swere as mine powir to bene 1340  
Faithful devoide of variacion,  
And her forbere in angir or in tene,  
And serviceable to my world's quene,  
With al my reson and intelligence,  
To done her honour high and reverence.

I had not spoke so sone the worde, but she,  
My soverain did thanke me hertily,  
And said abide, ye shal dwelle still with me,  
Till sefon come of May, for than truly,  
The king of love and al his company 1350  
Shall holde his feste ful rially and welle,  
And there I bode til that the sefon felle.

**O**N May-day whan the larke began to ryse,  
To Matins went the lusty Nightingale,  
Within a temple shapin hauthorn wise,  
He might not slepe in all the nyghtirale,  
But *Domine labia* gan he crie and gale,  
*My lippis opin, lord of love, I crie,*  
*And let my mouth thy prising now bewrye.*

The Egle sang *Venite* bodics al, 1360  
And let us joye to love that is oure helth  
And to the deske anon they gan to fall,  
And who came late he precid in by stelfe,  
Then saied the Faucon our owen hertis welth  
*Domine Dominus noster, I wote,*  
*Tē be the God that donne us brenne thus hote.*



*Cæli enarrant* said the Poppingay,  
Your might is told in heven and firmament,  
And then came in the goldfinche freshe and gay  
And saied this Psalme with hertely glad intent,  
*Domini est terra*, This latin intent,  
*The God of love hath yerth in govirnaunce*,  
And than the Wren gan scippin and to daunce,

*Jube Domine*, O Lorde of love I pray  
*Commaunde me wel this lesson for to rede*,  
This legende is of al that woldin dye  
Martirs for love, God yef the foulis spede,  
And to The Venus singe we oute of drede,  
By influence of al thy vertue grete,  
Beseeching The to kepe us in our hete. 1380

The seconde lesson Robin Redebreste sang,  
Hail to the God and Goddes of our lay,  
And to the lectorn amorily he sprang,  
Hail (qð he) O thou freshe selson of May,  
Our monith glad, that singin on the spray,  
Hail to the flouris rede and white and blewe,  
Whiche by ther vertue makith our lust new.

The thirde lesson the Turtill dove toke up,  
And therat lough the Mavis in a scorn,  
He said O God as mote I dine or suppe, 1390  
This solishe Dove wil gife us al an horne,  
There bin right here a M. bettir borne  
To rede this lesson, whiche as welas he,  
And eke as hote, can love in al degre.

The Turtill dove said, welcom, welcom May,  
Gladfom and light to lovirs that ben trewe,  
I thanke the lord of love that doth purvey  
For me to rede this lesson al of dewe,  
For in gode soth of corage I pursue  
To serve my make, tyll deth us must departe, -  
And than *Tu autem* sang he al aparte.

*Te Deum amoris* sang the Thrustil cocke,  
Tuball him self the firste Musician  
With key of armony coude not on locke  
So swete a tewne as that the Thrustil can,  
The lorde of love we praisin (qð he) than,

And so done al the foulis gret and lite  
Honour we May in fals lovirs dispite.

*Dominus regnavit* said the Pecoche there,  
*The lord of love that mighty prince is*, 1410  
*He is riccid here and every where*.

Nowe *Jubilate* sang, what menith this?  
Said than the Lynet, *welcom Lord of blisse*,  
Oute sterte the Owle with *Benedicite*,  
What menith al this mery tare (qð he.)

*Laudate* sang the Larke with voice ful shril,  
And eke the Kight O *admirabile*,  
This quire wil throw min cris pers and thril,  
But what? welcom this May selson (qð he)  
And honoure to the lord of love mote be, 1420  
That hath this feste so solempne and so hie,  
*Amen* said al, and so said eke the Pic.

And forth the Cockowe gan procede anon,  
With *Benedictus* thanking God in hast,  
That in this May wolde visite them echon,  
And gladdin them al while the fest shal last,  
And therewithal a laughtir oute he bralle,  
I thanke it God that I shuld ende the song,  
And al the Service whiche hath ben so long.

Thus sang they al the service of the felle, 1430  
And that was done right erly to my dome,  
And furth goth al the courte both most and lest,  
To fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome,  
And namely hauthorn brought both page and  
grome,  
With fresh garlantis party blew and white  
And than rejoytin in ther grete delite.

Eke eche at othir threwe the flouris bright,  
The Prymerose, the Violete and the gold,  
So than as I beheld the roial sight,  
My lady gan me sodenly behold, 1440  
And with a trewe love, plitid many' a solde,  
She smot me through the very herte as blive,  
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

*Explicit.*





CHAUCER'S Dreame, never before the Year 1597. Printed.  
That which heretofore hath gone under the name of  
his Dreame, is the Book of the Duchesse : or the Death  
of *Blanch*, Duchesse of *Lancaster*.

This Dreame devised by CHAUCER, semeth to be a covert report of the Marriage of *John of Gaunt* the King's sonne, with *Blanch* the daughter of *Henry* Duke of *Lancaster*, who after long love, (during the time wherof the Poet faineth them to be dead) were in the end by consent of friends happily married: figured by a bird bringing in her bill an hearbe, which restored them to lyfe againe. Here also is shewed CHAUCER's match with a certain Gentlewoman, who although she was a stranger, was notwithstanding so well liked and loved of the Lady *Blanch*, and her Lord, as CHAUCER himselfe also was, that gladly they concluded a marriage betweene them.

**W**hen *Flora* the quene of plesaunce,  
Had whole achievid th' obeysaunce,  
Of the fresh and the new seson,  
Thorow out every region,  
And with her mantle whole covert  
That wintir made had discovert,  
Of avinture withoutin light,  
In May I lay upon a night,  
Alone, and on my lady thought,  
And how the Lord that her ywrought,  
Couth well entayle in Imagery,  
And shewid had grete maistiry,  
When he in so litil a space  
Made such a body and a face,  
So grete beautie with swich fetures,  
More than in othir creatures.  
And in my thoughtis as I lay,  
Within a lodge out of the way,  
Beside a well in a forest,  
Where aftir hunting I toke rest,  
Nature and kind to in me wrought,  
That halfe on slepe they me ybrought,  
And gan to dreame to my thinking  
With mind of knowliche like making:  
For what I dremid, as me thought,  
I saw it, and I sleptin nought,  
Wherefore is yet my full beleve,  
That some gode spirit that ilke eve  
By mene of some curious port,  
Bare me, where I saw payne and sport:  
But whether it were I woke or slept,  
Well wot I oft I lough and wept,  
Wherefore I woll in remembraunce,  
Put whole the payne, and the plesaunce,  
Which was to me axin and hele,  
Would God ye wist it everydele;  
Or at the lest, ye might o night  
Of such anothir have a sight,  
Although it were to you a payne,  
Yet on the mo'row, ye would be fayne,  
And wist that it might long endure,  
Then might ye say ye had gode cure,  
For he that dremes, and wenes he se,  
Mochil the bettir yet maie he  
Ywit what, and of whom, and where,  
And eke the lasse it woll hindere,  
To thinke I se this with mine eene,  
Iwis this may not dremè kene,

But signe or a signifaunce,  
Of hasty thing souning plesaunce;  
For on this wise upon a night,  
As ye have herd withoutin light,  
Not all wakyng, ne full on slepe,  
About such hour as lovirs wepe,  
And crie aftir ther ladies grace,  
Befell me tho this wondir cace,  
Which ye shall here and all the wise,  
So wholly as I can devise:  
In playne English evill writtin,  
For slepe writir well ye wittin  
Excusid is, though he do mis,  
More than one whiche that waking is,  
Wherefore here of your gentilnesse,  
I you requyre my boistousnesse  
Ye lettin passe, as thinge rude,  
And herith what I woll conclude,  
And of the' endityng taketh no hede,  
Ne of the termes, so God you spede,  
But let all passe as nothing were,  
For thus befell, as you shall here.

Within an yle methought I was,  
Where wall, and yate was all of glasse,  
And so was closid round about,  
That levelesse none come in ne out;  
Uncouth and straunge to behold,  
For every yate of fine gold,  
A thousand fanis, aie turning,  
Entunid had, and briddes singing,  
Divers, and on eche fane a paire,  
With opin mouth again the aire;  
And of a sute were all the toures,  
Subtily corvin aftir floures,  
Of uncouth colours, during aye,  
That nevir ben none sene in May,  
With many a small turret hie;  
But man on live could I non sic,  
Ne creturis, save ladies play,  
Which werin such of ther array,  
That as me thought of godeliked,  
They passeden all, and womanhed,  
For to behold them daunce and sing,  
It semid like none erthly thing,  
Such was ther uncouth countinaunce,  
In every play of right usaunce,

And



And of one age everichone  
 They semid all save onely one,  
 Which had of yeris suffisaunce,  
 For the might neythir sing ne daunce,  
 But yet her countenaunce was so glad,  
 As she so fewe yeris had had,  
 As any ladie that was there,  
 And as litil it did her dere,  
 Of lustines to laugh and tale,  
 As she had full stufid a male  
 Of disportis and new playis :  
 Faire had she ben in her dayis,  
 And maistresse semid well to be  
 Of all that lusty companie,  
 And so she might, I you ensure,  
 For one the conningilt cature  
 She was, and so said everichone,  
 That er her knew, there failid none,  
 For she was sober, and well avised,  
 And from every fault disguised,  
 And nothing used but faith and truth,  
 That she n'as young it was grete ruth,  
 For every where, and in ech place,  
 She governid her, that in grace  
 She stode alway with pore and riche,  
 That at a word was none her liche,  
 Ne halfe so' able maistres to be,  
 To such a lusty companie.

Befell me so, when I avised  
 Yhad the yle that me suffised,  
 And whole th' estate every where,  
 That in the lusty yle was there,  
 Which was more wondir to devise,  
 Than is the joyous paradise,  
 I dare well say ; for floure ne tre,  
 Ne thing wherein plesaunce might be,  
 There saylid none, for every wight,  
 Had they desirid, day and night,  
 Richis and hele, beauty and ese,  
 With every thing that them might plesse,  
 But thinke and have, it cost no more,  
 In such a country there before  
 Had I not ben ne herdin tell,  
 That livis creature might dwell.  
 And when I had thus all about  
 The yle avised thoroughout,  
 The state, and how they were arayed,  
 In my hert I wexe well appayed,  
 And in my selfe I me assured,  
 That in my body' I was well ured,  
 Sithin I might have such a grace,  
 To se the ladies and the place,  
 Which were so faire, I you ensure,  
 That to my dome though that nature  
 Would evir strive and do her paine,  
 She should not con ne mow attaine  
 The lest feture for to amend,  
 Though she would all her conning spende,  
 That unto beauteie might availe,  
 It were but paine and lost travaile,  
 Such part in ther nativite  
 Was then alargid of beauteie,  
 And eke they had a thing notable,  
 Unto ther deth ay durable,  
 And was, that ther beauty should dure,  
 Which was never sene in cature,  
 Save onily there (as I trow)  
 It ne hath not be wist ne know,  
 Wherefore I praise with ther conning  
 That during beauteie, richè thing,  
 Had they ben of ther lives certaine,  
 They had ben quite of every paine,

And when I wend thus all have sene,  
 The state, the riches, that might bene,  
 That me thought impossible were  
 To se one thing more than was there,  
 That to beauteie or glad conning  
 Serve or availe might any thing,  
 All sodainly, as I there stode,  
 This lady, that couth so much gode,  
 Unto me came with smiling chere,  
 And said *benedicite!* this yere  
 Saw I never man here but you,  
 Tell me how ye come hiðir now?  
 And your name, and where that ye dwell?  
 And whom ye seke eke mote ye tell,  
 And how ye come be to this place,  
 The soth well told may cause you grace,  
 And ellis ye mote prisoner be  
 Unto the ladies here, and me,  
 That have the governaunce of this yle :  
 And with that word she gan to smile,  
 And so did all the lusty rout  
 Of ladies that stode her about.  
 Madame (qð I) this night ypast,  
 Lodgid I was and slepte fast,  
 In a forest beside a well,  
 And now am here, how should I tell,  
 Wot I not by whose ordinance,  
 But onely fortune's purveiance,  
 Which puttith many, as I gesle,  
 To travaile, paine, and businesse,  
 And lettith nothing for ther truth,  
 But some sleeth eke, and that is ruth,  
 Wherefore I doubt her brittilnes,  
 Her variance and unstedfastnes,  
 So that I am as yet afraid,  
 And of my beyng here amaid,  
 For wondir thing it semith me,  
 Thus many fresh ladies to se,  
 So faire, so cunning, and so yong,  
 And no man dwelling them among :  
 N'ot I not how I hiðir come,  
 Madame (qð I) this all and some,  
 What should I fane a long processe,  
 To you that seme such a princesse?  
 What plesith you commaund or say,  
 Here I am redy to obay,  
 To my powir, and all fulfill,  
 And prisonir bide at your will,  
 Till you duly enformid be  
 Of every thing ye aske me.  
 This lady there right well apaid,  
 Me by the hande yroke, and laid,  
 Welcome prisoner adventurus,  
 Right glad am I ye have said thus,  
 And for ye doubt me to displese,  
 I will assay to do you ese:  
 And with that word, ye right anon,  
 She, and the ladies everichon,  
 Assemblid, and to counsaile went,  
 And aftir that sone for me sent,  
 And to me said on this manere,  
 All word for word, as ye shall here.

To se you here us thinke marvaile,  
 And how withoutin bore or faile,  
 By any subtilty or wyle,  
 Ye get have entre in this yle,  
 But not for that, yet shall ye se,  
 That we gentill women ybe,  
 Loth to displese in any wight,  
 Notwithstanding our grete right,  
 And for ye shall well undirstond  
 The olde custome of this lond,



Which hath continued many yere,  
Ye shall well were that with us here  
Ye may not bide, for causis twaine,  
Which we be purposed you to saine.

The one is this, our ordinance,  
Which is of long continuance,  
Ne wold not, sothly we you tell,  
That no man here among us dwell,  
Wherefore ye mote nedis retourne,  
In no wise may you here sojourne.

The othir is eke, that our Quene,  
Out of the Relme, as ye maie sene,  
Is, and may be to us a charge,  
If we let goe you here at large,  
For whichè cause the more we doubt  
To doe a fault while she is out,  
Or suffer that may be noysance,  
Againe our old accustomance.

And when I had these causis twaine  
Yherd, O God, what mochil paine  
All sodainly about mine hert  
There came at onis, and how smert!  
In creping soft as who should stele,  
Or doe me robbe of all mine hele,  
And made me in my thought so fraid,  
That in courage I stode dismaid.  
And standing thus, as was my grace,  
A Lady came more than apace,  
With a huge preisè her about,  
And told how that the Quene without  
Was arivid, and would come in,  
Well were they that hiðir might twin,  
They hied so they would not abide  
The bridling ther horse to ride,  
By five, by sixe, by two, by thre,  
There was not one abode with me,  
The quene to mete everichone

They went, and bode with me not one,  
And I went astir a soft pase,  
Imagining how to purchase  
Grace of the Quene, there to abide,  
Till gode fortune some happy guide  
Me sendin might, that would me bring  
Where I was borne to my womnng,  
For way ne fote ne knew I none,  
Ne whithirward I n'ist to gone,  
For all was Se about the yle,  
No wondir though me list not smile,  
Seing the case uncouth and straunge,  
And so in like a perilous chaunge,  
Imagin'ing thus walking alone,  
I saw the Ladies everichone,  
So that I might somewhat offer,  
Sone astir that I drew me nere,  
And tho I was ware of the Quene,  
And how the Ladies on ther knene,  
With joyous words, gladly advised,  
Her welcomed so that it suffised,  
Though she the princes whole had be  
Of all environed is with Se:  
And thus avising, with chere sad,  
All sodainly I was right glad,  
That gretir joy, as mote I thrive,  
I trow had nevir man on live,  
Than I tho, -ne an hert more light,  
When of my lady I had sight,  
Which with the Quene ycome was there,  
And in one clothing both they were,  
A knight also there well befene,  
I saw that come was with the Quene,  
Of whom the Ladies of that yle  
Had hugè wondir a long while,  
Till at the last right sobirly  
The Quene her self full cunningly,

240 With softè wordis in gode wife,  
Said to the Ladies yong and nise,  
My sistirs, how it hath befall,  
I trow ye know it one and all,  
That of long time here have I bene,  
Within this yle bidding as Quene,  
Living at ese, that nevir wight  
More parfit joy havin ne might,  
And to you ben of govirnance,  
Such as you found in whole plesance,

250 In evèry thing as ye know,  
Astir our custome and our low,  
Which how they first yfoundin were,  
I trow ye wote all the manere,  
And who the Quene is of this yle,  
As I have ben this longè while,  
Ech sevin yeres mote of usage,  
Visit the heavenly armitage,  
Which on a rock so high ystonds,  
In strangè Se out from all londs,

260 That to makin the pilgrimage,  
Is called a long per'ulous viage;  
For if the wind be not gode frend,  
The journey duris to the end  
Of him whichè that it undirtakes,  
Of twenty thousand one not scapes,  
Upon which rock growith a tre,  
That certaine yeres beres applis thre,  
Which thre applis who so may have,  
Ben from all displeaunce ysave,  
That in the sevin yere may fall,  
270 This wote ye well bothe one and all,  
For the first apple and the hext,  
Which ygrowith unto you next,  
Yhath thre vertues notable,  
And kepith youth aie durable,  
Beauty and loke evir in one,  
And is the best in everichone.

The second apple red and grene,  
Onely with lokis of your yene  
You nourishis in grete plesance,  
280 Bettir than Partridge or Fesaunce,  
And fedis every liv'is wight,  
Plesantly onely with the sight.

And the third apple of the thre,  
Which growith lowist on the tre,  
Who it beris ne may not faile,  
That to his plesance may availe,  
So your plesure and beauty rich,  
Your during youth evir yliche,  
Your truth, your cunning, and your wele,  
290 Hath aye flourid, and your gode hele,  
Without sicknes, or displeaunce,  
Or thing that to you was noysaunce,  
So that you have as goddesles,  
Livid above all princesses:

Now is befall, as ye may se,  
To gathir these said applis thre  
I have not failed againe the day,  
300 Thithirward is to take the way,  
Wening to spede as I had oft,  
But when I come, I find aloft  
My sistir, which that here ystands,  
Having those applis in her hands,  
Avising them, and nothing said,  
But lokid as she were well paid:  
And as I stode her to behold,  
Thinking how my joyis were cold,  
Sith I those applis have ne might,  
Evin with that so came this knight,  
And in his armes of me aware  
310 Me toke, and to his ship me bare,  
And said, though him I ner had sene,  
Yet had I long his lady ben,

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Wherefore



Wherefore I shoulde with him ywend,  
 And he would to his liv'is end  
 My servant be, and gan to sing,  
 As one that had wonne a rich thing :  
 Tho were my spirits fro me gone  
 So sodainly everichone,  
 That in me apperid but deth,  
 For I felt neithir life ne breth,  
 Ne gode ne harme none I knewe,  
 The sodaine paine me was so new,  
 That had not the hasty grace be  
 Of this lady, that fro the tre  
 Of her gentillesse so hyid,  
 Me to comfort, I had dyid,  
 And of her thre applis she one  
 Into mine hand there put anone,  
 Which brought againe my mind and breth,  
 And me recovered from the deth ;  
 Wherefore to her so am I hold,  
 That for her all things do I wold,  
 For she was lech of all my smert,  
 And from grete paine so quite mine hert,  
 And as God wote, right as ye here,  
 Me to comfort with frendly chere  
 She did her prowesse and her might,  
 And truly eke so did this knight,  
 In that he couth, and oftin said,  
 That of my wo he was ill paid,  
 And cursed the ship that them there brought,  
 The mast, the mastir that it wrought ;  
 And as ech thing mote have an end,  
 My sistir here your brothir frend,  
 Con with her words so womanly  
 This knight entrete and cunningly,  
 For mine honour and his also,  
 And said that with her we shoulde go  
 Both in her ship, where she was brought,  
 Which was so wondirfully wrought,  
 So clene, so rich, and so araid,  
 That we were both content and paid,  
 And me to comfort and to plesse,  
 And mine hert for to put at ese,  
 She toke grete paine in litil while,  
 And thus hath brought us to this yle,  
 As ye may se : wherfore echone  
 I pray you thanke her one and one,  
 As hertly as ye can devise,  
 Or imagine in any wise.  
 At once there tho men mightin seen,  
 A world of Ladies fall on kneen,  
 Fore my Lady that there about  
 Was left none standing in the rout,  
 But altogether they went at ones  
 To knele, they spared not for the stones,  
 Ne for estate, ne for ther blode,  
 Well shewid there they couth much gode :  
 To my Lady they made such fest,  
 And with such wordis, that the lest  
 So frendly and so faithfully  
 Ysaid was, and so cunningly,  
 That wondir was seing ther youth,  
 To here the language that they couth ;  
 And wholly how they governed were,  
 In thanking of my Lady there,  
 And said by will and maundement,  
 They were at her commaundement,  
 Which was to me as grete a joy,  
 As winning of the rounce of Troy  
 Was to the hardy Grekis strong,  
 When they it wan with sieg long,  
 To se my Lady in such a place,  
 And so recevid as she was.  
 And when they talkid had a while  
 Of this and that, and of the yle,

My lady, and the ladies there,  
 Altogithir as they ywere,  
 The Quene her self began to play,  
 And to the agid lady say :  
 Now semith you not gode it were,  
 Sith we be altogithir here,  
 To ordaine and devise the best,  
 To set this knight and me at rest,  
 For *woman is a feble wight*  
 To *vere a warre against a knight*,  
 And sith he here is in this place,  
 At my lest in dangir, or grace,  
 It were to me grete villany,  
 To do him any tiranny ;  
 But faine I would, now will ye here,  
 In his owne country that he were,  
 And I in pece, and he at ese,  
 This were a way us both to plesse :  
 If it might be, I you beseeche,  
 With him hereof you fall in speche.  
 This lady tho began to smile,  
 Avising her a litil while,  
 And with glad chere she said anone,  
 Madam, I will unto him gone,  
 And with him speke, and oftin seke,  
 What he desiris every dele :  
 And sobirly this lady tho  
 Her selfe, and othir ladies two  
 She toke with her, and with sad chere,  
 Said to the knight on this manere.  
 Sir, the grete princes of this yle,  
 Whom for your plesance many mile  
 Ye fought have, as I undirfond,  
 Till at the last ye have her fond,  
 Me sent hath here, and ladies twaine,  
 To herin all thing that ye faine,  
 And for what cause ye have her fought,  
 Faine would she wote, and whole your thought,  
 And why you do her all this wo,  
 And for what cause you be her so,  
 And why of every wight unware,  
 By force ye to your ship her bare,  
 That she so nigh ywas agone,  
 That mind ne spech ne had she none,  
 But as a painfull creature,  
 Dying, abode her advinture,  
 That her to se indure that paine,  
 Here we all say unto you plaine,  
 Right on your selfe ye did amille,  
 Seing how she a princes is ?  
 This knight the which ycowth his gode,  
 Right of his truth mevid his blode,  
 That pale he woxe as any led,  
 And lok't as tho he wold be ded,  
 Blode was there none in nothir cheke,  
 Wordlesse he was and semid sicke,  
 And so it provid well he was,  
 For without moving any paas,  
 All sodainly as thing dying,  
 He fell at onis downe fowning,  
 That for his wo this lady fraid  
 Unto the quene her hyed and said,  
 Cometh on anon as have you blisse,  
 But ye be wise, thing is amille,  
 This knight is ded or will be sone,  
 Lo ! where he lyith in a swone,  
 Withoutin word, or answiring  
 To that I have said any thing !  
 Wherefore I doubt moche that the blame  
 Might be hindiring to your name,  
 Which flourid hath so many yere,  
 So longe that for nothing here  
 I would in no wise that he dyed.  
 Wherefore it gode were that he hyed,

His ye



His life to save at the last,  
 And after that his wo be cest,  
 Commaundith him to voide, or dwell,  
 For in no wise dare I more mell  
 Of thing wherein such perill is,  
 As he is now to fall of this.  
 This Quene right tho full of grete fere,  
 With all the ladies present there,  
 Unto the knight came where he lay,  
 And made a Lady to him say :  
 Lo ! here the Quene awake for shame,  
 What will you doe, is this gode game ?  
 Why lye you here, what is your mind ?  
 Now is well fene your wit is blind,  
 To se so many Ladies here,  
 And ye to make none othir chere;  
 But as ye set them all at nought,  
 Arise, for his love that you bought:  
 But what she said, a word not one  
 He spake, ne answere gave her none.  
 The Quene of very pitty tho,  
 Her worship, and his life also  
 To save there she did her paine,  
 And quoke for fere, and gan to saine:  
 For wo alas ! what shall I doe !  
 What shall I say this man unto !  
 If he die here, lost is my name,  
 How shal I play this perillous game ?  
 If any thing be here amisse,  
 It shall be said it rigour is,  
 Whereby my name impayrin might,  
 And like to die eke is this knight:  
 And with that word her hand she laid  
 Upon his brest, and to him said,  
 Awake my knight, lo ! it am I,  
 That to you speke, now tell me why  
 Ye faire thus, and this paine endure,  
 Seing you be in country sure,  
 Among such fiends that would you hele,  
 Your hert's eke eke and your wele ?  
 And if I wist what you might ese,  
 Or know the thing that you might plesse,  
 I you ensure it should not faile,  
 That to your hele you might availe:  
 Wherefore with all my hert I pray  
 Ye rise, and let us talke and play,  
 And se how many Ladies here  
 Be comen for to make gode chere.  
 All was for nought, for still as ston  
 He lay, and word ne spoke he none,  
 Long while was or he might braid,  
 And of all that the Quene had said  
 He wist no word, but at the last,  
 O mercy twise he cryid fast,  
 That pittie was his voice to here,  
 Or to behold his painefull chere,  
 Which was not feined was well to sein,  
 Both by his visage and his eyn,  
 Which on the Quene at once he cast,  
 And fighid as he would to braft,  
 And after that eke he shright so,  
 That wondir was to se his wo,  
 For sithin that payne was first named,  
 Was ner more wofull payne attained,  
 For with voyce ded he gan to plaine,  
 And to himselfe these wordis saine ;  
 I wofull wight full of malure,  
 Am worse than ded, and yet I dure,  
 And maugre any paine or deth,  
 Against my will I fele my breth :  
 Why n'am I ded sith I ne serve,  
 And sith my lady will me sterve ?  
 Where art thou deth, art thou agast ?  
 Well shall we mete yot at the last,

Though thou The hide, it is for nought,  
 For where thou dwelst, thou shalt be fought,  
 Maugre thy subtrill double face,  
 Here will I die right in this place, 610  
 To thy dishonour and myne ese,  
 Thy mannir is no wight to plesse,  
 What nedis The sith I The seche,  
 So The to hide my payne to eche ?  
 And well wost thou I will not live,  
 Who would me all this world here give,  
 For I have with my cowardise  
 Lost joy, and hele, and my servise,  
 And made my soveraigne Lady so,  
 That while she lives I trow my fo 620  
 She will be evir to her end,  
 Thus have I neithir joy ne frend ;  
 Wote I not whethir hast or sloth  
 Hath causid this now by my troth,  
 For at the hermitage full hie,  
 When I her saw first with myne eye,  
 I hyid till I was aloft,  
 And made my pace small and soft,  
 Till in mine armes I had her fast,  
 And to my ship bare at the last, 630  
 Whereof she was displeid so,  
 That endles there semid her wo :  
 And I thereof had so grete fere,  
 That me repent that I come there,  
 Which hast I trow gan her displese,  
 And is the cause of my disese :  
 And with that word he gan to cry,  
 Now deth, deth, come twyis or thry,  
 And morrid I n'ot what of slouth,  
 And even with that the Quene of routh 640  
 Him in her armis toke and sayd,  
 Now mine owne knight be' not ill apayd,  
 That I a lady to you sent,  
 To have knowledge of your entent,  
 For in gode faith I men't but well,  
 And would ye wist it every dele,  
 Nor will not do to you ywis,  
 And with that word she gan him kisse,  
 And prayed him rise, and said she would  
 His welfare by her truth, and told 650  
 Him how she was for his disese  
 Right fory, and faine would him plesse,  
 His lyfe to save: these wordis tho,  
 She said to him, and many mo,  
 In comforting, for from the paine,  
 She would he were delivered faine ;  
 The knight tho up ycast his een,  
 And when he saw it was the Quene,  
 That to him had these wordis said,  
 Right in his wo he gan to braid, 660  
 And him up dressis for to knele,  
 The Quene avising wondir wele :  
 But as he rose he ovirthrew,  
 Wherefore the Quene yet eft anew  
 Him in her armis anone toke,  
 And pitiously gan on him loke,  
 But for all that nothyng she sayd,  
 Ne spake nor like she were well payd,  
 Ne no chere made, nor sad, ne light, 670  
 But all in one to every wight,  
 There was fene conning, with estate,  
 In her without noyse or debate,  
 For save onely a loke piteous  
 Of womanhed undispiteous, 680  
 That she showid in countinace,  
 For semed her hert from obeifance,  
 And not for that she did her reine,  
 Him to recovir from the peine,  
 And his hert for to put at large,  
 For her entent was to his barge 680  
 Him



Him for to bryng agaynst the eve,  
 With certaine ladies, and take leve,  
 And pray him of his gentilnesse,  
 To suffir her thenceforth in pece,  
 As othir Princis had before,  
 And from thenceforth for evirmore,  
 She would him worship in all wise,  
 That gentilnesse ymight devise,  
 And payne her wholly to fulfill,  
 In honour, his plesure, and will.  
 And during thus this knightis wo,  
 Present the Quene and othir mo,  
 My lady' and many' an othir wight,  
 Ten thousand shippis at a sight,  
 I saw come oer the wawy fode  
 With sayle and ore, that as I stode  
 Them to behold, I gan marvaile,  
 From whom might come so many' a faile,  
 For sith the tyme that I was bore,  
 Such a navie there ne're before  
 Had I not sene, ne so arayed,  
 That for the sight my hert yplayed,  
 Aye to and fro within my brest,  
 For joy, long was or it would rest,  
 For there was saylis full of floures,  
 Aftir castils with hugè toures,  
 Yfeming full of armis bright,  
 That wondir lusty was the sight,  
 With large toppis, and mastis long,  
 Richly depeint, and reare among  
 At certaine timis gan repayre,  
 Sma'è birdis doune from the aire,  
 And on the shippis bounds about  
 Yfate and song with voyce full out  
 Ballades and Layes right joyously,  
 As they couth in ther harmony,  
 That you to write that I there se,  
 Mine excuse is, it may not be.  
 For why? the matrir were to long,  
 To name the birds and write ther song;  
 Whercof anon the tydings there  
 Unto the Quene sone brought ywere,  
 With many' alas, and many' a doubt,  
 Shewing the shippis there without;  
 Tho gan the agid lady wepe,  
 And said alas! our joy on flepe,  
 Sone shal be brought, ye long or night,  
 For we discried ben by this knight,  
 For certes it may none othir be,  
 But he is of yond companie,  
 And they be come him here to seche,  
 And with that word her faylid speche;  
 Without reme'dy we be destroid,  
 Full oft said all, and gan conclude,  
 Wholy at onis at the last,  
 That best was shrit ther yatis fast,  
 And arme them all in gode langage,  
 As they had done of old usage,  
 And of fayre wordis make ther shor,  
 This was ther counsaile and the knot,  
 And othir purpose toke they none,  
 But armid thus forth they all gone  
 Toward the wallis of the yle,  
 But or they comin there long while,  
 They mettin the grete lord of bove,  
 That callid is the God of Love,  
 That them avisid with such chere,  
 Right as he with them angry were,  
 Avayled them nor ther wals of glasse,  
 This mighty lord let not to passe,  
 The shuttyng of ther yatis fast,  
 All they had ordained was but wast,  
 For when his ships had foundin land,  
 This lord anon with bow in hand,

Into this yle with hugè prefe,  
 Yhyid fast, and would not cese,  
 Till he came there the knight ylay,  
 Of Quene ne lady by the way  
 Toke he no hede but forth he past,  
 And yet all followed at the last, 760  
 And when he came where lay the knight,  
 Well shewid he, he had grete might,  
 And forth the Quene callid anone,  
 And all the ladies everichone;  
 And to them said, is not this routh,  
 To se my fervaunt for his trouth  
 Thus lene, thus sicke, and in this payne,  
 And wot not unto whom to playne,  
 Save onely one withoutin mo,  
 Which might him hele, and is his so? 770  
 And with that word, his hevy brow  
 He shewed the Quene, and lokid row;  
 This mighty lord forth tho anone,  
 780 With o loke her faultis echone,  
 He can her shew in litil spech,  
 Commaunding her to be his lech,  
 Withoutin more, shortly to say,  
 He thought the Quene sone should obay,  
 And in his hond he shoke his bow,  
 And said right sone he would be know, 780  
 And for she had so long refused  
 His service, and his lawes not used,  
 He let her wit that he was wroth,  
 790 And bent his bow and forth he goth  
 A pace or two, and evin there  
 A large draught, up to his ere,  
 He drew, and with an arrow ground  
 Bothe sharpe and new the Quene a wound  
 He gave, that perfed unto the hert,  
 Which aftirward full sore gan smert, 790  
 And was not whole of many yere,  
 And even with that, be of gode chere,  
 My knight, qð he, I will The hele,  
 800 And The restore to parfite wele,  
 And for ech payne thou hast endured,  
 To have two joies thou art enured;  
 And forth he passid by the rout,  
 With sobir chere walking about:  
 And what he said I thought to here,  
 Well wist he which his servaunts were, 800  
 And as he passed anon he fond,  
 My lady', and her toke by the hond,  
 And made her chere as a Goddes,  
 810 And of beaute called her princes,  
 Of bounty eke gave her the name,  
 And sayd there was nothyng to blame  
 In her, but she was vetuous,  
 Saving she would no pity use,  
 Which was the cause that he her sought,  
 To put that far out of her thought; 810  
 And sithin she had whole richesse  
 Of womanhed, and frendlinesse,  
 He said it was nothing siting,  
 820 To void pity his owne kyggyng,  
 And gan her prach, and with her play,  
 And of her beauty told her aie,  
 And said she was a creature,  
 Of whom the name should endure,  
 And in bokis full of plesaunce,  
 Be put for er in remembraunce, 820  
 And as me thoughtin more frendly,  
 Unto my lady, and godelily  
 He spake, than any that was there,  
 830 And for the' applis, I trow, it were,  
 That she had in possession,  
 Wherefore long in proccession,  
 Many a pace arme undir other,  
 He welke, and so did with nene other,



But what he would commaund or fay;  
 Forthwith nedis all must obay,  
 And what he desired at the lest  
 Of my lady, was by request,  
 And when they long together had bene,  
 He brought my lady to the Quene,  
 And to her said, so God you spede,  
 Shew grace and consent, that is nede;  
 My lady tho full conningly,  
 Right well avised, and womanly  
 Downe gan to knele upon the floures,  
 Which Aprill nourished had with shoures,  
 And to this mighty lord gan say,  
 That plesith you, I woll obay,  
 And me restraine from othir thought,  
 As ye woll all thyng shall be wrought,  
 And with that word kneling she quoke.  
 That mighty lord in armes her toke,  
 And said you have a servaunt one,  
 That truir living is there none,  
 Wherefore gode were, seing his trowth,  
 That on his painis ye had routh,  
 And purpose you to here his spech,  
 Fully avised him to lech,  
 For of one thyng ye may be sure,  
 He will be yours, while he may dure:  
 And with that word right on his game  
 Me thought he lough, and told my name,  
 Which was to me marvaile, and fere,  
 That what to do I ne wist there,  
 Ne whethir was me bet or none  
 There to abide, or thus to gone,  
 For well wend I my lady wold  
 Imagin, or deme, I had told  
 My counsaile whole, or made complaint  
 Unto that lord, that mighty saint,  
 So verily ech thyng unfought,  
 He said, as he had knowne my thought,  
 And told my trowth and mine use,  
 But than I couth have for mine ese,  
 Though I had studied all a weke,  
 Well wist that lord that I was seke,  
 And would be lechid wondir faine,  
 No man me blame, mine was the paine:  
 And when this lord had all ysaide,  
 And long while with my lady plaid,  
 She gan to smile with spirit glade,  
 This was the answer that she made,  
 Which put me there in double peine,  
 That what to do, ne what to seine  
 Wist I not, ne what was the best,  
 Ferre was my hert then fro his rest;  
 For as I thought, that smiling signe  
 Was token, that the hert encline  
 Would to requestis resonable,  
 Because *smiling is favorable*  
*To every thing that shall thrive;*  
 So thoughtin I tho anon blive,  
 That *wouldesse answer in no toun*  
*Was tyme for obligation,*  
 Ne callid surety in no wife,  
 Amongst them that callid ben wife.  
 Thus was I in a joyous dout,  
 Sure and unfurist of that rout,  
 Right as mine hert ythought it were,  
 So more or lesse wexin my fere,  
 That if one thought ymade it wele,  
 Anothir shent it everydele,  
 Till at the last I couth no more,  
 But purposed as I did before,  
 To serve truly my lyv's space,  
 Awaiting er the yere of grace,  
 Which may yfall yet or I sterre,  
 If that it pleseth her that I serve,

And servid have, and woll do ever,  
 For thyng is none, that me is lever,  
 Than is her service, whose presence  
 Mine heven is whole, and her absence  
 An hell all full of divers paines,  
 Whych to the deth full oft me straines:  
 Thus in my thoughtis, as I stode,  
 That unneth felt I harme ne gode,  
 I saw the Quene a litil paas  
 Come where this mighty lord ywas,  
 And knelid doune in presence there  
 Of all the ladies that there were,  
 With sobir countinaunce avised,  
 In few wordis that well suffised,  
 And to this lord anon present  
 A bill, wherein whole her entent  
 Was writtin, and how she besought,  
 As he knew every will and thought,  
 That of his godhed and his grace  
 He would forgyve all old trespas,  
 And undispleased be of time past,  
 For she would evir be stedfast,  
 And in his service to the deth  
 Use every thought while she had breth;  
 And sight and wept, and said no more,  
 Within was writtin all the sore:  
 At whyche bill the lord gan smyle,  
 And said he would within that yle  
 Be lord and syre, both est and west,  
 And cal'd it there his new conquest,  
 And in grete counsell toke the Quene,  
 Long were the talis them betwene,  
 And ovir her bill he red thrise,  
 And wondir gladly gan devise  
 Her fetures faire, and her visage,  
 And bad gode-thrift on that Image,  
 And saide he trowid her compleint  
 Should astir cause her be corseint,  
 And in his sleve he put the bill,  
 Was there none that yknew his will,  
 And forth he walke apace about,  
 Beholding all the lusty rout,  
 Halfe in a thought with smiling chere;  
 Till at the last, as ye shall here,  
 He turned unto the Quene ageine,  
 And said to morne here in this pleine,  
 I woll that ye be, and all yours,  
 That purposid ben to were flours,  
 Or of my lusty colour use,  
 It may not be to you excuse,  
 Ne to none of yours in no wife,  
 That able be to my servise,  
 For as I said have here before,  
 I will be lord for evirmore  
 Of you, and of this yle, and all,  
 And of all yours, that havin shall  
 Joy, pece, or ese, or in plesauce  
 Your livis use without noysaunce,  
 Here will I in state be ysene,  
 And turned his visage to the Quene,  
 And you give knowledge of my will,  
 And a full answer of your bill;  
 Was there no nay, ne wordis none,  
 But very' obeisaunt semed echone,  
 The Quene and othir that were there,  
 Well semid it they had grete fere,  
 And there toke lodging every knight,  
 Was none departid of that night,  
 And some to rede old Romances,  
 Them occupied for ther plesances,  
 Some to make verelaies and laies,  
 And some to othir diverse plaies:  
 And I to me a Romance toke,  
 And as I reding was the boke,



Methought the spherè had so run,  
That it was rising of the Sun,  
And such a pres into the plaine  
Assemble gone, that with grete paine  
One might for othir gone stand,  
Ne none take othir by the hand,  
Withoutin they distourbid were,  
So huge and gret the pres was there.

And aftir that within two houres,  
This mighty lord clad all in floures  
Of divers colours many a paire,  
In his estate up in the aire,  
Well nigh two fathom, as his hight,  
He set him there in all ther sight,  
And for the Quene and for the Knight,  
And for my lady and every wight,  
In hast he sent, so that ner one  
Was there absent, but come echone:  
And when they thus assemblid were,  
As ye have herd me say you here,  
Without more tarrying on hight,  
There to be sene of every wight,  
Up stode among the pres above  
A counsaylir, servaunt of love,  
Which semid well, of gret estate,  
And shewid there, how no debate  
Othir then godely might be used,  
In gentilnesse and be excused,  
Wherefore he said his lord's will  
Was every wight there should be fill,  
And in pees, and of one accord,  
And thus commaundid at a word,  
And can his tongue to swiche language  
To turne, that yet in all mine age  
Herd I never so conningly  
Man speke, ne halfe so faithfully,  
For every thing he said there,  
Semid as it infelid were,  
Or approvid for very trew:  
Swiche was his cunning language newe,  
And well according to his chere,  
That where I be, me thinke I here,  
Him yet alway, when I mine one,  
In any place may be alone:  
First con he of the lusty yle,  
All the astate in lityl whyle  
Reherse, and wholly every thing,  
That causid there his lord's coming,  
And every wele and every wo,  
And for what cause ech thing was so,  
Well shewed he there in ech spech,  
And how the sicke had nede of lech:  
And that whiche whole was, and in grace,  
He toid plainly why ech thing was,  
And at the last he con conclude,  
Vordid every language rude,  
And said, that Prince, that mighty Lord,  
Or his departing, would accord  
All the parties were there present,  
And was the fine of his entent,  
Witnesse his presence in your sight,  
Which sits among you in his might:  
And knelid downe withoutin more,  
And not o word yspake he more.

Tho gan this mighty Lord him dresse,  
With chere avised, to dolargesse,  
And said unto this knight and me,  
Ye shall to joy restorid be,  
And for ye have ben true ye twaine,  
I graunt you here for every paine  
A thousand joies every weke,  
And loke ye be no lengir seke,

And both your ladies, lo hem here!  
Take ech his own, beth of gode chere, 1050  
Your happie day is new begun,  
Sith it was rising of the sun,  
And to all othir in this place  
I graunt wholly to stand in grace,  
That servith truely without flouth,  
And to avauncid be by trouth.  
Tho gan this knight and I downe knele,  
Wening to doin wondir wele,  
Seing, O Lord, your grete mercy 1060  
Us hath enriched so opynly,  
That we deserve may never more,  
The lest part, but evirmore  
With soule and body truely serve  
You and yours till that we ysterve.  
And to ther Ladies there they stode:  
This knight that *couth so nikel gode*,  
Ywent in hast, and I also,  
Joyous, and glad werin we tho,  
And al so rich in every thought, 1070  
As he that all hath and ought nought,  
And them besought in humble wise,  
Us to accept to ther service,  
And shew us of ther frendly cheres,  
Which in ther tresure many yeres  
They keptin had, us to grete paine,  
And told how ther servauntis twaine,  
We were, would be, and so had ever,  
And to the deth chaunge would we never,  
Ne doe offence, ne thinke like ill, 1080  
But fill ther ordinance and will:  
And made our othis freshe and new,  
Our old service for to renew,  
And wholly ther's for evirmore  
We there become, what might we more?  
And well awaiting, that in flouth  
We made no fault, ne in our trouth,  
Ne thought not do, I you ensue,  
With our will, whilis we may dure.

This seson past, againe an eve,  
This Lord of the Quene toke his leve, 1090  
And said he would hastely returne,  
And at gode leisure there sojourne,  
Both for his honour and his ese,  
Commaunding fast the knight to plesse,  
And gave his statutes in papirs,  
And ordent divers officirs,  
And forth to ship the same night  
He went and sone was out of sight.  
And on the morow, when the aire  
Attemprid was and wondir faire, 1100  
Erly at rising of the sun,  
Aftir the night away was run,  
Yplaying us on the rivage,  
My Lady spake of her voyage,  
And said she madin small journies,  
And held her in straunge counteries,  
And forthwith to the Quene went,  
And shewed her wholly her entent,  
And toke her leve with chere weping,  
That pitty was to se that parting: 1110  
For to the Quene it was a paine,  
As to a Martyr new yllaine,  
That for her woe, and she so tender,  
Yet I wepe oft when I remember,  
She offerid there to resigne  
To my Lady eight times or nine,  
Th' astate, the yle, shortly to tell,  
If it might plesse her there to dwell,  
And said, for evir her linage  
Should to my Lady doe homage, 1120  
And hers be whole withoutin more,

Ye,



Ye, and all thers for evirmore:  
 Nay, God forbid, my lady eft,  
 With many conning word and soft,  
 Said, that evir fuch thing should bene,  
 That I consent should, that a Quene  
 Of your estate, and so well named,  
 In any wife should be attramed:  
 But would be faine with all my hert,  
 What so befell, or how me finert,  
 To doin thing that you might plesse,  
 In any wife or be your ese,  
 And kiffid there, and bad gode night,  
 For which leve wept many a wight.  
 There might men here my Lady praised,  
 And fuch a name of her araifed,  
 What of cunning and frendlineffe,  
 What of beauty with gentilneffe,  
 And what of glad and frendly cheres,  
 That she usid in all her yeres,  
 That wondir was here every wight  
 To fay well how they did ther might,  
 And with a pres upon the morow  
 To fhip her brought, and what a forow  
 They made, when she should undir faile,  
 That and ye wift, ye would mervaile.  
 Forth goeth the fhip, out goeth the fonde,  
 And I as a wode man unbond,  
 For doubt to be left behind there,  
 Into the Se withoutin fere  
 Anon I ran, till with a waw  
 All fodenly I was oerthraw,  
 And with the watir to and fro  
 Backward and forward travailed so,  
 That mind and breth nigh was ygone,  
 For gode ne harme ne knew I none,  
 Til at the laft with hokis tweine  
 Men of the fhip with mikil peine,  
 To fave my life, did fuch travaile,  
 That and ye wift ye would mervaile,  
 And in the fhip me drewe on hie,  
 And faidin all that I would die,  
 And laid me long downe by the maft,  
 And of ther clothis on me caft,  
 And there I made my testament,  
 And wift my felfe not what I ment,  
 But when I faid had what I would,  
 And to the maft my wo all told,  
 And tane my leve of every wight,  
 And closed mine eyen, and loft my fight,  
 Avifed to die, without more fpeech,  
 Or any remedy to fech  
 Or grace new, as was grete nede,  
 My lady of my paine toke hede,  
 And her bethought how that for trouth  
 To fe me die it were grete routh,  
 And to me came in fobir wife,  
 And foftly faid, I pray you rife,  
 Come on with me, let be this fare,  
 All fhall be wel, have ye no care,  
 I will obey ye and fulfill  
 Wholly in al that lordis will,  
 That you and me not long ago  
 Aftir his lift commaundid so,  
 That there againe no refiftence  
 May be withoutin gret offence,  
 And therefore now loke what I fay,  
 I am and will be frendly aye,  
 Rife up, behold this avauntage,  
 I grauntin you in heritage,  
 All peceably withoutin ftrive,  
 During the dayis of your live,  
 And of her applis in my flere  
 One she yput, and toke her leve  
 In wordis few, and faid gode hele  
 He that all made you fend and wele,

Wherewith my painis all at ones  
 Tokin fuch leve, that all my bones,  
 For the new durense plessaunce,  
 So as they couth defired to daunce, 1200  
 And I as whole as any wight,  
 Up rofe with joyous hert and light,  
 Whole and unficke, right wele at ese,  
 And all forget had my difefe,  
 1130 And to my lady where she plaid  
 I went anone, and to her faid:  
 He that all joies, persons to plesse,  
 First ordainid with parfite ese,  
 And every plesure can depart,  
 Send you, madame, as large a part, 1210  
 And of his godis fuch plenty,  
 As he has done you of beauty,  
 With hele, and all that may be thought,  
 He fend you all as he all wrought:  
 1140 Madame (qð I) your fervaunt trew  
 Have I ben long, and yet will new,  
 Withoutin chaunge or repentaunce,  
 In any wife or variaunce,  
 And fo will do as thrive I ever,  
 For thing is none that me is lever 1220  
 Than you to plesse how er I fare,  
 Mine hert's lady and my welfare,  
 My life, mine hele, my lech also  
 Of every thing that doth me wo,  
 My helpe at nede and my furete  
 1150 Of every joy that longs to me,  
 My succours whole in alle wife,  
 That may be thought or man devise,  
 Your grace, Madame, fuch have I found,  
 Now in my nede that I am bound 1230  
 To you for er, fo Chrif me fave,  
 For hele and live of you I have,  
 Wherefore is refoun I you ferve  
 With due obeifaunce till I fterve,  
 1160 And ded and quicke be evir yours,  
 Late, erly, and at alle hours.  
 Tho came my lady fmall alite,  
 And in plaine engliſh con confite  
 In wordis few whole her entent  
 She fhewed me there, and how she ment 1240  
 To me ward in evèry wife,  
 Wholly she came at ther devise,  
 Without processe or long travell,  
 Charging me to kepin counfell,  
 1170 As I would to her grace attaine,  
 Of which commaundement I was faine.  
 Wherefore I paffe oer at this time,  
 For counfell cords not well in rime,  
 And eke the oth that I have fware  
 To breke, me were bettir unbore, 1250  
 Why? for untrue for evirmore  
 I ſhould be hold, that nevirmore  
 Of me in place ſhould be report  
 Thing that availe might, or comfort  
 1180 To mewardis in any wife,  
 And eche wight wouldin me difpife  
 In that they couth, and me repreve,  
 Which were a thing fore for to greve;  
 Wherefore hereof more mencion  
 Make I not now, ne long fermon, 1260  
 But ſhortly thus I me excuſe,  
 To rime a counsell I refuſe:  
 Sailing thus two dayis or thre  
 My lady towards her countre,  
 1190 Ovir the wavis high and grene,  
 Which werin large and depe betwene,  
 Upon a time me called and faid,  
 That of my hele she was well paid,  
 And of the Quene and of the yle  
 She talkid with me a long while, 1270  
 And



And of all that she there had sene,  
 And of th' estate, and of the quene,  
 And of the ladies name by name,  
 Two houres or mo this was her game;  
 Till at the last the wind can rise,  
 And blew so fast, and in such wise  
 The ship, that every wight can say,  
 Madame, er eve be of this day,  
 And God tofore; ye shall be there,  
 As ye would fainist that ye were,  
 And doubtrith not within fixe hours  
 Ye shall be there, as all is yours.  
 At which wordis she gan to smile,  
 And said that was no longe while,  
 That they her set, and up she rose,  
 And all about the ship she gose,  
 And made gode chere to every wight,  
 Till of the land she had a sight,  
 Of which she glad God it wot  
 She was abashid and abote,  
 And forth goeth; shortly you to tell,  
 Where she accustomed was to dwell,  
 And recevid was as gode right,  
 With joyous chere and hert's light;  
 And as a glad new avinture,  
 Plesant to every cature:  
 With which landing tho I awoke,  
 And found my chambir full of smoke,  
 My chekis eke unto the eres,  
 And all my body wet with teres,  
 And all so feble and in such wise  
 I was, that unneth might I rise,  
 So far travailid and so faint,  
 That neithir knew I kirke ne faint,  
 Ne what was what, ne who was who,  
 Ne avised what way I would go;  
 But by an adventurous grace,  
 I rise and walkt, sought pace and pace,  
 Till I a winding staire yfound,  
 And held the vice aye in my hond;  
 And upward softly so can crepe,  
 Till I came where I thought to slepe,  
 More at mine ese, and out of prece,  
 At my gode leisure, and in pece,  
 Till somwhat I recomfort were  
 Of the travill and the grete fere,  
 That I endurid had before,  
 This was my thought withoutin more;  
 And as a wight witlesse and faint,  
 Without more, in a chambir paint  
 Full of stories old and divers,  
 More than I can as now reherse.  
 Unto a bed full sobirly,  
 So as I mightin full southly,  
 Pace afir other, and nothing said,  
 Till at the last downe I me laid,  
 And as my mind would give me leve,  
 All that I dremid had that eve,  
 Before that all I can reherse,  
 Right as a child at schole his verse  
 Doth afir that he thinketh to thrive,  
 Right so did I for all my live,  
 I thought to have in remembraunce,  
 Both the paine and eke the plesaunce,  
 The dreame whole, as it me befell  
 Which was as ye herin me tell;  
 Thus in my thoughtis as I lay,  
 That happy or unhappy day,  
 Ne wot I not, so have I blame,  
 Of the two which shulde be the name:  
 Befell me so, that there a thought  
 By proccesse new on slepe me brought,  
 And me governed so in a while,  
 That ones againe within the yle

Me thought I was, where of the knight,  
 And of the ladies I had sight,  
 And were assemblid on a grene,  
 Bothe knight and lady, with the quene,  
 At which assembly there was said,  
 How that they all content and paid  
 Werin wholly as in that thing,  
 That the Knight there should be the king,  
 And they would all for sure witnesse,  
 Yweddid be both more and lesse,  
 In remembraunce withoutin more,  
 Thus they consent for evirmore,  
 And was concludid that the knight  
 Departin should the same night,  
 And forthwith there toke his voiage,  
 To journey for his marriage,  
 And returnin with such an host,  
 That weddid might be lest and most:  
 This was concluded, written and seled,  
 That it ne might not be repeled,  
 In no wise but continue firme,  
 And all should be within a terme,  
 Without more excusation,  
 Both fest and coronation.  
 This knight, which had thereof the charge,  
 Anon into a little barge  
 Ybrought was late against an eve,  
 Where of all he ytoke his leve,  
 Which barge was as a man's thought  
 Afir his plesure to him brought,  
 The Quene her selfe accustomed aye  
 In the same barge oft for to play,  
 It nedith neithir mast ne rothir,  
 I have not herd of such another,  
 No maistr for the govirnaunce,  
 He saylid by thought and plesaunce,  
 Withoutin labour Est and West,  
 All ywas one, calme or tempest,  
 And I went with at his request,  
 And was the first praied to the fest.  
 When he came into his countre,  
 And passid had the wavy Se,  
 In an havin bothe depe and large  
 He left his rich and noble barge,  
 And to the court shortly to tell,  
 He went, where he wont was to dwell,  
 And was recevid as gode right,  
 As heire, and for a worthy knight,  
 With all the statis of the lond,  
 Which came anon at his first sond,  
 With glad spiritis full of trouth,  
 Loth to do fault, or with a slouth,  
 Attaint to be in any wise,  
 Ther richis was ther old servise,  
 Which evir trew had ben yfond,  
 Sith first inhabit was the lond.  
 And so recevid thei ther King,  
 That forgottin ywas no thing,  
 That ought to be done ne might plesse,  
 Ne ther sovaine Lord do ese,  
 And with them so, shortly to say,  
 As they of custome had done aye,  
 For seven yere past was and more,  
 The father, the old, wife and hore,  
 King of the land, ytoke his leve  
 Of all his barons on an eve,  
 And told them how his dayis past  
 Were all, and comin was the last,  
 And hartily prayed hem to remember  
 His sonne, which yong was and tender,  
 That borne ywas ther prince to be,  
 If he returne to that countre  
 Might by adventure or by grace,  
 Within any shorte time or space,



And to be true and frendly aye,  
 As they to him had ben alway:  
 Thus he them prayd, withoutin more,  
 And toke his leve for evirmore.  
 Knowin was, how tendir in age,  
 This yonge prince a grete viage  
 Uncouth and straung, honours to seche,  
 Ytoke in hond with lityl speche,  
 Which was to sekin a princes,  
 That he desired more than riches,  
 For her grete name that flourid so,  
 That in that time there was no mo,  
 Of her estate, ne so well named,  
 For borne was none that er her blamed:  
 Of which princes somewhat before  
 Here have I spoke, and some will more.  
 So thus befell as ye shall here,  
 Unto ther lord they made such chere,  
 That joy was there to be present,  
 To se ther troth, and how they ment,  
 So very glad they were ech one,  
 That them among there was no one,  
 Whiche that desired more riches,  
 Than for ther Lord such a princes,  
 That they might plesse, and that were faire,  
 For fast desired they an heire,  
 And said grete surety were ywis.  
 And as they were speking of this,  
 The prince himselfin him avised,  
 And in plaine English undisguised,  
 Them shewid wholly his journey,  
 And of ther counsell can them prey,  
 And told how he ensurid was,  
 And how his day he might not passe,  
 Withoutin diffame and grete blame,  
 And to him for evir a shame;  
 And of ther counsell and avise  
 There he prayith them once or twise,  
 And that they would within ten daies,  
 Avise and ordaine him such waies,  
 So that it were no displeaunce,  
 Ne to this Relme oer grete grievance,  
 And that he might have to his fest,  
 Sixty thousand Gestes at the lest,  
 For his intent within short while  
 Was to returne unto this yle  
 That he came fro, and kepe his day,  
 For nothing would he be away.  
 To counsaile tho the Lords anon  
 Into a chambir everychone  
 Togithir went, them to devise,  
 How they might best and in what wise,  
 Purvey for their Lord's pleasaunce,  
 And the Relm's continuance  
 Of honor, which in it before,  
 Had continuid evirmore;  
 So at the last they found the waies,  
 How that within the next ten daies,  
 All might with paine and diligence  
 Be done, and cast what the dispence  
 Might draw, and in conclusion,  
 Made for ech thing provision.  
 When this was done, wholly tofore  
 The prince, the lordis all before  
 Come, and shewid what they had done,  
 And how they couth by no reson  
 Findin that within the ten daies,  
 He might departin by no waies,  
 But would be fittene at the lest,  
 Or he returne might to his fest:  
 And shewed him every reson why  
 It might not be so hastily  
 As he desired, ne his day  
 He might not kepe by no way,  
 For divers causis wondir grete,  
 Which when he herd, in such an herte  
 He fell, for sorow and was seke,  
 Still in his bed whole that weke,  
 And nigh the tothir for the shame,  
 And for the doubt, and for the blame,  
 That mightin on him be aret,  
 And oft upon his brest he bet,  
 And said alas! mine honour for aye,  
 Have I here lost clenely this day,  
 Ded would I be, alas my name  
 Shall aye be more henceforth in shame,  
 And I dishonoured and repaved,  
 And nevir more shall be beleved:  
 And made swich sorow, that in trowth,  
 Him to behold it was grete routh:  
 And so endured the dayes fiftene,  
 Till that the Lords on an even,  
 Him come and told they redy were,  
 And shewid in few wordis there,  
 How and what wise they had purvey'd,  
 For his estate, and to him said,  
 That twenty thousand knights of name,  
 And fourty thousand without blame,  
 All come of noble ligine,  
 Togithir in a compaign,  
 Were lodgid on a river's side,  
 Him and his plesure there t'abide.  
 The prince tho for joy up arose,  
 And where they lodgid were, he goes  
 Withoutin more that same night,  
 And these his suppir made to dight,  
 And with them bode till it was dey,  
 And forthwith to take his journey,  
 Leving the streight, holding the large,  
 Till he came to his noble barge:  
 And when this prince this lustie knight,  
 With his peple in armis bright  
 Was comin where he thought to pas,  
 And knew well none abiding was  
 Behind, but all were there present,  
 Forthwith anon all his intent  
 He told them there, and made his cries,  
 Thorough his Hoste that day twise,  
 Commaunding every livis wight  
 There being present in his sight,  
 To be the morow on the rivage,  
 Where he begin would his viage.  
 The morow come, the cry was kept,  
 But few was there that night that slept,  
 But trussed and purveid for the morow,  
 For fault of ships was all ther sorow,  
 For save the barge, and othir two,  
 Of shippis there saw I no mo:  
 Thus in ther doubtis as they stode,  
 Waxing the Se, comming the fode,  
 Was cried to ship goe every wight,  
 Then was but he, that he him might:  
 And to the barge me thought echone,  
 They went, without was left not one,  
 Ne horse, ne male, trusse, ne baggage,  
 Salad ne spere, gardbrace ne page,  
 But was lodgid and rome ynough;  
 At which shipping me thought I lough,  
 And gan to marvaile in my thought,  
 How evir such a ship was wrought,  
 For what peple that can encrese,  
 Ne ner so thicke might be the prece,  
 But all had rome at ther will,  
 There was not one was lodgid ill:  
 For as I trowe, my selfe the last  
 Was one, and lodgid by the mast,  
 And where I loked I saw such rome,  
 As all were lodgid in a towne.

Forth



Forth goth the ship said was the crede,  
 And on ther knees for ther gode spece  
 Downe knelid every wight a while,  
 And prayid fast that to the yle  
 They mightin comin in safety,  
 The prince and all the company,  
 With worship and withoutin blame,  
 Or disclaundir of his gode name,  
 Of the promise he should retourne,  
 Within the time he did sojourne,  
 In his londë biding his host,  
 This was ther prayir lest and most:  
 To kepe the day it might not ben,  
 That he' appointid had with the quene,  
 To returnin withoutin flouth,  
 And so assurid had his trouth,  
 For which default this prince this knight,  
 During the time slept not a night,  
 Such was his wo and his disese,  
 For doubt he should the quene displese.  
 Forth goth the ship with such spece  
 Right as the prince for his grete nede  
 Desirin would aftir his thought,  
 Till it unto the yle him brought,  
 Where all in hast upon the sand  
 He and his peple toke the land,  
 With hertis glad, and cherë light,  
 Wening to be in heven that night:  
 But or they passid had a while,  
 Entring in towardis that yle,  
 All clad in blacke with chere pitous,  
 A lady, which ner dispitous  
 Had be in all her life tofore,  
 With sory chere, and hert to tore,  
 Unto this prince where he gan ride,  
 Ycome and said, abide, abide;  
 And have no hast, but fast retourne,  
 No reson is ye here sojourne,  
 For your untruth hath us discried,  
 Wo worth the time we us allied  
 With you that are so sone untrew,  
 Alas! the day that we you knew!  
 Alas! the time that ye were bore,  
 For all this lond by you is lore,  
 Accursed be he you hiðir brought,  
 For all our joy is turnd to nought,  
 Your acquaintance we may complaine,  
 Which is the cause of all our paine.  
 Alas! madame, qð tho this knight,  
 And with that from his horse he light,  
 With colour pale, and chekis lene,  
 Alas! what is this for to mene,  
 What have ye said, why be ye wroth?  
 You to displese I would be loth,  
 Knowe ye not full well the promesse,  
 Which I made have to your princeffe,  
 Which to perfourme is mine intent,  
 So mote I spece as I have ment,  
 And as I am her very trew,  
 Withoutin change or thoughtis new,  
 And al so fully her servand,  
 As creature or man livand  
 May be to lady or princeffe;  
 For she mine heven, and whole richesse  
 Is, and the lady of mine hele,  
 My worldis joy and all my wele.  
 What may this be, whence coms this spech,  
 Tell me, Madame, I you besech?  
 For sith the first of my living  
 Was I so ferefull of nothing,  
 As I am now to here you speke,  
 For doubt I fele mine hert to breke:  
 Say on, madame, tell me you will,  
 The remnaunt is it gode or ill?

Alas (qð she) that ye were bore  
 For for your love this land is lore,  
 The quene is ded and that is ruth,  
 For sorow of your gret untruth,  
 Of two partes of the lusty rout  
 Of ladies that were there about,  
 That wont werin to talk and play,  
 Now are thei ded and clene away,  
 And undir earth tane lodging new,  
 Alas! that er ye were untrew!  
 For when the time ye set was past,  
 The quene toke counsaile sone in hast,  
 What was to doe, and said grete blame  
 Your acquaintance cause would and shame,  
 And the ladies of ther avise,  
 Prayid, for nede was to be wise,  
 In eschewing talis and songs,  
 That by them makin would ill tongs,  
 And sey they were lightly conquest,  
 And prayid to a pore fest,  
 And foully had ther worship weved,  
 When so unwisely they conceived  
 Ther richë trefour, and ther hele,  
 There famous namë, and ther wele,  
 To put in such an avinture,  
 Of which the sclaunder evir dure  
 Was like, without helpe of appele,  
 Wherefore they nede had of counsele,  
 For every wight of them would say,  
 Ther closid yle an opin way  
 Was become to every wight,  
 And well apprevd by a knight,  
 Which he alas! without payfaunce  
 Had sone achevid th'obeisaunce:  
 All this was moved at counsell thrise,  
 And was concludid daily twise,  
 That bet was die withoutin blame,  
 Than lose the riches of ther name,  
 Wherefore the deth's acquaintance  
 They chese, and lest have ther plesaunce,  
 For doubt to livin as repreved,  
 In that they you so sone beleved,  
 And made ther othes with one accord,  
 That etc, ne drinke, ne speke o word,  
 They should nevir, but er weping  
 Bide in a place without parting,  
 And use ther dayis in penaunce,  
 Without desire of allegeaunce,  
 Of which the truth anon con preve,  
 For why? the quene forthwith her leve  
 Toke at them all that were present,  
 Of her defaults fully repent,  
 And dyid there withoutin more,  
 Thus are we lost for evirmore,  
 What should I more hereof reherse?  
 Comin within, come se her herse,  
 Where ye shall se the pitous sight,  
 That er yet was shewin to knight,  
 For ye shall sein ladies stond,  
 Ech with a grete rod in her hond,  
 Yclad in black with visage white,  
 Redy ech othir for to smite,  
 If any be that will not wepe,  
 Or who that makes countenance to slepe,  
 They be so bet, that all so blew  
 They be as cloth that died is new,  
 Such is ther parfite repentance,  
 And thus they kepe ther ordinance,  
 And will do evir to the deth,  
 While them enduris any breth.

This knight tho in his armis twaine  
 This lady toke and gan her saine,

Alas!



Alas ! my birth, wo worth my life,  
 And even with that he drew a knife,  
 And thorough gown, doublet, and shert,  
 He made the blode come from his hert,  
 And set him doune upon the grene,  
 And tull repent closid his ene,  
 And save that ones he drew his breth,  
 Without more thus he toke his deth.  
 For whiche cause the lusty host,  
 Which in a battaile on the cost  
 At once for sorrow such a cry  
 Can rene, thorow the company,  
 That to the heaven herd was the sowne,  
 And undir th' erth als fer adowne,  
 That wilde bestis for the fere,  
 So sodanly afrayid were,  
 That for the doubt, while they might dure,  
 They ran as of their lives unsure,  
 From the wodis unto the plaine,  
 And from valleys the high mountaine  
 They fought, and ran as bestis blind,  
 That clene forgottin had ther kind.  
 This wo not cesed, to counsaile went  
 These Lords, and for that lady sent,  
 And of avise what was to done,  
 They her besought she say would sone;  
 Weping full fore all clad in blake  
 This lady softly to them spake,  
 And said, my lordis, by my trouth,  
 This mischefe it is of your slouth,  
 And if ye had that judge would right,  
 A prince that were a very knight,  
 Ye that ben of allate echone,  
 Die for his fault should one and one,  
 And if he hold had the promesse,  
 And done that longs to gentilnesse,  
 And fulfilled the princes behest,  
 This battie farne had ben a fest,  
 And now is unrecoverable,  
 And us a flaundir aye durable,  
 Wherefore I say as of counsaile  
 In me is none that may availe,  
 But if ye list for remembraunce  
 Purvey and make such ordinaunce,  
 That the quene whiche that was so meke,  
 With all her women dede or seke,  
 Might in your land a chappill have,  
 With some remembraunce of her grave,  
 Shewing her end with the pity,  
 In some notable old city,  
 And nigh unto an high way,  
 Where every wight might for her pray,  
 And for all hers that have ben trew,  
 And even with that she changid hew,  
 And twise wishid aftir the deth,  
 And fight, and thus passid her breth.  
 Then laid the Lordis of the host,  
 And so concludid lest and most,  
 That they would in housis of thacke  
 Ther livis lede and were but blacke,  
 And forsake all ther plesaunces,  
 And turne all joy to penaunces,  
 And bere the ded prince to the barge,  
 And namid them should have the charge,  
 And to the herse where lay the Quene,  
 The remnaunt went and doune on knene,  
 Holding ther hands on high con crie,  
 Mercy, mercy, everich thrie,  
 And cursed the time that evir slouth,  
 Should have soche mastirdome of trouth,  
 And to the barge a longè mile  
 They bare her forth, and in a while  
 Allè the Ladies one and one,  
 By companies were brought echone,

And past the Se and toke the land,  
 And in new herfis on a sand,  
 Put and brought werin all anon  
 Unto a city closid with stone, 1790  
 Where it yhad ben usid aye,  
 The kingis of the land to lay,  
 Aftir they raignid in honours,  
 And writ was which were conquerours,  
 In an abbey of Nunnis blake,  
 Which accustomid were to wake,  
 And of usage rise ech a night,  
 To pray for every livis wight:  
 And so befell as is the guile,  
 Ordeint and said was the servise, 1800  
 Of the prince and eke of the Quene  
 So devoutly as might yben,  
 And aftir that about the herfes  
 Full many orisons and verses  
 1730 Withoutin note full softly,  
 Said were and that full hertily,  
 That all the night till it was day  
 The peple in the Church con pray  
 Unto the holy Trinitie,  
 Of those soulis to have pitie. 1810

And when the night ypast and ronne  
 Was, and the newe day begonne,  
 The yong morow with rayis red,  
 Which from the Sonne oer all con spred,  
 Atempirid clere was and faire,  
 And made a tyme of wholsome aire,  
 Befell a wondir case and strange,  
 Among the peple, and gan change  
 Sone the word and every wo, 1820  
 Unto a joy, and some to two:  
 A bird all feðrid blew and grene,  
 1750 With bright rayis like gold betwene  
 As small thred ovir every joynt,  
 All full of colour strange and coint,  
 Uncouth, and wondirfull to fight,  
 Upon the quen's herse con light,  
 And song full low and softly  
 Thre songis in her harmony,  
 Unlettid, of every wight,  
 Till at the last an agid knight, 1830  
 Which semid a man in grete thought,  
 Like as he set all thing at nought,  
 1760 With visage and ein all forwept,  
 And pale, as a man long unslept,  
 By the herfis as he ystode  
 With hasty hondling of his hode,  
 Unto a prince that by him past,  
 Ymade the bridde somewhat agast:  
 Wherefore she rose and left her song,  
 And departid from us among, 1840  
 And spred her wingis for to passe  
 By the place where he entrid was,  
 And in his hast shortly to tell,  
 Him hurt, that backward downe he fell,  
 From a window richly ypeint  
 With lives of many divers feint,  
 And bet his wingis and bled fast,  
 And of the hurt thus died and past;  
 And lay there well an hour and more,  
 Till at the last of briddes a score, 1850  
 Come and assemblid at the place  
 1780 Where the window ybrokin was,  
 And made swiche wamentacioun,  
 That pity was to here the soun,  
 And the warblis of ther throtis,  
 And the complaint of ther notis,  
 Which from joy clene ywas reverfed;  
 And of them one the glas sone perfed,

And



And in his boke of colours nine,  
 An herbe he brought flourelesse all grene,  
 All full of small levis and plaine,  
 Swart and long with many a vaine,  
 And where his fellow lay thus dede,  
 This herbe he down laid by his hede,  
 And dressid it full softly,  
 And hong his hed and stode thereby:  
 Which herb in lesse than half an houre  
 Gan oer all knir, and astir floure  
 Full out and wexin ripe the fede,  
 And right as one anothir fede  
 Would, in his beke he toke the graine,  
 And in his fellowes beke certaine  
 It put, and thus within the third  
 Up stode and prunid him the bird,  
 Which ded had be in all our sight  
 And both togethir forth ther flight  
 Toke, singin from us, and ther leve,  
 Was none disturb 'hem would ne greve.  
 And when they partid were, and gone,  
 Th' abbessle the sedis sone echone  
 Gathirid had, and in her hand  
 The herbe she toke, well avifand  
 The lese, the fede, the stalke, the floure,  
 And said it had a gode favour,  
 And was no common herb to find,  
 And well approved of uncouth kind,  
 And than othir more vertuouse,  
 Who so have it might for to use  
 In his nede, flowre or lese, or graine,  
 Of ther hele might ybe certaine:  
 And laid it downe upon the herse  
 Where lay the quene, and gan reherse,  
 Echone to' othir that they had sene,  
 And taling thus the fede wex grene,  
 And on the drie herse gan to spring,  
 Which me thought was a wondrous thing,  
 And astir that floure and new fede,  
 Of which the peple all toke hede,  
 And said it was some grete miracle,  
 Or medicine fine more than triacle,  
 And were well done there to assay,  
 If it might ese in any way  
 The corfis, which with torchè light  
 They wakid had there all that night.  
 Sone did the lordis there consent,  
 And all the peple' thereto content,  
 With ese words and litil fare,  
 And made the quen's visage bare,  
 Which shewid was to all about;  
 Wherefore in swone fell whole the rout,  
 And were so sory most and lest,  
 That long of weping they not cest,  
 For of ther lord the remembraunce  
 Unto them was such displeaunce,  
 That for to live they called a paine,  
 So were they very true and plaine.  
 And after this the gode abbessle,  
 Of the graine gan to chese and dressle,  
 Thre, with her fingirs clene and smale,  
 And in the quen's mouth by tale  
 One astir othir esily,  
 She put 'hem and full conningly,  
 Which shewid sonè such vertue,  
 That preved was the medicine true:  
 For with a smiling countinaunce,  
 The quene uprose, and of usaunce,  
 As she was wont to every wight,  
 She made gode chere; for whichè sight,  
*The peple kneeling on the stones*  
*Thought they in heven were soule and bones:*  
 And to the prince where he ylay,  
 They went to make the same assay,

And when the Quene it undirstode,  
 And how the med cine was gode,  
 She prayid she might have the graines,  
 To relevin him from the paines  
 Which she and he had both endured,  
 And to him went and so him cured,  
 That streight within a litil space  
 Lusty and fresch on live he was, 1940  
 And in gode hele, and whole of spech,  
 And lough, and said, gramercy, lech:  
 For which the joy throughout the town  
 So gret was that the bellis town  
 Afraid the peple, a journey  
 About the cite every way,  
 And come and askid cause and why  
 They rongin were so statily?  
 And astir that the quene, th' abbessle,  
 Made diligence or they would cete, 1950  
 Such, that of ladies sone a rout,  
 Sewing the quene was all about,  
 And called by name echone and told,  
 Was none forgettin young ne old,  
 There mighten men se joyis new,  
 When the medicine fine and trew  
 Thus restorid had every wight,  
 So well the quene as the knight,  
 Unto full perfit joy and hele,  
 That fleting they were in such wele 1960  
 As folke that wouldin in no wise  
 Desire more parfit paradise.  
 And thus when passed was the sorow,  
 With mikil joye sone on the morow,  
 The king, the quene, and every lord,  
 With all the Ladies by' one accord,  
 Hekde a generall assembly.  
 Gret cry was made through the country,  
 The which astir as ther intent  
 Was turnid to a Parliament, 1970  
 Where was ordainid and avised,  
 Every thing and wel devised,  
 That plesin might, to most and lest,  
 And there concludid was the fest  
 Within the yle for to behold  
 With full consent of young and old.  
 All in the same wise as before,  
 As thing should be withoutin more,  
 And ther shippid and thithir went,  
 And into straunge Reimis sent, 1980  
 To kingis, quenes, and duchelles,  
 To divers princes and princestes,  
 Of ther linage, and can them pray,  
 That it might like them at that day  
 Of mariage, for ther disport,  
 Come se the yle, and them disport,  
 Where should be joustis and turnaies,  
 And armis done in othir waies,  
 Signifying oer all the day  
 Astir Aprilis within May, 1990  
 And was avised that ladies tweine,  
 Of gode estate and well befeine,  
 With certaine knightis and squiers,  
 And of the quen's officers,  
 In mannir of an embassade,  
 With certan lettis closed and made,  
 Should take the barge and depart,  
 And seke my lady ev ry part,  
 Till they her found for any thing,  
 Both chargid have the quene and king 2000  
 And as ther lady and maitres,  
 Her to beke of gentilnes,  
 At the day there for to yben,  
 And oft her recommaund the quene,  
 And prayis for all loves to halt,  
 For but she come all woll be wast,



And the fest but a businesse  
 Withoutin joy or lustinesse :  
 And toke them tokins and gode spede  
 Praid God send 'hem aftir ther nede.  
 Forth went the ladies and the knights,  
 And were out fourtene daies and nights,  
 And brought my lady in ther barge,  
 And had well sped and done ther charge :  
 Whereof the quene so herti'ly glad,  
 Was, that in soth such joy she had,  
 When that the ship approachid lond,  
 That she my lady on the sond  
 Met, and in armis so constraine,  
 That wondir was behold them twaine,  
 Which to my dome during twelve houres,  
 Neithir for hete ne watty shoures,  
 Departid not no company,  
 Saving themselfe but none them by,  
 But gave them layfour at ther ese  
 To reherfin joy and disese,  
 Aftir the plesure and couragis,  
 Of ther young and tendir agis :  
 And aftir, with many a knight,  
 Brought thei were, where as for that night  
 They partid not, for to plesaunce,  
 Content, was hert and countinaunce,  
 Both of the quene, and my maistresse,  
 This was that night ther businesse :  
 And on the morow with huge rowt,  
 This prince of lordis him about,  
 Come and unto my Lady said,  
 Of her comming glad and well paid  
 He was, and full right conningly  
 Her thankid, and full hertily,  
 And lough and smiled, and said ywis,  
 That was in doubt, in safery is :  
 And commaundid do diligence,  
 And spare for neithir gold ne spence ;  
 But make redy, for on the morow,  
 Yweddid with Saint John to borow  
 He would ybe, withoutin more,  
 And let them wite this lefe and more.  
 The morow come, and the service  
 Of mariage in such a wise  
 Ysaide was, that with more honour  
 Was nevir prince ne conquerour  
 Ywedde, ne with such company,  
 Of gentilnesse in chivalry,  
 Ne of Ladies so gretè routs  
 Ne so befeen as all abouts  
 They werin there, I certifie  
 You on my life, withoutin lie.

And the fest hold was in tentis,  
 As to tell you mine entent is,  
 In a some in a large plaine,  
 Undir a wode in a champaine,  
 Betwixt a rivir and a well,  
 Where nevir had abbay, ne fell  
 Yben, ne kirke, house, ne village,  
 In time of any man's age :  
 And durid thre moniths the fest  
 In one estate, and nevir cest,  
 From erly rising of the sonne  
 Till the day spent was and yronne,  
 In justing, dauncing, lustinesse,  
 And all that sowned to gentilnesse.

And as me thought the second morow,  
 Whan endid was all oldè sorow,  
 And in safery every wight  
 Had with his lady slept a night,

The Prince, the Quene, and all the rest,  
 Unto my lady made request,  
 And her besought oftin and praied,  
 2010 To mewardes to be well apaied, 2080  
 And confidir mine oldè trowth,  
 And on my painis havin routh,  
 And me accept to her servise,  
 In such forme and in such wise,  
 That we both mightin be as one,  
 Thus praied the Quene, and everichone :  
 And for there should ne be no nay,  
 They stintin justing all a day,  
 To pray my lady and requere,  
 2020 To be content and out of fere, 2090  
 And with gode hert make frendly chere,  
 And said it was a happy yere :  
 At which she smiled, and said ywis,  
 I trow well he my servaunt is,  
 And would my welfare as I trist,  
 So would I his, and would he wist  
 How and I knewè that his trowth  
 Continue would withoutin slouth,  
 And be such as ye here report,  
 2030 Restraining both courage and sport, 2100  
 I couth consent at your request,  
 To be ynamid of your fest,  
 And doin aftir your usaunce,  
 In obeying of your plesaunce :  
 At your request this I consent,  
 To plesin you in your entent,  
 And eke the sovèraine above,  
 Commandid hath me for to love,  
 And before othir him prefer,  
 2040 Against which Prince may be no wer ; 2110  
 For his powir ovir all raigneth,  
 That othir would for nought him paineth.  
 And sith his will and yours is one,  
 Contrary in me shall be none,  
 Tho (as me thoughtin) the promise  
 Of marriage before the mese  
 Desirid was of every wight,  
 To be madin the same night,  
 To put away all manir doubts  
 2050 Of every wight thereabouts. 2120  
 And so was do, and on the morow,  
 When every thought and every sorrow  
 Dislodgid was out of mine hert,  
 With every wo and every smert,  
 Unto a tent Prince and Princes,  
 Me thought brought me and my maistres,  
 And said we werin at full age,  
 There to conclude our marriage,  
 With ladies, knightis, and squiers,  
 And a gret host of ministers 2130  
 With instruments and sounes diverse,  
 2060 That long werin here to reherse ;  
 Which tent was church parochiall,  
 Ordaint was in especiall  
 For the fest and for the sacre,  
 Where archbishop and archdiacre  
 Ysongin full out the servise,  
 Aftir the custome and the guise,  
 And holie church's ordinaunce.  
 And aftir that to dine and daunce 2140  
 Brought were we, and to divers plaies,  
 2070 And for our spedè ech wight praies,  
 And merry was both most and lest,  
 And said amendid was the fest,  
 And were right glad lady and lord,  
 Of the marriage and th' accord,  
 And wishid us hert'is plesaunce,  
 In joy and hele continuaunce,  
 And to the minstrels made request,  
 That in encrefing of the fest, 2150  
 They



They wouldin touchin ther cordis,  
 And with some new joyeux accordis,  
 Ymove the peple to gladnesse,  
 And praidin of all gentilnesse,  
 Ech to painin them for the day,  
 To shew his cunning and his play.  
 Tho began fownis mervelous,  
 Entunid with accords joyous,  
 Round about and in all the tents,  
 With thousandis of instruments,  
 That every wight to daunce them pained,  
 To be merry was none that fayned:  
 Which sowne me troublid in my slepe,  
 That fro my bed anone I lepe,  
 Wening to have be at the fest,  
 But when I woke all was yfest,  
 For there n'as lady ne creature,  
 Save on the wals old portraiture  
 Of horsmen, hawkis, and houndis,  
 And hurt dere all full of woundis,  
 Some like bittin, some hurt with flur,  
 And as my dreme semed that was not.  
 And when I wake, and knew the trouth,  
 And ye had seen of very routh,  
 I trow ye would have wept a weke,  
 For nevir man yet halfe so seke,  
 Lwent escapid with the life,  
 And was for fault that sword ne knife  
 I find ne might my life t' abridge,  
 Ne thing that kervid, ne had edge,  
 Wherewith I might my wofull pains  
 Have voidid with bleding of vams.  
 Lo! here my blisse, lo! here my paine!  
 Which to my lady I do complaine,  
 And grace and mercy her requere,  
 To end my wo and busie fere,  
 And me accept to her servise,  
 And to her service in such wise  
 That of my dreme the substaunce  
 Might turnin once to cognisaunce,  
 And cognisaunce to very preve,  
 By full consent, and by gode leve:  
 Or els withoutin more I pray,  
 That this same night, or it be day,  
 I mote unto my dreme retourne,  
 And sleping so forthe aie sojourne,

2160

2170

2180

2190

Aboutin the yle of plesaunce,  
 Undir my lady's obeisaunce,  
 In her service, and in such wise,  
 As it plesse her may to devise,  
 And grace onis to be accept,  
 Like as I dremid when I slept,  
 And dure a thousand yere and ten,  
 In her gode will, Amen, Amen.

2200

*L'envoy.*

Fairist of faire, and godelyist on live,  
 All my secre to you I plaine, and thrive,  
 Requiring grace and of my fore complaint  
 To be helid or martired as a saint,  
 For by my trouth I swere, and by this boke,  
 Ye may both hele, and fle me with a loke.

2210

Go forth mine ownè true hert innocent,  
 And with humblenesse do thine observaunce,  
 And to thy lady on thy knees present  
 Thy service new, and think how grete plesaunce  
 It is to live undir the obeisaunce  
 Of her which that may with her lokis soft  
 Give The the blisse that thou desirist oft.

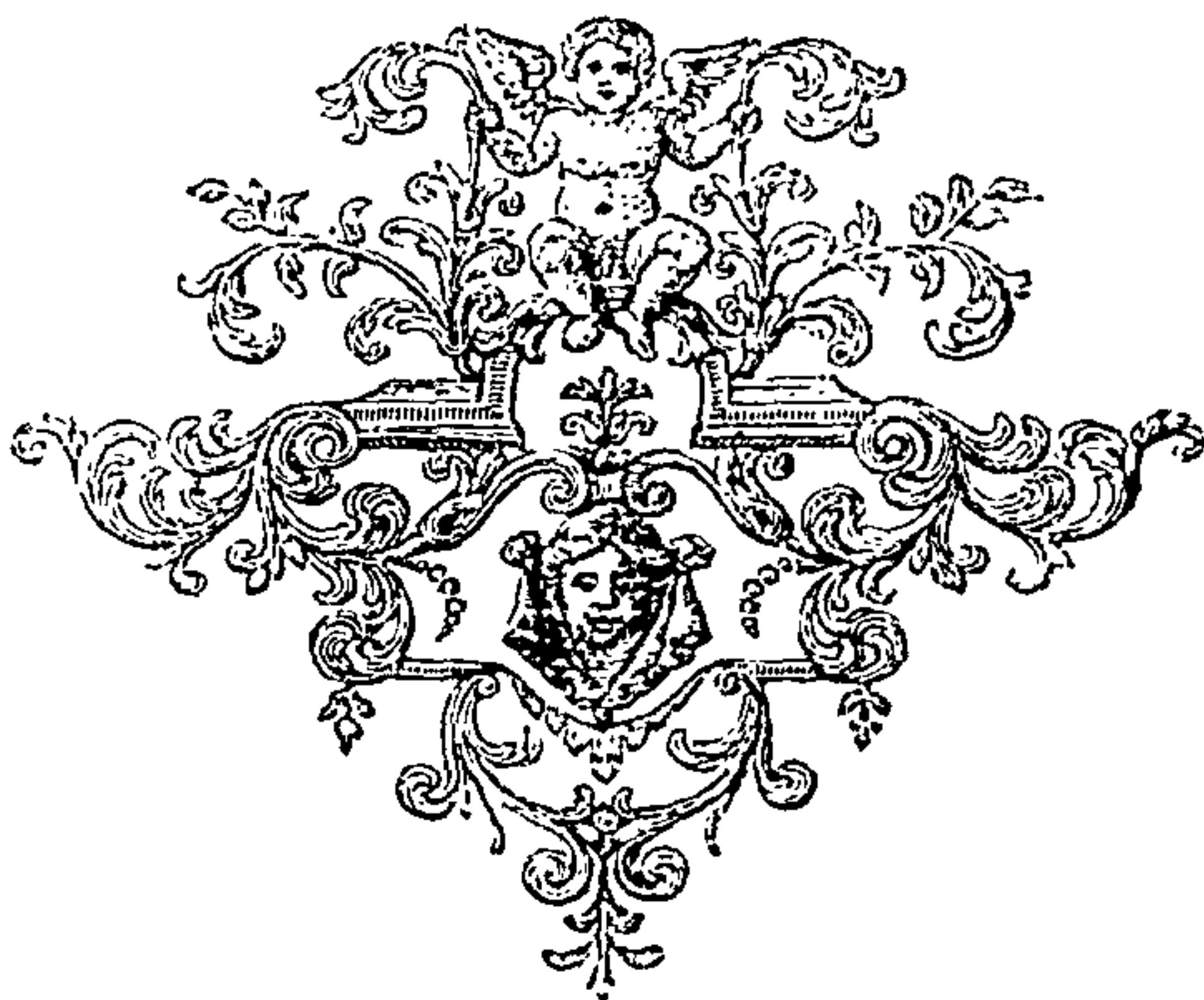
Be diligent, awake, obey, and drede,  
 And be not to wild of thy countinaunce,  
 But meke and glad, and thy nature yfede,  
 To do ech thing that may her doe plesaunce,  
 When thou shalt slepe have aie in remembraunce  
 Th' image of her which may with lokis soft  
 Give The the blisse that thou desirist oft.

2220

And if so be that thou her namè find  
 Writtin in boke, or ellis upon wall,  
 Loke that thou do as servaunt true and kind  
 Thine obeisaunce, as she were therewithall,  
 Fayning in love is breeding of a fall  
 From the grace of her, whose lokis soft  
 May give the blisse that thou desirist oft.

2230

Ye which that this Ballade yredin shall,  
 I pray you that you kepe you fro the fall.





CHAUCER'S A. B. C. called *La Priere de nostre Dame*.

CHAUCER'S A. B. C. called *La Priere de nostre Dame*: Made, as some say, at the request of *Blanch*, Duchesse of *Lancaster*, as a praier for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout.



A.  
Almightie and allmerciable Quene,  
To whom all this world fleith for soccour,  
To have relese of sinne, of so'row, of tene,  
Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour,  
To The I fle confoundid in errour;  
Helpe and releve, almightie, debonaire,  
Have mercy of mine perillous langour,  
Venquist me hath my cruill adverfaire.

B.  
Bountie so fixe hath in my hert his tent,  
That well I wote thou wilt my succour be,  
Thou canst not warnin that with gode entent  
Axith thyne helpe, thine hert is aye so fre,  
Thou art largesse of plaine felicite,  
Havin and refute of quite and rest,  
Lo how that Thevis sevin chasin me,  
Helpe, Ladie bright, or that mine ship to brest.

C.  
Comfort is none, but in you, Lady dere,  
For lo! mine sinne and mine confusioun,  
Which ought not in thin presence for to' apere,  
Han taken on me a grevous actioun,  
Of veray right and disperatioun,  
And as by right they mightin well sustene,  
That I were worthy mine damnatioun,  
Ne were it of thy mercy blisfull Quene.

D.  
Dout is there none, o Quene of mise'ricord,  
That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy here,  
God vouchidesafe, through The with us to' accord:  
For certis, Christ's blisfull mo'sir dere,  
Were now the bow ybent in swiche manere,  
As it was first of justice and of ire,  
The rightfull God would of no mercy here:  
But through The han we grace, as we desire.

E.  
Ever' hath mine hope of refute in The be:  
For here beforeme full oft in many' a wise,  
Unto mercy hast thou recevid me,  
But mercy, Lady, at the gret assise,  
When we shall come before the high Justise,  
So litil frent shall then in me ben found,  
That but thou or that day correctin me,  
Of very right mine werke will me confound.

F.  
Flying I fle for succour to thine tent,  
Me for to hide fro tempest full of drede,  
Beseking you, that ye you not absent,  
Though I be wicke: O help yet at this nede,  
All have I ben a best in wit and dede,  
Yet, Lady, thou me close with thine owne grace,  
Thine enemy and mine (Lady take hede)  
Unto mine deth in point is me to chafe.

G.  
Gracious maid and mo'sir, which that never  
Were bittir, nor in erth nor in the Se,

But full of swetenesse and of mercy ever,  
Helpe that mine fa'sir be not wroth with me:  
Speke thou, for I ne dare him not yse,  
So have I done in erth, alas the while!  
That certis but if thou mine succour be,  
To sinke eterne he will mine ghost exile.

H.  
He vouchidesafe, tell him, as was his will,  
Become a man as for our alliaunce,  
And with his blode he wrote that blisfull bill  
Upon the crosse as generall acquitaunce,  
To every penitent in full cryaunce:  
And therefore, Lady bright, thou for us prey,  
Then shalt thou stentin alle his grevaunce,  
And maken our foe to faylin of his prey.

I.  
I wote well thou wilt ben our succour,  
Thou art so full of bountie in certaine,  
For when a soule fallith in errour,  
Thine pitie goeth, and halith him againe,  
Then makist thou his pece with his soverain  
And bringist him out of the crokid strete:  
Whoso The lovith, shall not love in vaine,  
That shall he find, as he the life shall lete.

K.  
Kalendiris enluminid ben they,  
That in this world ben lightid with thine name,  
And who so goith with The the right wey,  
Him sar not dredin in soule to ben lame,  
Now Quene of comfort, sith thou art the same,  
To whom I sechin for my medicine:  
Let not mine so no more mine wound entame,  
Mine hele into thine hond all I resine.

L.  
Lady, rhine sorrow can I not portrey  
Undir the crosse, ne his grevous punnaunce:  
But for your bothis peine, I you do prey,  
Let not our aldir so make his bostaunce,  
That he hath in his lestis with mischaunce,  
Convict that, that ye both han bought so dere:  
As I said erst, thou ground of all substaunce,  
Continue' on us thin pitous cyin clere.

M.  
Moyse that saw the bosh of flambis rede  
Brenning, of which then never a sticke brend,  
Was signe of thine unwemmid maidinhede,  
Thou art the bosh, on which there can descend  
The Holy Ghost, the which that Moyse wend  
Had ben on fire: and this was in figure.  
Now, Lady, fro the fire us defend,  
Which that in hell eternally shall dure.

N.  
Noble princeste, that never haddist pere,  
Certis if any comfort in us be,  
That commith of The, Christis mo'sir dere,  
We han none othir melodie ne gle,  
Us to rejoyce in our adversite,

Ne



Ne advocat, that will and dare so prey  
For us, and that for as lite hire as ye,  
That helpin for an Ave'mary or twey.

O.

O very light of eyin tho ben blind,  
O very lust of labour and distresse,  
O tresore of bountie to mankind!  
The whom God chese to moðer for humbleste,  
From his ancille he made The maistresse  
Of heven and erth, our bill up for to bede,  
This world awatith ay on thine godenes,  
For thou ne failed'est never wight at nede.

P.

Purpose I have sometime for to enquire,  
Wherefore and why the Holy Ghost The sought,  
When Gabriel's voice come to thine ere,  
He not to werre us swich a wondir wrought,  
But for to save us, that he fithin bought:  
Then nedith us no wepon us to save,  
But onely there we did not as us ought,  
Do penitence, and mercy aske and have.

Q.

Queene of comfort, right when I me bethinke,  
That I agiltid have both him and The,  
And that mine soule is worthy for to sinke:  
Alas! I caitife, wher shal I fle?  
Who shal unto thine sonne mine menè be?  
Who but thine selfe, that art of pitie well?  
Thou hast more routh on our adversite,  
Than in this world might any tongue tell.

R.

Redresse me moðir, and eke me chastise,  
For certainly my faðir's chastising  
Ne dare I not abidin in no wise,  
So hidcous is his full reckining.  
Moðir of whom our joy began to spring,  
Be ye mine judge, and eke my soul's lech,  
For ay in you is pitie abounding,  
To each that will of pity you besech.

S.

Soth is that he ne grauntith no pite  
Withoutin The, for God of his godenesse  
Forgivith none, but it like unto The:  
He hath The made vicaire and maistresse  
Of all this world, and eke govirneresse  
Of hevin: and repressith his justise  
Astir thine will: and therefore in witnesse  
He hath The crownid in so royall wise.

T.

Temple devout, ther God chese his wonning.  
For which these misbeleved deprivid ben,  
To you mine soule penitent I bring,  
Receve me, for I can no ferthir flee.  
With thornis venemous O hevin Queene,  
For which the erth accursid was full yore,  
I am so woundid, as ye may well sene,  
That I am lost almost, it smert so fore.

V.

Virgine that art so noble of apparaile,  
That ledist us into the highè route  
Of Paradise, thou me wise and counsaile,  
How I may have thy grace and thy succour:  
All have I ben in filth and in errour,  
Lady, on that countrey thou me adjourne,  
That clepid is thine bench of freshe flour,  
There as that mercy evir shal sojourne.

X.

Xpou thine sonne that in this world alight  
Upon a crosse to suffir his passioun,  
And suffred eke that Longeus his hert pight,  
And made his hert's blodè renne adoun,  
And all this was for my salvatioun:  
And I to him am fals and eke unkind,  
And yet he will not mine dampnatioun:  
This thanke I you, succour of all mankind.

Y.

Ysaac was figure of his deth certaine,  
That so ferreforth his faðir would obey,  
That him ne rought nothing for to be flaine:  
Right so thy sonnè list a lambe to dey:  
Now, Lady, full of mercy I you prey,  
Sith he his mercy furid me so large,  
Be ye not scant, for all we sing or say,  
That ye ben fro vengeaunce alway our targe.

Z.

Zacharie you clepith the opin well,  
That wisht his sinfull soule out of his guile,  
Therefore this lessoun out I will to tell,  
That n'ere thine tendir hert, we werin spilt.  
Now, Lady bright, sith that thou canst and wilt,  
Ben to the fede of Adam merciabile,  
Bring us unto that paleis that is built  
To penitents, that ben to mercie able.

Explicit.





## JACKE UPLAND.

In this Treatise is set forth the blind ignoraunce and variable discord of the Churchmen, how rude and unskilful they were in matters and principles of our Christian Institution. This is thought to be that Crede which the Pellican speaketh of in the Plowman's tale in these words:

Of Freris I have told before  
Now, in a making of a Crede,  
And yet I could tell worse and more,  
But men would werrien it to rede.



JACKE Upland make my mone to very God, and to all true in Christ, that antichrist and his disciples (by colour of holines) walk and deceve Christ's church by many false figures; wherethrough (by antichrist and his) many vertues ben transposed to vices.

But the fellicst folke that ever Antichrist found, ben last brought into the church, and in a wonder wise, for they ben of diverse sects of antichrist, fown of diverse countries and kindreds. And all men knowne well, that they be not obedient to bishops, ne legemen to kings: neither they tillen, ne sownen, weden, ne repen wode, corne, ne grasse, neither nothing that man should helpe; but onely themselves ther lives to susteine. And these men han all manner power of God, as they sein, in heven and in yerth, to sell heven and hell to whom that them liketh, and these wretches were never where to ben themselves. And therefore (frere) if thine order and rules ben grounded on God's law, tell thou me, Jacke Upland, that I aske of The, and if thou be or thinkest to be on Christ's side, kepe thy paciens.

Saint Paule teacheth, That all our dedes should be do in charitie, and els it is nought worth, but outpeling to God and harme to our owne soules. And for that freres challenge to be gretest clerkes of the church, and next following Christ in living: men should for charitie aske them some questions, and pray them to ground ther answeres in reson and holy writ, for else ther answeres would nought be worth, be it flourished never so faire, and as me thinke men might skilfully aske thus of a frere.

1. Frere, how many orders be in erth, and which is the perfectest order? Of what order art thou? Who made thine order? What is thy rule? Is there any perfecter rule than Christ himself made? If Christ's rule be most perfect, why rulest thou The not thereafter? Without more, why shall a frere be more punished if he breke the rule that his patron made, than if he breke the hests that God himself made?

2. Approveth Christ any more religions than one, that S. James speketh of? If he approveth no more, why hatt thou left his rule and takest another? Why is a frere apostata that leaveth his order, and taketh another sect, sith there is but one religion of Christ?

3. Why be ye weddid faster to your habits than a man is to his wife? For a man may leave his wife for a yere or two, as many men done: and if you leve your habite a quarter of a yere, ye should be holden apostataes.

4. Maketh your habit you men of religion or no? If it do, than ever as it wereth, your religion wereth, and after that your habit is better, your religion is better, and when ye have ligen it beside, then lig ye your religion beside you, and ben apostataes: why buy ye you so precious clothes, sith no man seeth such, but for vaine glorie, as Saint Gregorie sayth?

What betokeneth your grete hode, your scaplerie, your knotted girdle, and your wide cope. ~~\*\*\* H. 7.~~

5. Why use ye all one colour, more than other christian men do? What betokeneth that ye ben clothed all in one manner clothing?

If ye say it betokeneth love and charitie, certes then ye be oft hypocrites, when any of you hateth another, and in that that ye wol be said holy by your clothing.

Why may not a frere were clothing of another sect of freres, sith holinesse stondeh not in the cloths?

6. Why hold ye silence in one house more than another, sith men ought over all to speke the gode and leve the evill?

Why ete you flesh in one house more than in another, if your rule and your order be perfect, and the patron that made it?

7. Why get ye your dispensations to have it more esie? Certes, either it semeth that ye be unperfect, or he that made it, so hard, that ye may not hold it. And siker, if ye hold not the rule of your patrons, ye be not then ther freres, and so ye lie upon your selves.

8. Why make you as dede men, when ye be professed, and yet ye be not dede, but more quicke beggars than you were before? and it semeth evil a dede man to go about and beg.

9. Why will ye not suffer your novices here your counsels in your chapter-house, ere that they have ben professed, if your counsels ben true, and after God's law?

10. Why make ye you so costly houses to dwell in? sith Christ did not so, and ded men should have but graves, as falleth it to dede men, and yet ye have more courts than many lords of England: for ye now wenden thogh the relme, and ech night will lig in your own courts, and so mo but right few lords doe. ~~\*\*\* set you the King's house.~~

11. Why hire you to ferme your limitors, giving therefore ech yere a certain rent, and will not suffer one in another's limitation, right as ye were your selves lords of countries?

Why be ye not under your bishops visitations, and legemen to our king? ~~\*\*\*~~

Why

11.7

1. master.

2. signat

3. a great lacuna to be supplied out of H. 7. fol. 1. b. For god that is almighty. &c. to fol. 6. a. 1. 7. c. But the follet. &c. 4. antichrist's sowing

5. yet. 6. moved or damp. 7. order. 8. a large lacuna to be supply'd out of H. 7. fol. 5. b. 1. 10. b. sith ben confessor. &c. to fol. 6. b. 1. 11. And therefore. &c. [Dee H. 7]



Why aske ye no letters of bretherheds of other mens praier, as ye desire that other men should aske letters of you?

If your letters be gode, why grant ye them not generally to all maner of men for the more charitic?

12. Mowe ye make any man more perfect brether for your prayers, than God hath by our beleve? by our baptisme and his own grant? if ye mow, certes then ye be above God.

Why make ye men beleve that your golden trentall sung of you, to take therefore ten shillings, or at lest five shillings, woll bring soules out of hell, or out of purgatorie? if this be soth, certes ye might bring all soules out of paine, and that woll ye nought, and then ye be out of charitic.

13. Why make ye men beleve, that he that is buried in your habit, shal never come in hel, and ye wete not of your selfe whether ye shall to hell or no? and if this were soth ye should sell your high houses to make many habites for to save many mens soules.

14. Why stele ye mens children for to make hem of your sect, sith that theft is against God's helts, and sith your sect is not perfect? ye know not whether the rule that ye bind him to, be best for him or worst.

15. Why underneme ye not your brethren for ther trespass after the law of the Gospell, sith that underneming is the best that may be? but ye put them in prison oft, when they do after God's law, and by S. Augustine's rule if any doe amisse, and would not amend him, ye should put him from you.

16. Why covet ye shrift, and burying of other mens parishens, and none other sacrament that falleth to christian folke?

Why busie ye not to here to shrift of pore folke, as well as of rich lords and ladies, sith they mow have more plentie of shrift fathers than pore folke mow?

Why say ye not the gospel in houses of bedrid men, as ye do in rich mens, that mowe goe to church and here the gospel?

Why covet you not to burie pore folke among you? sith that they ben most holy (as ye saine that ye ben for your povertie.)

17. Why will ye not be at ther diriges as ye have ben at rich mens? sith God praiseth hem more than he doth other men.

What is thy prayer worth? sith thou wilt take therefore, for all chapmen ye nede to be most wise for dred of simone.

What cause hast thou, that thou wilt not preach the gospel, as God saith that thou shouldst? sith it is the best lore and also our beleve.

Why be ye evill apaid that secular prestes should preach the gospel? sith God himselte hath bodden hem.

18. Why hate ye the gospel to be preached, si h ye be so much hold thereto? for ye win more by yere with *In principio*, than with all the rules that ever your patrones made, and in this minstrels ben better than ye, for they contrarien not to the mirths that they maken, but ye contrarien the gospel both in word and dede.

19. Frere, when thou recevest a penie for to say a masse, whether sellest thou God's bodie for that penie, or thy praier, or els thy travell? if thou saiest thou wolt not travell for to say the masse, but for the penie, than certes if this be soth, then thou lovest to litle mede for thy soule: and if thou sellest God's bodie, other thy prayer, then it is very simonie, and art become a chapman worse than Judas, that sold it for thirtie pence.

20. Why writest thou ther names in thy tables that yeverth The mony? sith God knoweth al thing? for it semeth by thy writing, that God would not reward him, but thou writest in thy tables, God would els forgotten it.

Why bereft thou God in hand, and standest him that he begged for his mete? sith he was Lord over all, for then had he bene unwise to have begged, and have no nede thereto.

Frere, after what lawe rulest thou The? where findest thou in God's lawe that thou shouldst thus beg?

21. What manner men nedeth for to beg?

For whom oweth such men to beg?

Why beggest thou so for thy brethren?

If thou saiest, for they have nede, then thou doest it for the more perfection, or els for the lest, or els for the mene. If it be the most perfection of all, then should all thy brethren do so, and then no man neded to beg but for himself, for so should no man beg but him neded. And if it be the lest perfection, why lovest thou then other men more than thy selfe? For so thou art not well in charitic, sith thou shouldst seke the more perfection after thy power, living thy self most after God. And thus leving that imperfection, thou shouldst not so beg for them. And if it is a gode mene thus to beg as thou doest, then should no man do so, but they ben in this gode mene, and yet such a mene granted to you may never be grounded on God's law, for then both levid and leud that ben in mene degre of this world, should go about and beg as ye do. And if all should do so, certes well nigh all the world should go about and beg as ye done, and so should there be ten beggers against one yever.

Why procurest thou men to yeve The ther almes, and saiest it is so nedeful, and thou wilt not thy selfe win The that mede?

22. Why wilt thou not beg for pore bedrid men, that bin porer than any of your sect, that ligen and mow not go about to help hemselfes, sith we be all brethren in God, and that bretherhed passeth any ether that ye or any man could make, and where most nede were, there were most perfection, either els ye hold them not your pure brethren, but worfe, but then ye be imperfect in your begging?

Why make ye so many maisters among you, sith it is against the teching of Christ and his Apostles?

23. Whose ben all your rich courts that ye han, and all your rich jewels? sith ye seen that ye han nought ne in proper ne in common. If ye san they ben the popes, why gather ye then of pore men and lords so much out of the king's hand to make your pope rich? And sith ye san that it is grete perfection to have nought in proper but in common, why be ye so fast about to make the pope, that is your father, rich, and put on him imperfection? sithen ye saine that your godes ben all his, and he should by reison be the most perfect man, it semeth openlich that ye ben cursed children so to slander your father, and make him imperfect. And if ye saine that the godes be yours, then do ye ayentli your rule; and if it be not ayentli your rule, then might ye have both plough and cart, and labour as other gode men done, and not so to beg by losengery, and idle as ye done. If ye say that it is more perfection to beg, than to travell or to worch with your hand, why preach ye not openly, and tech all men to do so? sith it is the best and most perfect life to the help of ther soules, as ye make children to beg that might have ben rich heirs.

Why make ye not your sects to pore men, and yeverth hem yests, as ye done to the rich? sith pore men han more nede than the rich.

What

*22. falslye*

*mede*

*the riches of your order*

*me a panyer  
me thes oys  
alle hole  
inche quick  
dede. cristis  
after pence. Where is a falser symoniac. if  
you wold not price for a man but for a panyer.  
we hast thou learned cristis gospel. that biddith  
the prais freli for frende & so.*



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 6. letis laur  
 7. brewer  
 8. let the lower  
 9. goddess wonit

ne given to such letters, though he be a better man  
to God than such a rich man: nevertheſſe this pore  
man doth not reſch therof. For as men ſuppoſen,  
ſuch

31. Frere, what charitie is this, to beguile children or they commen to discretion, and bind them to your orders, that ben not grounded in God's law, a-



such letters and many other that Freres behoten to men, be full false deceits of Freres, out of all reson, and God's law and christian mens faith.

37. Frere, what charitie is this, to be confessors of lords and ladies, and to other mightie men, and not amend hem in ther living? but rather as it semeth to be the bolder to pill ther pore tenants and to live in lechery, and there to dwell in your office of confessor for winning of worldlie godes, and to be hold grete by colour of such ghostly offices? this semeth rather pride of Freres, than charitie of God.

38. Frere, what charitie is this, to sain that who so liveth after your order, liveth most perfectlie, and next followeth the state of Apostles in povertie and penance, and yet the wisest and gretest clerkes of you wend or send, or procure to the court of Rome to be made cardinals or bishops of the pope's chaplens, and to be assoiled of the vow of povertie and obedience to your ministers, in the which (as ye sain) standeth most perfection and merit of your orders, and thus ye faren as Pharisees that sain one and do an other to the contrarie, *themselves*

Why name ye more the patron of your order in your Confiteor when ye begin masse, than other Saints, Apostles, or Martyrs, that holy Church hold more glorious than hem, and clepe hem your patrons and your avowries?

Frere, whether was St. Francis in making of his rule that he set thine order in, a sole and a liar, or else wise and true? If ye sain that he was not a sole, but wise; ne a liar, but true: why shew ye contrarie by your doing, when by your suggestion to the Pope ye said; that your rule that Francis made was so hard, that ye mow not live to hold it without declaration and dispensation of the Pope, and so by your dede ye let your patron a sole that made a rule so hard that no man may well kepe, and eke your dede proveth him a liar, where he saith in his rule, that he toke and lerned it of the Holy Ghost. For how might ye for shame pray the Pope undo that the holy ghost bit, as when ye prayed him to dispense with the hardnesse of your order!

Frere, which of the foure orders of friers is best to a man that knoweth not which is the best, but would faine enter into the best, and none other? If thou saiest that thine is the best, then saiest thou that none of the other is as gode as thine, and in this ech frere in the thre other orders woll say that thou liest, for in the self same maner ech other frere woll say that his order is best. And thus to ech of the foure orders bin the other thre contrary in this point: in the which if any say soth, that is one alone, for there may but one be the best of foure. So followeth it, that if ech of these orders answered to this question as thou doest, thre were false, and but one true, and yet no man should wite who that were. And thus it semeth, that the most part of freres bin or should be liars in this point, and they should answer thereto. If you say that another order of the freres is better than thine, or as gode, why toke ye not rather thereto as to the better, when thou mightst have chose at the beginning? And eke why shouldst thou be an apostata to leve thine order and take The to

that is better, and so why goest thou not from thine order into that?

Frere, is there any perfecter rule of religion than Christ God's sonne gave in his gospell to his brethren? Or than that religion that S. James in his epistle maketh mencion of? If you say yes, then putteth thou on Christ (that is the wisdom of God the father) ununning, unpower, or evill will: for then he could not make his rule so gode as an other did his. And so he had be ununning, that he might not make his rule so gode as an other man might, and so were he unmightie, and not God, as he would not make his rule so perfect as an other did his, and so he had bin evill willed, namely to himselfe.

For if he might, and could, and would have made a rule perfect without default, and did not, he was not God's sonne almighty. For if any other rule be perfecter, than Christe's, then must Christe's rule lacke of that perfection by as much as the other weren more perfecter, and so were default, and Christ had failed in making of his rule: but to put any default or failing in God, is blasphemie. If thou say that Christe's rule, and that religion which S. James maketh mencion of, is perfectest; why holdest thou not thilke rule without more? And why clepest thou the rather of S. Francis or S. Dominik's rule or religion or order, than of Christe's rule or Christe's order?

Frere, canst thou any default or assigne in Christe's rule of the gospell (with the which he taught all men sickerly to be saved) if they kept it to ther ending? If thou say it was to hard, then saiest thou Christ lied; for he said of his rule: My yoke is soft, and my burden light. If thou say Christe's rule was to light, that may be assigned for no default, for the better it may be kept. If thou saist that there is no default in Christe's rule of the Gospell, sith Christ himself saith it is light and esie: what nede was it to patrons of freres to adde more thereto? and so to make an harder religion to save freres, than was the religion of Christe's apostles and his disciples helden and were saved by? But if they woulden that ther freres faren above the apostles in heven for the harder religion that they kepen here, so would they sitten in heven above Christ himselfe, for ther more and strict observations, then so should they be better than Christ himself with mischance.

Go now forth and fraine your clerks, and ground ye you in God's law, and gi Jacke an answer, and when ye han assoiled me that I have said sadly in truth, I shall soile The of thine orders, and save The to heven.

If freres can not or mow not excuse hem of these questions asked of hem, it semeth that they be horrible gilty against God, and ther even christian; for which gilts and defaults it were worthy that the order that they cal ther order were fardone. And it is wonder that men susteine hem or suffer them live in such maner. For holie write biddeth that thou do wel to the meke, and give not to the wicked, but forbed to give hem bred, lest they be made thereby mightier through you.



This Prologue and the Tale which follows it, were never before printed, and are taken out of a MS. borrowed from the Honourable Lady *Thinn's*; and not to be met with in any of the other MSS. which Mr. *Urry* had perused: So that if the sense and measure of the Verse are not so perfect here as in the other Tales, it must be attributed to the want of MSS. upon the authority of which all the other corrections are chiefly grounded: The Verse in all probability is of the same kind with that of *Gamelyn*, and were it to be found in as many MSS. might no doubt be as easily compleated, but having no other besides the forementioned, the Reader must be content with only a faithfull Transcript of it out of that MS.

### The PROLOGUE,

Or, the mery adventure of the Pardonere and Tapstere at the Inn at Canterbury.



**W**HEN all this fresh fellowship were com to Cantirbury,  
As ye have herde to fore with talys glad and merry;  
Som of sotill sentence of vertue and of lore,  
And som of othir mirthis, for them that hold no store  
Of wisdom, ne of holynes, ne of chivalry,  
Nethir of vertuouse matere, but to foly  
Leyd wit and lustis all to such Japis  
As hurlewaynes meyne in every hegg that rapes  
Thorough unstabill mynde, ryght as the levis grene  
Stondewn ageyn the weðir, ryght so by them I mene.  
But no more hereof nowc at this ilche tyme  
In saving of my sentence, my prolog, and my ryme.  
They toke their In and loggit them at mydmorowe  
I trowe,  
Alle cheker of the hope that many a man doth knowe;  
Their hooft of Southworke that with them went, as  
ye have herde to fore,  
That was rewler of them al of las and eke of more,  
Ordeyned their dyner wisely, or they to church went,  
Such vitailis as he soude in town, and for noon othir  
sent,  
The Pardonere behelde the besynes how statis wer i-  
servid,  
Diskenryng hym al prively and a syde swervid; 20  
The hostelere was so halowid fro o plase to another,  
He toke his staffe to the tapstere; welcom myne own  
brother,  
Qð she, with a frendly loke alreedy for to kys;  
And he, as a man i lerned of such kyndnes,  
Bracyd hir by the myddyll and made hir gladly chere,  
As thoughe he had iknowen hir al the rathir yeer:  
She halid hym into the tapstry there hir bed was ma-  
kid  
Lo here I ligg, (qð she) my self al nyght al nakid  
Without manny's company, syn my love was dede,  
Jenkyn Harpour, yf ye hym knewe, from fete to the  
hede 30  
Was not a lustier persone to daunce ne to lepe,  
Then he was, thoughe I it sey; and therewith to wepe  
She made, and with hir napron feir and white ywash  
She wyped soft hir even for teris that she out lath,  
As grete as any myllstone, upward gon they stert,  
For love of her swetyng, that sat so nighe hir hert.  
She wept and waylid and wrong hir houndis and made  
much to done;  
For they that loven so passyngly such trowes they have  
echon

She snyffith, sighith, and shoke hire hede, and made  
rouful cher;  
*Benedicite*, qð the Pardonere, and toke hir by the swere,  
Yee make sorowe inowgh, qð he, your life though ye  
shuld lese;  
It is no wondir, qð she than, and therewith she gan  
to snefe.  
Aha, al hole, qð the Pardonere, your pennaunce is  
somewhat passid;  
God forbede it els, qð she, but it were somewhat lassid;  
I myght nat lyve els, thowe wotist, and it shuld long  
endure;  
Now blessid be God of mendement of hele and eke  
of cure,  
Qð the Pardonere tho anon, and toke hir by the  
chynne,  
And sayd to hir these wordis tho, alas! that love is syn!  
So kynd a lover as yee be oon, and so trew of herte,  
For be my trewe conscience yit for yewe I smerte, so  
And shall this month hereafter for your soden disese:  
Now wele wer hym ye lovid, so he coud you plese.  
I durst swere upon a book that trewe he shuld yewe  
fynd:  
For he that is so yore dede is grene in yeur mynd.  
Ye made me a sory man, I dred ye wold have stervid.  
Graunt mercy, gentil Sir, qð she, that yee unaservid;  
Yee be a nobile man, iblessid mut yee be:  
Sit down ye shul drynk, nay I wis (qð he,)  
I am fastyng yit, myne own hert is rote,  
Fastyng yit alas! qð she, therof I can gode bore. 60  
She stert into the town and fet a py al hore,  
And set to fore the Pardonere; Jenken, I ween I n'ote  
Is that your name I yow prey ye I wis myne own  
fustir;  
So was I enformyd of them that did me fostir.  
And what is yowrs? Kitt, iwis; so cleped me my  
dame,  
And Godd's blessing have thow, Kitt; now broke  
wel thy name;  
And privylich unlasid his both eyen liddes,  
And lokid hir in the visage paramour amyddis;  
And sighed there with a litil time, that she it here  
myghte,  
And gan to rown and feyn this song, *Now love then do  
me righte:* 70  
Ete and be merry, qð she, why breke ye nowt your  
fast?  
To wait more fellowship it were but work in waste.  
Whi make ye so dull chere? for your love at home?  
Nay



Nay forsooth, myne own hert, it is for yow aloon,  
For me? alas! what sey ye? that wer a simple prey.  
Trewlich yit, qð the Pardonere, it is as I yewe sey.  
Ye etith and beth mery, we wol speke thereof sone;  
*Brennyd Cat dredith seir*; it is mery to be aloon:  
For by our lady Mary, that bare Jesus on hir arm,  
I could nevir love yit but it did me harm: 80  
For evir my manere hath be to love ovirmuch.  
Now Crist is blessing, qð the Pardonere, go with al  
such.  
Lo! how the clowdis worchyn, ech man to mete his  
mach,  
For trewly, gentil cristian I use the same tache,  
And have ydo many a yer; I may it nat forbere;  
For *kynd w ll have his cours*, though men the contrary  
swere.  
And therewith he stert up smertly, and cast down a  
grote,  
What shal this do, gentil Sir? nay Sir for my cote  
I n'old ye payd a peny her, and so sone pas.  
The Pardonere swore his grett othe, he wold pay no  
las.  
I wis, Sir, it is ovir do, but sith it is yowr will,  
I woll putt it in my purse, lest yee it take in ill  
To refuse your curtesy: and therewith she gan to bowe.  
Now trewly, qð the Pardonere, your maners been to  
lowe.  
For had ye countid freytly, and nothing left behind,  
I might have wele ydemed that yee be unkind,  
And eke untrew of hert, and sooner me forgete;  
But ye list be my tresorer, for we shall offter mete.  
Now certen, qð the tapster, ye have a redeful even,  
As wold to God ye couth as wele undo my sweven  
That I my self did mete this nyght that is ypassid,  
How I was in a chirch, when it was all ymassid;  
And was in my devocioun tyl service was al doon,  
Tyl the preest and the clerk boystly bad me goon,  
And put me out of the chirch with an egir mode.  
Now Seynt Daniel, qð the Pardonere, your swevyn  
turn to gode;  
And I woll halfow it to the best, have it in your mynd;  
For comynly of these swevyngs the contrary men shul  
fynd.  
Ye have be a lover glad, and litil joy yhad;  
Plick up a lusty hert, and be mery and glad; 110  
For ye shul have an husbond, that shall yewe wed to  
wyve,  
That shal love yewe as hertly as his own lyve.  
The preest that put yew out of chirch shall lede you  
in ageyne,  
And helpe to your mariage with al his might and main:  
This is the sweven al and som Kit, how likith The?  
Be my trowith wondir wele; bleffid mut thowe be,  
Then toke he leve at that tyme, tyll he com efftione,  
And went to his feleship (as it was to doon)  
Thoughe it be no grete holynes to prech this ilk ma-  
tere,  
And that som list to her it, yit, Sirs, ner the latter  
Endurith for a while and sufferith them that woll,  
And ye shul her how the Tapster made the Pardonere  
pull  
Garlik all the long nyghte til it was ner end day;  
For the more chere she made of love, the faller was  
her lay.  
But litil charge gaff she therof, tho she aquit his while,  
For ethir is thought and tent was othir to begile;  
As ye shul here hereaftir, when tyme comith and  
spafe  
To meve such matere——but now a litil spafe  
I wol return me ageyn to the company,  
The knyghte and al the feleship and nothing for to ly,  
Whan they wer al yloggit, as skil wold and reson,  
Everich aftir his degre, to chirch then was seson  
To pas and to wend, to make their offringis,

Righte as their devocioun was, of silver broch, and  
ryngis.  
Then at chirch dorr the curtesy gan to ryse,  
Tyl the knyght, of gentilnes that knewe right wele  
the guyse,  
Put forth the prelatis, the parson, and his sere,  
A monk, that took the spryngill with a manly chere,  
And did as the manere is, moilid al their patis  
Everich aftir othir, righte as they wer of statis. 140  
The frer feynyd fetouilly the spryngill for to hold  
To spryng oppon the remnaunt; that for his cope he  
n'old  
Have last that occupacioun in that holy plafe;  
So longid his holy conscience to se the Nonn's safe.  
The knyght went with his compers toward the holy  
shryne,  
To do that they wer com for, and aftir for to dyne,  
The Pardonere and the miller and othir lewde fotes  
Sought hem self in the chirch, right as lewd gotes;  
Pyrid fast and pourid high upon the glafe,  
Counterfetyng gentilmen the armys for to blafe,  
Diskynering fast the peyntur and for the story mournid  
And a red al so right as rammys hornid,  
He berith a ballstaf, qð the toon, and els a raked  
end;  
Thow failest, qð the miller, thow hast nat wel thy  
mynd;  
It is a spere, yf thow canst se, with a prik tofore,  
To bush a down his Enmy and through the shoulder  
bore.  
Pese, qð the hoost of Southwork, let stond the wyn-  
dow glafid,  
Goith up and doith your offerynge, ye semith half a-  
matid,  
Sith ye be in company of honest men and good,  
Worchith somwhat aftir them and let the kynd of  
brode 160  
Pas for a tyme, I hold it for the best;  
For who doith after company may live the bet in rest.  
Then passid they forth boystly gogling with their  
hedis,  
Knelid adown to fore the shrine and hertlich their  
bedis  
They preyd to seint Thomas, in such wyse as they  
couth;  
And sith the holy reliques ech man with his mowith  
Kissid, as a goodly monk the names told and taught.  
And sith to othir places of holynes they raught,  
And wer in their devocioun tyl service wer al doon:  
And sith they drowgh to dynerward, as it drew to  
noon, 170  
Then, as manere and custum is, signes there they  
bought;  
For men of contre shuld know whome they had sought.  
Eche man set his silver in such thing as they likid:  
And in the meen while the miller had ypickid  
His bosom ful of signys of Caunterbury brochis;  
Though the Pardonere and he pryvely in hir pouchis  
They put them afterwards, that noon of them it wist,  
Save the Sompner seid somwhat, and seyde to he list  
Half part, qð he, prively rownyng on their ere:  
Husht, pees, qð the miller, seist now nat the frere,  
How he lowrith undir his hood with a doggish eye?  
Hit shuld be a privy thing that he could nat aspy:  
Of every craft he can somwhat our lady give hym so-  
rowe.  
Amen, tho qð the Sompner, on eve and eke on mo-  
rowe.  
So cursid a tale he told of me, the devill of hell hym  
spede,  
And me, but yf I pay him wele and quyte wele his  
mede,  
Yf it hap homward that ech man tell his tale,  
As we did hiðerward, though we shuld set at sale



All the shrewdnes that I can, I woll hym nothing spare,  
 That I nol touch his takerd somwhat of his care.  
 They set then signys upon their hedes, and som op-  
 pon their capp,  
 And hith to the dynward they gan for to stapp;  
 Every man in his degre wissh and toke his sete,  
 As they wer wont to doon at soper and at mete,  
 And wer in silence for a tyme, tyl good ale gan arise,  
 And then as nature axith as these old wise  
 Knownen wele, when weynys been somwhat replete,  
 The spiris wol flere, and also metis swete  
 Causen oft myrthis for to be ymevid,  
 And eke it was no tyme tho for to be ygrevid: 200  
 Every man in his wyse made hertly chere,  
 Telling his felowe of sportys and of chere,  
 And of othir mirthis that fellyn by the wey,  
 As custum is of pylgryms, and hath been many a  
 dey.  
 The hoost leid to his ere, of Southworke as ye knowe,  
 And thenkid al the company both high and lowe,  
 So wele kepeing the covenaut, in Southwork that  
 was made,  
 That every man shuld by the wey with a tale glade  
 All the whole company in shorting of the wey;  
 And al is wele performed, but than now thus I sey,  
 That we must so homeward ech man tel anothir,  
 Thus we wer accordit, and I shuld be a rathir  
 To set yewe in governaunce by right ful jugement.  
 Trewly hoost, qd the Frer, that was all our assent,  
 With a litil more that I shall sey therto.  
 Yee graunted of your curtesy that we shuld also  
 All the hole company soper with yewe at nyght:  
 Thus I trow that it was, what sey you, Sir knyght?  
 It shal nat nede qd the hoost, to axe no witnes;  
 Your record is good I now; and of your gentilnes  
 Yit I prey yew est ageyn: for by seynt Thomas shryne  
 And ye woll hold covenaut, I woll hold myne.  
 Now trewly hoost, qd the knyght, ye have right wel  
 yseyd;  
 And as towching my persone, I hold me payde;  
 And so I trowe that al doith. Sirs, what sey yee?  
 The Monk and eke the Marchaunte and al seid, ye.  
 Then al this affir-mete I hold it for the best  
 To sport and pley us, qd the hoost, eche man as hym  
 list,  
 And go by tyme to soper and to bed also;  
 So mowe we erly ryfen, our jorney for to do. 230  
 The knyght arose therwithal, and cast on a fresher  
 gown,  
 And his sone anothir, to walk in the town.  
 And so did all the remnaunt that wer of that aray,  
 That had their chaungis with them, they made them  
 fresh and gay;  
 Sortid them togidur, right as their lustis lay,  
 As they were more usid travelling by the way.  
 The knyght with his meyne went to se the walle,  
 And the wards of the town as to a knyght befall;  
 Derising ententiflich the strengthis al about,  
 And apointid to his sone the perell and the dout,  
 For shot of arblast and of bowe, and eke for shot of  
 gonne, 241  
 Unto the wardis of the town, and how it might be  
 wone;  
 And al defence ther ageyn affir his intent  
 He declarid compendiously, and al that evir he ment,  
 He sone perseyvid every poynt, as he was full abil,  
 To armes and to travaile and persone covenabill  
 He was of all factur affir fourm of kynd,  
 And for to deme his governaunce it semed that his  
 mynd  
 Was much in his lady that he lovid best;  
 That made hym oft to wake when he shuld have his  
 rest. 250

The clerk that was of Oxenforth onto the Sompnore  
 seyde,  
 Me semeth of grete clerge that thou art a mayde;  
 For thou puttest on the Frer in maner of repreff,  
 That he knoweth falshe, vice, and eke a theff.  
 And I it hold vertuouse and right commendabill  
 To have very knowleche of things reprovabill.  
 For who so may eschew it, and let it pas by,  
 And els he myght fall theron unward and sodenly.  
 And thoughe the Frer told a tale of a Sompnour;  
 Thou oughtist for to take it for no dishonour: 260  
 For of al craftis and of eche degre  
 They be not al perfite, but som nyce be.  
 Lo! what is worthy, seyde the knyght, for to be a  
 clerk.  
 To sommon among us them this mocionne was ful  
 derke;  
 I comend his wittis and eke his clerge;  
 For of ether parte he saveth honeste.  
 The Monk toke the Parson then and the grey Frer  
 And preyd them for curtesy for to go in fere.  
 I have ther acquaintaunce, that al this yeris thre-  
 Hath preyd hym by his lettris that I hym wold se:  
 And ye my brothir in habit and in possessioun.  
 And now I am here, methinkith it is to doon,  
 To preve it in dede what chere he wold me make,  
 And to yew my frende also for my sake.  
 They went forth togidur talking of holy matere;  
 But woot ye wele, in certeyn they had no mind on  
 watere  
 To drynk at that tyme, when they wer met in fere:  
 For of the best that myght be founde and therewith  
 mery chere  
 They had, it is no doute, for spycys and eke wine  
 Went round about the gastoyne, and eke the ruyn.  
 The wyfe of bath was so wery she had no wyl to  
 walk;  
 She toke the Piores by the honde; Madam, wol ye  
 stak  
 Pryvely into the garden to se the herbis growe?  
 And affir with our host's wife in hir parlour rowe?  
 I wol gyve yewe the wyne, and ye shul me also.  
 For tyl we go to soper we have naught ellis to do.  
 The Piores, as woman taught of gentil blood and  
 hend,  
 Assentid to hir counsel; and forth gon they wend,  
 Passyng forth sofftly into the herbery:  
 For many a herb grewe for sewe and surgery; 290  
 And all the aleys feir and parid, and raylid, and y-  
 makid:  
 The savage and the isope yfrethid and ystakid;  
 And othir beddis by and by fresh ydight,  
 For comers to the hooste righte a sportful sight.  
 The Marchaunt, and the Mancipill, the Miller, and  
 the Reve,  
 And the Clerk of Oxenforth, to townward gan they  
 meve;  
 And al the othir meyne; and lastt noon at home,  
 Save the Pardoner, that pryvelich when al they wer  
 goon  
 Stalkid into the tapstry: for nothing wold he leve,  
 To make his covenante in certeyn that same eve,  
 He wold be loggit with hir, that was his hole enter-  
 tiounne.  
 But hap and eke fortune and all the constellaciounne  
 Was clere hym ageyns, as ye shul affir here.  
 For hym had better be yloggit al nyght in a myere,  
 Then he was the same nyght or the sun was up:  
 For such was his fortune he drank without the cupp,  
 But thereof wist he no dele; ne no man of us alle  
 May have that high comyng, to know what shal befall.  
 He stappid into the tapstry wondir pryvely,  
 And fond hir ligging liryng with half slopy eye, 310  
 Pourid fellich undir hir hood, and sawe al his comyng,  
 And



And lay ay still, as naught she knewe, but feynid hir  
 slepyng.  
 He put his hond to hir brest, awake, qð he, awake:  
 A! *benedicite*, Sir, who wist yew her? out tho I myght  
 be take  
 Prisoner, qð the rapstere, being al aloon;  
 And therwith breyd up in a frite, and began to groon:  
 Now sith ye be my prisoner, yeld yew now, qð he,  
 I must nedis, qð she, I may nothyng fle;  
 And eke I have no strength and am but yong of age,  
 And also *it is no mastery to catch a mouse in a cage*, 320  
*That may no where stert out, but closid wondir fast;*  
 And eke, Sir, I tell yew, though I had grete hast,  
 Ye shuld have coughed when ye com, wher lern you  
 curtesy;  
 Now trewlich I must chide, for of right pryvety  
 Women ben som tyme of day, when they be aloon.  
 Wher coude I yew prey when ye com eftirone?  
 Nowe mercy, dere swetyng, I wol do so no more:  
 I thank you an hundrit lithis; and also by your lore  
 I wol do hereaftir in what plase that I com.  
 But lovers, Kitt, ben evil avysid full oft and to lom.  
 Wherfor I prey you hertlich hold me excusid,  
 And I behote yew trewly it shall no more be usid.  
 But now to our purpose; how have ye fare,  
 Sith I was wyth you last? that is my most care.  
 For yf yee eylid eny thing othir wife then good,  
 Trewly it wold chaunge my chere and my blood.  
 I have farid the wars for yewe, qð Kitt, do ye no  
 drede  
 God that is above? and eke ye had no nede  
 For to congir me, God woot, wyth your nygro-  
 mancy,  
 That have no more to vaunte me but oonly my body;  
 And yf it were disteynid, then wer I on 330  
 I wis I trowe, Jenkyn, ye be nat to trust to.  
 For evir more ye clerkis con so much in book,  
 Yee wol wynn a woman at first look.  
 Thought the Pardonere, this goith wele; and made  
 his beter chere,  
 And axid of hir softly; love, who shall ligg here  
 This nyght that is to comyng? I prey yewe tell me.  
 I wis it is grete nede to tell yewe, qð she:  
 Make it nat overqueynt, though yew be a clerk,  
 Ye knowe wele inough iwis, by loken, by word, by  
 work. 350  
 Shal I com than, christian, and fese away the cat?  
 Shal ye com? *per benedicite*, what question is that?  
 Wherfor I prey you hertly to be my Counsaill;  
 Comyth somwhat late, and for nothing fail;  
 The dorr shall stond thar up; put it from yew soft:  
 But be wele avysid, ye wake nat them on lofft.  
 Care ye nat, qð Jenkin, I can theron at best;  
 Shal no man for my stepyng be wakid of his rest.  
 Anoon they dronk the beverage, and wer of oon ac-  
 cord  
 As it semed by their chere, and also by their word: 360  
 And al a staunce she lovid hym wele, she toke hym  
 by the swere;  
 As though he had lernyd cury favel of som old frere,  
 The Pardonere plukkid out of his purs, I trow the  
 dowry;  
 And toke it Kitt, in hir hond, and bad her pryvely  
 To orden a rere sopor for them both to,  
 A cawdell ymade with swete wyne, and with sugir  
 also;  
 For trewly I have no talent to ete in yeur absence;  
 So longith my hert toward yew to be in yeur pre-  
 sence.  
 He toke his leve and went his wey as though nothing  
 wer,  
 And met wyth al the felship; but in what plase ne  
 wher 370  
 He spake no word therof, but held hym close and styll;

As he that hopid sikirlich to have had al his well;  
 And thought many a mery thought by hymself aloon;  
 I am a loggit, thought he, best, how soevir it goon;  
 And thoughte it have collid me, yit wol I do my peyn  
 For to pike hir purs to nyghte and win my coll ageyn.  
 Now leve I the Pardonere tyll that it be eve,  
 And wol returne me ageyn righte ther as I did leve.  
 Whan al wer com togidir in their herbegage,  
 The hoost of Southwork, as ye knowe, that had no  
 spice of rage, 380  
 But al thing wrought prudencially as sobir man and wife;  
 Now wol we to the soup, Sir knyght, feith yeur a-  
 vyse,  
 Qð the hoost ful curteysly, and in the same wise.  
 The knyght answer'd him ageyn, Sir as ye devyse  
 I must obey, ye woot wele; but yf I fail wyte,  
 Then takith thes prelatys to yewe and wasluth and  
 go sit;  
 For I woll be yeur Marchall and serve yewe ech ong,  
 And then the officers and I to soper shall we gone.  
 They wish and sett right as he bad, eche man wyth  
 his fere,  
 And begonne to talk of sportis and of chere, 390  
 That they had the affir-mete whiles they wer out;  
 For othir occupaciounes tyll they wer servid about  
 They had nat at that tyme, but eny man kint a loff;  
 But the Pardonere kept hym close, and told nothing of  
 The myrth and hope that he had, but kept it for  
 hymself;  
 And thoughte he did it is no fors; for he had nede to  
 solve.  
 Long or it wer mydnyght, as ye shul her sone;  
 For he met with his love in crokeing of the moon.  
 They wer yservyd honestly, and eche man held hym  
 payde:  
 For of o manere of service their soper was a aide, 400  
 As skill wold and reison, sith the lest of all  
 Par idylke much, for growing of the gail.  
 Buryit as curtesy axith, though it wer som dele streight,  
 The statys that wer above had of the feyrest endreyte.  
 Wherfor they did their gentilnes ageyn to all the rout,  
 They dronken wyne at their cost onys round about,  
 Now pass I lightly ovir, when they soupid had,  
 Tho that were of governaunce as wyse men and sad  
 Went to their rest, and made no more to doon;  
 But Miller and the Coke dronken by the moon 410  
 Twyes to eche othir in the repenyng.  
 And when the Pardonere them espyd, anoon he gan  
 to sing,  
 Doubill me this bourden, chokelyng in his throte;  
 For the Tapstler shal here of his mery note.  
 He clepid to hym the Sompnour that was his own  
 discipill,  
 The Yeman, and the Reve, and the Mancipill;  
 And stoden so holowyn; for nothing wold they leve,  
 Tyl the tyme that it was well within eve.  
 The hoost of Southwork herd them wele, and the  
 March unt both,  
 As they wer at a countis, and wexen somewhat wroth.  
 But yet they preyd them curteysly to lett for to wend,  
 And so they did all the rout, they dronk and made an  
 end:  
 And eche man dronghe to *usky* to slepe and take his  
 rest,  
 Save the Pardonere, that drew apart, and weyr'd by  
 a chesse  
 For to hide hymself, tyl the candill wer out;  
 And in the meen while, have ye no doute,  
 The Tapstler and hir Paramour, and the hosteler of  
 the house  
 Sitt togidir pryvelich, and of the best gouse  
 That was y found in town and yset at sale  
 They had there of sufficiant, and dronk but littill  
 ale; 430  
 An

only 1, 2, copy



And sit and ete the cawdell, for the Pardoner that  
was made,  
With sugir and with swete wyne, right as hymself  
bade:

So he that payd for all in feer had not a twynt;  
For oft is more better ymerkid then ymynt.  
And so farid he ful right, as ye have yherd.  
*But who is that a woman could not make his berd,*  
And she wer therabout and set hir wytt therto?  
Ye woot wele I ly nat, and wher I do or no  
I wol nat here termyn it, lest ladies stond in plase  
Or els gentil women, for lesing of my grace 440  
Of daliaunce and of sportis and of goodly chere;  
Therfor anenst their estatys I wol in no manere  
Deme ne determyn, but of lewd kitts,  
As Tapsters, and othir such that hath wyly wytts,  
To pike mennys pursis, and eke to bler their eye;  
So wele they make seme soth when they falsed by,  
Now of Kitt Tapster, and of hir Paramour,  
And the hosteler of the house that sit in Kittis bour,  
When they had ete and dronk right in the same plase,  
Kit began to rendir out all thing as it was: 450  
The wowing of the Pardoner, and his cost also,  
And how he hopid for to lygg al nyght wyth hir also;  
But therof he shall be sikir as of God's cope.  
And sodeynly kistid her Paramour; and seyde, we  
shul selope

Togisir hul by hul, as we have many a nyght:  
And yf he com and make noyse, I prey yewe dub  
hym knyght.

Yes dame, qd hir Paramour, be thow not agast;  
This is his own staff thou seyest, therof he shall araft.  
Now trewly, qd the hosteler, and he com by my lot  
He shall drink for Kittis love wythout cup or pot;  
And he be so hardy to wake eny gift,  
I make a vowe to the peacock there shal wake a soul  
mist,

And arose up therewithal and toke his leve anon;  
It was a shrewid company, they had servid so many  
oon.

With such manere of feleship ne kepe I never to dele  
Ne no man that lovith his worship and his hele.  
Qd Kitt to hir Paramour, ye must wake a whyle  
For trewlich I am sikir that within this myle  
The Pardoner wol be comyng his here to aswage;  
But loke ye pay hym redelich to kele his corage;  
And therfor love dischance yewe not tyll this chek  
be do.

No for God Kitt that wol I no.  
Then Kitt went to bed, and blewe out all the light;  
And by that tyme it was ner hond quarter nyght,  
Whan all was still, the Pardoner gan to walk,  
As glad as eny goldfynch, that he herd no man talk:  
And drowghe to Kittis dordward to herken and to list,  
And went to have sond the dor up by the hasp, and  
eke the twiff

Held hym out a whils and the lok also;  
Yit trowid he no gile, but went ner to, 480  
And scrapid the dorr welplich, and wynyd wyth his  
mowith,

Aftir a doggis lyden, as nere as he couith.  
Awey dog with evill deth, qd he, that was within,  
And made hym all redy the dorr to unpin.

A! thought the Pardoner, tho I trow my berd be  
made,

The Tapster hath a Paramour and hath made them  
glade

With the cawdell that I ordeyned for me as I gues:  
Now the devill hir speide, such oon as she is.

She seid I had ycongerid hir, our lady gyve hir sorowe  
Now wold to God she wer in stokis tyl I shuld hir  
borowe: 490

For she is the falsed that evir yit I knewe,  
To pik the mony out of my purs; Lord! she made  
hir trewe.

And therewyth he caught a cardiakill and a cold for;  
For who have love longing and is of corage hote,  
He hath ful many a myry thought tofore his delyte;  
And right so had the Pardoner, and was in evil plight:  
For sayling of his purpose he was nothing in ese;  
Wherfor he fill sodenlich into a wood rese;

Entryng wondir fast into a frensy,  
For pur very angir, and for jelousy, 500  
For when he herd a man within, he was almost wood;  
And because the cost was his, no marvel tho the moud  
Wer turned into vengauce, y! it myght b:;  
But this was the myschief, all so strong as he  
Was he that was within, and lighter man also;  
As provid wele the bataile betwene them both to.  
The Pardoner scrapid eft ageyn, for nothyng wold  
he blyn;

So feyn he wold have herd more of hym that was  
within.

What dog is that, qd the Paramour? Kit, wost thou  
ere?

Have God my trowith, qd she, it is the Pardoner.  
The Pardoner with myscheff! God gyve hym evil  
preff.

Sir, she seid, by my trowith he is the same theff.  
Therof thou liest, qd the Pardoner, and might nat  
long forbere,

A thy fals body, qd he, the devil of hell The tere!  
For by my trowith a falscher sawe I never noon:

And nempnid hir namys many mo then oon.  
Though to rech hir wer noon honeste,

Among men of good of worship and degre.

But shortly to conclude; when he had chid inowe,  
He axid his staff spitoulich wyth wordis sharp and  
rowe. 520

Go to bed, qd he within, no more noyse thow make,  
Thy staff shal be redy to morowe I undertake,

In soth, qd he, I wol nat fro the dorr wend,  
Tyl I have my staff, thow bribour, then have the  
toðir end,

Qd he that was within; and leyde it on his bak,  
Right in the same plase, as chapmen berith their pak;

And so he did to mo, as he coude a rede,  
Graspyng aftir with the staff in length and eke in  
brede;

And fond hym othir whyle redlich inoughe  
With the staffys end high upon the browe. 530

The hosteler ley oppon his bed, and herd of this af-  
fray,

And stert hym up lightlich, and thought he wold asay:  
He toke a staff in his hond, and highed wondir blyve

Tyl he wer with the feleship that shuld never thryve:  
What be yee, qd the hosteler? and knew them both  
wele,

Hyult pese, qd the Paramour; Jak, thow must be sele.  
Ther is a theff I tell The within this hall dorr.

A theff, qd Jak? this is a nobill chere  
That thou hym hast yfound; yf wee hym myght catch.

Yis, yis, care The nought; with hym we shul mach  
Wele inowe, or he be go, yf so we had lighte;

For we to be stronge inowe with o man for to fighte.  
The Devill of hell, qd Jak, breke this thev's bonis.

The key of the kitchen, as it wer for the nonys,  
Is above with our dame? and she hath such usage,

And she be wake of her slepe, she fallith in such a rage,  
That al the weke aftir there may no man hir plese,

So she sterith aboute this house in a wood rese.  
But now I am avysid bet how we shul have lyte;

I have too giftis within, that this same nyght 550  
Sopid in the halle, and had a litill feir.

Go up, qd Jak, and loke and in the asstis pire;  
And I wol kepe the dorr, he shall not stert out.

Nay for God that woll I nat, lest I catch a clout,  
Seid the toðir to Jak; for thou knowist bettir then I

All the estris of this house, go up thy self and spy.  
Nay



Nay for soth, q̃ Jak, that were grete unrighte.  
 To aventur oppon a man that with hym did not fighte.  
 Sithens thou hast hym bete and with thy staff ypiit,  
 Me thinkith it wer no reson that I shuld bere the  
 gilt: 560  
 For by the blysyng of the cole he myght se myne hede,  
 And lightly leve me such a stroke my hond to be dede.  
 Then wol we do by common assent sech hym al a-  
 bout,  
 Who that metith hym first pay him on the snout:  
 For methought I herd hym here last among the pannys.  
 Kepe thou, the toʒir side, but ware the watir cannys,  
 And if he be herin, ryght sone we shull hym fynde;  
 And we to be strong inowghe o theffe for to bynde.  
 Aha ha, thought the Pardoner, both the pannys aryn?  
 And drowghe oppon that side, and thought oppon a  
 gynne; 570  
 So at last he fond oon, and set it on his hede.  
 For, as the case was fall, ther'to he had grete nede.  
 But yit he graspit ferthir more to have somwhat in  
 honde,  
 And fond a grete ladill, right as he was gonde,  
 And thought for to sterte out betwene them both to;  
 And waytid wele the Paramour that had doon hym  
 woo;  
 And set him with the ladill on the gruscill on the nose,  
 That all the week after he had such a pose,  
 That both his eyin waterid erlich by the morowe.  
 But she that was the cause of it had ther'of no fo-  
 rowe. 580  
 But now to the Pardoner; as he wold stert away  
 The hosteler met with hym, but nothyng to his pay:  
 The Pardoner ran so swith the pan fill him fro,  
 And Jak hosteler astir hym, as blyve as he myght go;  
 And stapid oppon a brondeal unware,  
 That hym had bin beter to have goon more aware:  
 For the egg of the pann met with his shynne,  
 And karff atoo a veyn, and the next syn.  
 But whils that it was grene he thought litil on,  
 But when the grenenefs was apast, the greff sat ner  
 the bone. 590  
 Yit Jak leyd to his hond to grope wher it sere,  
 And when he fond he was yhurt, the Pardoner he  
 gan to threte;  
 And swore by Seynt Amyas, that he shuld abigg  
 With stroks hard and fore, even oppon the rigg;  
 Yf he hym myght fynd, he nothyng wold hym spare,  
 That herd the Pardoner wele, and held hym bettir a  
 square.  
 And thought that he had strokis ryght inough,  
 Wynnes on his armys, his bak, and his browe.  
 Jak then, q̃ the Paramour, wher is the theff ago?  
 I n'ote, q̃ tho Jak; right now he lept me fro, 600  
 That Crist's curs go with hym, for I have harm and  
 spite;  
 Be my trowith and I also and he goith nat al quyte;  
 But and we myght hym fynd, we wold aray hym so  
 That he shuld have legg, ne foot, to morowe on  
 to go.  
 But how shull we hym fynd? the moon is adown,  
 (As grace was for the Pardoner) and eke when they  
 did roun,  
 He herd them evir wele inowe, and went the more  
 asyde,  
 And drew him evir bakward, and let the strokis glide.  
 Jak, q̃ the Paramour, I hold it for the best,  
 Sith the moon is down, for to go to rest, 610  
 And make the gatis fast; he may not then astert,  
 And eke of his own staff he berith a redy mark,  
 Wherby thou mayest him knowe among all the route,  
 And thou ber a redy cy and weyt wele aboute,  
 To morowe when they shul wend; this is the best rede.  
 Jak, what seyst thou therto? is this wele yseyd?  
 Thy wit is clere, q̃ Jak, thy wit mut nedis stonde.

He made the gatis fast; ther is no more to doon,  
 The Pardoner stode asyde, his chekis ron and bled,  
 And was ryght evil at ese al nyght in his hede: 620  
 He must of force lige lyke a colyn swerd;  
 Yit it mevid him wondir fore for making of his berd,  
 He payd at full ther'fore, through a womans art,  
 For wyne, and eke for cawdill, and had ther'of no  
 part;  
 He ther'for preyd Seynt Juliane, as ye mowe onder-  
 stonde,  
 That the devill her shulde spede, on watir, and on  
 londe;  
 So to disleive a travellyng man of his herbegage;  
 And could not els, save curs, his angir to alwage;  
 And was distract of his wit, and in grete delpayr;  
 For astir his here he caught a cold through the nyght's  
 eyr; 630  
 That he was ner afoundit, and cond none othir help,  
 But as he fought his loggyng, he happid oppon a  
 whelp  
 That ley undir a fleyir, a grete Walssh dog,  
 That bare about his neck a grete huge clog;  
 Because that he was spetouse, and wold sone bite:  
 The clog was hongit about his nek, for men shuld  
 nat wite  
 Nothyng the dogg's maister, yf he did eny harm;  
 So, for to excuse them both, it was a wyly charm.  
 The Pardoner wold have loggit hym ther, and lay  
 somwhat nigh;  
 The Warrok was awakid and caught hym by the  
 thigh, 640  
 And bote hym wondir spetously, defending wele his  
 couch,  
 That the Pardoner myght nat ne hym nether touch,  
 But held hym a square by that othir side,  
 As holfom was at that tyme, for tereing of his hyde:  
 He cond noon othir help, but leyd adown his hede  
 In the dogg's littir, and wisshid astir brede,  
 Many a time and oft, the dog for to plese,  
 To have yley more nere for his own ese.  
 But wish what he wold, his fortune seyde ney;  
 So trewly for the Pardoner it was a difinal dey. 650  
 The dog ley evir grownyng, redy for to smache;  
 Wher'for the Pardoner duill nat with hym mache;  
 But ley, as still as eny ston, remembryng his toly,  
 That he wold trull a rappler of a common holly:  
 For commonly for the most part they ben wyly echon.  
 But now to alle the company a morrow, whan they  
 shuld gon,  
 Was noon of all the feleship half so sone ydight  
 As was the gentil Pardoner; for al tyme of the nyght  
 He was aredy in his aray, and had nothing to doon,  
 Saffe shake alite hiseris, and trus, and be goone. 660  
 Yet or he cam in company, he wissh away the blood,  
 And bond the sorys to his hede with the typet of his  
 hood;  
 And made lightfom chere; for men shuld nat spy  
 Nothyng of his turment, ne of his luxury;  
 And the hosteler of the house, for nothyng he could  
 pry,  
 He could nat knowe the Pardoner among the company.  
 Amorowe when they shuld wend, for ought that they  
 could pour,  
 So wysely went the Pardoner out of the dogg's bour;  
 And blynded from the hosteler, and turned oft about,  
 And evir more beheld hym amyward of the rout; 670  
 And was evir syngyng to make al thyng good;  
 But yit his notis wer somwhat low, for aking of his  
 hede.  
 So at that tyme he had no more grame;  
 But held hym to his hapynes to scape shame.  
 The knyght and al the feleship forward gon they  
 wend,  
 Passyng forth merely to the town's end;

And



And by that tyme they wer ther, the day began to rype,  
 And the Son merely upward gan he pike,  
 Pleying undir the egge of the firmament.  
 Now, q̃ the hoost of Southwork, and to the feship  
 bent;  
 Who sawe evir so feyr, or so glad a day?  
 And how fore this seson is entring into May:  
 The Thrustelis, and the Thrushis, in this glad mor-  
 nyng,  
 The Ruddok, and the Goldfynch, but the Nyghtyn-  
 gale  
 His amorous notis lo! how he twynyth small.  
 Lo! how the trees grenyth, that nakid wer, and no-  
 thing  
 Bare this month afore, but their sommer clothing!  
 Lo! how nature makith for them everichone!  
 And, as many as ther be he forgettith noone!  
 Lo! how the seson of the yere, and averell flouris, 690  
 Doith the busshis burgyn out blossoms, and flouris!  
 Lo! the pryme rosis how fresh they ben to sene!  
 And many othir flouris among the gras grene!  
 Lo! how they spryng, and sprede, and of divers hue!  
 Beholdith, and seith both rede, white, and blue!  
 That lusty bin and comfortabill for mannys sight!  
 For I sey for my self, it makith my hert to light.  
 Now sith Almighty Soveryn hath sent so feir a dey,  
 Let se now, as covenantis, in shorting of the wey,  
 Who shall be the first that shall unlace his male, 700  
 In comfort of us al, and gyn some mery tale?  
 For and we shuld now begyn to draw lot,  
 Peraventure it myght fal ther it ought not,

On som unlusty persone, that wer not wele awakid,  
 Or semybousy ovyr eve, and had ysong, and crakid,  
 Somwhat ovir much; how shuld he than do?  
 For *who shuld tell a tale he must have good wyll therto.*  
 And eke som men fastyng beth glewid, and ybound  
 In their tongis; and some fastyng beth norhyng jo-  
 cound;  
 And som in the morning their mouthis beth adoun, 710  
 Tyll that they be charmyd their wordis woll not  
 foun.  
 So thys is my conclusioun, and my last knot,  
 It wer grete gentilnes to tell without lot.  
 By the rood of Bromholm, q̃ the Marchant tho,  
 As fer as I have sailed, riden, and ygo,  
 Sawe I nevyr man yet, tofore this ilk day,  
 So wele coud rule a company, as our hoost in fay.  
 His wordis ben so comtortabill, and comyth so in  
 seson,  
 That my wit is ovircome, to make eny reson  
 Contrary to his counsaill, at myn ymagynacioun, 720  
 Wherfor I woll tell a tale to your consolacioun;  
 In ensampill to yowe; that when that I have do,  
 Anothir be right redy then, for to tell; ryght so  
 To fulfyll our hoost's wyll, and his ordinaunce.  
 There shall no fawte be found in me, gode wyl shal  
 be my chaunce,  
 With this I be excusid of my rudines,  
 Altho' I cannot peynt my tale, but tell it as it is;  
 Lepyng ovir no sentence, as ferforth as I may,  
 But tell yewe the Yolke, and put the White away.



## The MERCHANT'S second Tale, or the History of BERYN.



Hilom yeris passid in the old dawis,  
 When rightfullich by reson governyd wer  
 the lawis,  
 And pryncipally in the cete of Rome that  
 was so rich,  
 And worthiest in his dayes, and noon to hym ilich,  
 Of worship, ne of wele, ne of governaunce;  
 For alle londis christened therof had dotaunce;  
 And all othir natiouns, of what feith they were;  
 Whils the Emperour was hole, and in his paleys there  
 I mainteyned in honour, and in Pop's Se,  
 Rome was then obied of all Cristiantes. 10  
 But it farith therby, as it doith by othir thingis:  
 For though nethir cete, regioun, ne kyngis  
 Beth nat now so worthy, as wer by old tyme;  
 As we fynd in romaunces, in gestis, and in ryme.  
 For *all things doith wast, and eke mannys lyff*  
*Is more shorter then it was;* and our wittis fyve  
 Mowe nat comprehende, now in our dietes,  
 As som tyme myght these old wise poetes.  
 But sith that terrene things ben nat perdurabill;  
 No mervaile is, though Rome be somewhat variabill 20  
 Fro honour and fro wele, sith his frendis passid;  
 As many anothir town is payrid, and ylassid  
 Within these few yeris, as we mowe se at eye,  
 Lo! sirs here fast by Wynchelse and Ry.  
 But yit the name is evir oon of Rome, as it was  
 groundit  
 After *Remus & Romulus*, that first that cete foundit;  
 That brethren weren both to, as old bokis writen;  
 But of ther les and governaunce I wol nat now en-  
 diten;

But of othir mater, that fallith to my mynd,  
 Wherfor, gentill sirs, ye that beth behind, 30  
 Drawith somwhat nere thikker to a rout;  
 That my wordis may soun to ech man about.  
 Afir these 2 brethren Romulus and Remus,  
 Julius Caesar was Emperour, that rightful was of  
*D. mus:*  
 This cete he governed nobilich wele,  
 And conquered many a regioun, as cronicull doth us  
 telle.  
 For shortly to conclude, al tho wer adversaryes  
 To Rome in his dayis, he made them tributaries:  
 So had he in subjectione both frend and soon;  
 Of which I tell yew trewly Englund was oon. 40  
 Yit afir Julius Caesar, and sith that Crist was bore,  
 Rome was governed as wele as it was before.  
 And namelich in that tyme, and in the same yeris,  
 When it was governed by the doleperis:  
 As semeth wele by reson, who so can entend,  
 That *o mannys wyt, ne wyll, may not comprehend*  
*The boucheff and the myscheff, as may many bedis:*  
 Therfor ther operaciouns, ther domes, and ther dedes,  
 Were so egallich ydoon; for in all cristen londis,  
 Was noon that they sparid for to mend wrongis. 50  
 Then Constantyne the third, afir these doleperis,  
 Was Emperour of Rome, and regnyd many yeris.  
 So shortly to pas ovir, after Constantyn's dayis,  
 Phis Augustinus, as songen is in layes,  
 That Constantyn's son, and of plener age,  
 Was Emperour ychose, as fill by heritage;  
 In whose tyme fikerlich, the 7 Sages were  
 In Rome dwellyng decently; and yf yee lust to lere,  
 How



How they were yclepid, or I ferther goon,  
I woll tell you the names of them everichone; 60  
And declare yeu the cause why they ther namys bere,  
The first was ycleped Sother Legifcer;  
This is thus much for to sey, as *man beving the lawe*;  
And so he did trewly; for levir he had be sclawe,  
Then do, or sey, eny thing that sownyd out of reson:  
So cleen was his conscience yset in trowith and reson:  
Marcus Stoycus the second, so pepill hym highte;  
That is to mene in our constert, *a keeper of the right*:  
And so he did full trewe; for the record and the  
plees,  
He wrote them evir trewly; and took noon othir fees,  
But such as was ordeynid to take by the yere.  
Now, Lord God? in Cristendom I wold it were so  
clere.  
The thirde Craffus Afulus among men clepid was;  
*An house of rest, and ese, and counsaill in every case*;  
For to onderstond that was his name full right,  
For evirmore the counsaills he helpid wyth al his myght.  
Antonius Judeus, the firth was yclepid:  
That was as much to meen, as wele me myght have  
clepid,  
As eny pposid of all the long yere,  
That myght have made hym sory or chongit onys  
chere, 80  
But evirmore rejoycing, what that evir betid;  
For his hert was evir mery, right as the somer bridd.  
Summus Philopater was the fift's name:  
That thoughe men wold flee hym, or do hym al the  
shame,  
Angir, or difese, as evil as men couthe;  
Yet wold he love them nevir the wers, in hert, ne in  
mowith.  
His will was cleen undir his foot, and nothing hym  
above;  
Therfor he was clepid *fathir of perfite love*.  
The 6. and the 7. of these sevin Sages,  
Was Stypio, and Sithero; as thes word astrolages 90  
Was sirname to them both, astir their sciences.  
For of Astronomy sikerlich the cours, and all the  
fences  
Bothe they knowhit wele inoughe, and werright sotil  
of art.  
But now to othir purpose for her I woll depart,  
As lightly as I can, and draw to my matere.  
In that same tyme, that these Sages were  
Dwellyng thus in Room, a litill without the walles,  
In the subarbis of the town, of chambris, and of hallis,  
And all othir howseing, that to a Lord belongir,  
Was noon wythyn the cete; ne noon so wele be-  
hongit;  
With doers of highe pryse, ne wallid so aboute,  
As was a Senatours hous, wythyn, and eke wythoute.  
Favinus was his name, a worthe man, and rich;  
And for to sey shortlych, in Room was noon hym  
lyche.  
His portis and his cstris were full evenaunte  
Of tresour, and of lordshyp; also the most vailant  
He was, and eke ycom of high lynage.  
And at last he toke a wyff, like to his peerage;  
For *noriture, and connyng, bewte, and parentyne*  
*Wer tho coun'id more worth, than gold or sylvir fyne.* 110  
But now it is al othir in many mannys thought;  
For *muk ys now ymarried, and vertu set at nought*.  
Fawnus and his worthy wyff wer to giðir aloon,  
Fyvetene wyntir fullliche, and islu had they noon.  
Wherfor ther joyis wer nat half perfite;  
For uttirlich to have a child was al ther delite,  
That myght enjoy ther heritage, and weld their ho-  
nour;  
And eke, when they were febill, to their trew socoure

Their fastyng, and their preyir, and all that evir they  
wrought.  
As pilgrimage, and almsded, ever they besought 120  
That God would of his goodnes som fruyte betwene  
them send.  
Fro gynnyn of their spousaill, the myddil, and the  
end,  
This was their most besynes; and all othir delites,  
And eke this world's rychis they set at litil price.  
So at last, as God wold, it fill oppon a dey,  
As this lady fro chirchward went in the wey;  
A child gan stere in her womb, as Godd's wyl was;  
Wherof she gan to mervill, and made shortir pas,  
Wyth colour pale, and eke wanne, and full in he-  
vynes;  
For she had nevir, tofore that day, such manere seke-  
nes. 130  
The wymmen, that with her were, gon to behold  
The lady and her chere, but nothyng they told;  
But feir and soft wyth ese homward they her led:  
For her soden sekenes full fore they were adred.  
For she was inlich gentil, kynd, and amyabill,  
And eke trewe of hert, and nothyng variabill.  
She lovid God above all thing, and dred syn and shame;  
And Agea sikerly was her rightfull name.  
So astir in breff tyme, when it was purfeyvyd,  
That she had done a womans dede, and had a child  
conseyvyd; 140  
The joy that she made, ther may no tung tell:  
And al so much, or more, yf I ne ly shell,  
Favinus made in his behalf, for this glad tyding:  
That I trowe, I love the Emperour, ne the Kyng,  
Made no bettir cher to wyff, ne no more myrth,  
Then Fawnus to Agea. And when the tyme of birth  
Nyghid ner and ner, astir cours of kynd,  
Werith wele in certen, that all the wyt and mynd  
Of Fawnus was continuell of feir delyveraunce;  
Betwene Agea and his child; and made grete orde-  
naunce, 150  
Ageyn the tyme it shuld be bore, as it was for to doon.  
So as God wold, whan tyme cam, Agea had a Son.  
But joy that Fawnus made, was dobil tho tofore,  
When that he knew in certen she had a son ybore:  
And sent anoon for nurfis four, and no less,  
To reule this child: afterward as yeris did pas,  
The child was kept so tenderly, that it throff wel  
the bet:  
For what the norishes axir, anoon it was ysett.  
In his chambir it norished was, to town it mut nat go;  
Fawnus lovid it so cherey, hit myght nat part hym  
fro. 160  
It was so feyr a creature, as myght be on lyve,  
Of lymys, and of setours, and growe wondir blyve.  
This child, that I of tell, Berinus was his name,  
Was ovir much cherished, which turned hym into  
grame;  
As yee shull here astir, when time comyth and spase:  
For *astir swete the soure comyth full oft, in many a plase*.  
For as sone as he coud go, and also speke;  
All that he set his ey on, or astir list to beke,  
Anoon he shuld it have; for no man hym wernyd.  
But it had be well bettir, he had be wele ylernyd 170  
Noriture, and gentilnes; and had yhad some hey.  
For it fill so astir, wyth what child he did pley,  
Yf the pley ne likid hym, he wold breke his hede;  
Or wyth a knyff hym hurt, ryght nygh hond to be  
dede.  
For ther nas knyght, ne squyer, in his faðirs house,  
That thought his owne persone moste corajouse,  
That did, or seyde, eny thing Berinus to displese,  
That he n'old spetoussly anoon oppon him rese.  
Wherof his faðir had joy, and his moðir also:  
Yit it semeth to many a man, it was nat wisely do. 180  
When



When Beryn passid was 7 yere; and grew in more age,  
He wrought ful many an evil chek; for such was his  
corage,

That there he wist, or might, do eny evill dede;  
He wold nevir sefe, for ought that men him seid.  
Wherfor many a pore man ful oft was agrevid:  
But Fawnus and Agea ful light theron belevid:  
And thoughe men wold pleyne, full short it shuld a-  
vaile;

For Fawnus was so myghty, and cheff of all counsaill,  
With Augustyn the Emperour, that all men hym drad,  
And lete pas ovir mischefe, and harmys that they  
had. 190

Berinus ferthermore lovid wel the disce,  
And for to pley at hazard, and held therof grete pryse,  
And all othir gamys, that losery was in;  
And evirmore he lost, and nevir might wyn.  
Berynus at hazard many a nyght he wakid;  
And oft tyme it fill so, that he cam hom al nakid;  
And that was all his joy: for right wele he knew,  
That Agea his moðir wold cloth hym newe.  
Thus Berynus lyvid, as I have told to fore,  
Tyll he was of the age of 18 yere or more. 200

But othir whyls amongis for pleyntis, that were grete,  
Fawnus made amendis, and put them in quiete:

So was the faðir cause the sone was so wyld:  
And so have many mo such, of his own child  
Be cause of his undoyng, al we mowe se al day;  
For *thing ytake is hard to put away;*

*As hors that evir trottid, trowlich I yew telle,  
It were hard to make hym astir to ambill welle;*

Ryght so by Beryn, when he had his lust and wyll,  
when he was lite,

It shuld be hevvy afterward to reve his old delite; 210  
Save the whele of fortune, that no man may with-  
stonde;

For every man on lyve theron he is gond,  
O spoke she turnyd bakward, righte at high noone,  
All ageyn Berinus, as ye shull here sone.

Agea his moðir fell in grete sekenes,  
And sent astir husbond wyth wordis hire to lis;  
And for she wold tell hym hir hole hertis wyll,  
Er she out of the world partid, as it was right and skill.

When Fawnus was ycome, and saw so rodylese  
Hys wyff, that was so dere, that for love he chese; 220

No mervell, though his hert wer in grete mournyng,  
For he purseyvyd fullich, she drewe to hir endyng:

Yit made he othir chere, then in his hert was,  
To put away discomfourt, dissimilyng wyth his fise

The hevynes of his hert, wyth chere he did it clofe:  
For such a manner craft ther is wyth them can glofe,

Save that tournyth all to cautele: but Fawnus did  
nat so,

For, werith wele, in certeyn his hert was full of wo,  
For his wyff Agea; and yit for craft he couth

The teris fro his eyin ran down by his mowith; 230  
When he saw the pangis of deth comyng so fast

Oppon his wyff Agea, almost his hert to brast.  
Agea lyft up hir eyen, and beheld the chere

Of hir husbond Fawnus, that was so trew a fere;  
And seyde, Sir, why do ye thus? this is an clyng fare,

In comfourt of us both, yf yee myght spare,  
And put away thys hevynes; whyle that yee and I

Myght speke of othir thyngis; for Deth me nyghith  
nygh.

For to body, ne to soule, this vailyth nat a karfe.  
Now tellyth on, qð Fawnus, and I wol lete it pas, 240

For the tyme of talkyng, as wele as I may:  
But out of my remembraunce, onto my endyng day,

Yeur deth woll nevir, I woot it wele, but evir be in  
my mynd.

Then, good Sir, qð Agea, beth to my soule kynd,  
When my body is out of sight; for therto have I nede:

For truer make, then yee be, in word, ne in dede,

Had nevir woman; ne more kyndnes

Hath shewed unto his make; I know, right wele iwis:  
Now wold ye so her astir, in hert be as trewe,

To lyve wythout make; and on yeur sone rewe, 250  
That litill hath ylernid, sithens he was bore.

Let hym have no stepmoðir; for children have tofore  
Comelich they lovith nat. Wherfor wyth hert I prey,

Have chere onto yeur sone, astir my endyng day:  
For so God me help, and I lasst yew behynd;

Shuld nevir man on lyve bryng it in my mynd  
To be no more yweddit, but lyve soule aloon.

Now yee know all my wyll, good sir, think theron.  
Certis, qð Fawnus, whils I have wyttis fyve,

I think nevir, astir yew, to have anothir wyff. 260  
The Preeft was com therwythall, for to do hir

rightis:  
Fawnus toke his leve, and all the othir knyghtis,

Hir kyndrid, and frendis, killede hir echone.  
It is no nede to axe, wher ther was dole, or noon.

Agea cast hir ey up, and lokid all aboute,  
And wold have killede Beryn; but then was he wythoute

Pleying to the hazard, as he was wont to doon.  
For as sone as he had ete, he wold ren out anoon;

And when she saw he was not ther, that she thought  
moft on;

Hire sekenes, and hire mournyng, berst her hert a-  
noon. 270

A damfell tofore that was ron into the tounce  
For to seche Beryn, that pleyed for his gowne,

And had almost lost it, right as the damfell cam;  
And swore, and starid, as he was wood, as longit to

the game.  
The damfell seyde to Beryn, Sir, ye must com home:

For, but ye hygh blyve, that yee wer ycome,  
Your mothir woll be dede; she is yit on lyve;

Yf ye wol speke wyth her, yee must hygh blyve.  
Who bad so, lewd Kitt? your faðir, sir, qð she;

Go home, lewd visenag, that evil mut thow the, 280  
Qð Beryne to the damfell, and gan her fray and feer;

And bad the devill of hell hir should to tere.  
Hast thow ought els to do but let me of my game?

Now by God in hevin, by Peter, and by Jame,  
Quoth Beryn in grete angir, and swore be book and

bell,  
Reherfing many namys, mo than me lyst to tell;

N'er thow, my faðirs messenger wer thou shuldist  
nevir ete brede;

I had levir my moðir, and also thou, wer dede,  
Then I shuld lese the game, that I am nowgh in:

And smote the damfell undir the ere, the weert gon  
upward spyn. 290

The death of Agea he set at litill pryse:  
So in that wrath frolick, Beryn threw the dysce,

And lost wyth that same cast al was leyde adown;  
And stert up in a wood rage, and ballid on his crown,

And so he did the remnaunt, as many as wold abyde:  
But, for drede of Fawnus, his felawis gan to hyde;

And nevir had wyll, ne list, wyth Beryn for to fyght,  
But evir redy to pley, and wyn what they myght.

The deth of Agea sprang about the towne;  
And every man, that herd the bell for her sowne, 300

Bemony'd her full fore; fast Beryn toke none hede,  
But sought anothir feleship, and quycklich to them

yede,  
To such manner company, as shuld nevir thryve,

For such he lovid, bettir then hir moðir's lyve:  
And evirmore, it shuld be nyght or he wold home

drawe;  
For of his faðir, in certeyn, he had no manner awe.

For evir in his yowith he had al his wyll,  
And was ypassid chastising; but men wold hym

kyll.  
Fawnus for Agea, as it was well fitting,

Made grete ordenaunce for hir baryng, 310



Of prelatis, and of preeftis, and of al othir thyng;  
As thoughe she had be a wyff of a worthy kyng,  
It myght nat have be mendit; such was his gen-  
tilnes;

For at hir enterieng was many a worthy messe.  
For four weeks full, or he did her intere,  
She ley in lede wythyn his house. But Beryn cam not  
there,

Namelich into the place where his moðir ley,  
Ne onys wold he a *Pater noster* for hir soule sey.  
His thought was all in unthryft, lechery, and dyse,  
And drawyng all to foly; for *yowith is reches*; 320  
*But there it is refreynd, and hath som manere eye.*  
And therfore methinkith, that I may wele sey,  
A man ypassid yowith, and is wythout lore,  
May be wele ylikened to a tre wythout more,  
That may nat bowe, ne bere fruyte, but root, and  
ever wast.

Ryght so by yowith farith, that no man list to chaste.  
This mowe we know verely by experience,  
That *yed makith vertu and benevolence*  
*In childhode for to growe, as provith ymagynacioun;*  
A plant, whils it is grene, or it have dominacioun, 330  
A man may wyth his fyngers ply it, wher hym lyst,  
And make therof a shakill, a with, or a twist;  
But let the plant stond, and yeris ovingrowe,  
Men shull nat wyth both his handis unnethis make it  
growe:

No more myght Fawnus make his sone Beryn,  
When he grew in age, to his lore encline  
For every day when Beryn rose, unwash he wold dyne,  
And draw hym to his feship, as even as a lyne;  
And then com home, and ete, and soop, and slepe  
at nyght:

This was al his besynes, but yf that he did sight. 340  
Wherfor his faðir's heart Fawnus gan for to blede,  
That of his moðir, that ley at home, he toke no  
more hede;

And so did all the pepill that dwellid in the town  
Of Beryn's wildnes gon speke, and eke roun.  
Fawnus oppon a dey, when Beryn cam at eve,  
Was set oppon a purpose to make his sone leve  
All his shrewd taichis, wyth goodnes if he myght,  
And taught hym feir and soft: but Beryn toke it  
light,

And countid at litill pryse al his faðir's tale.  
Fawnus saw it wold nat; with colour wan and pale  
He partid from his sone, and wyth a sorowfull hert.  
I ne can write halfynde, how sore he did smert  
The disobeying of his sone, and his wyf's deth:  
That, as the book tellith, he wished that his breth  
Had ybeen above the ferkill celestyne:  
So fervent was his sorowe, his angir, and his pyne.  
So shortly to conclude Agea was interid;  
And Fawnus livid wysles 3 yere wer ywerid;  
Wherof ther was grete speche for his high honour.  
Tyll at last word cam onto the Emperour, 360  
That Fawnus was without wyfe, and seld was jo-  
counde,

But mournyng for Agea, that he was to ybound,  
And lyvid as an hermyte, soule and destitute,  
Wythout consolacioun, pensyff oft and mute.  
Wherfor Augustinus, of Rome the Emperour,  
Was inwardlich fory, and in grete dolour.  
Wyth that the 7 Sagis and senatouris all  
Were assemblid, to discryve what shuld therof fall.  
The wych seyð shortly, for a molestatioun  
Ther was noon othir remedy, but a consolacioun. 370  
For *whofo wer in eny thing displeid or agrevid,*  
*Must by a like thing egall be remeid.*  
And when the Emperour knew all their determina-  
cioun;  
Quicklich in his mynd he had imaginacioun,  
That Fawnus for Agea was in high distres,

And must ycurid be wyth passyng gentilnes  
Of som lusty lady, that of pulchritude  
Were excellent al othir; so shortly to conclude,  
The Emperour had a love, tofore he had a wyf,  
That he lovid as hertlich, as his own lyf. 380  
As was as feir a creature, as Sone myght beshyne;  
So excellent of bewte, that she myght be shryne  
To all othir wymmen, that wer tho lyvand.  
But for the Emperour had a wyf, ye shul wele onder-  
flond,

He cam nat in hir company, to have his delite.  
For cristendome and conscience was tho more perfite,  
Then it is now adayis; yf I durst tell:  
But I wold leve at this tyme. Than Fawnus al so  
fwell

Was afir sent in hast, of seknes to be curyd.  
So what for drede, and ellis, they wer both enluryd 390  
In presence of the Emperour; so Fawnus myght nat  
flee:

It was the Emperours wyll, it myght noon othir be.  
So wythin a tyme Agea was forgete:  
For Fawnus thought sitill on that he hir behight.  
For, as the 7 Sagis had afore declarid,  
It cam all to purpos; for Fawnus hyl carid  
For eny thyng at all, save his wyf to plesse,  
That Rame was yelepid; for rell, nethir ese  
Fawnus nevir had, but of her presence:  
So was his hert on her yset, that he could no de-  
fence, 400

Save evirmore be wyth hir, and stare on hir visage;  
That the most part of Room held it for dotage;  
And had much marvell of his variaunce.

But *what is that Fortune cannot put in chance?*  
For ther n'as man on lyxe on woman more bedotid,  
Then Fawnus was in Rame, ne half so much yfotid.  
Wyth that Rame had knowlech that Fawnus was  
ysmyt

Wyth the dart of love; yee mowe ryght wele it wyt,  
That all that evir she could cast or ythynek,  
Was all ageyn Berynus, for many a sotill wench 410  
She thought, and wrought day by day, as meny we-  
men doon,

Tyll they have of their desire the full conclusioun.  
For the more that Fawnus of Rame did made,  
The more dangerous was Rame, and of chere fade;  
And kept wele her purpose undir covirture:  
She was the las to blame, it grew of nature.  
But though that Rame wrought so; God forbode  
that alle

Wer of that condicioun. Yet touch no man the gall;  
It is my plein counsell, but doith as othir doith;  
Take your part as it comith, of roughe, and eke of  
smothe. 420

Yit noritur, wit, and gentilnes, reson, and perfite  
mynde,  
Doth all these worthy women to worch ageyns kynde;  
That thoughe they be agrevid they suffir, and endure,  
And passith ovir, for the best, and folowith nothing  
nature.

But now to Rame's purpose, and what was hir desire  
Shortly to conclude, to make debate and ire  
Betwene the faðir and the sone, as it was likely tho;  
What for his condicioun, and what for love also;  
That Fawnus owt to his wyf, the rathir he must hir  
leve,

And grant for to mend, yf ought hir did greve. 430  
Berinus evir wrought, right as he did before,  
And Rame made hym chere of love, ther myght no  
woman more,

And gaff hym gold and clothing, evir as he did lese,  
Of the best that he could ought wher in town chese;  
And speke full feir wyth hym, to make al thyng dede:  
Yit wold she have yete his hert, wythout salt, or  
brede;

She



She hid so hir felony, and spak so in covert,  
 That Beryn myght nat spy it but lite of Ram's hert.  
 So shortly to pas ovir; it fill oppon a nyghte,  
 When Fawnus and his fresch wyf wer to bed ydight,  
 He toke hir in his armys, and made hir hertly chere,  
 Ther myght no man betir make to his fere;  
 And seyde, myn ertly joy, myne hertis full plesaunce,  
 My wele, my woo, my paradise, my lyv'is sustenaunce  
 Why ne be ye mery? why be ye so dull?  
 Sith ye know I am your own, right as your hert woll.  
 Now tell on love, myn own hert, yf ye eyllith ought;  
 For and it be in my power, anon it shall be wrought.  
 Rame wyth that gan sighe, and wyth a wepeing  
 chere  
 Undid the bagg of trechery, and seide in this ma-  
 nere; 450  
 No mervell though myn hert be fore and full of dele,  
 For when I to yew weddit was, wrong went my whele:  
 But who may be, ageyns hap and aventure?  
 Therfor, as wele as I may, myne I mut endure:  
 Wyth many sharp wordis she fet his hert on feir,  
 To purchase with hir praetik that she did desire.  
 But hoolich all hir wordis I cannot wele reherse,  
 Ne write, ne endite, how she did perce  
 Through Fawnys's hert, and his scull also:  
 For more petouse compleynt, of sorowe, and of woo,  
 Made nevir woman ne more petously,  
 Then Rame made to Fawnys; she smote full bitterly  
 Into the veyn, and through his hert blood;  
 She blodcrit so, and wept, and was so high, on mode,  
 That unneth she myght speke but othir while among  
 Wordis of discomfort, and hir hondis wrong;  
 For alas! and woo the tyme, that she weddit was,  
 Was evir more the frestite, when she myght have spafe;  
 I am yweddit; ye, God woot best, in what maner  
 and how:  
 For yf it wer so fall, I had a child by you; 470  
 Lord! How shuld he lyve? how shuld he com away?  
 Sith Beryn is your first sone, and heir aftir your day.  
 But yf that he had grace to scoole for to goo,  
 To have som maner connyng, that he myght trust to:  
 For as it now stondith it were the best rede;  
 For, so God me help, I had levir he wer dede,  
 Than wer of such condicioun, or of such lore  
 As Beryn your sone is, it wer bett he wer unbore.  
 For he doith nat ellis, save at hazard pley,  
 And comyth home al nakid, ech othir dey. 480  
 For within this month, that I have wyth yew be,  
 Fiftene sithis, for verrey grete pite,  
 I have yclothid hym al new, when he was to tore:  
 For evirmore he seyde, the old were ylore.  
 Now, and he wer my sone, I had levir he were yfod;  
 For and he pley so long, half our lyvelode  
 Wold scarcely suffise hymself oon,  
 And n're yee wold be grevid: I swere be seynt John,  
 He shuld aftir this dey be clothid no more for me;  
 But he wold kepe them bettir, and draw fro nycete.  
 Now gentill wyff, gramey of your wise tale  
 I thynk wel the more, that I sey no fale:  
 For towchyng my grevaunce, that Beryn goith al na-  
 kid;  
 Treulich that grevaunce is somewhat asclakid.  
 Let hym aloon, I prey yew, and I woll con yew thank;  
 For in such losery he hath lost many a frank.  
 The devil hym spede that rech, yf he be to tore;  
 And he use it hereaftir, as he hath doon to fore.  
 Beryn arose a morowe, and cried wondir fast,  
 And axid aftir clothis, but it was all in wast:  
 Ther was no man tendant for hym in all the house;  
 The whele was ychaungit into anothir cours.  
 Fawnus herd his sone wele, how he began to cry;  
 And rose up anon, and to hym did high;  
 And had forgete nothyng, that Rame had yseyde.  
 For he boillid so his hert, he was nat well apayde;

He went into the chambir, ther his sone ley;  
 And set hym down in a chair, and thus he gan to sey;  
 My gentil sone Beryn, now feir I woll ye teche;  
 Rew oppon thy self, and be thyne own leche. 510  
 Manhode is ycom now, myne own dere sone,  
 It is tyme thow be aweynynd of thyn old wone;  
 And thow art 20 wynters, and naught hast of do-  
 ctryne;  
 Yit woldist thow draw to persite, the worship wold  
 be thyne,  
 To noritur, and goodship, and al honest thing,  
 Ther myght com to myn hert no more glad tyding.  
 Leve now al thy foly, and thy rebawdry,  
 As tablis, and mervellis, and the hazardry;  
 And draw The to the company of honest men and  
 good,  
 Els leve thow me as wele as Criste died on the rode,  
 And for al menkynd his Ghost pas lete,  
 Thow shalt for me hereaftir stond on thyn own fete;  
 For I woll no longir suffir this aray,  
 To clothe The al new ecce othir dey.  
 Yf thow wolt draw The to wit, and rebawdry with-  
 draw,  
 Of such good, as God have sent, yn part shalt thow  
 have.  
 And yf thow wolt nat, my sone, do as I The tell;  
 Of me shalt thow naught have, trust me right well.  
 Wenyft thow wyth thy dise-pleying hold myn honoure,  
 Aftir my deth dey? then Beryn gan to loure, 530  
 And seide, is this a sermon? or a prechment?  
 Ye were nat wont herto, how is this ywent?  
 Sendith for some clothing, that I wer ago;  
 My fellowis lokith aftir me, I woot well they do so;  
 I woll nat leve my feleship, ne my rekelagis,  
 Ne my dise-pleying, for all your heretages:  
 Doith your best wyth them by your lyf day;  
 For when they fall to me, I wol do as I may.  
*Benedicite*, faðir, who hath enformyd you?  
 And set you into ire? to make me chere rowe? 540  
 But I know wele inough whens this counsaill cam;  
 Trewlich of your own wyfe, that evil dame:  
 Com oppon hir body that fals putaigne,  
 For trewlich, faðir, yee dote on hir, and so al men  
 feyne.  
*Alas! that evir a man shuld, that is of high counsaile,*  
*Set all his wysdom on his wyf's taile!*  
 Yee lovith hir so much, she hath benome your wyt;  
 And I may curs the tyme, that evir ye wer yknyt:  
 For now, I am in certen, I have a stepmoðir:  
 They been shrewis, som ther been, but few othir. 550  
 Vel fikil flaptrail, such oon as she ys,  
 For all my pleying at dise, yit do yee more amys;  
 Yee have ylost your name, your worship, and your  
 feith;  
 So dote ye on hir, and levith all she sayith.  
 Fawnus, wyth the same word, gaff the chayir a but,  
 And lepe out of the chambir, as who seyde cut:  
 And swore, in verrey woodnes, be God omnipotent,  
 That Beryn of his wordis shuld fore repent.  
 Beryn set nought ther'of, with a proude hert  
 Answerd his faðir, and axid a new shert. 560  
 He gropid al about to have found oon,  
 As he was wont tofore, but ther was noon.  
 Then toke he such willokis as he fond ther,  
 And beheld hymself what man he wer:  
 For when he was arayde, then gan he first be wrothe:  
 For his womb lokid out, and his rigg both:  
 He stert aftir his faðir, and he began to cry,  
 For seth myn aray; for the villany  
 Ys as wele yours, as it is myne.  
 Fawnus let him clatir, and cry wel and fyne, 570  
 And passid forth still, and spak nat a word.  
 Then Beryn gan to think, it was nat al bord  
 That



That his faðir seyde, when he wyth hym was;  
And gan to think all about; and therwyth seid, alas!  
Now know I wele forsoth, that my moðir is dede:  
For tho gan he to glow first a fory mann'ys hede.  
Now kepe thy cut, Beryn; for thou shalt have a fit,  
Somwhat of the world to lern betir wit:  
For and thou wist fikerly what ys for to com,  
Thou woldist wissh aftir thy deth full oft and ylome:  
For *ther n'ys betyng half so fore wyth staff, nethir fwerd,*  
*As man to be bete with his own yerd.*  
The pyry is yblowe, hop; Beryn, hop,  
That ripe wol herastir, and on thyn hede drop.  
Thou tokist noon hede, whils it shoon hoot;  
Therfor wynter The nyghith afay by thy cote.  
Beryn for shame to town durst he nat go;  
He toke his way to Churchward, his frend was made  
his foo.  
For angir, sorowe, and shame, and hevynes that he  
had,  
Unneth he might speke, but stode half as mad. 590  
O alas! qð Beryn, what wyt had I?  
That coud nat, tofore this dey, know fikerly.  
That my moðir dede was; but now I know to fore:  
And drede more, that eche dey hereastir more and  
more  
I shall know, and fele, that my moðir is dede.  
Alas! I smote the messangere, and toke of hir noon  
hede.  
Alas! I am right pore alas! that I am nakid:  
Alas! I slept to fast, tyl sorowe now hath me wakid:  
Alas! I hungir fore; alas! for dole and peyn!  
For eche man me seith hath me in disdeyn: 600  
This was all his mirth, to the churchward,  
That of his moðir Agea he toke so litill reward.  
When Beryn was within the chirch, then gan he wers  
fray;  
As sone as he saw the tomb where his moðir lay,  
His colour gan to chaunge into a dedely hew:  
Alas! gentil moðir, so kynd you wer, and trew,  
It is no mervell, for thy deth though I fore smert.  
But therewythal the sorowe so fervent smote his hert,  
That sodenly he fil down stan dede in swowe;  
That he had part of sorowe, methinkith that myght I  
avowe. 610  
Beryn lay so long, or he myght awake,  
For al his fyve wittis had clene hym forsake.  
Wel myght he by hymself, when reson ycom were,  
Undirstond that fortune had a sharp spere,  
And eke grete power, among high and lowe,  
Som to avaunce, and som to ovirthrowe.  
So at last, when Beryn a litill wakid were,  
He trampelid fast with his fete, and al to rare his ere,  
And his visage both, right as a woodman,  
With many a bitir tere, that from his eyen ran; 620  
And sighid many a fore sigh, and had much hevynes;  
And evirmore he cursid his grete unkyndnes  
To foreyt his moðir, whils she was alyve;  
And lenyd to hir tombe opon his tore sclyve;  
And wisshid a thousand sichis, he had ybe hir by:  
And beheld hir tombe with a petouse eye.  
Now, glorious God, qð Beryn, that al thing madist  
of nought,  
Heven and erth, man, and beste; sith I am mys-  
wrought,  
Of yewe I axe mercy, socour, and help, and grace,  
For my mysdede, and foly, unthryffe, and trespass. 630  
Set my sorowe and peyn somwhat in mesure  
Fro dispeir and myscheff, as I may endure.  
Lord of all Lordis, though fortune be my foo,  
Yit is thy myght above, to turn hym to and fro.  
First my moðirs lyfe fortune hath me berevid,  
And sith my faðirs love, and nakid also me levid.  
What may he do more? yis, take away my lyfe.  
But for that wer myn ese, and end of al stryfe,

Therfor he doith me lyve, for my wers, I sey,  
That I shuld evirmore lyve, and nevir for to dey. 640  
Now leve I Beryn with his moðir, tyl I com aye,  
And wol return me to Rame; that of hir forlitte  
Bethoughte hir al aboute, when Beryn was agoon,  
That it shuld be wittid hir; wherfor she anoon  
In this wise seyde to Fawnus; Sir, what have ye do?  
Althoughe I speke a mery word, to sullir your sone go  
Nakid into the town? it was nat my counsaill.  
What wol be seyde therof? fiker without faile,  
For I am his stepmoðir, that I am cause of alle  
The violence, the wrath, the angir, and the gall, 650  
That is betwene yew both, it wol be wit me:  
Wherfor I prey you hertly, doith hym com hom aye.  
Nay by trowith, qð Fawnus, for me comyth he nat  
yit;  
Sirhe he of my wordis so litil prise set;  
As litil shall I charge his estate also.  
Sorowe have that rechith, though he nakid go:  
For every man knowith, that he is nat wise;  
Wherfor may be supposid, his pleying at dise  
Is cause of his aray, and nothyng yee, my wyff.  
Yes iwis, qð Rame, the tale woll be ryft 660  
Of me, and of noon othir, I know right wel asyne:  
Wherfor I prey you, gentil sir, and for love myn,  
That he wer yfet hom, and that in grete hast;  
And let afay oft ageyn with feirnes hym to chaste:  
And send Beryn clothis, and a new shert:  
And made al wele in eche side, and kept close her  
hert.  
Now sith it is your wyll, qð Fawnus, tho anoon  
That Beryn shall home com; for your sake aloon  
I woll be the message, to put your hert in ese:  
And els, so God me help, wer it nat yew to plesse, 670  
The gras shuld grow on pavement, or I hym home  
bryng.  
Yet nethirles, forth he went, wyth too or thre, riding  
From o strette to another, enqueryng to and fro  
Aftir Beryn, in every plase wher he was wont to go;  
Seching evry halk, howris too or thre,  
With hazardours, and othir such, ther as he was wont  
to be;  
And fond hym nat ther; but to Chirch went echone,  
And at dorr they stode a while, and herd Beryn made  
his mone.  
They herd all his compleynt, that petouse was to here.  
Fawnus into the Chirch pryvely ch gan pise; 680  
But al so sone as he beheld wher Agea lay,  
His teris ran down be his chekis, and thus he gan  
to sey;  
A! Agea, myn old love, and my new also!  
Alas! that evir our hertis shuld depart atoo!  
For in your graciouse dayis, of hertis trobilnes  
I had nevir knowleech, but of all gladnes.  
Remembryng in his hert, and evir gan renewe  
The goodnes betwene them both, and hir hert trewe;  
And drew hym ner to Beryn, with an hevy mode.  
But as sone as Beryn knew, and ondirstode 690  
That it was his faðir, he wold no longir abide;  
But anoon he voidit by the toðir side:  
And Fawnus hym encountrid, and seyde; we have  
The sought  
Through the town, my gentil sone, and therfor void  
The nought,  
Though I seyde a word or two, as me thought, for  
the best  
For thyne crudicionne, to draw The onto lyfe honest;  
Thou shuldist nat so fervently have take it to thyn hert.  
But sith I know my wordis doith The so fore smert,  
Shall no more hereastir; and eche dey our diete  
Shall be mery and solase, and this shall be forgate. 700  
For wele I woot, for thy moðir that thou art to tore;  
Also thou hast grete sorowe, but onys madith and no  
more;



And ther'for, sone, on my blessing, to put sorowe a-  
wey;

Drawe The nowe herastir to honest myrth and pley.  
Lo ther is clothing for yewe, and yeur hors ydight  
Wyth harneys all freshe new; and if yeelift be knyght,  
I shall yit or eve that bergeyn undirtake,  
That the Emperour for my love, a knyght shall you  
make:

And what that evir ye nede, anoon it shall be bought.  
For whils that I have eny thing, ye shall lak naught. 710  
Graunt mercy, q̃d̃ Beryn, with an hevy chere;  
Of yeur worshipfull profir that ye have proferid me  
here:

But ordir of knyghthode to take is nat my liking;  
And sith yeur will is for to do somewhat my plesing;  
Ye have a wyfe ye love wele, and so tendirlich,  
That, and she have childrin, I know right sickerlich  
All that she can devyse, both be nyght and dey,  
Shall be to make her childryn heirs of that she may:  
And eke sowe sedis of infelicite;  
Wher'of wold growe devylionne betwene yewe and me.  
For yf ye spend on me yeur good, and thus riallich  
Levith wele, in certen yeur wyfe wold sickerlich  
Eche dey for angir her tuskis whet,  
And to smyte with her tunge, yeur hert in wrath  
to set

Toward me from dey to dey, but ye wold aply  
Somwhat to hir purpose, and astir hir yew guy;  
She wold wex so ovirtwart and of so lither tach,  
And evir lour undir her hood, a redy for to snache;  
She wold be shortyng of yeur lyfe, and that desire I  
naught.

Wher'for to plesse all about, my purpose and my  
thought 730

Is for to be a marchaunte, and leve myne heritage,  
And relese it for evir, for shippis fyve of stage  
Full of marchaundise, the best of all this londe.  
And yf ye wol so, fa'ðir, quyk let make the bonde.  
Fawnus was right well apayd, that ilk word outstert,  
But yit he seyde to Beryn; I mervell in myn hert  
Wher haddist thou this counsaile, to leve thyne honour,  
And lyve in grete aventure, and in grete labour.  
And rid so forth talkyng, a soft esy pafe,  
Homward to his plafe, ther that Rame was. 740  
And as sone as Fawnus was ylight adown;  
And highid fast to his wyfe, and with hir gan to rown;  
And told hir all the purpose, and made Fawnus chere;  
She did hym nat half so much, the tyme she was his  
fere.

She hullid hym, and mollid hym, and toke hym about  
the nekk,

And went low for the kite, and made many a bekk;  
And seyde fir by yeur spech now right well i here,  
That yf ye list, ye mowe do thing that I most desire;  
And that is this yeur heritage, there yeu best likid,  
That ye myght gyve, and evir among the brussh a-  
wey she pikid 750

From hir clothis here and there, and sighid ther-  
withall:

Fawnus, of his gentilnes, by hir myddil smale  
Hertlich hir bracyd, and seyde; I wold nat leve,  
I suyr yew my trowith, that onys or it be eve  
That I shall do my devoir without feintise,  
For to plesse yeur hert fullich in all wyse.

Graunt mercy, myn own soverene, q̃d̃ Rame, tho  
mekely;

And made protestatioun, that she shuld sickerly,  
All the dayis of hir lyfe, be to hym as hende.

As evir woman was to man; as ferforth as hir mynd

And wit hir wold serve, and made grete othe.

Fawnus bood no longir, but forth therwith he goith.

A! precious God in heven, kyng of majeste!

So plentivouse this world is of iniquite,

Why is to yfuffrid? that trowith is brought adown

Wyth trechery, and falsbede, in feld, and eke in town?

But now to Fawnus, and his entent. When he his  
sone met,

He toke hym soft by the hond, his tung he gan to  
whet

Sotilly to engyne him; first he gan to preche,  
Leve thy foly, my dere sone, and do as I The teche;  
Sith thou hast wit, and reson, and art of mann'ys age;  
What nedith The be marchaunt? and shall have heri-  
tage.

For and thy good wer ylost, the sorowe wold be myne,  
To tell the soth right, nigh peregall to thyne.

And yf that I were dede, whils thou wer oute,  
Lond, and rent, and all my good, have thou no doute,  
It wold be plukkid from The, thy part wold be left:  
And also ferthermore, I make oon beheest,

That I trowe my mobilis wol nat suffise  
To charge fyve shippis ful of marchandise. 780

But yf I leyde in mortgage my lond, and eke my rent,  
And that I leve be nat thy wyll, ne thyn entent:

Yit nethirles, yf thy hert be so inly set  
For to be a marchaunt, for nothing wold I let,

That I n'yl do thy plesaunce, as ferforth as I mey,  
To go ryght nygh myn own estate, but levir I had nay.

Their wordis, ne their dedis, ne matters them be-  
twene,

I wol nat tary now ther'on my perchemen to spene:  
But fynallich to the end of their accordement;

Fawnus had so goon about, yturned, and ywent, 790  
That he had brought his sone tofore the Emperour,

To relese his heritage, and al his honour,  
That he shuld have aftir his dey, for shippis fyve, and  
full

Yled of marchaundise, of lynnyn, and of wool,  
And of othir thingis, that wer yusid tho.

Engrosid was the covenaut betwene them to,  
Yn presence of the Emperour, in opyn and no rown,

Tofore the gretist Cenators, and eldest of the town.  
So when the relese selid was with a fyde bonde;

They wer yleyd both in a meen honde, 800  
Into the tyme that Beryn fulllich selid were

In the fyve shippis, that I yew told ere.  
But who was glad but Fawnus? and to his wyff went,

And seyde; now, my hert is swete, all thyn hole entent  
Ys utirlich persourmyd; us lakkith now no more,

But marchaundise and shippis, as I told tofore.  
That shall not faill, q̃d̃ Rame, and began to daunce:

And aftirward they speken of the purveaunce.  
*Alas! this fals world so ful of trechery!*

*In whom shuld the sone have trust and feith sickerly, 810*  
*If his fa'ðir faylid hym? whether myght he go*

*For to fynd a sicker frend, that he myght trust to?*  
So when these 5 shippis wer rayd and dight;

Fawnus and his sone to the Emperour ful right  
They went, and many a grete man for the same case,

To see both in possessioun, as their covenante was.  
Beryn first was selid in the shippis fyve;

And Fawnus had the relese, and bare it to his wyff:  
And eche held them payde, and Rame best of all;

For she had conquerd thing, that causid most hir  
gall. 820

Now leve I Fawnys and his wyff: and of the gover-  
naunce

Of Beryn I wol speke, and also of his chaunce.  
When lodismen, and maryneris, in al thing redy was;

This Beryn into Alisaunder, yf God wold send hym  
grace,

That wynde hym wold serve, he wold: so on a day,  
The wynd was good: and they seyld on their wey

Too dayis fullich, and a nyght therwythal,  
And had we'ðir at wyll; tyll at last gan fall

Such a myst among them, that no man myght se othir;  
That wele was hym that had ther the blessing of his

mo'ðir. 830  
For



For thre dayis incessantly the derknes among them was,  
That no shipp myght se othir; wherfor, full oft alas!  
They seyde, and to the high God they made their  
preyere,

That he wold of his grace them govern and stere;  
So that their lyvis myght yfavid be;  
For they were cleen in dispeyr, because they myght  
nat se

The loder, wherby these shipmen ther cours toke  
echone.

So at last, the ferdh dey, making thus hirmone,  
The dey gan clere; and then such wynd arose,  
That blew their shippis, elswere then was their first  
purpose. 840

The tempest was so huge, and so strong also,  
That wele was hym that coude bynde or ondo  
Any rope within the shipp, that longit to the craft;  
Every man shewid his connyng, to fore the shipp, and  
bafft.

The wynd a wook the see to braft, it blew so gressly  
fore,

That Beryn and all his company, of synnys las and  
more

Eche man round about shroff hymself to othir;  
And put in Godd's gowernaunce lyf, shipp, and stro-  
thir.

For ther was shippis meyne, for owght they coude hale,  
That myght abate of the shipp the thiknes of a scale:  
The weðir was so fervent of wynd, and eke of thundir,  
That every shipp from othir was blowe of fight a-  
fondir;

And durid so al day and nyght; tyll on the morowe,  
I trow it was no questionne wher they had joy or so-  
rowe.

So aftirward, as God wold, the wynd was somewhat  
soft:

Beryne clepid a maryner, and bad hym fly on loft,  
And weyte aftir our four shippis aftir us doith dryve;  
For it is but grace of God, yf they be alyve.

A maryner anoon wyth that, right as Beryn bad,  
Styed into the topcastell, and brought hym tydings glad.  
Sir, he seith, beth mery; yeur shippis comith echone  
Saff and sound, sailing, as ye shul se anoon;  
And eke sir ferthermore, lond also I sigh:

Let draw our cors estward, thys tyde woll bryng us ny.  
Blessed be God, qð Beryn, then wer our shippis com;  
We have no nedeto dout werr, ne molestatiounne;  
For there n'ys wythin our shippis no thyng of spolia-  
tiounne,

But al trew marchaundise; wherfor for Lodisman,  
Stere onys into the costis, as well as thou can;  
When our shippis be ycom, that we mowe pas in fere,  
Lace on a bonnet or tweyn, that we mowe saile  
nere.

And when they wer the costis nygh, was noon of  
them alle

That wist what lond it was. Then Beryn gan to  
calle

Out of every ship anoon a maryner or tweyne,  
For to take counsell; and thus he gan to seyne;  
The frontis of this ilk town been wondir feir wyth-  
all;

Methinkith it is the best rede, what that evir be-  
fall,

That I my self aloon walk into the towne,  
And here, and se, both her and there, upward and  
downe,

And enquire fullich of their gowernaunce. 880

What sey ye, Sirs? woll ye sent to this ordenaunce?  
All they accordit well therto and held it for the best;  
For thus yf it be profitabill, we mowe abide and  
rest,

And yf it be othirwise, the rathir shall we go;  
For aftir that The spedc, we woll work and do.

But nowe mowe ye her right, a wondir thing;  
In all the world wyde, so fals of their lyryng  
Was no pepill ondir sone, ne none so disleyvabill,  
As was the pepill of this town, ne more unstabill;  
And had a curfed usage of sotill ymaginaciounne, 890  
That yf so wer the shippis of any straunge naciounne  
Were com into the port; anoon they wold them hide  
Within their own howfis, and no man go, ne ryde,  
In no strete of alle the town; afeauce that they wer  
lewde,

And coud no skill of marchandise, a skill it was a  
shrewde;

As ye shull here aftir, of their wrong and falshede:  
But yit it fill, as worthy was, oppon their own hede,  
Beryn arayd hym freschly, as to a marchand longith.  
And set hym on a palfrey wel be fey and hongit;  
And a page rennyng by his hors fete: 900

He rode endlong the town, but no man coud he  
meet.

The dorrys wer yclosid in both too sidis;  
Wherof he had mervell; yet ferthermore he ridis;  
And waytid on his right hond a Mancipil's plafe,  
All fresch and new, and thiðir gan he pafe:

The gatis wer wyde up, and thiðir gan he go;  
For throughout the long town he fond so no mo.

Therin dwellid a Burgeyse the most seliper man  
Of al the town throughout, and what so he wan  
With trechery and gile, as doith som freris, 910  
Right so must he part with his comperis.

Beryn light down on his hors, and inward gan he  
dres,

And fond the good man of the house pleying at chefs  
With his neyghbour, astrewe as he, that dwellid hym  
fast by.

But as sone as this burgeyse on Beryn cast his eye,  
Sodenly he stert up and put the chefs hym fro;  
And toke Beryn by the hond, and seyde these wordis  
tho;

*Benedicite!* what manere wynd hath ybrought you  
here?

Now wold to God I had wherof, or coud make yew  
chere!

But ye shull lowe my good wyll, and take such as  
ther is;

And of yeur gentil paciens fustir that is amys.  
For well he wist by his aray, and by his countenaunce,

That of the shippis, that wer ycom, he had som go-  
vernaunce:

Wherfor he made hym chere, semeyng amyabill,  
Icolerid all with cautelis, and wondir disleyvabill:

He bracyd hym by the myddil, and preyde hym sit a-  
down;

And lowly with much worshipp dressid his cosshon.  
Lord God! seyde this burgeyse, I thank this ilk dey,

That I shuld see yew hole and found here in my con-  
tray;

And yf ye list to tell the cause of yewr comyng, 930  
And yf ye have nede to any manere thing,

And it be in my power, and thoughe I shuld it sech  
It shuld go right wonder streyte, I sey yew siker-  
lich,

But yee it had in haste, therwith yew to plese;  
For now I see yew in my house, my hert is in grete  
ese.

The toðir burgeyse rose hym up, for to make rouse,  
And axid of his felaw, that Lord was of the house,

Whens is this worshipfull man? with wordis hend  
and low,

For it semith by the manere, that ye hym shuld knowe,  
And have sey hym tofore this tyme I have sene, qð

the toðir, 940

Ye ywis an 100 sithis, and right as to my broðir,  
I wold do hym plesaunce, in al that evir I can;

For trewlich in his contray he is a worshipful man.

For



For soth, Sir, and for your love, a thousand in this town  
 Wold do hym worship, and be right feyne and boun  
 To plese hym, and avail to have thonk of you.  
 I woot wele, God them yeld, so have they oft er  
 nowe.  
 And arose up therewithall, and with his felaw spak  
 Of such manere mater, that faylid never of lakk.  
 So when their counsell was ydo, this burgeyse preyd  
 his fere 950  
 To sit a down be Beryn, and do hym sport and chere:  
 And in the while, I wol se to his hors;  
 For every gentil hert, afore his own cors,  
 Desirith that his riding best be servid and ydight,  
 Rathir than hymself. Wherfor wyth all my myght.  
 I woll have an eye therto; and sich parte wyyn,  
 Wich tonne or pipe is best, and most fyne.  
 Beryn was all abashid of his soden chere;  
 But nethirles the burgeyse sat hym somewhat nere,  
 And preyd hym, of his gentilnes, his name for to tell,  
 His contrey, and his lynage; and he answer'd Snell,  
 Berinus I am ynamid, and in Rome ybore,  
 And have fyve shippis of myn own, las and more,  
 Full of marchaundise, ligging tofore the town,  
 But much mervaille have I, the good man is so boun  
 To serve me, and plese, and how it might be.  
 Sir, seyde the burgeyse, no mervelle it is to me:  
 For many a tyme, and oft, I cannot sey how lome;  
 He hath be in your marchis; and as I trow, in Room  
 Also he was ybore, yf I ne ly shall. 970  
 Yf it be so, qð Beryn, no mervelle it is at all,  
 Thoughe he me have ysey; and eke his gentill chere  
 Previth it all opynly: but be hym that bought me  
 dere,  
 I have ther'of no knowlech, as I am now avysid.  
 With that cam in the good man, with countenance  
 disgisid,  
 And had enqueryd of the child, that with Beryn cam,  
 Fro gynnyng to the endyng, and told his mastris  
 name,  
 And of Agea his moðir, and all thing as it was:  
 Wher-through he was ful perfite, to answer to eve-  
 ry cas.  
 So entryng into the hall the Burgeys spak anon, 980  
 A! my gentill Beryn, alas! that under stonne  
 Myne own hert Agea, thy moðir, leff and dere!  
 Now God assoyl hir soule: for never bettir chere  
 Had I of frend woman, ne never half so good.  
*Benedicite!* a marchaunt comyng ovir flood.  
 Who brought yew in this purpos? and beth your  
 faðir's heir.  
 Now by my trew conscience, ryght nygh in dispeyr  
 I wax for your sake; for now frendlesse  
 Ye mowe wele sey that ye been; but yit for nethirles  
 Yee mut endure fortune, and hevynes put away; 990  
 Ther is noon othir wisdom. Also your shippis gey,  
 That been ycom in savete, ought to amend your  
 mode;  
 The wich, when we have dyned, I swere for by the  
 Rood,  
 We wol se them trewly, within and eke without,  
 And have wyne wyth us, and drynk al about.  
 They set, and wissh, and fed them, and had wherof  
 plente;  
 The burgeyse was a stuffid man, ther lakkid noon  
 deynte.  
 So when they had ydined, the cloth was up ytake;  
 A chesc ther was ybrought forth: but tho gan so-  
 rowe to wake.  
 The ches was all of ivory, the meyne fressh and new,  
 I pulsfhid, and ypikid, of white, asure, and blew.  
 Beryn beheld the cheker, it semed pallyng feir;  
 Sir, qð the burgeys, ye shul fynd her a payr,  
 That woll mate yew trewly, in las than half a myle.

And was yseyd of sotilte, Beryn to begile.  
 Now in soth, qð Beryn, it myght wel hap nay,  
 And n'er I must my shippis se, els I wold assay.  
 What nedith that, qð the burgeyse? trewlich I wol  
 nat glofe;  
 They been nat yit ysetelid, ne fixid in the wofe:  
 For I have sent thries, sith ye hithir cam, 1010  
 To wait oppon their governaunce. Wherfor let set  
 o game,  
 And I shall be the first that shall yew atast  
 The meyne wer yset up, and gon to pley fast:  
 Beryn wan the first, the second, and the third;  
 And at fourth game, in the ches amyde,  
 The burgeyse was ymatid: but that lust him wele;  
 And all was doon to bryng hym yn, as ye shul her  
 snel.  
 Sir, then, seyde Beryn, ye woot well how it is;  
 Me list no more to pley; for yee know this;  
 Wher is noon comparisoun, of what thing so it be,  
 Lust and liking fallith ther; as it semeth me,  
*Ne myrth is nat commendabil, that ay is by o fide,*  
*But it rebound to the tothir;* wherfor tyme is to ryde.  
 And as many thonkis, as I can or may,  
 Of my sport, and chere, and also of your pley.  
 Nay iwys, gentill Beryn, I woot ye wol nat go;  
 For noritur wol it nat, for to part so,  
 And eke my condicioun; but I ley somthing,  
 Is no more to pley, then who so shoke a ryng  
 Ther no man is wythyn the ryngyng to answer;  
 To shete a fethirles bolt, almost as good me were.  
 But and ye wold this next game som maner wager  
 legg;  
 And let the trowith, on both sidis, be morgage and  
 yplegg,  
 That whoso be ymatid, graunt and assent  
 To do the toðirs bidding; and whoso do repent  
 Drynk all the watir, that salt is of the See.  
 Beryn belevid that he coud pley betir than he;  
 And sodenly assentid, with hond in hond aslurid;  
 Men that stode besides, ycappid, and yhurid,  
 Wist wele that Beryn shuld have the wers mes; 1040  
 For the burgeyse was the best pleyer at ches  
 Of all the wyde marchis, or many a myle about.  
 But that ne wyft Beryn of, ne cast ther'of no doute.  
 He set the meyne effe ageyn, and toke betir hede  
 Then he did tofore, and so he had nede.  
 The burgeyse toke avysement long on every draught;  
 So wyth an hour or too, Beryn he had ycaught  
 Somwhat oppon the hipp, that Beryn had the wers.  
 And albeit his mynd and wyll was for to curs,  
 Yit must he dure his fortune, when he was so fer ygo.  
 For *who is that that fortune may alway undo?*  
 And namelich stout even in eche side  
 Of *pro* and *contra*; but God help, down woll he glide.  
 But now a word of philosophy, that fallith to my  
 mynd.  
*Who take hede of the begynnyng, what fal shall of the end,*  
*He leyth a bussh tofore the gap, ther fortune wold in ryde;*  
 But comynlich yowith forgetith that throughout the  
 world *[wyde]*.  
 Right so be Beryn I may wele sey, that confaillis in  
 rakid  
 Likly to lese his marchaundise, and go hymself al  
 nakid.  
 Beryn studied in the ches, although it nought availid:  
 The burgeyse in the mene while, with othir men con-  
 faillid,  
 To sech the fergauntis in the town, for thing he had  
 ado.  
 So when they com were, they walkid to and fro,  
 Up and down in the hall, as skaunce they knew  
 nought;  
 And yit of all the purpose, wit, and mynd, and thought,  
 Of the untrew burgeyse, by his messengeris  
 They



They wer ful enformyd. Wherfor with eye and  
eris,

They lay await full doggidly, Beryn to areft;  
For therfor they wer aftir sent, and was their charge  
and heft

Lord how shuld o sely lomb among wolvis weld, 1070  
And scape unyharmyd? it hath been seyn feld.

Kepe thy cut now, Beryn, for thow art in the case.  
The hall was full of pepill, the serjauntis shewid  
their mase:

Beryn kast up his hede, and was ful fore amayid;  
For then he was in certen the burgeyse had hym be-  
trayde.

Draw on, seyde the burgeyse; Beryn, ye have the  
wers:

And every man to othir the covenaut gan reherse.  
The burgeys, whils that Beryn was in hevy thought,  
The next draught aftir, he toke a rook for nought.

Beryn swat for angir, and was in hevy plight; 1080  
And drede full fore in hert; for wele he wist al quyt

He shuld nat escape, and was in high distrefs;  
And pryvelich in his hert, that evir he saw the ches  
He curfid the day and tyme; but what awaylid that?

For wele he wist then, that he shuld be mate:  
He gan to chaunge his colour, both pale, and wan.

The burgeyse seith; comyth nere, ye shul se this man  
How he shull be matid, with what man me list:

He droughe and seyde, chek mate. The serjauntis  
wer full prest,

And sefid Beryn by the fcleve, and seyde, Sirs, what  
think ye for to do? 1090

Qd Beryn to the serjauntis, that ye me hondith so?  
Or what have I offendit? or what have I seide?

Trewlich, qd the serjauntis, it vaylith nat to breyde;  
Wyth us ye must a while, wher ye wol or no,

Tofore the steward of this town aryse, and trus,  
and go:

And ther it shall be openyd, how wisely thow hast  
wrought:

This is the end of our tale, make it nevir so tought.  
Sirs, farith feir, ye have no nede to hale.

Pas forth, qd the serjauntis, we wol nat her thy tale.  
Yis, Sirs, of your curtesy, I prey yew of o word;

Although my gentill hooft hath pleyd with me in  
borde,

And ywon a wager, ye have naught to doon;  
That is betwene hym and me, ye have nothyng to  
doon.

The hooft made an hidouse cry, in gesolreut the haut,  
And set his hond in kenebowe, he lakkid nevir a  
faute;

Wenyft thow, seid he to Beryn, for to scorne me?  
What evir thow speke, or stroute, certis it woll nat be;

Of me shalt thow have no wrong; pas forth a betir  
pase;

In presence of our steward I woll tell my case.  
Why, hooft, sey yee this in earnest, or in game? 1110

Ye know my contray, and my moðir, my lynnage,  
and my name;

And thus ye have yseyd me X sith on this dey.  
Ye what though I seyde so? I know wele it is nay:

Ther lyth no more ther'to. But anothir tyme  
Leve me so much the les, when thow comyst by me.

For all that evir I seyde was to bryng The in care;  
And now I have my purpose, I woll nothyng The  
spare.

Thus janglyng to ech othir, endenting every pase,  
They entrid both into the hall, ther the steward was:

Evandir was his name, that sotill was, and so fell,  
He must be well avysid tofore hym shuld tell.

Anothir burgeyse wyth hym was, provost of the cete,  
That Hanybald was yclepid, but of sotilte

He passid many anothir, as ye shul here sone.  
Berynus hooft gan to tell al thyng as it was doon,

Fro gynnyng to the endyng, the wordis wyth the  
dede;

And how they made their covenaut, and wager how  
they leyde.

Now, Beryn, qd the steward, thow halt yherd this  
tale;

How and in what manere thow art ybrought in bale.  
Thow must do his byddyng, thow maist yn no wyse  
flee,

Or drynk all the watir, that salt is in the See:  
Of these too thingis, thow must chese the toon;

Now be well avysid, and sey thy will anon.  
To do yee both law, I may no betir sey,

For thow shalt have no wrong, as fertorth as I mey;  
Chese The self right as The list, and wit thow no-  
thing me,

Though thow chese the wers, and let the betir be.  
Beryn stode astonyd, and no mervail was,

And preyde the steward, of a dey to answere to the  
case:

For I might lightlich in som word be ycaught, 1140  
And eke it is right herd to chese of to, that beth  
right naught.

But and it wer your likyng to gratint me day tyl to  
morowe,

I wold answer, through Godd's help. Then must  
thow fynd a borowe,

Seyde the steward to Beryn, and yit it is of grace.  
Now herith me, qd Hanybald, I prey a litil spase:

He hath 5 shippis ondir the town, lyggyng on the  
strond,

The wich been sufficient, yfelid in our hond,  
By me, that am your provost to execute the law

He must assent; qd Evander, let us onys here his  
saw.

I graunt wele, qd Beryn, sith it may be noon othir.  
Then Hanybald arose hym up, to sese both ship and  
strothir;

And toke Beryn wyth hym; so talkyng on the wey,  
Beryn, qd Hanybald, I syyr The be my fey,

That thow art much ybound to me this ilk dey;  
So is thy ple amendit by me; and eke of such a wey

I am avysid in thy cause, yf thow wolt do by rede,  
That lite or nought by my counsaill ought The to  
drede.

Yee know wele, to morowe the dey of ple is set,  
That ye mut nedis answere; or els wythout lett

I must yeld them your shippis, I may in no wyse  
blyn; 1160

So have I undirtake. But the merchaundise wythin  
is nat in my charge, ye knowe as wele as I,

To make therof no livery: wherfor now wysely  
Worch, and do aftir rede; let all your merchaundise

Be voidit of your shippis; and at hiest prise  
I wol have it every dele in covenaut; yf ye list,

To se myne house here onys tofore, I hold it for the  
best;

Wher ye shul se of divers londis, housis to or thre  
Full of merchaundise, that through this grete cete

Is no such in preve, I may right well avowe. 1170  
So when ye have all seyn, and I have your also;

Let som bargaen be ymade betwene us both too.  
Graunt mercy sir, qd Beryn, your prosir is feir and  
good:

Feyn wold I do ther' aftir, yf I ondirstood  
I myght, wythout blame of breking of areft.

Yis, qd Hanybald, at my perell me trust.  
So to Hanybald's house togiðir both they rode;

And fond, as Hanybald had yseyd, an honge house,  
long, and brode,

Full of merchaundise, as rich as it may be,  
Passyng all the marchantis that dwellid in that  
cete. 1180

Thus



Thus when all was shewid; they dronk, and toke  
their leve,  
To se Beryn's shippis in hast they gon to meve:  
And when that Hanybald was avysid what charge  
the shippis bere,  
He gan to speke, in his wyse ascaunce, he rought  
nere  
Whethir he bargeynynd or no, and seyde thus; Beryn,  
frend,  
Your marchaundise is feir and good, now let us make  
an end,  
If yee list, I can no more, yee knowith how it is.  
Com of short let tuk them yn, methinkith I sey nat  
mys,  
And then yeur meyne, and ye, and I to my house  
shall we go,  
And of the marchaundise I saw, I wol nat part  
therfro: 1190  
Chese of the best of that ye find there,  
Throughout the long house, ther shall no man yeu  
dere;  
And therwith shall yeur shippis be fillid all fyve;  
I can sey no betir, yf ye list to dryve  
This bargeyn, to the end, counsellith with yeur men:  
I may nat long tary, I must nedis hen.  
Beryn clepid his meyne, counsell for to take;  
But his first mocionne was of the woo, and wrake,  
And all the tribulaciounne, for pleying at ches,  
That he had every dele, his shame, and his dures, 1200  
Fro poynt to poynt, and how it stode, he told how it  
was;  
And then he axid counsaill, what best was in the case;  
To chaunge with the burgeyse, or els for to leve:  
Eche man seyde his avise; but al that they did meve,  
It wer to long a tale for to tell it here.  
But fynally at end, they cordit al in fere,  
That the chaunge shuld stond; for as the case was fall,  
They held it clerely for the best; and went forth  
wythall,  
The next wey that they couth, to Hanybald's plase.  
But now shull ye here the most sotill fallace, 1210  
That evir man wrough till othir, and highest trechery,  
Wich Hanybald had wrought hymself to this com-  
pany;  
Go in, q<sup>d</sup> Hanybald, and chese, as thy covenaut is.  
In goon thes Romeyns ech oon, and fond amys;  
For there was nothing, that eny man might se,  
Saff the wall, and tyle stonys, and tymbir made  
of tre.  
For Hanybald had do void it, of all thing that was  
there;  
Whils he was at shippis his men away it bere.  
When Beryn saw the house ler, that ful was ther'to-  
fore  
Of riche marchaundise; alas! thought he I am lore,  
I am in this world, and wittith well, his hert  
Was nat al in likeing, and outward gan he stert,  
Like half a woodman, and bete both his lippis,  
And gan to hast fast towards his own shippis,  
To kepe his good within, wyth al that evir he myght,  
That it were nat dischargit, as hym thought verrey  
right.  
But al for naught was his hast; for 300 men,  
As fast as they myght, they bere the good then;  
Through ordenaunce of Hannybald, that pryvelich  
tofore.  
Had purposid, and ycast, shuld be out ybore. 1230  
Beryn made a swyff pase, ther myght no man hym let;  
But Hanybald was ware inough, and with Beryn met,  
All for nought; Beryn, thou knowist well and fyne,  
The shippis ben areistid, and the good is myne.  
What woldest thou do ther? thou hast ther nowght  
to do,  
I wol hold thy covenaut, and thou myne also.

For yit saw I nevir man, that was of thy manere;  
Sometyme thou wolt avaunte, and some tyme arere;  
Now thou wolt, and now thou n'olt; wher shul men  
The fynd?  
Now sey oon, and sith anothir; so variant of mynd 1240  
Saw I nevir tofore this dey man, so variabill:  
Sith I The fynd in such plyte; our bargin for to sta-  
bill,  
We woll tofore the steward, ther we both shull have  
right.  
Nay forsoth, q<sup>d</sup> Beryn. Yis treulich The tite,  
Q<sup>d</sup> Hanybald, wher thou wolt or no; and so I The  
charge,  
As Provost; know, that yf me list, my warant is so  
large,  
And thou make eny diffence, to bynym thy lyffe.  
Take thyn hors, it gaynyth nat for to make stryffe.  
So wyth sorowfull hert Beryn toke his hors;  
And softly seyde to his men, of me, q<sup>d</sup> he, no fors; 1250  
But wend to yeur shippis; I wol com when I may.  
Ye seth well everichone, I may no bet away.  
Now here by this same tale, both fre and bond  
Mow sele in their wittis, and eke ondirfonde,  
That *litill wailith wysdom, or els governaunce;*  
*Ther fortune evir werrith, and eke hap, and chaunce.*  
*Or what availith bounte, bewte, or riches,*  
*Frendship, or sotile, or els hardines,*  
*Gold, good, or catell, wyt, or hy lynage,*  
*Lond, or lordis service, or els high peerage?* 1260  
*What may all this awayle, ther fortune is a foo?*  
*I wis right litill, or nevir a dele: full oft it fallith so.*  
So shortly to pas ovir; they fill to such an end,  
That Beryn shuld have day ageyn a morowe, and so  
to wend  
He set hym in ful purpose to his shippis ward:  
But yit or he cam ther, he fond the passage hard.  
For how he was begiled, throughout all the towne  
Ther and ther a coupill, gan to speke and to rounce;  
And every man his purpose was to have parte,  
With falsnes, and with sotiltees; they could noon othir  
art. 1270  
Beryn rode forth in his wey, his page ran hym by,  
Full sore adred in hert, and cast about his eye  
Up and down, even long the strete, and for angir swer;  
And er he had riden a stone's cast, a blynd man with  
him met;  
And spak no word, but sesid hym fast by the lap;  
And cried out, and harowe; and nere hym gan to stap.  
All for nought, q<sup>d</sup> this blynd, what wenyft thou for  
to skape?  
Beryn had thought to prik forth, and thought it had  
be jape.  
The blynd man cast away his staff, and set on both  
his hondis;  
Nay thou shalt nat void, q<sup>d</sup> he, for all thy rich londis,  
Tyll I of The have reson, lawe, and eke righte;  
For trewlich, I may wit it The, that I have lost my  
fight.  
So for ought that Beryn could othir speke, or prey,  
He myght in no wyse pas, ful sore he gan to may.  
And namelich for the pepill throug hym so about,  
And eche man gan hym hond; and seyde, without  
doute  
Ye must nedis stond, and rest, and bide the lawe;  
Be ye nevir so grete a man. So wold I, wondir fawe,  
Q<sup>d</sup> Beryn, yf yee had cause; but I know noon.  
No thou shalt know or thou go, thou hast nat al y-  
doon, 1290  
The blynd man seyde to Beryn; tell on then, q<sup>d</sup> he.  
Here is no place to plete, the blynd man seyde age;  
Also we have no juge here of autorite:  
But Evandir the steward shall deme both The and me;  
When I my tale have told, and thou hast made an-  
swere;

By



By that tyme men shull know how thow canst The clere.

Now, soveren God, I thank The of this ilk dey:

Then I may preve The be my lyve, of word, and eke of fay

Fals, and eke untrew of covenant, thow hast y-makid.

But litill is thy charge now, though that I go nakid, That sometye wer partinere, and rekenydst nevir yit,

But thou shalt here, or we depart, ther'of a litill witt.

For afir comyn seyng, evir atte ende

The trowith wold be previd, how so men evir trend.

Thus they talkid to eche othir, tyl they com into the plase,

And wer yentrid in the hall, ther the steward was.

The blynd man first gan to spake, sir steward, for Godd'is sake

Herith me a litill while; for her I have ytake

He that hath do me wrong, most of man of mold;

Be my help, as law wold, for hym that Judas sold. 1310

Ye know wele that oft tyme I have to yew ypleynid,

How I was betrayed, and how I was ypeynid,

And how a man some tyme and I our yen did chaunge:

This is the same persone, though that he make it straunge.

I toke them hym but for a tyme, and wenyd trewly

Myne to have yhad ageyn; and so both he and I

Were ensurid uttirlich, and was our both will;

But for myne the bettir were wrongfullich and ille

He hath them kept hiðirto, wyth much sorowe and pyne

To me, as ye wele knowith; because I have nat myne,

I may nat se with his; wher'for me is ful woo;

And evirmore ye seyde, that ye myght nothing do,

Without presence of the man that wrought me this un-  
quert:

Now sith he is tofore you now, let hym nat astert.

For many tyme and oft, yee behete me,

And he myght be take, he shuld do me gre.

Sith ye of hym be sefid, howevir so yee tave,

Let hym nevir pas, tyl I myn yen have.

Beryn, qð Evandir, herist thow nat thy selve

How sotilly he pletith, and ware by eche halve? 1330

Beryn stode all muët, and no word he spak.

And that was tho his grace; ful sone he had be take,

And he had mysseyd onys, or els yseyd nay:

For then he had been negatyff, and undo for ay.

For they were grete Sevilious, and usid probat law;

Where evirmore affirmatyf shuld preve his own saw.

Wher'for they wer so querelouse, of all myght com in mynd,

Though it wer nevir in dede ydo; such matere they wold fynd

To benym a man his good, through som manir gile.

For the blynd man wist right wele, he shuld have lost his whyle, 1340

To make his pleynt on Beryn, and suyde oppon his good,

For shippis, and eke marchaundise, in a balaunce stode;

Ther'for he made his chalenge his yen for to have:

Or els he shuld for them fyne, yf he wold them have,

And ligg for them in hostage, tyll the fynauce cam:

This was all the sorilte of the blynd man.

Beryn stode all muët, and no word he spak.

Beryn, qð Evander, lest thow be ytake

In defaute of answere, thou myghtist be condempnyd,

Be right wele avysid, sith thou art examenyd. 1350

Sir, seyde Beryn, it wold litill availe

To answere thus aloon, without good counsaill:

And also ferthermore, full litill I shuld be levid,

Whatevir I answerd, thus stonyd, and reprevid;

And eke my wit doith faille, and no wondir is:

Wher'for I wold prey yew, of yewr gentilnes,

To graunt me dey tyll to morowe I might be avysid

To answere forth, wyth othir that on me been sur-myfid.

Deperdeux, qð the steward, I graunt wel it be so.

Beryn toke his leve, and hopid to pas and go: 1360

But as sone as Beryn was on his hors ryding,

He met a woman, and a child, wyth sad chere comyng,

That toke hym by the reyn, and held hym wondir fast;

And seid, sir, voidith nat, yit vailith nat to haste:

Ye mow in nð wyfe scape, ye must nedis abyde;

For though ye list to know me nat, yit lien by your side

I have ful many a tyme, I can nat tell yew lome.

Come tofore the steward, ther shall ye here your dome,

Of thing that I shall put on yew, and no word for to ly:

To leve me thus aloon it is your villany. 1370

Alas! the day, and tyme that evir I was your make:

Much have I endurid, this too yere, for your sake.

But now it shall be know who is in the wronge.

Beryn was all abashid, the pepill so thik thronge

About hym in eche side; for ought that he couth peyn:

He must to the steward of fyne fors ageyn.

Now shull ye here how sotillich this woman gan hir tale,

In presence of the steward; with colour wan, and pale,

Petously she gan to tell; and seid, sir to yew

Full oft I have compleynyde, in what manere and how 1380

My child'is faðir left me, by my self aloon,

Wythout help, or comforte, as grete as I myght goon,

Wyth my son here and his, that shame it is to tell

The penury that I have yhad, that afors fell

I must nedis myne aray, wher me list or lothe,

Or els I must have beggit, for to fynd us both.

For there was nevir woman I leve, as I ges;

For lak of hede of lyvelode, that lyvid in more distres,

Then I my self for oft tyme, for lak of mete and drink:

And yit I trow no creature was feyner for to swinke 1390

My lyff to sustene: but as I mut nede,

Above all othir thingis, to his child take hede,

That wondir is and mervaile that I am alyve;

For the fokyng of his, right as it were a knyve

It ran into my hert, so low I was of mode

That well I woot in certen, without percell of my blode

His child I have ynorisshid, and that is by me seen;

For my rede colour is turnid into grene.

And he that canse is of all, here he stondith by me;

To pay for the fosteryng methinkith it is tyme. 1400

And sith he is my husbond, and hath on me no rowith,

Let hym make amendis in saving of his trowith.

And yf he to any word onys can say nay;

Lo! here my gage, al redy to preve all that I sey.

The Stewarde toke the gage, and spak in soft wyfe;

Of this petouse compleynt a mann'ys hert may grise;

For I know in percell, hir tale is nat all lese;

For many a tyme and oft, this woman that here is,

Hath ybe tofore me, and pleynid of hir greffe;

But wythout a party hir cause myght nat preffe. 1410

Now thou art here present, that she plenyth on;

Make thy defence now, Beryn, as wele as thow con,

Beryn stode all muët and no word he spak.

Beryn, qð the steward, doist thow slepe, or wake?

Sey onys oon or othir; is it soth or nay,

As she hath declarid? tell on saunce delay.

Lord God! qð Beryn, what shuld it me availe,

Among so many wise, without right good counsaill,

To tell eny tale? full litil as I ges.

Wher'for I wold prey you, of your gentilnes, 1420

Graunt me day tyl to morowe to answer forth with othir.

I graunt wele, qð the steward, but for faðir and moðir:

Thow



Thow getist no lenger tyme, pleynly I The tell.  
Beryn toke his leve, his hert gan to swell  
For pure verrey anguyssh; and no mervail was.  
And who is that that u'old, and he wer in such case;  
For al his trist and hope in eny worldlich thing  
Was cleen from hym passid, save sorowe and mys-  
lykyng.

For body, good, and catell, and lyff, he set at nought:  
So was his hert ywoundit, for angir, and for thought.  
Beryn passyd softly, and to his hors gan go:

And when he was without the gatis, he lokid to and  
fro,

And coud noon othir countenance; but to his page  
he seyde,

Preciouse God in heven! how falsly am I betrayd?  
I trow no man alyve stont in wers plight.

And all is for my synne, and for my yong delite;  
And pryncipally, above all thyng, for grete unkyndnes

That I did to my moðir: for litill hede iwis

I toke of hir, this know I wele, whils she was alyve:

Therfor al this turment is sent to me so ryve. 1440

For ther was never woman kynder to hir child,

Then she was; and ther ageyns never thing so wyld,

Ne so evil thewid, as I was my self:

Therfor sorowe and happs environ me by eche helve;

That I note whiðir ryde, nethir up ne down,

Ther been so many devillis dwellyng in this town;

And so ful of gile, and trechery also,

That well I woot in certeyn, they woll me ondo.

Now wold to God in hevyn, what is my best rede?

He toke his hors to his page, and thus to hym he  
sayd; 1450

Lede my hors to shipward, and take it to some man;

And I woll go on foot, as pryvely as I can;

And assay, yf I may, in eny manere wise,

Escape unarrested more in such manner wise.

The child toke his maistir's hors, and laft hym there  
aloon,

Walking forth on foot, making oft his moon:

And in his most musing, I can nat sey how lome,

He wosshid, nakid as he was bore, he had be in  
Room.

And no mervail was it, as the case stode:

For he drad more to lese his eyen, than he did his  
shippis, or his good. 1460

Now yee that listith to dwell and here of aventure,

How petously dame Fortune, Beryn to inure,

Turnyth hir whele about in the wers tide;

With hap of sorowe, and anguyssh, she gynyth for to  
ride.

Beryn passid toward the strond, ther his shippis were;

But yee now ondirstond, his hert was ful of tere:

Yet nethirles he sat hym down softly on a stall,

Semy'ryfe for sorowe; and lenyd to the wall,

For turment that he had, so wery he was and feynt;

And to God above thus he made his pleynt; 1470

Glorious God in heven! that al thing madist of nought;

Why sufferist thou these cursid men to stroy me for  
nought?

And knowest well myn innocent, that I have no gilt

Of al that they pursu me, or on me is pilt:

And in the meen whils that Beryn thus gan pleyn,

A cachepoll stode besidis, his name was Machaign,

And herd all the wordis; and knew also tofore

How Beryn was turmented, both with las and more.

It was yspiong through the town, so was he full en-  
fensid,

How he hym would engyne, as he had propensid; 1480

And had araid hym fortillich, as man of contempla-  
cionne,

In a mantell wyth the list, with fals dissimulacionne,

And a staff in his honde, as thoughe he sebill were;

And drow hym toward Beryn, and seid in this ma-  
nere;

The high God of heven, that al thing made of nought;  
Bles yew, gentill sir, for many an hevvy thought  
Me thinkith that ye have, and no wondir is:

But good sir dismay yew nat, but levith yewr hevines;  
And yf ye list to tell me somwhat of yeur distres,

I hope to God Almighty in party it redres 1490

Through my pore counsaill, and so I have many oon;

For I have pete on yew, be God and by Seint Jön:

And eke pryvy hevines doith eche man apeir,

Sodenly, or he be ware, and fall in dispeir;

And who be in that plage, that man is incurabill;

For consequent comyth aftir sekenes abominabill:

And therfor, sir, diskeverith yewe, and be nothing  
adrad.

Graunt mercy, sir, qð Beryn, ye seme trew and fad;

But o thing lyith in myn hert, I n'ote to whom to trust;

For tho that dynd me to dey ordeyned me to arest;

A! sir, be yew that man? of yew I have yherd.

Gentill sir doutith nat, ne be nothing aferd

Of me; for I shall counsell yew as well as I can:

For trewlich in the cete dwellith many a fals man,

And usyn litil els but falshode, wrong and wyle;

And how they might straungers with trechery begile;

But ye shul do right wisely somewhat be my counsaill;

Speke with the steward; that may you most avail:

For ther is a comyn byword, yf ye it herd havith;

*Wile fetith be his peny, that the pound savith.* 1510

The steward is a covetouse man, that long hath disirid

A knyff I have in kepeing, wherwith his hert I wirid;

Shall be yew to help, in covenante that yee

Shall give me fyve mark, yeur treu frend to be.

The knyff is feir, I tell yew; yit never tofore this day,

Myght the steward have it for aught he coud prey:

The wich ye shuld gyve hym, the betir for to spede,

And behote hym 20*l.* to help yew in yeur nede;

And yf he grauntith; trustith wele, ye stond in good  
plight:

For betir is, then lese all, the las the more quyt. 1520

And I woll go wyth yew straight to his plase,

And knele down, and speke first, to amend yewr case;

And sey yee be my cosin; the betir shul ye spede:

And when that I have all ytold; the knyff to hym yee  
bede.

Beryn thankid hym hertlich, and on hym gan trust;

With hond in hond ensurid, and all for the best;

Beryn thought noon othir, al that it othir was.

Machaign hym comfortid, talkyng of their case,

And passid forth styly toward the steward blyve,

Beryn and Machaign; but Beryn bare the knyff; 1530

And trust much in his felawe to have som help.

But or they departid were, they had no cause to yelp

Of no maner comfort, as ye shull here anon;

For as sone as Machaign tofore the steward com,

He fill plat to the erth, a grevous pleynt and an huge

He made; and seyde sir steward, now be a trew juge

Ageyns this fals treytour, that stondith me befyde;

Let take of hym good hede, els he woll nat abide.

Now mercy God, steward, for yee have herd me yore

For my faðir Melan pleyn to you ful fore; 1540

That with 7 dromedarys, as I have told yew lome,

With marchandise chargit, went toward Rome;

And it is 7 yere ago, and a litill more,

Of hym, or of his gooddis, that I herd les or more.

And yit I have enquerid, as byfely as I couthe,

And met never man yit, that me coud tell with  
mowth

Any tyding of hym, onto this fame day:

But now I know too much, alas! I may wel sey.

When Beryn herd these wordis, he kist down his hede;

Allas! he thought in hert, alas! what is my rede? 1550

And would fayn have voidit, and outward gan to  
stapp:

But Machaign arose, and sefid by the lapp;

Nay



Nay thou shalt nat void, he feid; my tale is nat ydo:  
For be trowith of my body, yf thou scapidist so,  
I shuld nevir have mery whils I wer on lyve,  
And set hond fast on Beryn's othir scleve;  
And feid, good sir steward, my tale to the end  
I prey ye wold here; for wend how men wend,  
There may no man hele murðir, but it will out at last:  
The same knyff my faðir bere, when he of contre  
past, 1560

Let ferch wele this felon, ther ye shul hym find;  
I know the knyff wele inough, it is nat out of my  
mynd:

The cotelere dwellith in this toun, that made the  
same knyff;

And for to preve the trowith, he shall be here as  
blyve.

Beryn swat for angir, his hert was full of fere;  
He toke the knyff to the steward, or he ferchid where.  
The steward onto Beryn, my frend, lo! qð he,  
And thou think The well about, this is foule plee;  
I can know noon othir, but thou must or thou go  
Yeld the body of Melan and his good also. 1570

Now be well avysid ageyn to morowe day;  
Then shalt thou have thy jugement; ther is no more  
to say.

When Beryn fro the steward thus departid was,  
And was without the gate, he lokid oppon the plase,  
And cursid it wondir bitterly in a fervent ire,  
And wishid many tymes it had been a feir:  
For I trowe that man of lyve was nevir wors betrayid

Then I am; and therwithall my hert is cleen dis-  
mayid:

For here I have no frendship, but am all counselles;  
And they been falssher then Judas, and eke mer-  
cyles: 1580

A Lord God in hevyn, that my hert is woo;  
And yit suyrly I mervel nat though that it be so;  
For yit in all my lyve, siþe I ought undirstode,  
Had I nevir wyl for to lern good:

Foly I hauntid it evir, ther myght no man me let;  
And now he hath ypaid me, he is cleen out of my  
dett.

For whils I had tyme, wysdom I myght have lernyd;  
But I drow me to foly and wold nat be governed;  
But had al myne own wyll and of no man aferd;  
For I was nevir chastisid: but now myne own yerd  
Berith me to fore, the strokis been to hard:

For these devillis of this town takith but litil reward  
To sclee my body to have my good; the day is set  
to morowe:

Now wold to God I wer in grave; for it wer end of  
sorowe.

I was iwis to much a sole; for hate I had to Rame  
I wold forsake myn heritage; therfor sorowe and  
shame

Is oppon me fall, and right wele deservid;  
For I toke none maner hede, when my moðir stervid;  
And disobeyid my faðir, and set hym at naught also;  
What wondir is it than though that I have woo? 1600

Fortune and eke wisdom have werrid with me evir,  
And I with them in all my lyf, for fortune was me  
levir

Then eny wit or governaunce for them too I did hate;  
And though I wold be at oon, now it is to late.  
O myghtfull God in heven, wher was evir man  
That wrought hymself more foly than I my self did  
than?

A cursid be the tyme that I out of Rome went;  
That was my faðir's right heir, of lyvelode, and of  
rent,

And al the riall lordship that he hath in the town;  
Had I had wit, and grace, and hold me low and  
boun, 1610

It wer my kynd now among my baronage,

To hawk, and to hunt, and eke to pley, and rage,  
With feir freshe ladies, and daunce when me list:  
But now it is to late to speke of had I wist.

But I fare like the man that for to swele his flyes  
He stert into the bern, and aftir stre he hies,  
And goith about the wallis with a brennyng wase,  
Tyll it was at last that the leem and blaie

Entrid into the chynys, where the wheate was,  
And kissid so the evese, that brent was all the plase;  
But first in the begynnyng, tyll feer smote in the rastris,

He toke no manere kepe, and thought of nothing aftir  
What perell there myght fall: ne more did I ywis,  
That wold forsake myn honour, for the unkyndnes  
Of Rame, that was my stepmoðir, for yf I shall  
nat ly,

They beth soure: wherfor the more wisely  
I shuld have wrought, had I had wit, and sustrid for  
a tyme,

And aftir com to purpose wel inowghe of myne;  
But evil avengit he is deol, that for a litil mode,  
And angir to his neybour, sellith away his good; 1630

And goith hymself a beggyng; aftir in breff tyme,  
He mut be countid a lewd man in all manere ryme:  
So have I wrought and wers; for I dout of my lyve,

How that it shal stond, for plukking of my scleve  
The knyff that was me take, as ye have herd tofore:  
And yit it grevith mine hert also much more

Of myn own pepill, that no difese aservid:  
I wote wele aftir pleding, ryght nought woll be re-  
servyd

To sustene their lyvis, I trow ryght nought or lite,  
And peraventur lightly stond in wors plight: 1640  
Of me it is no fors, though I be thus arayed,

But it is dole and pete, that they shull be betrayid,  
That hath nought aservid, but for my gilt aloon.  
And when that Beryn in this wise had ymade his  
mone;

A crepill he saw comyng with grete spede and haste,  
Oppon a stilt ondir his kne bound wondir fast;  
And a crouch ondir his armys; with hondis al for-  
skramyd:

Alas! qð this Beryn, shall I be more examenyd?  
And gan to turn aside onto the see stonde:  
And the cripill aftir, and wan oppon hym londe. 1650

Tho began Beryn to drede inwardlich fore,  
And thought thus in his hert; shall I be comberid  
more:

And it wer Godd's wyll my sorowe for to cese.  
Methinkith I have inowghe: the cripill began to  
preche,

And had yraught nere hond Beryn by the scleve.  
Beryn turnyd, as an hare, and gan to ren blyve:  
But the cripill knew betir the pathis, smale and grete,

Then Beryn; so tofore hym he was, and gan hym  
mete.

When Beryn saw it vaylid naught to renne, ne to  
lepe;

What for dole and anguyssh, no word myght he  
speke; 1660

But stode still amafid, and starid fast about:  
The cripill began to speke, sir, to drede or to dout  
Of me wold ye right light, and ye knew myne hert:

So where ye like well or ill, fro me shall ye nat part,  
Tyl I have tretid with yew, and yee with me also,  
Of all your soden happis, your myscheff, and  
your wo;

For by the tyme that I have knowlech of your case,  
Yeur rennyng, and yeur trotting into an cly pas,  
I shall turn or that we twyn, so ye aftir my stole

Woll do, and as I rede yew; for yee wer a sole 1670  
When ye cam first alonde, ye had met with me;

For I wold have ensenfid yew all the iniquite  
Of thes fals marchandis, that dwellen in this town,  
And outid all your chaffare without gruch or groun:



For had ye dwellid within yeur shippis, and nat go  
them among;

Then had ye been undaungerid, and quyrt of all their  
wrong

On yew that been surmysid through fals suggestioun.

Beryn gan to sigh, unneth he might founce,

Saf o word or tweyn, and mercy was the first;

Preying with all his hert, that he myght have his  
rest, 1680

And be no more enpledit, but pas fro hym quyte.

Good sir, qð Beryn, doith me no more dispite;

And suffir me to pas, and have on me routhe;

And I suy yew feithfully, have here my trowith,

To morowe when I have pedit, and eny thing be laft

Of ship or marchaundise, afore the ship or baft,

I woll shew yew all ifere, and opyn every cheft,

And put it in yewr grace, to do what ye lest;

And in the meen while that Beryn gan to clapp;

The crypill nyghid hym nere and nere, and hent hym  
by the lap:

And as sone as Beryn knew that he was in honde;

He unlacyd his mantell, for drede of some command;

And pryvelich ovir his shuldris let hym down glide;

And had levir lese his mantell then abide.

The crypill all perceyvid, and hent hym by the scleve

Of his nethir surcote. Alas! now mut I strive,

Thought Beryn by hymself; now I am yhent,

There helpith naught save strengith; therewith the  
sceleve to rent

Beryn gan, to scape he sparid for no cost.

Alas! thought this crypill, this man woll be lost; 1700

And be ondo for evir; but he counsell have:

Iwis, thoughe he be lewde, my contremen to save.

Yit will I my besines do, and peyn that I may;

Sith he is of Room, for that is my contray.

This crypill was an hundrit yere full of age;

With a long thik berd, and a trew visage

He had; and manly, and july was he;

And Geffrey was his name, yknow, in that contre.

Alas! thought this Geffrey, this man hath grete drede

Of me, that by my power wold help hym in his  
nede. 1710

I wis, though he be nyce, untaught, and unwise,

I woll nat for his foly leve myne enpryse:

And lept astir Beryn, and that in right good spede.

Beryn was so fore agast, he toke no maner hede

To look onys bakward, tyll he to the watir cam;

Then lokid he behynd, and saw sir Clekam

Commaund wondir fast, with staff and with his stilt;

Allas! thought Beryn, I now am yspilt;

For I may no ferthir, without I wold me droune

In'ote, wich were the betir, or go ageyn to tounce. 1720

Geffrey was so nygh com, that Beryn myght nat fle:

Good sir, qð this Geffrey, why do yee void me?

For by heven quene, that bare Crist in hir barme,

But right as to my self, I woll yew no more harme.

Sittith down here by me oppon this see stronde;

And yf ye drede any thing, clepe yewr men to  
londe;

And let them be here with us all our speche tyme:

For I woll nat feyn oon word, as makers doon to  
ryme,

But counsell yew as prudently as God woll send me  
grace:

Take comfort to yw, and herk a litill spafe. 1730

And when that Beryn had yherd his tale to the end;

And how goodly as Geffrey spak, as he were his  
frende;

None obstant his drede, yet part of sapience

Stremyd into his hert, for his eloquence;

And seyde; God me counsaill for his high mercy;

For I have herd this fame dey men as sotilly

Speke, and of yeur semblant, and in such manere,

And by herte me frendship outward by their chere,

But inward it was contrary their intellectuone;

Wherfor the blame is les, though I suspectioun 1740

Have of yewr wordis, lest othir be yewr entent;

For I n'ote whom to trust, by God omnipotent:

Yit nethirles, yf your will is to com into the ship with

me,

I woll somewhat do by yeur rede, how so it evir be:

Then, qð Geffrey, if it be so that I in yewr powere

Entir into your shippis, and yew help in yewr my-

stere,

That yee ageyn yewr adversaryes shull have the betir

syde,

And gyve yow such counsell to bate down their pride,

And that yee wyne in every pleynt, al so much or

more

As they purpose to have of yew; yf they be down

ybore, 1750

And ye have amendis for their inquite,

And I yew bring to this end, what shall my guerdon

be?

In verrey soth, qð Beryn; yf I yew may trust,

I woll quyte yew trewly, I make yew beheft:

In feith then, qð Geffray, I woll with yew wende.

What is yewr name, seid Beryn, though my frende?

Geffrey, he seid; but in these marchis I was nat bore;

But I have dwellid in this cete yeeris heretofore

Ful many, and turmented wers then wer yee;

And endurid for my trowith much adversite: 1760

For I wold in no wise suffir their falsshedes;

For in all the world so corrupt of their dedis

Been noon men alyve, I myght ryght well avow;

For they set all their wittis in wrong, all that they

mowe:

Wherfor full many a tyme, the grettist of them, and I,

Have stonden in altercatioun, for their trechery.

For I had in valew in trew marchaundise

A M. l. all have they take in such maner wise:

So ferforth to save my blode no longer myght I dryve  
dure;

For drede of wors, thus thought I my self to disfi-

gure; 1770

And have among them 12 yere go right in this plight,

And evir have had in memory how I myght them

quyte:

And so I hope now, as sotill as they be,

With my wit engine them, and help yew and me.

My lymes been both hole and sound; me nedith stilt,  
ne crouch.

He cast asyde them both, and lepe oppon an huche,

And adown ageynes; and walkid to and fro,

Up and down, within the ship; and shewid his hondis

tho,

Stretching forth his fingris, in sight and all about,

Without knot, or knor, or eny sign of goute; 1780

And dyght them eftt ageyns right disferirly,

Som to ride ech othir, and som aweward wry.

Geffrey was right myghty, and wele his age did bere;

For natur was more substantial; when tho dayis wer,

Then now in our tyme; for all thing doith waste,

Saff vile and cursid lyving; that growith all to faste.

What shuld I tell more? but Geffrey sat hym down;

And Beryn hym besydis; the Romeyns gan to rown,

And mervelled much in Geffrey, of his disgifenes:

And Beryn had anothir thought, and spak of his di-  
stres; 1790

Now Geffrey, seid this Beryn, and I durst trust in yewe,

That and ye knewe eny man that is alyve anowe,

That had of discrecioun so much influence,

To make my party good to morowe in my defence,

And delivir me of sorowe, as ye behote have;

I wold become his legeman, as God my soule save.

That wer to much, qð Gefferey, that woll I yew re-  
lese;

But I desire of othir thing to have yewr promes;

That



That and I bryng yewr enmyes into such a traunce,  
To make for yewr wrongis to you right high fe-  
naunce; 1800  
And so declare for you, that with you pas such dome;  
That yee oppon your feith bryng me at Rome;  
Yf God wol send yew weðir, and grace to repafe.  
Qð Beryn, but I grant yew I wer lewder then an  
affe.  
But or I fullich trust yew, holdith me excusid;  
I woll go counsell with my men, lest they it refusid.  
Beryn drew afyde, and spak with his meyne;  
And expressid every word, in what plight and degre  
That he stode, from poynt to poynt, and of his fals  
areftis:  
His meyne were astonyd, and starid forth as bestis:  
Spekith som word, qð Beryn, sith I am betrayd:  
Yee have yherd what Geffrey to me hath sayd.  
These Romeyns stode alle still; o word ne coud they  
meve;  
And eke it passid their wittis. Then Beryn gan re-  
leve,  
And to Geffrey eft ageyn; and mercy hym besought.  
Help me, Sir, qð Beryn, for his love that us bought,  
Dying on the rood, and wept full tendirly;  
For but ye help, qð Beryn, ther is no remedy:  
For comfort nethir counsaill of my men have I noon:  
Help me, as God yew help, and els I am undone.  
When Geffrey saw this Beryn so distract and wept;  
Pite into eche veyn of his hert crept:  
Allas! qð Geffrey, I might nat do a more synful  
dede,  
I leve by my trowith, then sayl yew in this nede:  
Faill me God in heven, yf that I yew faill;  
That I shall do my besines, my peyn, and my tra-  
vaile,  
To help yew be my power; I may no ferther goo.  
Yis yee behete me more, seid Beryn, tho  
That yee wold help me, at all that I shuld stond cler:  
Beryn gan to wepe and make wers chere. 1830  
Stillith yew, qð Geffrey; for how so evir ye tire,  
More than my power ye ought nat desire.  
For thorough the grace of God ye shul be help wele;  
I have therof no dout: but trewlich I you, tele,  
That ye woll hold me covenante, and I woll yew  
also,  
To bryng me at Rome, when it is all ydo.  
In signe of trowith of both sidis of our acordment,  
Eche of us kys othir of our comyn assent;  
And all was do. And aftirward Beryn commaundit  
wyne,  
They dronk, and then Geffrey seid, Sir Beryne, 1840  
Yee mut declare yeur maters to myne intelligence,  
That I may the bet perseyve all inconvenience,  
Dout, pro, contra, and ambiguite,  
Thorough your declaracioun, and enformyd be:  
And with the help of our soveren Lord celestiale,  
They shall be behynd, and we shull have the ball.  
For now the tyme aprochith, for their cursidnes  
To be somewhat rewardit, and cause of yewr distres  
Hath my hert yfetlid, and fixid them a nye,  
As trowith woll and reson, for their trechery. 1850  
For many a man, tofore this day, they have do out  
of daw,  
Distroid, and turmentid, thorough their fals law.  
For they think litill ellis, and all their wyttis fyve,  
Save to have a mann's good, and to benym his  
lyve:  
And hath a cursid custom, all ageyns reson,  
That what man they enpeche, they have noon en-  
chefon,  
Thoughe it be as fals a thing as God hymself is  
trewe:  
And it touche a straunger, that is com of newe,  
Arte first mocione that he begynneth to meve,

Ther stondith up an hundrit hym to repreve. 1860  
The lawes of the cete stont in probacy;  
They usen noon enquestis the wrongis for to try:  
And yf thow haddist eny wrong, and woldist pleyn  
The;  
And were as trewe a cause as eny myght be,  
Thow shuldist nat find o man to bere The witnes;  
Though every man in the town knew it, more or  
les;  
So burrithe they togiðir, and holdith with eche o-  
thir;  
That as to counterplede them, though ye wer my  
brother,  
I wold gyve yew no counsaill, ne their empechement  
In no word to deny; for that wer combirment:  
For then wer they in the affirmatyf, and wold preve  
anoon:  
And to yew that wer negatyff the law wold graunt  
anoon:  
So for to plede ageyn them it woll litill avail;  
And yit to every mann's wit it ought be grete mer-  
vaile:  
For their lawes been so streyt, and peynous ordi-  
naunce,  
Is stallid for their falsheide; for this is their fynaunce,  
To lese their lyff for lesing; and lhope it may knowe  
That Lord is riall of the town, and holdith them so  
lowe:  
Wherfor they have a custom a shrewid for the nonys;  
Yf eny of them seya thing, they cry all at onys, 1880  
And ferm it for a soth, and it bere any charge;  
Thus of the danger of lhope they kepe them ever at  
large:  
And therfor wisdow weer, whoso might eschewe,  
Nevir to dele with them; for wer it wrong, or  
trewe,  
It shuld litill avail ageyns their falsheides:  
For they been acursid, and so been their dedes.  
Wherfor we must, with all our wit sensibill,  
Such answers us purvey, that they been insolibill:  
To morowe at our aparaunce, and shall be respon-  
saill;  
For of wele and ellis it is thy day fynall. 1890  
Now soveren Lord celestiale, with many sorowful  
sighis,  
Seyd Beryn to Geffray, ymmemorat of lyes,  
Graunt me grace to morowe; so that God be plesid,  
Make so myne answer; and I somewhat y-cfid  
By The that art my counsaill, for othir help is noon,  
Reherce me then, qð Geffrey, the causis of thy soon.  
Fro poynt to poynt, al in fere, on The is surmysid;  
Wherthorough I myght to morowe the betir be a-  
visid.  
Now in soth, qð Beryn, thoughe I shuld dy,  
I cannat tell the tenyth part of their trechery; 1900  
What for sorowe, and angir, that they to me have  
wrought;  
So stond I clene desperat, but ye con help ought.  
Deperdeux, seid Geffrey, and I The woll nat faill,  
Sith I have ensurid The to be of thy counsaill;  
And so much the more, that thou art nat wise,  
And canst nat me enform of no maner avise.  
Here therfore a while, and tend wel to my lore:  
The Lord that dwellith in this town, whose name I  
told tofore,  
lhope eft reherfid, is so inly wise,  
That no man alyve can pas his devise; 1910  
And is so grow in yeris, that lx yeer ago  
He sawe nat-for age; and yit it stondith so,  
That thorough his wit, and wisdom, and his gover-  
naunce,  
Who makith a fray ef, or slyvith aught or mel to  
much or prauce,

Within



Within the same cete, that he n'ys take anoon;  
 And hath his pennaunce forthwith, for pardon usith  
 he noon.  
 For ther n'ys pore ne riche, ne what state he be,  
 That he ny's undirfore for his iniquite;  
 And it be previd on hym, ther shall no gold hym  
 quyte,  
 Right as the forfete axith, moch or lite:  
 For geys his commaundment is noon so hardy quek,  
 So hard fetith he his fote in every mann'ys nek:  
 For undir sky and sterris this day is noon alyve  
 That coud amend hym in o poynt, al thing to di-  
 stryve.  
 The 7 sages of Rome, though al ageyn hym were,  
 The shuld be insufficient to make his answere:  
 For he can all langagis, Greek, Hebrew, and Latyne  
 Caldey, Frenssh, and Lombard, yee know well fyne;  
 And all maner that men in bokis write;  
 In poyse, and philosophie, also he can endite. 1930  
 Cevile, and canoune, and al maner lawis;  
 Seneca, and Sydrak, and Salamon'ys Sawys;  
 And the 7 sciences, and eke law of armys,  
 Experimentis, and pompery, and all maner charmys;  
 As ye shul here aftir, er that I depart,  
 Of his imaginaciouns and of his sotill art.  
 For he is of age 300 yere and more:  
 Wherfor of all sciences he hath the more lore.  
 In Denmark he was gotten and ybore also;  
 And in Grece ynorished, tyl he coud spek and go:  
 Ther was he put to scole, and lernyd wondir fast;  
 For such was his grace that all othir he past.  
 But first in his begynnyng litil good he had;  
 But lernyd evir passyngly, and was wise and sad;  
 Of stature and of feture ther was noon hym like,  
 Thorough the lond of Grece, though men wold hym  
 seke.  
 A kyng ther was in tho yeris, that had noon heir  
 male,  
 Saff a doughter, that he lovid as his own saal:  
 Ifope was his servaunt, and did hym such plesaunce,  
 That he made hym his heir, and did hym so avaunce,  
 To wed his doughter, and aftir hym to bere crowne;  
 Thorough prowes and his port so low he was and  
 boun.  
 So as fortune wold, that was Ifope's frend,  
 This worthy kyng that same yere made his carnel  
 end.  
 That 27 yere is passid that Ifope thus hath reigned;  
 And yit was ther nevir for wrong on hym compleyned,  
 For no jugement that he gaff; yit som ageyn hym  
 wylid,  
 A grete part of his pepill, and wold have hym ex-  
 ilid:  
 But his grete wisdom, and his manfulnes,  
 His governaunce with his bounte, and his rightfulness  
 Hath evir yit preserved hym unto this ilk day;  
 And woll whyle that he lyvith, for aught that men  
 can say.  
 For who hath eny quarel or cause for to wonde,  
 Within this same cete, quiklich woll he fond,  
 And it be sotill matir, to Ifope for to fare,  
 Fro gynnyng to the end, his quarrell to declare.  
 And eve afore, as custom is, peple shal be on the mo-  
 rowe;  
 But whoso ly, he scapith nat wythout shame or sorowe.  
 Beryn, thow must go thiðir, wher thyn enpechement  
 Shull be ymevid; and therfor pas nat thens, 1970  
 Tyll thou have herd them alle; and report them wele  
 To me, that am thy counsell, and repeir snele:  
 But so rial mancione, as Ifope dwellith in,  
 Ther is noon in the world, ne so queynt of gyn;  
 Wherfore be well avisid, how I enform The  
 Of the wondir wayis, and of the pryvyte,  
 That been wythyn his paleyse, that thou must pas by:

And when thow approachist, and art the castell nygh,  
 Blench fro the brode gate, and enter thow nat there;  
 For ther been men to keep it; yit have thow no  
 fere; 1980  
 Pas down on the right hond by the castell walle,  
 Tyll thow fynd a wyndow; and what so The by fall,  
 Entir ther, yf thow may, and be nothyng agast;  
 But walk forth in that entre: then shalt thow see in  
 haste  
 A porticolysse The tofore; pas in boldly,  
 Tyll thow com to an hall, the feyryst undir sky.  
 The wallis been of marbill, yjoynid, and yclosid;  
 And the pilours of crystall, grete and wele proposid;  
 The keveryng of bove is of felondyn;  
 And the pament beneth of gold and asure fyne. 1990  
 But whoso passith thorough this hall hath nede to rea-  
 blyve;  
 Or els he myght be disware of his own lyve;  
 For ther wythin liith a stoon, that is so hote of kynd,  
 That what thing com for by, anoon it woll atend,  
 As bryght as eny kandell leem, and consume anoon:  
 And so wold the hall also, n'er coldnes of a stoon  
 That is yclepid Dionyse, that set is hym ageyn.  
 So and thow lepe lightly, thou shalt have no peyn;  
 For ethir ston in kynd proportioned they be  
 Of hete, and eke of coldnes, of oon equalite. 2000  
 Thow must pas thorough the hall; but tary nat I  
 rede;  
 For thou shult fynd a dur, up right afore thyn hede;  
 When thow art entrid ther, and the dore apast;  
 Whatso thow se ligg, or stond, be thow nat agast;  
 And yf thow drede eny thing, do no more saff blowe  
 But yit I rede The, beware that it be somewhat lowe:  
 Ther been to libardis, lobs and untyed,  
 If that thy blowing of that othir in eny thing be spied,  
 Anoon he rakith on The to sese The by thy pate;  
 For ther n'ys thing in erth that he so much doith  
 hate, 2010  
 As breth of mann'ys mowith: wherfore refreyn The,  
 And blow but fair and soft; and when that nede be.  
 When thow art passid this hall, anoon then shalt thow  
 com  
 Into the fayrest garden that is in Christendom:  
 The wich thorough his clergy is made of such devise,  
 That a man shall ween he is in paradise,  
 At his first comyng in, for melody and song,  
 And othir glorious thingis, and delectabill among;  
 The wich Tholomeus, that somtyme paynym was,  
 That of astronomy knew ev'ry poynt and case, 2020  
 Did it so devise, thorough his high connyng,  
 That ther n'ys best in erth, ne bird that doith sing,  
 That he n'ys there in figur, in gold, and sylvir fyne,  
 And mow, as they wer quyk, know the sotill engyne.  
 In mydward of this gardyn stant a feir tre,  
 Of all maner levis, that undir sky be,  
 Yforgit, and yfourmit, eche in his degre,  
 Of sylvir, and of gold fyne, that lusty been to sec.  
 This gardeyn is evir grene, and full of May flowris,  
 Of rede, white, and blew, and othir fresh colouris;  
 The wich been so redolent, and sentyn so about,  
 That he must be right lewde, therin shuld route.  
 These monstrefull thingis I devise to The;  
 Because thow shuldist nat of them abasshid be.  
 When that thow comyst there, so thow be strong in  
 thought,  
 And do be my counsell, drede The right nought:  
 For ther beth viii tregetours that this gardyn kepith;  
 Four of them doith waak, whils the four slepith;  
 The wich been so persite of nygramance,  
 And of the art of apparenc, and of tragetrie, 2040  
 That they make semen as to a mann'ys sight  
 Abominabill wormys, that fore ought be a fright  
 The herticst man on erth; but he warnyd were  
 Of the grisly sightis, that he shuld see there.

Among



Among all othir; there is a lyón white;  
That, and he be a straungir, he rampith for to bite,  
And hath tofore this tyme 500 men and mo  
Devourid, and yete, that thereforth have ygo:  
Yit shalt thou pas suyrly, so thou do as I tell.  
The tre I told tofore, that round as eny bell 2050  
Berith bow, and braunce, traylyng to the ground;  
And thou touch oon of them, thou art saff and  
found;

The tre hath such vertu, there shall nothing The dere.  
Loke that be the first, when thou comyst there.  
Then shalt thou se an entre, by the ferther side;  
Thoughe it be streyte tofore, inner large and wyde  
It growith more and more, and as a dentour wryth;  
Yit woll that wey The bryng there that I sope liith,  
Into the feyrift chambir that evir man saw with eye.  
When thou art there wythyn, govern The wisely:  
For there shalt thou here al thyn enpechement,  
Opynly declarid, in Isop's present.  
Report them wele, and kepe them in thy mynd;  
And aftir thy relacioune, we shall so turn and wend,  
Thorough help of God above, such help for to make,  
That they shall be acombrit, and we right well to  
scape.

Now in soth, qð Beryn, a manny's hert may grise  
Of such wondir weyis; for al my marchandise  
I had levir lese, then oppon me take  
Such a wey to pas. Then, Sir, for your sake 2070  
I woll my self, qð Geoffrey; sith I am ensuryd  
To help The with my power, thou shalt be amyrid,  
As ferforth as I may; that I woll do my peyn  
To bryng yow plesaunt tyding, and retourn ageyn,  
Yit or the cok crow: and ther'for let me se,  
Whils I am out, how mery ye can be.  
Geoffrey toke his leve: but who was sory tho,  
But Beryn, and his company? for when he was go,  
Thei had no maner joy; but dout, and hevynes;  
For of his repeyryng thei had no sikernes. 2080  
So every man to othir made his compleynt;  
And wisshid that of felony they had been atteynt:  
And so them thought betir to end hevynes;  
Then every day to lak brede atte first mes:  
For when our good is go, what shall fal of us?  
Evir to be their thrallis, and peraventure wers:  
To lese our lyf aftir, yf we displese them ought:  
Aftir Geoffrey went, this was all their thought,  
Throughout the nyght, tyl cokkis gan to sing:  
But then encrefid anguishe; their hondis gan to wryng;  
And cursid wynd and watir that them brought ther:  
And wisshid many tymes that he had been in bere:  
And were apassid, and entrid into dispeyr,  
In as much as Geoffrey did nat repeir:  
Eche man seyde to othir, it myght nat be ynayid,  
But Geffray had uttirlich falsly them betrayid,  
Throughout all the long nyght:

.....  
Tho went they to counsell, a litill tofore the day  
And were all acordit for to sayl away: 2100  
And so them thought betir, and leve their good ther;  
Then abyde theroppon, and have more fere.  
They made their takelyng redy, and wend the sail  
acros,

For to save their lyvis, and set nat of their los:  
So fore they wer adred to be in servitude;  
And hopid God above wold send them som refute;  
By som othir costis ther wynd them wold bryng:  
And therwithall cam Geoffrey on his stilt lepeing,  
And cried wondir fast by the watir fyde;  
When Beryn herd Geoffrey; he bid his men abyde,  
And to launch out a bote, and bryng Geoffrey in;  
For he may more avayl me now, then al my kyn;  
And he be trew, and trusty, as myn hope is:  
But yit ther'of had Beryn no full sikernes.  
These Romeyns set in Geoffrey with an hevvy chere;

For they had levir fail forth, then put them in weer  
Both lyve and goodis; and evill suspicioune  
They had of this Geoffrey: wherfore they gon rounne,  
Talkyng to eche othir; this man woll us betray.  
Geoffrey wist well inowghe, he was nat to their pay;  
And for verrey angir he threw into the see 2120  
Both stilt and eke his crouch, that made wer of tre;  
And gan them to comfort, and seid in this manere;  
*Benedicite*, Beryn; why make ye such chere?  
For and yee wex hevvy; what shall yewr men do,  
But take ensampill of yew? and have no cause to:  
For yit or it be eve, yewr adversaryes all  
I shall make them spurn, and have, a fore fall:  
And yee go quyte, and all yewr good; and have of  
theirs too:  
And they to be right feign for to scape so,  
Wythout more daungir, and yewr wyl be. 2130  
For of the lawys her such is the equitye;  
That *who pursu othir, and his pleynt be wrong,*  
*He shall make amendis, be he new so strong;*  
Right as shuld the t'oðir, yf he condempned were:  
Right so shall the pleyntiff, right as I yew here:  
And that shall preve by them, have ye no doute,  
Yit or it be eve, right low to yew to loute,  
And submit them to yew, and put them in yewr  
grace,

By that tyme I have ymade all my wanlase:  
And in hope to spede well, let shape us for to dync.  
Geoffrey axid watir, and sith brede, and wyne;  
And seit it is holfom to breke our fast betyme:  
For the steward woll to the court at hour of pryme.  
The sonne gan to shyne and shope a feir dey:  
But for aught that Geoffrey coude do or sey,  
These Romeyns spekyng fast, all the dyner while,  
That Geoffrey with his sotill wordis wold them begile.  
So when they had ydyned, they ryfen up echoone,  
And drew them to counsell, what was best to doon:  
Som seyde, the best rede that we do may, 2150  
To throw Geoffrey ovir the bord, and seyll forth our  
way:

But for drede of Beryn, som wold nat so:  
Yit the more party assentid wele therto.  
Geoffrey, and Beryn, and worthy Romeyns tweyn,  
Stood a part within the ship, to Geoffrey gan to feyn;  
Beryn beth avisid, your men beth in distaunce;  
Sith ye been her soveren, put them in governaunce:  
For methinkith they holdith contrary opynyoun;  
And *grace faylith comynlich wher is divisoun.*  
In the morn whyle that they gan thus to ftryve; 2160  
Hanybald was up, and ycom as blyve  
To the brigg of the town, ther the shippis rood;  
And herd much noyse, but litil while he bood:  
For when he saw the saylis flond all acros;  
Alas! qð this Hanybald, here growith a smert los  
To me, that am provost; and have in charge and hest  
All these fyve shippis undir myn arelt;  
And ran into the town, and made an hidouse cry,  
And chargit all the cetezins to armys for to hy,  
From o strete tyl anothir, and rerid up al the town;  
And made the trompis blowe up, and the bellis soun;  
And seyde that the Romeyns wer in poynt to pas:  
Tyl ther wer a thousand, rather mo then les,  
Men y-armyd cleen, walkyng to the stonde  
When Beryn them aspied; now Geoffrey in thy honde  
Stont lyf and goodis: doth with us what The list;  
For all our hope is on The, comfort, help, and trift.  
For we must bide aventure, such as God woll shape;  
For now I am in certen we mow in no wise scape.  
Have no dout, qð Geoffrey, beth mery, let me aloon:  
Get a peir sisours, shenith my berd anoon;  
And aftirwerd lete rop my hede hastylen and blyve.  
Som went to with selours, som wyth a knyffe;  
So what for sorowe, and hast, and for lewd tole,  
Ther was no man alyve bet like to a tole



Then Geffrey was, by that tyme they had al ydo,  
Hanybald clepid out Beryn, to mote hall for to go;  
And stode upon the brigg, with an huge route  
Geffrey was the first to Hanybald gan to loute,  
And lokid out a foreship: God blesyew, Sir, qð he  
Wher art thou now, Beryn? com forth, behold  
and se,

Her is an huge pepill yrayd and ydight;  
All these been my children, that been in armys bryght,  
Yistirdey I gat them: is nat mervail  
That they been hiðir ycom, to be of our counsaill,  
And to stond by us, and help us in our ple.  
A! myne own childryn, blessid mut ye be!

Qð Geffrey, with an high voise, and had a nyce vi-  
sage,

And gan to daunce for joy, in the fore stage.  
Hanybald lok'd on Geffrey, as he wer amafid, 2200  
And beheld his countenance, and how he was y-  
rafid:

But evnmore he thought that he was a sole  
Naturell of kynde, and had noon othir tool,  
As semed by his wordis and his visage both:  
And thought it had been foly to wex with hym wroth,  
And gan to bord ageyn, and axid hym in game,  
Sith thou art our laðir, who is then our dame?

And how, and in what plase, were we begete?

Yistirday, qð Geffrey, pleyng in the strete

At a gentil game, that clepid is the quek, 2210

A long peny halter was cast about my nek;

And yknet fast with a riding knot,

And cast ovir a perch, and hale along my throte.

Was that a game, qð Hanybald, for to hang thy  
selve?

So they seyde about me, a thousand eche by hymself.

How scapiddist thou, qð Hanybald, that thou wer  
nat dede?

Therto can I answer without any rede;

I bare thre dife in myn own purs:

For I go nevir without, fare, I betir or wers;

I kist them forth all thre, and too fill am'ys ase: 2220

But here now what fill astir, right a mervelouse cafe;

Ther can a mowse lepe forth, and ete the third boon,

That puffid out her skyn, as grete as she myght goon;

And in this maner wise, of the mowse and me,

All ye be ycom my children, fair and fre:

And yit or it be eve, fall woll such a chaunce,

To stond in my power yew all to avaunce:

For and we plede well to day, we shall be riche i-  
nowghe.

Hanybald of his wordis hertlich loughe;

And so did all that herd hym, as they myght wele;

And had grete joy wyth hym for to tell.

For they knew hym noon othir but a sole of kynd;

And all this was his discrecioun, and that previd the  
end.

Thus whils Geffrey japid, to make their hertis light,

Beryn and his company were rayid and ydight,

And londit them in boris, ferefull how to spede;

For all their thoughtis in balance stode, betwene hope  
and drede.

But yit they did their peyn to make lightsome chere,

As Geffrey them had enfourmed, of port and all ma-  
nere

Of their governaunce, all the long day, 2240

Tyll their plee wer endit; so went they forth their  
wey,

To the court with Hanybald: then Beryn gan to sey,

What nedith this, sir Hanybald, to make such aray?

Sith we been pefe-marchantis, and use no spoliacioun.

For soth sir, qð Hanybald, to me was made rela-  
cioun

Yee wer in poynt to void; and yef yee had do so,

Yee had lost yewr lyvis without wordis mo.

Beryn held hym styll. Geffrey spak anoon;

No les wed then lyvis? Whi so good Sir Jon?

That wer somwhat to much, as it semeth me; 2250

But ye be ovrwise that dwell in this cete:

For ye have begonne a thing makith you right bold;

And yit or it be eve, as folis shall yee be hold.

And, eke yee devyne for shipmanny's craft,

And wotith litill what longith to afore the ship and  
baft;

And namelich in the dawning when shipmen first a-  
rise.

My good frend, qð Hanybald, in a scornynge wise,

Yee must onys enfourm me thorough yowr discre-  
cioun:

But first yee must answer to a questioune?

Why make men crof-faill in myddis of the mast? 2260

For to talow the ship and fesch more blast.

Why goon the yemen to bote ankirs to hale?

For to make them redy to walk to the ale.

Why hale they up stonys by the crane lyne?

To make the tempest sese and the sonne sh'ne.

Why close they the port with the sec bord?

For the mastir shuld awake at first word.

Thow art a redy reve, qð Hanybald, in fay:

Yee sit trewly, for sothe is that yew sey.

Geffrey evir clappid, as doith a watir myll, 2270

And made Hanybald to laugh al his hert fyll.

Beryn, qð this Geffrey, retourn thy men ageyn;

What shall they do with The at court? no man on  
them pleyne.

Plede thy case thy selve, right as thou hast ywrought,

To bide with the shippis my purpose is and thought.

Nay forsoth, qð Hanybald, thou shalt abyde on lond;

Wee have no folis but The; and toke hym by the  
hond;

For thou art wise in law to plede all the case.

That can I betir, qð Geffrey, then eny man in this  
plase.

What seyest thou therto, Beryn? shall I tell thy tale?

Hanybald likid his wordis wele, and forward gan  
hym hale.

Beryn made hym angry, and sighid wondir fore;

For Geffrey hym had enfourmid of every poynt tofore;

How he hym shuld govern all the long day.

Geffrey chafid hym ageyn; sey me ye or nay,

Maystowe nat here speke some maner word;

Leve thy blab, lewd sole, me likith nat thy bord.

I have anothir thought, qð Beryn, wherof thou ca-  
rist lite.

Clepeist thou me a sole, qð Geffrey? al that I may  
The wite.

But first when we out of Rome sailid both in fere;

Tho I was thy selawe and thy partinere;

For tho the marchandise was more then half myne;

And sith that thou com hiðir thou takist all for thyne.

But yit or it be eve, I wol make oon beheft;

But thou have my help, thy part shall be left.

Thyn help, qð Beryn; lewde sole, thou art more  
then malid:

Dres The to the shippis ward with thy crown yrafid;

For I myght nevir spare The bet, trus, and be agoo:

I woll go with The, qð Geffrey, wher thou wolt  
or no;

And lern to plede law, to wyn both howse and lond.

So thou shalt, qð Hanybald, and led hym by the  
hond;

And leyde his hond oppon his nek: but and he had y-  
know

Whom he had led, in sikernes he had well levir in  
snowe

Have walkid xl myle, and rathir then fail more:

For he wisshid that Geffrey had ybe unbore

Full oft tyme in that day, or the ple wer do;

And so did all that wrought Beryn sham and woo.

Now



Now yee that list abide and here of sotilte,  
Mowe know how that Beryn sped in his ple;  
And in what aray to the court he went; 2310  
And how Hanybald led Geffrey, disware of his en-  
tent.

But yet he axid of Geffrey, what is thy name I pray?  
Gylhochet, qð Geffrey, men clepid me yistirday.  
And wher weer thou ybore? I note I make a vow;  
Seyd Geffrey to this Hanybald, I axe that of yew:  
For I can tell no more, but here I stond nowc.

Hanybald of his wordis hertlich lowghe,  
And held hym for a passyng sole to serve eny Lord.  
Thus they romyd janglyng into the court ward:  
But or they com ther, the steward was yfet; 2320  
And the grettist of the town a company ymet;  
And gon to stryve fast, who shuld have the good  
That com was with Beryn ovir the salt flood.  
Som seyde oon and som seyde anothir;  
Som wold have the shippis, the parell, and the ro-  
thir;

Som his eyen, som his lyf wold have, and no les;  
Or els he shuld for them fyne, or he did pas,  
And in the mene, whils they wer in this afay,  
Beryn and these Romeyns wer com, in good aray  
As myght be made of woll, and of colour graynyd;  
They toke a fyde bench that for them was ordeynyd.  
When all was hush and still, Beryn arose anon,  
And stode in the myddis of the hall tofore them everi-  
chone;

And seyde, sir steward, in me shall be no let:  
I am ycom to answer, as my day is set;  
Do me ryght and reson, I axe yew no more.  
So shall I, qð the steward, for ther'to I am swore.  
He shall have right, qð Geffrey, wher thou wolt  
or no.

For and thou mys onys thy jugement ondo;  
I wolt to the Emperour of Rome my cosyn; 2340  
For of o cup he and I full oft have dronk the wyne;  
And yit we shull herastir, as oft as we mete,  
For he is long the gladder, when I fend hym to grete.  
This Geffrey stode upon a fourm, for he wold be sey  
Above all othir the shuldris, and the cry;

And starid al about, with his lewd berd,  
And was yhold a very sole of ech man hym herd.  
The steward, and the officers, and the burgeyfis all,  
Laughid at hym hertlich; the criour gan to call  
The burgeyse, that had pleyd with Beryn at ches;  
And he arose quiklich, and gan hym for to dres  
Afore the steward at barr, as the maner is;  
He gan to tell his tale wyth grete redines;  
Here me, sir steward, this day is me set,  
To haveright and reson; I axe yew no bet,  
Of Beryn, that here stondith; that with me yistirday  
Made a certen covenant, and at ches we did pley;  
That whofo were ymatid of us both too,  
Shuld do the toðir's bidding; and yf he wold nat so,  
He must drink all the watir that salt wer in the Se: 2360  
Thus I to hym surid, and he also to me.

To preve my tale trew, I am nat all aloon;  
Up rose to burgeyfis quiklich anon;  
And affermyd eviry word of his tale soth;  
And made them all redy for to do their othe.  
Evander the steward, Beryn, now qð he,  
Thow most answere nede; it wolt noon othir be;  
Take thy counsell to The: spede on, I have doon,  
Beryn held hym styll: Geffrey spak anon;  
Now be my trowith, qð Geffrey, I marvell much of  
yew 2370

To bid us go to counsell, and knowith me wile i-  
nowghe,  
And evir full avysid, in twynkelyng of an eye,  
To make a short answer, but yf my mowith be dry.  
Shuld we go to counsell for o word or tweyn?  
Be my trowith we n'yll, let se mo that pleyen.

And but he be yanswer'd, and that right anon:  
I geve yew leve to rise and walk out everychoon,  
And aspy redily yf ye fynd me there,  
In the meen whils I wolt abyde here;

Nay, I tell trewly, I am wiser then ye ween: 2380  
For ther n'ys noon of you woot redely what I meen.

Every man gan laughe all his hert fill,  
Of Geffrey and his wordis; but Beryn held hym still  
And was cleen astonyd; but yit ner the lattir;  
He held it nat al foly that Geffrey did clattir;  
But wisely hym governyd, as Geffrey hym taught;  
For percell of his wisdom he had tofore smaught.  
Sir steward, qð Beryn, I ondirflond wele  
The tale of this burgeyse; now let anothir tell:

That I may take counsell, and answer all at onys. 2390  
I graunt, qð the steward, then axing for the nonys;  
Sith thou wolt be rewld by the fol's rede;

For he is right a wise man to help The in thy nede  
Up aros the accusours queyntlich anon;  
Hanybald was the first of them everichoon,  
And gan to tell his tale with a proud chere;  
Yistirday, soverens, when I was here;  
Beryn and thes burgeyse gon to plede fast  
For pleying at ches; so ferforth at last,  
Thorough vertu of myn office, that I had in charge  
Beryn's fyve shippis, for to go at large,  
And to be in answer her this same day:  
So walkyng to the flondward we bargeynyed by the  
wey,

That I shuld have the marchandise that Beryn with  
hym brought,

Wherof I am scfid, as ful sold and bought,  
In covenante that I shuld his shippis fill ageyn  
Of my marchandise; such as he tofore had seyn  
In myn own plase, howtis to or thre,  
Full of marchandise as they myght be:

And I am evir redy, whensoever he wolt, 2410  
Let hym go, or sende, and charge his shippis full  
Of such marchandise as he findith there:  
For in such wordis we acordit were.

Up rose x burgeyfis, not tho that rose tofore,  
But othir; and made them redy to have swore.  
That every word of Hanybald; from the begynnyng  
to the end,

Was soth and eke trewe; and with their mende  
Full prest they wer to preve; and seyde they wer pre-  
sent

At covenant making by God omnipotent,  
It shall nat nede, qð Geffrey, whils that I here flond-  
For I wolt preve it my self with my right honde.  
For I have been in four batellis heretofore,  
And this shall be the list; and therfor I am swore  
Beholdith, and seith, and turnyd hym about;  
The steward and the burgeyse gamyd all about:  
The Romeyns held them still and lawhghid but a lite.  
Wyth that cam the blynd man his tale to endite,  
That God hym grant wynnyng right as he hath a-  
servid.

Beryn and his company flond all aftryvyd  
Betwene hope and drede, right in high distres; 2430  
For of wele or of woo they had no sikernes.

Beryn, qð this blynd, thonghe I may nat see,  
Stond nere yit the barr, my comyng is for The,  
That wrongtullich thou withholdist my both to eyen,  
The wich I toke The for a tyme; and quiklich to me  
hijen,

And take them me ageyn, as our covenant was.  
Beryn, I take no reward of othir mennys cafe,  
But oonlich of myn oon; that flont me most an hond  
Now blessid be God in heven, that brought The to  
this lond;

For sith our last parting, many bitir teris 2440  
Have I lete for thy love, that som tyme partineris

Of



Of wyunnyng and of lesing were yeris fele;  
And evir I lond The trewe; tyl at the last thou didist  
fele

Awey wyth my too eyen, that I toke to The,  
To se the tregetours pley and their sotilte:  
As yistirday, here in this same plase,  
Tofore yew, sir steward, reherfid as it was.

Full trew is that byword, *a man to serve sabill*  
*Ledith oft beand from his own stabill.*

Beryn, by The I meen, though thou make it straunge;  
For thou knowist trewly that I made no chaunge  
Of my good eyen, for thyn that badder were.

Therwith stode up burgeyse four, witnes to bere.

Beryn held hym styll, and Geffrey spak anoon;

Now of thy lewd compleynt, and thy masid moon,

By my trowith, qð Geffrey, I have grete mervail.

For though thou haddist eyen-sight, it shuld litill a-

raile;

Thou shuldist nevir fare the bet, but the wors in fay;  
For al thing may be still now for The in house and  
way;

And yf thou haddist thyn eyen, thou woldist no coun-  
fell hele;

I know wele by thy finnamy, thy kynd wer to stele;

And eke it is thy profite, and thyn ese also,

To be blynd as thou art: for now wherso thou go,

Thou hast thy lyvode, whils thou art alyve;

And yf thou myghtist se, thou shuldist nevir thryve.

Al the louse throughtout, save Beryn and his feris,

Lawghid of Geffrey, that watir on their leris

Ran down from their eyen for his masid wit.

Wyth that cam the woman, hir tung was nat sclyt,

Wyth 15 burgeyfis, and women also fele,

Her quarel for to preve, and Beryn to apele,

With a feir knave child yloke wythin their armys;

And gan to tel hir tale of wrongis, and of armys,

And eke of unkyndnes, untrowith, and falsheide,

That Beryn had ywrought to hir; that queyntlich

from hir gede

Anoon oppon her wedding, when he his wyll had  
doon,

And brought hir wyth chyld, and lete hir sit aloon

Wythout help and comfort from that day; and  
nowith

He proferid me nat to kys onys with his mowith:

As yistirday, sir steward, afore yew eche word 2480

Was reherfid here, my pleynt is of record;

And this dey is me set for to have reson:

Let hym make amendis, or els tell encheson

Why hym ought nat fynd, as man ought his wyf.

These fiftene burgeyfis quyklich al so blyve,

And as fele wymen as stode by hir ther,

Seyd that they were present when they weddit were;

And that every word that the woman seyde

Was trew, and eke Beryn had hir so betray'd.

*Benedicite.* qð Geffrey, Beryn hast thou a wyf?

Now have God, my trowith, the dayis of my lyf

I shall trust The the les, thou toldist me nat to fore

As wele of thy wedding, and of thy sone ybore.

Go to and kys them both, thy wyf and eke thyn

heir:

Be thou nat ashamyd, for they both be feyr.

This wedding was right privy, but I shall make it  
couthe:

Behold thy sone, it semith crope out of thy mowith;

And eke of thy condicounne both soft and some.

Now am I glad thyn heir shall with us to Rome;

And I shall teche hym, as I can, whils that he is

young

Every day by the strete to gaðir houndis dung;

Tyll it be abill of prentyse to craft of *Taverner* taury;

And aftir I shall teche hym for to cache a fly,

And to mend mytens, when they been to tore,

And aftir to cloute shoun, when he is elder more:

Yit for his parentyne, to pipe, as doith a mowse,  
I woll hym teche, and for to pike a snayl out of his  
howse,

And to berk, as doith an hound, and sey baw baw:

And turn round about, as a cat doith wyth a straw,

And to blete as doith a shepe, and ney as doith an

hors,

And to low as doith a cow: and as myn own corps

I woll cherissh hym every day, for his moðirs sake.

And gan to stappe ner the child, to have ytake,

As semed by his countenance, although he thought

nat so.

But moðir was evir ware, and blenchid to and fro,

And leyd hir hond betwene, and lokid somwhat

wroth:

And Geffrey in pur wrath beshrewid them all both.

For by my trowith, qð Geffrey, wel masid is thy

pan:

For I woll teche thy sone the craftis that I can,

That he in tyme to come myght win his lyvode.

To wex therfor angry thou art verry wood.

Of husbond, wyf, and sone, by the Trynyte,

I note wich is the wisest of them all thre.

No sothly, qð the steward; it liith all in thy noll,

Both wit and wysdom, and previth by thy poll.

For all be that Geffrey wordit sotilly,

The steward and the burgeyfis held it for folly,

All that evir he seyde, and toke it for good game,

And had full litill knowlech he was Geffrey the

lame.

Beryn and his company stode still as stone,

Betwene hope and drede, disware how it shuld goon:

Saff Beryn trist in party that Geffrey wold hym help,

But yit into that hour he had no cause to yelp:

Wherfor they made much sorowe that dole was and

pete.

Geffrey herd hym sigh fore; what devil is yew, qð he?

What nede yew be fory, whils I stond here?

Have I nat enfourmid yew how, and in what ma-

nere,

That I yew wold help, and bryng them in the snare?

Yf ye coud plede as well as I, full litill wold ye care.

Pluk up thy hert, qð Geffrey Beryn I speke to The;

Leve thy blab lewd, qð Beryn to hym age,

It doith no thing avall, that sorowe com on thy

hede;

It is nat worth a fly al that thou hast seyde.

Have we nat els now for to think oppon,

Saff here to jangill? Machyn rose anoon,

And went to the barr, and gan to tell his tale;

He was as fals as Judas, that set Criste at sale.

Sir steward, qð this Machyn, and the burgeyfis all

Knowith wele how Melan with purpill, and with

pall,

And othir marchandise, seven yere ago,

Went toward Rome, and how that I also

Have enquired sith, as reson woll and kynde,

Sith he was my faðir, to know of his ende.

For yit sith his departing, tyl it was yistirday,

Met I nevir creature that me coud wissh or say

Reedynes of my faðir, dede othir alyve:

But blefid be God in heven, in this chev'is sclyve

The knyff I gaff my faðir was yistirday yfound:

Sith I hym apele, let hym be fast ybound.

The knyff I know wel inowe; also the man stont here,

And dwellith in this town, and is a cotelere,

That made the same knyff wyth his too hondis;

That wele I woot there is noon like to sech al cristen

londis:

For 3 precioufe stonys been wythin the haft

Perfitlich ycouchit, and sotillich by craft

Endendit in the haft, and that right coriously;

A saphir, and a salidone, and a rich ruby.

The



The cotelere cam lepeing forth with a bold chere;  
And seyde to the steward, that Machyn told now  
here

Every word is trew; so beth the stonys set; 2570  
I made the knyff my self, who myght know it bet;  
And toke the knyff to Machyn, and he me pay'd wele  
So is this felon guilty; there is no more to tell.

Up arose burgeyis by 2 by 3 by 4  
And seyde they wer present, the same tyme and hour,  
When Machyn wept fore, and brought his fadir's  
gownd,

And gaf hym the same knyff oppon the See strond.

Beth ther eny mo pleyntifs of record

Qd Geoffrey to the steward? and he ageynward.

How semeth The, Gylhochet, beth ther nat inowghe?

Make thyn answer, Beryn, case that thou mowe:

For oon or othir thou must sey, although it nat a-  
vaile;

And but thou lese or thou go, methinkith grete  
mervail.

Beryn goith to counsell, and his company:

And Geoffrey bode behinde to her more and fe,

And to shew the burgeyse somewhat of his hert;

And seyde, but I make the pleyntifs for to smert,

And alle that them meynthenith for aught that is y-  
seyde,

I woll grant yew to kut the eris fro my hede.

My master is at counsell, but counsell hath he noon:

For but I hym help, he is cleen undoon.

But I woll help hym al that I can, and meyntene hym  
also

By my power and connyng, so I am bound ther'to.

For I durst wage battell wyth yew, though yee be  
strong,

That my maister is in the trowith, and ye be in the  
wrong:

For and we have lawe, I ne hold yew but destroyed

In yewr own falschede, so be yee now aspied.

Wherfor yit or eve I shal abate yewr pride;

That som of yew shal be right feyn to synk away  
and hide.

The burgeyses gon to lawgh, and scornyd hym  
ther'to. 2600

Gylhochet, qd Evander, and thou cowdist so

Bryng it thus about, it were a redy wey.

He is a good fool, qd Hanybald, in fay,

To put hymself aloon in strengith, and eke in wit,

Ageyns all the burgeyses that on this bench sit.

What clatir is this, qd Machyn, al day with a sole?

Tyme is now to worch with som othir tole.

For I am certeyn of their answer that they wol fail;

And lyf for lyf of my fadir, what may that avail?

Wherfor beth avisid, for I am in no doute, 2610

The goodis been sufficient to part al aboute:

So may every party pleyntif have his part.

That is reson, qd the blind, a trew man thou art;

And eke it were untrowith and eke grete syn,

But eche of us that pleyntith myght somewhat wyn.

Hanybald bote his lippis, and herd them both wele;

Towching the marchandise o tale I shal yew tell,

And eke make a vow, and hold my behest,

That of the marchandise yewr part shall be lest:

For I have made a bargeyn, that may nat be undo,

I woll hold his covenaut, and he shal myn also.

Up roos quylich the burgeyse Syrophanes;

Hanybald, qd he, the law goith by no lanys,

But hold ferth the streyt wey, even as doith a lyne:

For yistirday when Beryn with me did dyne,

I was the first person that put hym in arest:

And for he wold go large, thou haddist in charge  
and hest

To fesc both ship and goodis, til I were answerid;

Then must I first be servid, this knowith al men y-  
lerid. 2630

The woman stode besidis, and cried wondir fast;

Ful soth is that byword, *to put who comyth last*,

He worst is servid; and so it farith by me:

Yit nethirles, Sir Steward, I trust to yewr lentè,

That knowith best my cause and my trew entent;

I axe yew no more but rightful jugement.

Let me have part with othir, sith he my husbond is:

Good Sir beth avisid, I axe yew nat amys.

Thus they gon to stryve, and wer of high mode,

For to depart emong them othir mennys good, 2640

Wher they tofore had nevyr properte,

Ne nevyr shuld thereafter by doom of equitye;

But they had othir cause then they had tho.

Beryn was at counsell, his hert was full woo,

And his meyny fory, distrakt, and al amayide;

For tho they levid noon othir, but Geoffrey had be-  
trayide,

Because he was so long, they could no maner rede;

But everich by hymself wishid he had be dede.

O myghtful God, they seyde, I trow tofore this day,

Was nevyr gretter trefon, fere, ne affray, 2650

Ywrought onto mankind, then now is to us here;

And namelich by this Geoffrey with his sotil chere.

So feithful he made it he wold us help echone,

And now we be ymyryd he letith us sit aloon.

Of Geoffrey, qd Beryn, be as it be may:

We mut answer nede, ther is noon othir way;

And therfor let me know your wit, and your coun-  
saile;

They wept, and wrong their hondis, and gan to  
waile

The tyme that they wer bore, and shortly of the  
lyve

They wishid that they wer; with that came Geoffrey  
blive, 2660

Passing them towards, and began to smyle.

Beryn axid Geoffrey, wher he had be al the while?

Have mercy oppon us, and help us as thou hight.

I wol help yow right wele, through Grace of Godd's  
might:

And I can tell yow tiding of their governaunce.

They stond in altercacioun and stryf in poynt to  
prauce

To depart your goodis; and levith verrily

That it wer impossibill yew to remedy.

But their high pride and their presumpcioun 2670

Shal be, yit or eve, their confusioun;

And to make amendis ech man for his pleynt.

Let se therfor your good avise, how they might be  
ateynt.

The Romeyns stode still, as who had shor their hede.

In feith, qd Beryn, we can no maner rede,

But in God, and yew, we submit us all,

Body, lyf, and goodis, to stond or to fall;

And nevyr for to travers o word that thou seyft:

Help us good Geoffrey as wele as thou mayft. 2680

Deperdeux, qd Geoffrey, and I woll do me peyn

To help yow as my connyng woll strech and ateyn.

The Romeyns went to barr, and Geoffrey altofore

With a nice countenaunce, barefote, and to tore,

Pleying with a yerd, he bare in his honde;

And was evyr wislyng at every pasc comaunde.

The steward and the burgeyis had game inowghe

Of Geoffrey's nice comyng, and hertlich lowghe;

And eche man seyde, Gylhochet, com nere;

Thow art right welcome, for thou makist us chere.

The same welcom, qd Geoffrey, that yee woll us,

Fall oppon yewr hedis, I prey to God, and wers.

They held hym for a verry sole, but he held them  
wel more:

And so he made them in breff tyme, all though they  
wer nat shore.

Styntith now, qd Geoffrey, and let make pefe,

Of myrthis and of japis tyme is now to cefe,



And speke of othir mater that we have to doon:  
For and we hew amys eny maner ston;  
We know wele in certeyn what pardon we shul have:  
The more is our nede us to defend and save.  
My master hath be at counsell, and ful avisid is 2700  
That I shall have the wordis, speke I wele or mys:  
Wherfor, Sir steward, and ye burgeydis all,  
Sittith up right, and writith nat, for aventuris that  
may fall.

For and ye deme untréwly, or do us eny wrong,  
Ye shul be refourmyd, be ye nevir so strong,  
Of every poynt and injury, and that in grete haste;  
For he is nat unknowe to us that may yow chaste.  
Hold forth the right wey, and by no lide lanys.  
And as towching the first pleyntif Syrophanes,  
That pleyd with my master ystirday at ches, 2710  
And made a certeyn covenante, who that had the  
wers

In the last game, al thoughe I wer nat there,  
Shuld do the to Sir's bidding, whatsoevir it wer,  
Or drynk all the watir that salt wer in the See;  
Thus I crowe, Sir steward, ye woll record the ple:  
And yf I have ymissid, in lettir, or in word,  
The lawe wol I be rewlied afir yewr record:  
For we be ful avisid in this wise to answere.  
Evander the steward and al men that wer there  
Had mervil much of Geffrey, that spak so redely,  
Whole wordis tofore semyd al folly;  
And wer allynyd clen, and gan for to drede;  
And ev'ry man tyl othir lenyd with his hede;  
And seyde, he reported the tale right formally;  
He was no fole in certen, but wise, ware, and sely;  
For he hath but yjapid us, and scornyd heretofore;  
And we have hold hym a fole, but we be wel more.  
Thus they stodid on Geffrey, and laughid tho right  
naught.

When Geffrey had aspied they wer in such thought,  
And their hertis trobelid, pensyf, and anoyed; 2730  
Hym lyst to dryve in bet the nayl, till they wer fully  
cloyid:

Soveren Sirs, he seyde, sith that it so is,  
That in reporting of our ple ye fynd nothing amys,  
As provith wele yowr seilence, eke ye withseyth nat  
O word of our tale, but clene without spot;  
Then to our answer I prey yow take hede;  
For we wol sey al the trowith, right as it is in dede.  
For this is forth and certen, it may nat be withseyd,  
That Beryn that here stondith was thus ovirpleid  
In the last game, when wagir was opon: 2740  
But that was his sufferance, as ye shul here anon.  
For in all this cete ther n'ys no maner man  
Can pley betir at ches, then my mastir can;  
Ne bet then I, though I it sey, can nat half so much:  
Now how he lost it by his wyll, the cause I woll teche.  
For ye wend and ween that ye had hym engyned;  
But ye shul se in every veyn that ye be undirmined,  
And ybrought at ground, and eke ovirmusid.  
And agens the fult that Beryn is acusid  
Herith now ententyflich: When we wer on the See,  
Such a tempest on us fill, that noon myght othir se,  
Of thundir, wynd, and lightenyng, and stormys ther  
among;

Fiftene dayis during the tempest was so strong,  
That eche man till othir began hym for to shryve;  
And made their avowis, yf they myght have the lyve,  
Som to se the sepulkir, and som to othir plase,  
To sech holy seyntis for help and for grace;  
Som to fast, and do pennaunce, and som do almyf-  
dede:

Tyl at last, as God wold, a voise to us seyde,  
In our most turment, and desperat of mynd, 2760  
That yf we wold be savid, my maister must hym bynd  
Be seith and eke be row, when he cam to lond,  
To drink al the salt watir within the See strond;

Without drinking eny sope of the fresch watir:  
And taught hym al the sotilte, how and in what ma-  
nere

That he shuld wurch by engyne, and by a sotill charm,  
To drink all the salt watir, and have hymself no  
harm;

But stop the fresch rivers by every cost side,  
That they entir nat in the Se thorough the world wyde.  
The voise we herd, but naught we saw; so wer our  
witts ravid: 2770

For this was end fynally, yf we lust be savid.  
Wherfor my master Beryn, when he cam to this port,  
To his avow and promys he made his first resort,  
Or that he wold bergeyn eny marchandise.  
And right doith these marchandis in the same wise;  
That maken their avowis in saving of their lyv'is;  
They complotyn their pilgremagis or they se their  
wyvis.

So mowe ye ondirfiond, that my master Beryn  
Of fre will was ymatid, as he that was a pilgrym,  
And myght nat perfourm by many thousand part 2780  
His avow and his best, wythout right sotil art,  
Without help and strengith of many mennys myght.  
Sir steward, and sir burgeyse, if we shul have right,  
Sirophanes must do cost and aventure,

To stop al the fresch ryvers into the See that entir.  
For Beryn is redy in al thing hym to quyte,  
So he be in defaute must pay for the wite.  
Sith ye been wise al; what nede is much clair?  
Ther was no covenante them betwene to drink fresch  
watir.

When Sirophanes had yherd al Geffrey's tale; 2790  
He stode al abasheid, with colour wan and pale,  
And lokid oppon the steward with a rewful chere,  
And on othir frendship and neyghbours he had there;  
And preyde them of counsell the answeere to reply.

These Romeyns, qd the steward, been wondir sely,  
And eke right ymmagytyf, and of sotil art;  
That I am in grete dowte how yee shul depart  
Without harm in oon side; our lawis, well thow  
wolt,

Is to pay damagis, and eke also the cost  
Of every party plentyf that fallith in his pleynt, 2800  
Let hym go quyt I counsell, yf it may so be queynt.  
I merveil, qd Sirophanes, of their sotilte;

But sith that it so stondith, and may noon othir be;  
I do woll be counsell, and grauntid Beryn quyte.  
But Geffrey thought anothir, and without respite  
Sirs, he seyde, me wetith wele that ye wol do us right,  
And so ye must nedis, and so ye have us highte;  
And therefore, sir steward, ye occupy our plase;  
And ye know wele what law wol in this case:

My mastir is redy to perfourm his avow. 2810  
But natheless, qd the steward, I cannot were how  
To stop all the fresch watir were possibillite.

Yis in soth, qd Geffrey, who had of gold plente  
As man coude wish, and it myght well be do.  
But that is nat our defaute, he hath no tresour to.

Let hym go to in haste, or find us fuerce,  
To make amendis to Beryn for his iniquite,  
Wrong, and harm, and trespas, and undewe wexa-  
cioune,

Lost of sale, and marchandise, difese, and tribula-  
cioune,

That we have sustenyd thorough his iniquite. 2820  
What vaylith it to tary us? for though ye sotil pry,  
We shul have reson wher ye wol or no:

So woll we that ye knowe, what that we woll do;  
In certen full avisid to llope for to pafe;

And declare every poynt, the more and eke the lase,  
That of yeur opyn errours hath pleyn correctioun,  
And ageyns his jugement is noon protectioun:

He is yewr lord riall, and soveren jugge, and lele;  
That and ye work in eny poynt, to hym liith our apele



So when the steward had yherd, and the burgeyfis alle,  
How Geffrey had ysteryd, that went so nighe the gall;  
What for shame, and drede of more harm, and re-  
preffe,

They made Sirophanes, weer hym looth or leffe,  
To take Beryn gage, and plegg find also,  
To byde the ward and jugement of that he had mysdo.  
Now ferthermore, qð Geffrey, sith that it so is,  
That of the first pleyntyf we have sikernes;  
Now to the marchant we must nedis answere,  
That bergeyned with Beryn, al that his shippis bere,  
In covaunte that he shuld his shippis fill ageyn  
Of othir marchandise, that he tofore had seyn 2840  
In Hanybald's plase, howfis to or thre,  
Full of marchandise as they might be.

Let us pas thiðir, yf eny thing be there  
At our lust and liking, as they acordit were.  
I graunt wele, qð Hanybald, thow axist but righte.  
Up arose these burgeyfis, thow axist but right;  
The steward and his comperis entrid first the howse,  
And saw nothing within, straw, ne leff, ne mowse,  
Save tymbir, and the tyle stonys, and the wallis white.  
I trow, qð the steward, the wyunnyng woll be but lite  
That Beryn woll now get in Hanybald's pleynte:  
For I can se noon othir but they woll be teynt:  
And clepid them in echone, and went out hymselfe;  
As sone as they were entrid, they saw no maner selve,  
For foris of their hert; but as tofore is seyde,  
The howse was cleen yfwept: then Geffrey feir they  
preyde

To help yf he coud; let me aloon, qð he,  
Yit shul they have the wers as sotill as they be.  
Evander the steward, in the mene while,  
Spak to the burgeyse, and began to smyle; 2860  
Though Sirophanes be yhold thes Romeyns for to  
curs;

Yit I trow that Hanybald woll put hym to the wers:  
For I am suyr and cerceyn, within they shul nat fynd.  
What sey ye be my pleynt, sirs, qð the blynd?  
For I make a vow, I woll nevyr cese  
Tyl Sirophanes have of Beryn a pleynt relese;  
And to make hym quyte of his submissioun:  
Els wol I have no pete of his contritioun;  
But folow hym al so ferly as I can or may,  
Tyll I have his eyen both to away. 2870

Now in feith, qð Machyn, and I wol have his lyffe.  
For though he scape yew all, with me woll he nat  
stryffe;

But be right feyn in hert all his good forsake,  
For to scape wyth his lyf, and to me it take.  
Beryn and his feleship wer within the house;  
And speken of their answer, and made but litill rouse;  
But evyr preyde Geffrey, to help yf he coud ought.  
I woll nat fail, qð Geffrey, and was tofore bethought  
Of too botirflis, as white as eny snowe;  
He lere them flee within the house, that astir on the  
wowe 2880

They clevid wondir fast, as their kynd woll,  
Astir they had flew to rest anothir pull.  
When Geffrey saw the botirflis cleving on the wall,  
The steward and the burgeyse in he gan call:  
Lo! sirs, he sayd, whofo evyr repent,  
We have chose marchandise most to our talent,  
That we fynd herein. Behold, Sir Hanybal,  
The yondir botirflis that clevith on the wall;  
Of such ye must fill our shippis al fyve.  
Pluk up thy hert Beryn, for thow most nedis thryve:  
For when we out of Rome in marchantfere went,  
To purchase botirflis was our most entent.  
Yit woll I tell the cause especial and why:  
There is a leche in Room, that hath ymade a cry  
To make an oyntement to cure all tho ben blynde,  
And al maner infirmytees, that growith in man-  
kynde.

The day is short, the work is long: Sir Hanyball, ye  
mut hy.

When Hanybald herd this tale, he seyde pryvely  
In counsell to the steward; in soth I have the wers:  
For I am sikir by this pleynt that shall I litil purs. 2900  
So me semeth, qð the steward, for in the world  
rounde

So many botirflis wold nat be founde  
I trow o ship to charge. Wherfor me thinkith best,  
Let hym have his good ageyn, and be in pefe and rest.  
And yit is an aventure and thow scape so,  
Thy covaunt to relese without more ado.

The burgeyfis everichone, that were of that cete,  
Were anoyd sore, when they herd of this plee.  
Geffrey with his wisdom held them hard and streyte,  
That they were acombrit in their own distreyte. 2910  
When Hanybald with his frendis had spoke of this ma-  
tere;

They drow them towards Beryn, and seid in this ma-  
nere;

Oonly for botirflis ye com fro your contrey;  
And we you tell in sikirnes, and opon our fey,  
That so many botirflyes we shul nevyr gete:  
Wherefore we be avifid othirwise to trete;  
That Hanybald shall relese his covaunt that is ma-  
kid,

And delyver the good ageyn, that from you was ran-  
sakid;

And wexe you no more, but let you go in pefe.  
Nay forsoth, qð Geffrey, us nedith no relese: 2920  
Ye shull hold our covaunt, and we shull yours also;  
For we shull have reson, wher ye woll or no,  
Whils I hope is alyve, I am nothing aserd;  
For I can wipe all this plee cleen from your berd,  
And ye blench onys out of the high wey.  
Thei proferid hym plegg and gage, without more de-  
ley.

Now ferthirmore, qð Geffrey, us ought to procede:  
For to the blynd mann's poynt we must answer nede;  
That, for to tell trowith, he lyvith all to long,

For his own sawte, and his own wrong, 2930  
On Beryn he hath surmysid, as previth by his plee:  
And that ye shull opynlich know wele and see.

For as I undirstode hym, he seyde that sele yeris  
Beryn, that here stondith, and he, were peryneris  
Of wyunnyng and of lesyng, as men it use and doith;  
And that they chaungit eyen, and yit this is sothe:

But the cause of chaunging yit is to yow onknow:  
Wherfore I woll declare it, both to high and lowe  
In that same tyme that this burgeyse blynd,  
And my master Beryn, as fast as feith might bynde,  
Were marchaundis in comyn of al that they myght  
wyn,

Saff of lyf, and lym, and of dedely syn;  
Ther fill in tho marchis of al thing such a derth,  
That joy, comfort, and solas, and al maner myrth  
Was exilid cleen; saff oonly molestatioun,

That abood contenuell, and also dispiratioun.  
So when that the pepill wer in most myscheffe;  
God that is above, that al thing doith releve,  
Sent them such plente of mony, fruyte, and corn,

Wich turnid al to joy their mournyng al to for; 2950  
Then gaf they them to mirth, revel, pley, and song;  
And thankid God above, evyr more among

Of their relevacioun from woo into gladnes:  
For *astir four when swete is com, it is a plesant mes.*  
So in the meen whie of this prosperite,

Ther cam such a pleyer into the same contre,  
That nevyr thertofore was seyn such anothir;  
That wele was the cecture that born was of his moðir,

That myght se the mirthis of this jogeloure:  
For of the world wide tho dayis he bare the floure.  
For there n'as man ne woman in that regioun,

That set of hymself the flore of a boton,



Yf he had not fey his myrthis and his game.  
 So oppon a tyme, this pleyer did proclame  
 That al manere of pepill his pleyis wold fe,  
 Shuld com oppon a certen dey to the grete cete:  
 Then among othir, my master here Beryn  
 And this same blynd, that pledith now with hym,  
 Made a certen covenant, that they wold fe  
 The mervellis of this pleyer, and his sotilte: 2970  
 So what for hete of somir, age, and febilnes,  
 And eke also the long way, this blynd for werryne  
 Fill flat adown to the erth, o fote ne myght he go;  
 Wherfor my master Beryn in hert was full woo,  
 And seyde, my frende, how now? mow ye no ferther  
 pas?  
 No, he seyde, by hym that first made mas:  
 And yit I had levir, as God my soule save,  
 Se thes wondir pleyis then all the good I have.  
 I cannat els, qð Beryn, but yf it may nat be,  
 But that ye and I mut retourn age, 2980  
 Astir ye be refreschid of your werynes;  
 For to leve yew in this plite it wer no gentilnes.  
 Then seyde this blynd, I am avisid bet:  
 Beryn, ye shull wend thiðir without eny let;  
 And have myn eyen with yew, that they the pley mow  
 fe;  
 And I woll have yours tyll ye come age.  
 Thus was their covenant made, as I to yow report,  
 For ese of this blynd, and most for his comfort.  
 But wotith wele the whole science of all surgery  
 Was unyd, or the chaunge was made of both eye, 2990  
 With many sotill enchantours, and eke nygramancers,  
 That sent were for the nonys, mastiris and scoleris;  
 So when all was complete, my mastir went his wey  
 With this mann's eyen, and saw all the pley;  
 And hastily retourned into that plase age;  
 And fond this blynd seching on hondis and on kne,  
 Grasping all aboute to fynd that he had lore,  
 Beryn his both eyen that he had tofore:  
 But as sone as Beryn had pleyn knowleche  
 That his eyen were ylost, unneth he myght areche  
 O word, for pure anguysh that he toke sodenly,  
 And from that day till now ne myght he nevir spy  
 This man in no plase, ther law was ymevid;  
 But now in his presence the soth is full yprevid;  
 That he shall make amendis or he hens pas;  
 Right as the lawe wol deme, ethir more or las.  
 For my mastir's eyen were betir and more clere  
 Then thes that he hath now, to fe both fer and nere;  
 So wold he have his own, that propir were of kynd:  
 For he is evir redy, to take to the blynde 3010  
 The eyen that he had of hym, as covenant was;  
 So he woll do the same. Now, soverens, in this case  
 Ye mut take hede for to deme right;  
 For it wer no reson my mastir shuld lese his sight,  
 For his trew hert and his gentilnes.  
 Beryn, qð the blind, tho I woll The relese,  
 My quarell, and my cause, and fall fro my pleynt.  
 Thow mut nede, qð Geffrey, for thow art areynt:  
 So mut thow profir gage, and borowis fynd also,  
 For to make amendis, as othir have ydo. 3020  
 Sir steward do us law, sith we desire but right:  
 As we been pefe marchandis, us longith nat to fight;  
 But pleyn us to the law, yf so we be agrevid.  
 Anoon opon that Geffrey thes wordis had ymevid,  
 The blynd man fond borowis for all his maletalent,  
 And were yentrid in the court to byde the jugement:  
 For thoughe that he blynde were, yit had he good  
 plente,  
 And more wold have wonne through his iniquite.  
 Now herith sirs, qð Geffrey, thre pleyntifs been aslu-  
 rid:  
 And as anenst the ferth, this woman hath arerid 3030  
 That pleyntith here on Beryn, and seyth she is his wyfe,  
 And that she hath many a dey led a peynous lyfe,

And much forow endurid his child to sustene,  
 And al is soth and trew: now rightfullich to deme  
 Whether of them both shall othir obey,  
 And folowe will and lustis, sir steward, ye mut sey.  
 And therewith Geffrey lokid aside on this woman;  
 How she chaungit colours, pale, and eke wan:  
 All for nought, qð Geffrey, for ye mut with us go;  
 And endure with your husbond both wele and woo:  
 And wold have take her by the hond; but she away  
 did breyde,  
 And with a grete sighing, thes wordis she seyde;  
 That ageyns Beryn she wold plede no more:  
 But gagid with too borowis, as othir had do tofore.  
 The steward sat as still, as who had shor his hede;  
 And specially the pleyntifs were in much drede.  
 Geffrey set his wordis in such maner wise,  
 That wele they wist they myght nat scape in no wise,  
 Without los of goodis, for damage, and for cost;  
 For such wer their lawis, wher pleyntis wer ylost. 3050  
 Geffrey had full perseyte of their encombirment;  
 And eke he was in certen that the jugement  
 Shuld pas with his mastir. Wherfor he anoon,  
 Soveren sirs, he seyde, yit must we ferthir goon;  
 And answe to this Machyn, that seith the knife is his  
 That found was on Beryn, therof he seith nat amys.  
 And for more prefe he seith in this manere  
 That here stondith present the same cotelere  
 That the knyfe made, and the precious stonys thre  
 Within the haft been couchid, that in crystyanite, 3060  
 Thoughe men wold of purpose make serch and seche,  
 Men shuld nat fynd in al thing a knyfe that were it  
 liche:  
 And more opyn prefe than mann's own knowleche  
 Men of law ne clerkis con nat tell ne teche.  
 Now sith we be in this manere thus ferforth ago,  
 Then were spedfull for to know, how Beryn cam  
 first to  
 To have possessioun of the knyfe, that Machyn seith  
 is his:  
 To yew unknowe I shall enfourm the trowith as it is.  
 Now 7 yere and passid opon a tuisday  
 In the passioun-week, when men leven pley, 3070  
 And use more devocioun, fastyng, and preyer,  
 Then in othir tyme, or seson of the yere;  
 This Beryn's faðir erlich wold arise,  
 And barfote go to chirch to Godd's servise,  
 And lay hymself aloon from his own wyfe,  
 In reverence of the tyme, and mending of his lyfe.  
 So on the same tuisday, that I tofore nempt,  
 This Beryn rose, and rayd hym, and to the chirch  
 went,  
 And mervelid in his hert his faðir was nat there:  
 And homeward went ageyn, with drede, and eke  
 fere, 3080  
 Into his faðir's chambir, sodenlich he rakid,  
 And fond hym ligg standede, oppon the straw al nakid,  
 And the clothis halid from the bed away.  
 Out alas! qð Beryn, that evir I saw this dey!  
 The meyne herd the noyse, how Beryn cried alas!  
 And cam into the chambir, al that therein was;  
 But the dole, and the sorowe, and anguysh that was  
 there,  
 It vaylith nat at this tyme to declare it here;  
 But Beryn had most of all, have ye no doute:  
 And anoon they serchid the body al aboute, 3090  
 And fond this same knyfe, the poynt right at his hert  
 Of Beryn's faðir, whose teris gan outstert  
 When he drowgh out the knyfe of his faðir's wound:  
 Then standede I saw hym fall down to the ground,  
 In sight of the most part that beth with hym now  
 here;  
 And they aftermyd it for soth, as Geffrey did them  
 lere:

And



And yit had I nevir suspicioun, from that day tyll  
noweth,  
Who ded that cursed dede; tyll Machyn with his  
moweth

Afore yew hath knowlechild that the knyfe is his:  
So mut he nedis answer for his deth, ywis. 3100  
When Machyn had yherd al Geffrey's tale,  
He rose of bench sodenly, with colour wan, and pale,  
And seyde unto Beryn; Sir ageyn The  
I woll plete no more; for it wer gret pete  
To combir yew with actions, that beth of nobill kynde.  
Graunt mercy Sir qd Geffrey, but yit ye shull fynde  
Borrowis, or ye pas, amendis for to make  
For our undewe Vexacioun, and gage also us take  
In sign of submyssioun for your injury,  
As law wolle and reson; for we woll uttirly 3110  
Procede tyll we have jugement finall:

And ther'for, Sir Steward, what that evir fall,  
Delay us no longer, but gyve us jugement:  
For tristith ye noon othir, but we be fullich bent  
To Ifope for to wend, and in his high presence  
Reherce al our ptees, and have his sentence:  
Then shull ye make fynys, and highlich be agrevid.  
And as sone as the Steward herd thes wordis mevid,  
Reson ryght and law, seyde the Steward tho,  
Ye mut nedis have, wher I woll or no. 3120

And to preve my full wyll, or we terther goon,  
Quicklich he commaundit, and sparid nevir oon.  
24 Burgeyis in law best ylerid,  
Reherfing them the ptees, and how Geffrey answerid,  
And on yf, and lym, and forsetur of good,  
And as they wold nat lese the ball within their hood  
To draw a-part togiðir, and by their all assent  
Spare no man on lyve to gyve trew jugement:  
And when thes 24 Burgeyis had yherd  
The charge of the Steward; right fore they wer aferd  
To lese ther own lyvis, but they demed trowith;  
And eke of their neybours they had grete rowith.  
For they perseyvid clerlich, in the plee throughout,  
Their frendis had the wors side, ther'of they had no dout.  
And yf we deme trewly, they woll be fore anoyid;  
Yit it is betir then we be shamyd and distroyid.  
And anon they wer acordit, and seyde with Beryn,  
And demed every pleyntif to make a grete lyne  
With Beryn, and hym submyt hoolich to his grace,  
Body, good, and catell, for wrong and their trespass; 3140  
So ferforth, tyll at last it was so bonte ybore,  
That Beryn had the doubill good, that he had tofore:  
And wyth joy and myrth, wyth all his company,  
He droughe hym to his shippis ward, wyth long, and  
melody.

The Steward and the Burgeyse from the Court bent,  
Into their own placis; and evir as they went,  
They talkid of the Romeyns, how sotill they wer,  
To aray hym like a sole, that for them shuld answer.  
What vaylith it, qd Hanybald, to angir or to curs?  
And yit I am in certen, I shall fare the wers 3150  
All the dayis of my lyfe, for this day's pleding;  
And so shal al the Remnaunt; and their hondis wryng,  
Both Syrophanes, and the blynd, the Woman, and Ma-  
chyn,

And be bet avisid er they estsonys pleyne;  
And al othir personys wythyn this Cete  
Meil the les wyth Romeyns, whils they here be;  
For such anothir sole was nevir yit yborn;  
For he did naught ellis but evir with us scorn,  
Tyll he had us caught, even by the shyn,  
With his sotill wittis, in our own grene. 3160

Now woll I retourn to Beryn ageyn:  
That of his grete lukir in hert was right feyne;  
And so was all his meyne, as them ought wele,  
That they wer so delyverid from turment like to hell;  
And graciully relevid out of ther grete myschef,  
And yset above in comfort and bouchef.

Now in soth, quoð Beryn, it may nat be denied,  
N'ad Geffrey, and his witt be, we had be distroyid:  
Ithankid be Almyghty God Omnipotent,  
That for our Consolacioun Geffrey to us sent: 3170  
And in protest opynly, here among yew alle,  
Half my good, whils that I lyve, whatever me befall,  
I graunt it here to Geffrey, to gyve, or to sell,  
And nevir to part from me, yf it wer his wyl;  
And fare as well as I, a morrow and eke on eve,  
And nevir for man on lyve his company for to leve.  
Graunt mercy Sir, quoð Geffrey, yewr profir is feir and  
grete;

But I desire no more, but as ye me behete,  
To bryng me at Room, for this is Covenante.  
It shall be do, [qd] Beryn, and all the Remnaunt. 3180  
Deperdeux. qd Geffrey, ther'of we shull wele do:  
He rayid hym othirwise; and without wordis mo,  
They went to the dyner the hole company,  
With pipis, and wyth trompis, and othir melody;  
And in the myddis of their mete, gentil Women fyve,  
Maidens fresch atirid, as myght be on lyve,  
Com from the Duke Ifope, lord of that Regioun,  
Everich wyth a present, and that of grete renown:  
The first bare a cup of gold, and of asure fyne,  
So corouse and so nobill, that I can nat devyne. 3190

The second brought a swerd yshethid, wyth seyntur  
Istetid all with perelorient and pure.  
The third had a Mantell, of lusty fresch colour;  
The uttir part of purpill, yfurrid with pelour.  
The fersth a cloth of gold, a worthy and a riche,  
That nevir man tofore saw cloith it liche.  
The fift bare a palme, that stode tofore the deyle,  
In tokyn and sign of trowith and pefe:  
For that was the custum through all the contray.  
The message was the levir and more plesant to pay: 3200  
The cup was uncoverid, the swerd was out ybrayid,  
The mantell was unfold, the cloth along ylayid;  
They knclid adown echone right tofore Beryn;  
The first did the messagè, that taught was wel and fyne:  
Ifope, she seyde, Sir Beryn, that is our Lord riail,  
And gretith yew, and fendith yew thes presentis all;  
And joy hath of yewr wisdom, and of yewr gover-  
naunce;

And preyd you to com and have with hym plesance  
To morowe, and se his palyse, and to sport you there,  
Yee and a ly our company. Beryn made noon answer,  
But sat styll, and beheld the Women, and the fondis;  
And afterward avisely the swerd first he hondis;  
And commaundit therewithall the Wymmen wassh  
and sit,

And pryvelich chargit Officers, that with al their wit  
To serve them of the best, and make them hertly chere;  
Resleyving al the presentis in worshiþful manere.

I cannat wele expresse the joy that they had:  
But I suppose, tofore that day, that they wer nat so glad,  
That they wer so afeapid fortune and myschefe;  
And thonkid God above that al thing doith relse. 3220  
For *astir mysty cloudis ther comth a cler soune;*  
So *astir bale comyth bote*, whofo hyde conne.

The joy and nobley that they had, whils they wer at  
mete,

It vaylith nat at this tyme ther'of long to trete.  
But Geffrey sat with Beryn, as he had servid wele,  
Their hedis they leyde togiðir, and begon to tell  
In what maner the Wymen shuld be answered.  
Geffrey evir avisid Beryn ther'of he leryd,  
And of othir thingis, how he hym shuld govern:  
Beryn faverid wele ther'on, and fast he gan to lern. 3230  
When all wer up, the Wymmen cam to take their leve;  
Beryn, as fat hym wele of blode, them toward gan releve,  
And preyd them hertly hym to recommend  
Unto the worthy Lordship of Ifope; that you send  
To me that am unworthy, save of his grete nobley;  
And thank hym of his gyftis, as ye can best and fey.



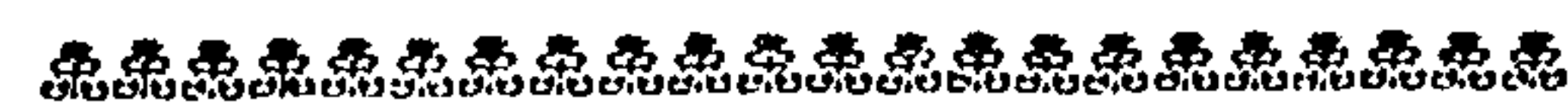
To morow I woll be redy his hest to fulfill;  
 With this I have save condit, I may com hym tyll,  
 For me, and al my feleship, saff to com and go;  
 Trusting in his discrecioun, that thoughe I ax so, 3240  
 He wol nat be displeid: for in my Contray  
 It hath evir be the custom, and is into this day,  
 That yf a Lord riall desirith for to see  
 Eny maner persone, that is of las degre;  
 Er he approche his presence, he wol have in his honde  
 A saff condit enselid, or els som othir bonde,  
 That he may com and pas without disturbaunce;  
 Throughout all our Marchis it is the observaunce.  
 Thre Wymmen toke their leve without wordis mo;  
 Repeyring onto Ifope, and al as it was do 3250  
 They reherfid redely, and faylid nevir a word,  
 To Ifope with his Baronage ther he sat at his borde,  
 Talking fast of Romainys, and of their high prudence,  
 That in so many daungers made so wise defence.  
 But as sone as Ifope had pleylich yherd  
 Of Beryn's governaunce, that first sefid the swerd,  
 Afore al othir presentis; he demed in hys minde,  
 That Beryn was ycom of som nobill kynde.  
 The nyght was past, the morowe cam; Ifope had nat  
 forgete:  
 He chargit Barons twelf with Beryn for to mete, 3260  
 To cond hym saff, and his meyne; and al perfourmyd  
 was.  
 Thre dayis ther they sportid hym in myrth and solas;  
 That throughe the wise instructioun of Geffrey, nyght  
 and dey,  
 Beryn plesid Ifope with wordis al to pay;  
 And had hym so in port, and in governaunce,  
 Of all honest myrthis, and witty daliaunce,  
 That Ifope cast his chere to Beryn so groundly,  
 That at last ther was no man with Ifope so pryvy:  
 Resorting to his shippis, comyng to and fro,  
 Throughe the wit of Geffrey, that eche day it  
 fil so, 3270

That Ifope coude no wher chere, when Beryn was ab-  
 sent:

So Beryn must nedis eche day be aftir sent;  
 And chefe he was of counsell, within the first yere;  
 Thorough the wit of Geffrey, that eche dey did hym  
 lere.

This Ifope had a doughtir, betwene hym and his wyfe,  
 That was as feir a creature as myght bere lyfe,  
 Wyse, and eke bountevouse, and benyng with all;  
 That heir shuld be, aftir his dey, of his Lordshippis alle.  
 So shortly to conclude, the Mariage was made  
 Betwene hir and Beryn; many a man to glade, 3280  
 Saff the Burgeyfis of the Town, of falshe that were  
 rote:

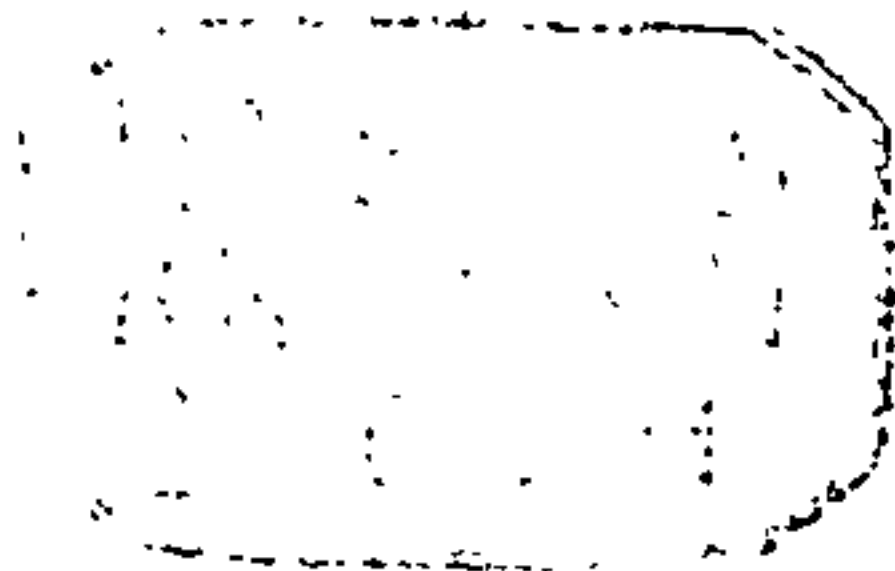
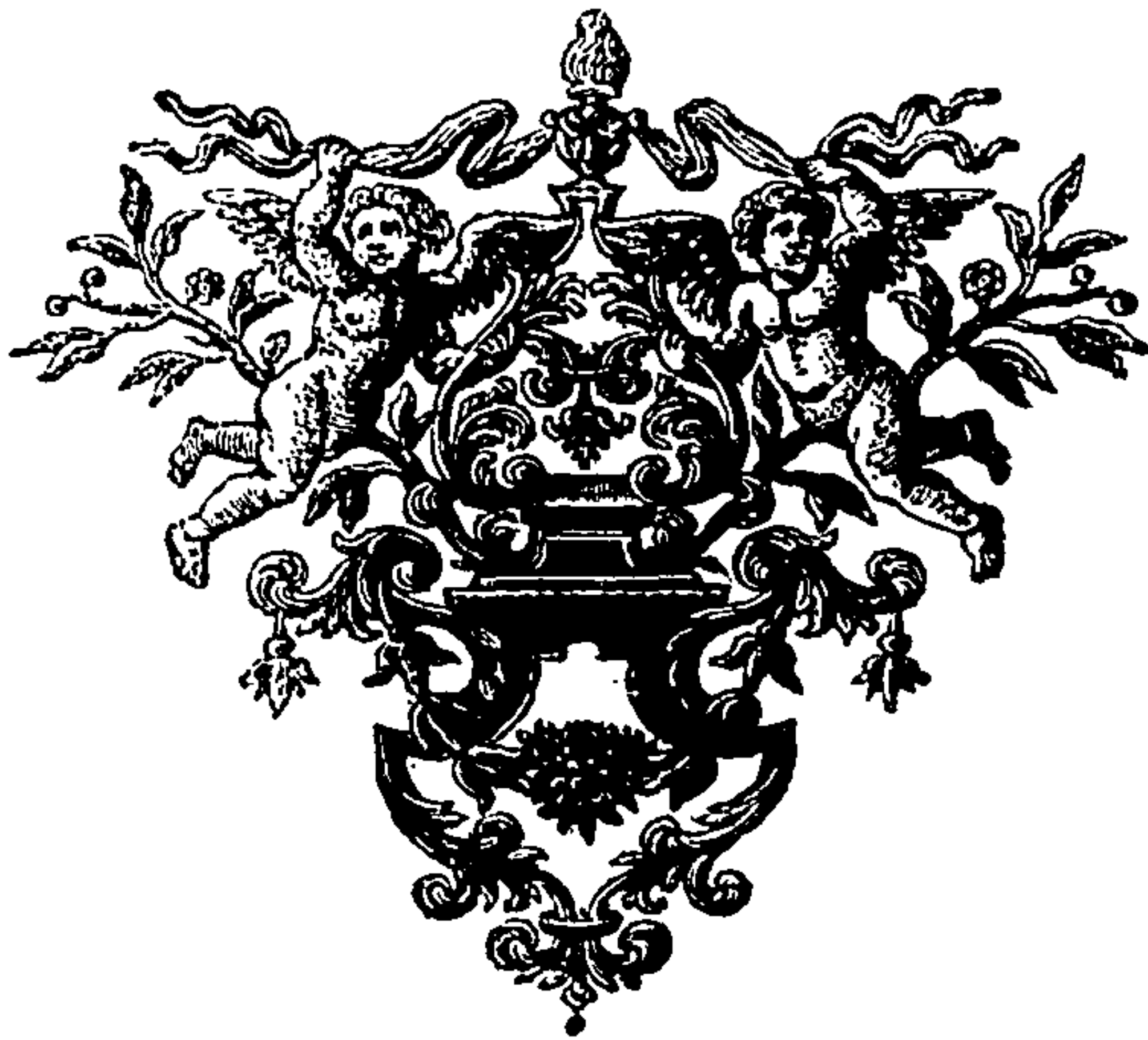
But they wer evir hold so low ondir fote;  
 That they might nat regne, but at last sawe  
 To leve their condicioun, and their fals lawe:  
 Beryn and Geffrey made them so tame,  
 That they amendit eche dey, and gat a betir name.  
 Thus Geffrey made Beryn his enemyes to ovrcom,  
 And brought hym to worship throughe his wysdom.  
 Now God us graunt grace to fynde such a frende,  
 When we have nede: And thus I make an ende. 3290



### CHAUCER's Wordes unto his own Scrivenere.

**A** Dam Scrivenere, yf ever it The befall  
 Boece or Troiles for to write new  
 Under thy longe lockes thou maist have the scalde  
 But after my makynge thou write more true  
 So ofte adaye I mote thy werke renew  
 It to correcte and eke to rubbe and scrape  
 And al is thorow thy negligence and rape.

*F I N I S.*



**A G L O S-**